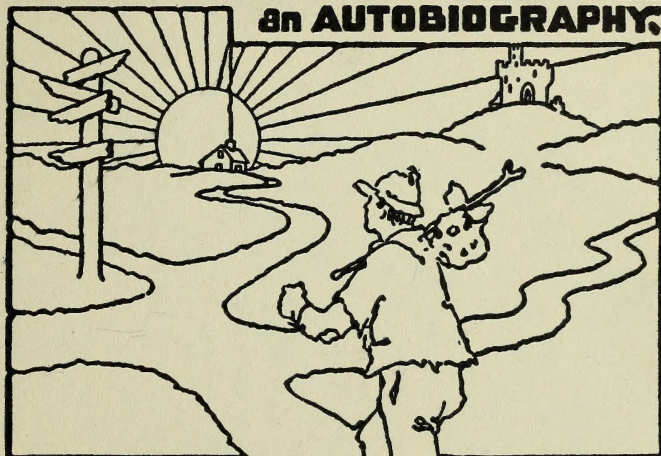
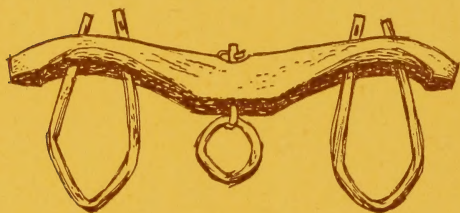


MY
SECOND LIFE
an AUTOBIOGRAPHY



By **THOMAS HALL SHASTID**
M.D. - LL.B. ETC.

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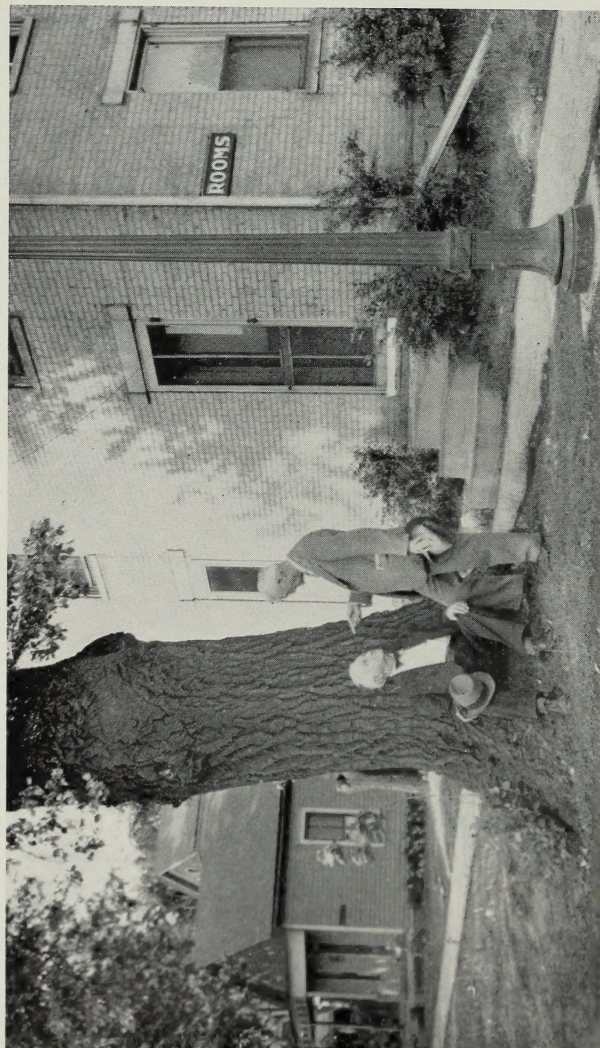
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A Country Doctor
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Simon of Cyrene
Who Shall Command Thy Heart?
The Duke of Duluth
Medical Jurisprudence in America
Ophthalmic Jurisprudence
A History of Ophthalmology
Our Own and Our Cousins' Eyes
The Only Way
Give the People Their Own War Power
The People Must Make Their Own Plowshares
Just One Check on War
How to Stop Internation War
How to Stop War-Time Profiteering
Light, the Raw Material of Vision
Tramping to Failure (First Autobiography)
Etc.



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THE CENTER OF THE EARTH AS IT WAS IN 1938

The Tramp (standing) is telling Fritz Niebulr—now strangely far beyond his three score years and ten—that it was three boys he whipped that day, and all on account of the small, snub-nosed Tramp and so forth. Fritz thinks it couldn't have been so many.

Fritz's head is backgrounded by the bole of the big cottonwood; the Tramp's (man who had the second life) by the door of his father's old-time office. To the left appears the "new" office, built in 1889, which should

have produced considerable excitement throughout the state (as the Tramp's mother thought) but which didn't. To the right of the old-office door is the door to the old-time "parlor," wherein the Tramp's mother for a time taught music, and, later, his brother Jon followed her example, later still an even younger brother, Joseph Calvin.

Of all the strange matters which, in the course of more than ninety years, have gyrated round about this seemingly quiet spot, read ye herein.

(Photograph by the said Joseph Calvin Shastid in May, 1938.)

MY SECOND LIFE

By

THOMAS HALL SHASTID, A.M., M.D., LL.B., Sc.D.,
F.A.C.S., F.A.C.P., etc.

"Any physician disposed to complain that the practice of medicine brings to his attention too much sickness, sorrow, pain, has only to remember that it also calls to his notice joy and health, grotesquerie, wit and humor, and 'helpless laughter holding both his sides'."—*Renouard's "History of Medicine," p. 991.*

"What makes a vagabond go where he goes?
Ask the river why does it flow,
Ask the tree why does it grow,
But don't ask him,
He doesn't know."

—*Anon.*

ILLUSTRATED

1944

GEORGE WAHR

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Lincoln Room

TO

My Human Trinity—Father, Mother,
Wife—Any One of Whom Would at
Any Time Gladly Have Died for Me,
I Dedicate This Volume, While, of
the Trinity Divine, I Do Entreat All
Heavenly Blessings on Them.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am grateful to many persons for help in the production of this book. To Attorney Oliver R. Barrett, of Chicago, former Pittsfield boy, my thanks are particularly due for many stimulating suggestions as to the practice of medicine and medical quackery in bygone days, also for numerous photographs of old-time places and people, also—and this is no small point—for constant encouragement in my work of writing this volume—a far more laborious task than may appear upon the surface.

Of almost equal use have been the data supplied by that incomparable historian of early Illinois, Jesse M. Thompson, of Pittsfield. Also indispensable have been the reminders by Grant Criswell, of Manhattan Beach, California, recently deceased, and of my boyhood's friend and protector, Mr. Fred W. Niebur, still living at Pittsfield, and his good wife. The latter's sister, Mrs. Rose Heck Brooks, has also obliged me greatly by securing from her mother, Mrs. Hannah Heck—at the time ninety-seven years of age—a great deal of information concerning old-time people, especially John Hay and John G. Nicolay—then writing it all down and sending it to me. Great assistance I also received from Mrs. Helen Kelly, foster sister of John G. Nicolay; also from Mrs. Sally Bates Utt, niece of John G. Nicolay; also from Messrs. W. C. Bush, and John H. Caughlan, publishers and editors of the *Pike County Democrat-Times*, and Mrs. Dot Dorsey Swan, publisher of the *Pike County Republican*; Mrs. Ruth Ducey Kearney, for years a columnist on the *Republican* staff; Mrs. Mina Swan Cherry, Beeville, Texas; Mrs. Dora Bobbitt Miller, Madison, Wisc.; Mr. William Strauss, of Pittsfield, by way of several fine photographs of his own making; as well as from innumerable other Pike County, or former Pike County, friends.

To my former Companion, Fannie English Shastid, now alas in the Great Shadow, I am indebted for the long series of scrapbooks she made for me through several decades, also for the diaries she kept from the time of our marriage almost to the day of her death.

Much information, otherwise quite unobtainable, I received from Mrs. H. C. (Anne Thomson) Shubert, Richland, Mo., and from Rev. Thomson K. Shubert, El Dara, Ill., about the old-time John D. Thomson Academy. Mrs. Shubert was then the only living child of John D. and Anne Ledlie Thomson, and the Rev. Shubert is her son. She herself has, since I began to write this book, been gathered into the past.

My indebtedness to Dr. Carl E. Black, of Jacksonville, Illinois, is repeatedly adverted to in many parts of the book. Without his fine assistance many of the facts about Beecher Hall and the Prince Sanitarium could hardly have been secured. His letters, too, have been a constant inspiration.

Special help has also been received from Dr. E. B. Montgomery, Quincy, Ill., whose recollections of old-time Pike and Adams County doctors are remarkable.

To Mrs. Louisa Greene Epling, Tallula, Illinois, my thanks are due for much accurate information about her grandfather, William Graham

Greene, the "Uncle Billy" Greene of all the Lincoln biographies and in short the man who taught Abraham Lincoln how to write clear and forceful English. This accurate and definite information was especially pleasing to me as "Uncle Billy" Greene and my grandfather, John Greene Shastid, were first cousins.

To Mr. Harry E. Pratt, Executive Secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, Springfield, Illinois, I owe an especial obligation for a long list of Abraham Lincoln's legal activities at Pittsfield, Illinois, also for information whereby I was enabled to secure photographs of two pleadings which had been written by Lincoln's own hand, then and still filed in the Circuit Clerk's office at Pittsfield.

It is hardly necessary to mention the help received from some of my close kinspeople: To Mrs. Clara Shastid, widow of my half-brother, Dr. William E. Shastid, I am indebted not only for numerous data concerning old-time medical practice, but also for the gift to me of my father's diploma, which bears the signature, among others, of Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell and that of my father's other preceptor, Dr. John T. Hodgen. The large artotype picture of Hodgen which had hung for so many long decades in my father's office and for a quarter of a century longer, in my brother's, Dr. William Shastid's, she also gave me. To my brothers, Jon S. Shastid and Joseph C. Shastid, I am obliged for reminiscences almost innumerable, some of which I had wholly forgotten until prodded into active recollection by these wholesale reminders. To my second cousin, Benjamin Wheeler, Milton, Illinois, I am thankful for information about my and his great-grandmother, Eunice Richardson Clemmons, noted midwife and "neighbor-doctor" generally. To my nephew, Jon B. Shastid, I am thankful indeed for constant inspiration in my work, as also to my friend of many years, Dr. Casey A. Wood. The latter, alas, now part and portion of the past.

To Galesburg friends and friends in my Ann Arbor Law class, I am also under obligations, as well as (concerning southern Illinois) to my old-time patient and comrade, Edward H. Scobey, now deceased, mentioned several times hereafter in this volume. For an immense amount of valuable information on Professor Joseph Nash McDowell, the most renowned surgeon of the Mississippi Valley in the mid-decades of the nineteenth century, I hereby make grateful acknowledgment to Dr. Robert E. Schlutetter, St. Louis.

To numbers of the old-time people of Pike County I offer abject apologies for my inability to use in this volume more than a very small part of the reminiscences they have sent me concerning my father, his patients and his experiences, and many of the now forgotten medical days and ways in western Illinois.

Finally, I express my gratitude to my former secretary and office assistant, Miss Esther Erickson, now Mrs. Axel George Carlson, not only for unusually accurate stenographic service, but also for skilful assistance in proof-reading and in the preparation of the Index. A good index is not merely a necessity for any serious volume, it is also a rarity in books of any sort or kind. For whatsoever merit may be found in the Index to this present work, the reader may bow to Mrs. Carlson.

NOTE

My first life, "Tramping to Failure," had left untold a large number of things which I had greatly desired to put on record but for which in that volume there had been no room. Among these were many varied, colorful, and even startling recollections of the old-time practice of medicine which I, as boy, youth and man, had observed with my father, either as apprentice in his office or riding by his side in the country on his rounds among the sick, or, later still, in the many years of my own practice.

"As boy, youth and man" indeed it was that I beheld the ancient medicine and surgery, centuries old in its larger part, pass into oblivion, and, in its place, come into the world the incredible new medicine, the vastly more incredible new surgery. Superstition exchanged for knowledge, death for life!

I have seen it all, both the old medicine and the new—I with my more than sixty-eight years of medical backlook, "boy, youth and man." Few are now alive whose memory carries over so long a reach of time in connection with so significant and world-shaking a subject. Not politics and fields of physical battle, it is true, but matters of more, far more, importance! And even world politics and world wars have been altered almost beyond recognition by the new, the incomparable, the world-reconstructing discoveries in healing art and healing science. Most magical of all has been the new light which the new medicine, like a candle out of heaven, has shed upon everything else of interest, both human and divine, changing all there is into something new and true and strangely, almost impossibly, beautiful.

In recounting and describing these changes, I have remembered, so far as was for me realizable, to include the human interest necessarily accompanying such changes—the wit, the humor, the joys, the fears, the sorrows, the angers, the hatreds, the incapacities and degradations, likewise the hitherto unrecorded heroisms of those changeful times—chiefly too in a remote part of the world where human affairs, though seemingly uneventful, are ever truly at a white heat.

No one else that was able to remember those ancient days appeared to be willing to recapture them, I mean in what appeared to be their minor aspects. It therefore remained for me, the "tramp" of the earlier volume, to perform, as usual, the work that had been rejected and despised by others.

Some book that I read in my boyhood told about a number of celebrated artists in stained glass, who, day after day, in a great cathedral that was under construction, sought to combine the colorful and unbroken units of their art into a mighty pattern suitable for the chief window of a glorious sanctuary. Day after day, and yet they wholly failed. One morning, arriving to try their hands again, they beheld with a mighty leaping of hearts, the holy work both designed and accomplished. The loveliness they had merely dreamed of rose before them in

ineffable reality. Search revealed that a mere boy, in the course of the night, had, without access to the proper materials and tools, nevertheless and with only the shattered tiny bits of glass which others had knocked off, rejected and discarded into a waste-heap, constructed a fitting tribute to the Almighty. Alas that I, the aforesaid tramp, have neither youth nor genius! Yet, were I a youth, I should not now possess the long-time memory necessary for this work, and, were I a genius, I might perhaps far more have preferred to devote my abilities to the legalized murder, rather than the helping and saving, of men. And, anyway, who, if not I, will ever salvage the cast-aside yet highly important bits of human history to be found in these pages?

To those old-time matters of really great significance I have added, merely for the sake of completing my "second life," a number of occurrences in my further trampings—those, namely, taking place since the publication of my "Tramping to Failure" and down to the very moment in which I write.

I may add that very little which was told in "Tramping to Failure," saving matters relating to the first World War, has been repeated in this volume, also that a clear understanding of "My Second Life" by no means presupposes even the slightest acquaintance with my first autobiography.

TRAMP'S REST
Duluth, Minn.
Autumn, 1944

No person's actual name or anything resembling it is employed in this book when such employment might cause offense to the person himself or to any of his friends or relatives.

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THE DOCTOR WHO FATHERED A TRAMP

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DR. ADAMS' ALLEGED "GERMAN SPY"

Here Shown Hiding in an Open Alley. Note the Peculiarly Sinister Expression of the Spy's Countenance. Even His Shadow is Strangely Bent and Distorted. What SECRET MEANING did that Conceal?

But this seemingly trivial headgear had ultimate results that were very far from trivial.

MY SECOND LIFE

PRELUDE—A Dozen Doctors Many Know

1.—THE LAUGHING DOCTOR

A certain physician, on a chill November midnight, in a graveyard near Superior, Wisconsin, sat on a very high tombstone, holding over his head an umbrella to keep off a pounding rain. By the light of a dull, red lantern placed on another high stone nearby, the Doctor was reading aloud from the well-known American Declaration of Independence.

At a slight distance from him stood a railroad man, likewise upholding an umbrella, shouting from time to time, whenever it lightened and thundered, and in a stentorian bass, "Louder, ... you, louder!"

The operative cause behind the macabre scene was an election bet. The payer of the bet was the man who was reading the document, the collector of the bet was the other person. (It is absolutely necessary thus to distinguish clearly the one functionary from the other, as, otherwise, you, my reader, might easily suppose that each had lost a bet.)

The physician-payer of the stake was a resident of Superior, Wisconsin, one of the finest diagnosticians I have ever known, and a most excellent surgeon. He was indeed a man of many parts, but in seeking no other objective did he shine so brightly as in that of laughter—great, belly-shaking, haw-hawian, Jovian laughter. Laughter he must have. Without it he could not even have lived. So, whenever occasions for laughter did not spontaneously present themselves, he lost no opportunity to create them.

As, for example, when he made up the story about my so-called "spy cap." Yes, he was the precise man who, in 1917, shortly after the U. S. of America had entered the European conflict, invented with humor pre-pense and merely for the purpose of extracting loud, irresponsible laughter from the situation, the story about my cap.

I happened, at the time, to be suffering atrociously from chronic nasal sinusitis—as, indeed, I had already suffered from that affection for a very long period of years, and one of my most distressing symptoms was an inexpressible, an absolutely unendurable, sense of coldness in my face whenever I ventured out of doors, not only in really frigid, but even in mildly chilly, weather. One means after another I tried while attempting to overcome the well-nigh intolerable symptom. But all to no avail until,

one day, a Superior merchant, stopping me on the street, declared he had the very thing I needed for my face.

And in fact he had it.

It was what he called an "aviator's cap." It was made of felt about one-half inch thick, a curious head-gear which covered not merely "the noble dome of thought," but, drooping amply and gracefully, managed to protect in an extremely cozy manner, the back-head, the forehead, the back of the neck, all of the suffering face, the front of the neck and so forth and so on, till even the tops of the not-too-wide shoulders were proof against Jack Frost.

Then, one day as I wore that cap, the laughing doctor of Superior beheld the strange apparition of me—me pushing through the bustling throng along Tower Avenue. And he laughed till the hills of old neighborhood Duluth must have resounded with the granitic yells.

He even came straight up to me and then laughed boldly in my felt-covered face. He tried his best to tell me a little of what he was laughing about, but could not manage to do so.

At length he walked weakly away, still holding his sides.

Then, later, as he afterwards informed me with loud haw-haws, he had met, just across the street from where I was at that time walking, "a very earnest couple from the country," persons whom he had frequently treated for illness and whom he regarded as an especially credulous and over-serious pair. To these good people he whispered huskily and as if dark things were near: "See that man yonder? Across the street there! There he goes! He's a German Spy, and the United States government is now requiring all German spies in this country to wear that sort of head-gear that you see—'spy-cap' they call it. Look out for that man, good folks, and pass the truth about him on to all your friends, yes and everybody else, so that everyone in this community may know who he is and so come to avoid him."

Now this couple took that matter very seriously. So too did many other persons who had no sense of humor. And as I, in those days, dwelt in Superior, the little joke of that good "laughing doctor" had well-nigh serious consequences for the wearer of the "spy-cap." Friends, however—good, earnest friends—pulled me out of the predicament—with much difficulty, I admit, for, though I never had been connected with the German government in any shape or form, I had until the foolish entry of our government into the conflict opposed that entry as bitterly as I had known how to do. And there were other troubles resulting from the joke about the "spy-cap," troubles I shall need to speak about hereafter.

Up in his doctor's office too this good, but sometimes indiscreet, physician oftentimes had his little joke.

For example, he had, in connection with his consultation room, a very much smaller apartment, which was painted as black as black could ever be—floor, ceiling, all four walls. Often the good doctor would say to a patient—ordinarily a young man of the blustering type—"Here comes another patient: go into that little room there for a moment, and

I'll turn on its light from over here." The patient would step in, the doctor would snap the door to, bolt it, and then indeed turn on the light—only to reveal at the small room's farther end a hideous, grinning skeleton.

Once he put a braggadocio sort of young man into that room, locked the door and turned on the light—all quite as usual. But then the stalwart young person, a hard-joking kind of person himself, lit into that fine, imported, ether-bleached skeleton, as if he had in truth been afraid of it, made a terrible wreck of it, smashed his way back through the door to where the doctor still stood laughing, there pretended to have gone absolutely insane from fright, wrecked the entire equipment of the consultation-room, and, when finally seized by the doctor, ran out into the hall with him clear to the head of the stairway.

There, locked in each other's fond embrace, they swayed for a moment to and fro, then fell—fell, rolled rather, clean from the top of the stairway to the bottom.

Astonished people found them there, still locked in each other's tight embrace, and laughing as if their very hearts would burst.

Ladies and gentlemen, meet—in fact you have already met—the joyous physician, Dr. John Cain (sometimes termed Cain-raising) Adams, of Superior. Dr. Adams is one of the physicians whom all ought really to know, and, in fact, remember.¹

Why did a man like Dr. Adams do such strangely hilarious things? A good many persons in the state of Wisconsin have pondered that question. Now I happen to know the Doctor's secret thoroughly, although he never told it to me. Briefly stated: he was a man of highly sensitive nervous organization, who took the sicknesses and the sorrows of his patients far more deeply into his heart than anyone who never had known him intimately could possibly have supposed. He did an immense amount of major surgery, found it a crushing burden on him, and so, from time to time, attempted to throw that burden off with "the laughter that purgeth the soul."

On the 23rd of August, 1920, after a stroke of apoplexy, Dr. John Cain Adams passed from earth, and, as this writer believes, to a place of eternal and beautiful laughter.

¹ Anyone who wishes to unearth a veritable mine of both lay and medical jocularity (more serious traits as well) should speak today with Dr. Adams' old-time partner (and, by the way, almost as persistent and unsparing a joker as Doctor Adams was himself) Dr. F. C. Sarazin. Dr. Sarazin still practices in Superior. (Later: Dr. Sarazin has gone to join his laughter-loving friend.)

—One day, when I was in Superior only a short time back, a man in a crowd there, after he had finished telling a very humorous anecdote, asked that ancient question, "Who is it that's made up all these funny stories?" Without the slightest hesitation there came the reply from some one in the crowd, "Doc Adams and Doc Sarazin, only they didn't make them *up* but *made* them."

To all who believe that, as one man plainly expressed the matter to me, "There is nothing at all in a doctor's life of the slightest general interest," I would say that, in the life of John Cain Adams alone, almost anyone whosoever, in the least conversant with the art of writing, could easily discover material sufficient for several large volumes.

In what a curious, almost incredibly, delayed way, for so the gods would have it, this laughing philosopher-doctor, years after his death, affected my destiny by means of his report, recorded in this sketch, that I was wearing a "spy-cap," I will duly and truly relate hereafter in this volume.

I must hasten on with this tiny portrait gallery of "a dozen doctors many know." Still other doctors I shall be happy to introduce to you later, but this particular dozen I present to you now for two special reasons (reasons, that is, other than the mere fact that all were known to me more or less personally, therefore belonged in my "Life"): (1) Being typical, they form a natural introduction to the remainder of the volume. (2) Each and every doctor of the dozen either stands with his actual name attached, or, if given a fictitious appellation (something sometimes necessary), his identity can easily be made out by a considerable number of readers who must have been acquainted with him. There can, therefore, in the case of none of these doctors be any question whatever as to their actuality.

When "Tramping to Failure" came out, certain questions were asked me by correspondents which appeared to imply grave doubt as to whether or not this character or that whom I had placed in the volume was actual or fictitious. Now and then some one in person would ask me similar questions. I have therefore thought to place at the very beginning of the present book this round dozen of highly vivid and picturesque characters (as vivid and picturesque as any I have drawn elsewhere either in this volume or in the former) and then let their obvious actuality speak out.¹

2.—THE DOCTOR WHO BROKE DOWN THE COLOR LINE

There is another physician I have met whom you too ought to meet—and never dodge his color. He was coal black, small, well-made, not so much a negro as a "negrillo." He was not by any means a "laughing doctor." In fact I never did see him laugh, even smile.

He was one of the most grave and serious persons, truly, that ever I have known, also a standing rebuke to those who believe there cannot be great intellect in any but a Nordic. Almost he spent everything he

¹ As the reader will learn hereafter, I was for a time, at Harvard College, a pupil of that master of literary composition, Barrett Wendell. One day he said to us students, according to the notes I made at the time: "Some of you foolish fellows think that the only way to create is to use your imagination. I say to you that if you do not *see* a good character sketch in every person that you *see*—mind, I do not say in 'some' persons that you *see*, but in *every* person that you *see*—it is because you do not *see*."

"And, if you do not see a good *story* in every walk you take about the town, once again the reason is that you do not *see*: do not see, hear, smell, taste, feel, do anything—but walk."

Any one who has ever even tried to see, will know that what Wendell told us was the truth.

I will add that, so far as I have learned, no printed critique of my former volume, "Tramping to Failure," has raised any question as to the actuality of any character or event therein portrayed or related.

made for books and instruments, and he cared not what they cost. He made innumerable post-mortems and dissections, and, oftentimes, half a night would he sit up with his three kinds of microscopes.

He used to talk a very great deal about "breaking down the color line," that invisible but exceedingly obstinate boundary which, somehow and for some reason, lies between white society and black, and which a good many persons believe will lie between them forever.

Early in my acquaintance with this colored man he asked me to witness a post-mortem which he was about to make on a negro child. I complied, and then I saw him demonstrate, so quickly it hardly seemed possible, that one length of the child's intestine had telescoped into another—thus blocking the bowels and producing death. (Had the little negro doctor been allowed to operate there would surely have been no death.)

All at once, as we stood there, looking at the little dead child, I heard a kind of gasp, turned, looked straight at the little doctor and saw tears streaming down his countenance. "The white physician in this case simply would not let me operate.—Poor little nigger baby, poor little—I get so sorry sometimes for my people.—Do you think if I tried hard, very hard—very, very hard indeed—I could at last break down the color-line in this country? Why is not black society just as good as white? Couldn't I break it down? What do you think?"

I could not choose but prevaricate. "Yes," I said, "I think that, possibly, if you were persistent enough and had the right good luck, you could, eventually, break down the line. But," I went on more carefully, "wouldn't it be well to try to break down that line in your own profession first—say, to begin with, in your own individual practice? Then maybe you might be able to go farther."

"O, I'm going to do it in my own practice without doubt. Already a number of well-to-do white persons have come to ask me about this, that, and the other. They seem to be much interested, in fact to recognize my great ability."

Truly, although immodest, he did have ability of a high order. No better surgeon or pathologist have I seen in my life. Of course I could not tell him though that the color line—well, in fact, that he might just as well expect to break down a line of mountains in the moon.

Anyway, whenever I met him, he would say to me and keep on saying, "Yes, I'm going to break down the color-line. I'm the man that can do it. You watch me. I'm not bragging."

Shortly after that, he came to me in ecstasy. A certain well-to-do white man had asked him to take full charge of the case of his little son, a very sickly child with a bad club-foot.

Well, after a time, the doctor operated. He asked me to give the ether for him, and I did.

And I tell you the very simple truth when I say that Stromeier himself could have done no better operation.

One day, a few weeks after the operation, which had been to the highest extent successful, the doctor called me to the hospital to see him do a resection of the elbow joint. As I walked into the hospital

front-yard, I beheld the little colored doctor and a great monster of a white man engaged in bitter controversy.

"Yes," shouted the white man, "you did a good enough operation, at least we'll say you did. But, if you think I'm going to pay twenty-five dollars to a dirty nigger for just half of one hour's work, you're a son-of-an-everlasting-so-and-so if you get your expectation. *And* if you want to take it up—what I called you—you can take it up now."

He threw three silver dollars down on the lawn at the little negro's little feet. Then, "Pick 'em up, damn you, and you can have 'em. And that's all you'll ever get."

Said the little black doctor to me, "Going inside?"

Inside the hospital, I tried to comfort him, "I'm glad you didn't take the money."

"And if I sue him he'll certainly kill me."

"Then don't sue him."

I saw very clearly what I myself would have done had the case been mine, but the poor little colored fellow—well, he could not quite do the same thing. That color line stood out too plainly drawn against him.

After a while I saw that the little doctor's lip was beginning to quiver. I went up and put my arm around him and now I'm glad that I did. I said, "Anyway you did a magnificent operation."

"Yes," so cheered, he answered. "And I'm going to break down the color line in this country. I'll show you how I'll do it. *I'll do it.*"

I did not answer at all, for I could not equivocate to him then. And, for just that reason (that my meaning passed inside him) I lost his interesting friendship then and there, forever and forevermore.

He had thought that my confidence in his ability to do anything was, like his confidence in himself, absolutely without end.

Shortly afterward, I removed from that city.

So, too, a little later, did the colored doctor.

I wrote to him at length from my new addresses. Yes, two or three times I wrote to him. But never a word of reply have I received even until this day.

But, years ago, I ran across a runner for a surgical supply house, a man possessed of the fullest and latest information about the little darkey doctor who had believed that he could "break down the color line."

"And by heaven," wound up the traveling salesman, "he did it."

"Did it? Why no! Of course he didn't do it."

"Listen. After he had moved to that larger city, what step do you think he took? You couldn't guess.

"In the very first place, he took a small office in an obscure location and endeavored to get a practice among the colored people. Only for a stepping-stone, you know: later he'd break down the color-line.

"But most of the black folk had no money. And these came to him in great droves. Those having money employed white doctors. So here was the little negro doctor, broke. And he kept on getting broker and broker.

"Yet he didn't stop thinking.

"So, one day, as a result of the agitation in his gray matter (inside that little black head: I can't tell just where he keeps the brains) he went to one of the most fashionable druggists in town. That druggist owned an entire office building, on the lowermost floor of which he conducted his grandiose pharmacy. Now that druggist had had great difficulty in keeping a tenant in the back rooms of his first floor up. Asked too much rent for one thing, and then too the rooms *were* back ones.

"So the little colored doctor went to the pharmacist, and, having got his ear with difficulty, propounded a plan, which, all at once and like a flash, that pharmacist accepted.

"Behold, therefore, the little colored doctor beautifully installed in the great back rooms on the first floor of that pharmacist's great building—at nothing per month whatever.

"And the little black doctor soon became rich.

"Incidentally he made much money for the tony druggist also. The druggist got all the little black man's prescriptions.

"And what was he doing? Practising genito-urinary diseases only. He was in fact an expert in that field, and no one could have beaten him at it in the city. But the great point was that, whenever any person afflicted with venereal came to that druggist (after the fashion of so many young men and even boys—they nearly always first consult a druggist) to ask him who was the right man to employ in such cases, the druggist would answer (patient and druggist of course would when they discussed the matter be behind the prescription counter) 'See yonder stairway? It runs up to a rather dark hall, where nobody could ever recognize anybody else. Off from that hall open seven dark doors with, on each, a tiny purple light, displaying in black figures the number of the room. Say all the rooms happen to be filled excepting number seven. Look till you find door number seven, which you can by the purple illumination, then open the door, enter, shut the door behind you, and, in the ample illumination of the room, take a chair.

" 'No one else can enter while you are in that room.

" 'Neither on the other hand, can you pass backward into the dark hall. You'll just have to wait till the door from that room, opening into the long, well-lighted consulting apartment of the doctor, comes open of itself, and the doctor's voice calls out for you. Then you can enter the consultation room and transact your business with the doctor without your having ever been seen by any person whomsoever except the doctor and his colored assistant.

" 'If you absolutely have to leave the building before you have seen the doctor, you merely, in that little private waiting-room, press a lighted button which reads "exit from the building." And then you go out into a very busy alley.'

"So, you see, the patient—well, he would always perceive the point. No white person would ever behold him either on his way to or while waiting within the doctor's office, or label his right name on his specimen of blood, or leave any record on his books with that patient's right name upon it. All was as secret as the grave. And the best part of it was that colored doctors never commingle with the white crowd socially.

Hence they never can, intentionally or unintentionally, let any sort of secret leak out.

"The scheme 'caught on.' Even the sense of mystery about the affair contributed greatly to its success. The little colored doctor, as I have already stated, makes oodles of dough. I see him frequently, sell him all sorts of his kind of instruments, and, often, he says to me, knowing, of course, that he'll always be a social outcast—'Well, so far as concerns the practice of genito-urinary medicine at least, I have broken down the color-line.'"

3.—THE DOCTOR WHO NEVER WOULD OPERATE

We will call him Harn Brinton, though that was not his name precisely. As a lad he was so possessed of the sea that his mother at long last let him take a sample voyage. On the trip he saw a surgeon operate, and, after that, he was all for a skull, a microscope or two, and a scalpel, and no ship even of the best could satisfy him now.

After his graduation (he was first man in his class) he settled in a very large city, and, being an excellent surgeon, the first case he came across and operated on—well, he took out the gall-bladder.

The patient died in horrible distress (a pulmonary embolism, for which the doctor was not in the least to blame). And, after that, Dr. Brinton appeared to go all melancholy and sour.

He moped and he moped, and, after a time, forswore all surgery whatever. Not only, in fact, did he forswear it, but he swore terribly toward it, at it and against it—in season and out of season. He declared oftentimes that surgery was the invention of the devil, that it had killed more people than it ever had cured.

So he became an internist, and always he kept on fighting surgery and surgeons. Never a case would he refer to any surgeon, no matter how much the patient might need surgery.

For years and years that went on. At length the man found himself afflicted with a very much enlarged middle turbinal bone (away up high in the upper-back part of his right nasal air passage) a bone which gave him much distress. The pain increased by leaps and bounds, until at length it was almost intolerable. And then it increased a hundredfold more. So then he thought of nasal surgery and a nasal surgeon.

But by now he had said so many unkind things against surgery and surgeons that he was greatly ashamed (seeing that he badly needed surgery for himself) to resort to a surgeon.

Very well, the operation was quite simple anyhow.

So he laid before himself a new anatomy book, the right kind of looking-glass also, then a brilliantly reflected light-source, and so on. After that, having sufficiently anesthetized the inside of the affected nose-passage, he operated—operated on the inside of his own narrow nose and up very high near the brain.

And he removed that middle turbinal. Very, very thoroughly he removed it—also, along with it, his life.

An account of his self-taking-off I read in the necrologic department of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and the facts of his

boyhood and youth I acquired from his mother and his sweetheart—a very beautiful woman whom he never had married and who had waited for him faithfully for more than ten long years.

It takes all sorts of physicians, of course, to make a medical world.

4.—THE WOMAN DOCTOR WITH A TRAGI-COMIC COMPLEX

I knew a physician who sometimes seemed to me what is called "hard-boiled," but I never could be quite certain. That doctor was a woman. She lived not in my own town, but in a very much larger city and one quite far from that in which I lived. Tall she was, black-headed, blue-eyed, active—handsome as heaven when, forgetting herself, she deigned to smile, but as hideous as Hades whenever she aped the masculine members of her profession.

She smoked cigarettes long before it was stylish so to do. She was a bundle of nerves and affectations, had histrionic spasms occasionally and trouble with her eyes all the time. Yet her vivacity had ever a certain allure for everyone—especially men.

Her clientele consisted, I had heard, almost entirely of young women. She used to read startling papers before young women's clubs, especially on subjects like the Relation of Gonorrhoea to Obstetrics; Why Marry Early—or Late?; How to Psychoanalyze a Bachelor's First Baby. And she certainly drew a large crowd whenever she spoke.

One day she came to my office saying she had gone suddenly and absolutely blind—a common complaint among persons of neurasthenic type. Later, on the same day, her aunt came too, alone and with an air of great importance. In fact the aunt informed me that my patient, from time to frequent time, would vanish from her practice, ostensibly on vacation or the like, but, actually—did I think I could possibly guess the reasons for her departures?

No, I admitted, I did not think that I could guess.

She had a little baby. Yes, actually, she, supposed to be a virgin, possessed a tiny son of her very own. It lived with another aunt of the doctor's, a sister of the speaker herself, at a very great distance away. This little son, in fact, was the aim and object of its doctor-mother's life. No, she, the speaker, had told no one else than me, not one, but, as I was the doctor's doctor, attempting in good faith to treat this doctor-patient of mine, who was supposed to be going completely blind, it was only right for me to know her actual, her hysterical, condition, and (could I believe the fact?) the father of the baby (a handsome, no-account hound) was attempting to extort much money from the doctor as the price of his continued secrecy.

After this I saw that lady physician no more. But, three or four months afterward, I read in the *Journal of the A. M. A.* that she had died of But I do not wish to disclose her identity. Even the titles of her papers I have somewhat altered and one or two points of her personal appearance.

5.—THE POLISHED PHYSICIAN

Dr. Politus (let us call him that) was far and away the most tactful and courtly physician ever I have known. He even *looked* polished—like a tombstone. His actions were polished. And the words of his mouth were urbane to the extreme. He would say, for example, to a lady patient, not, in the usual rough manner, "Stick your tongue out"—but, "Would you mind if I looked at your tongue?"

He was a gentleman in almost every sense of the word. Gentle to men, gentle to women, gentle to children—of all ranks, ages, conditions.

Small, suave, soft-spoken, with large, fawn-like, generally down-cast eyes!

He was one day married by a large, coarse-looking woman, who had managed to drive him to the sacrificial altar only because, as it seemed, he was too courteous to resist.

One day the lady attempted to murder him (so it was said). He (so it was said also) resisted and kicked her down an elevator shaft which a careless workman had left open. She, at all events (crime, accident or what not) suffered fractures of the spine in several places.

Conscious-stricken in the extreme, the doctor nursed her faithfully until she died. She, on her part, blamed herself without cessation, and the two lived more than happily during the time that it took the great crude creature to pass out. I, an oculist, was called into the case incidentally for the purpose of determining why the lady appeared to be going blind. Both optic nerves, I found, were wasting, but, at the husband's request, I gave the lady much hope—not exactly lying it was, but, rather, "psychologizing."

When she died, she left him all her property, and, later, he became insane.

6.—THE DOCTOR WHO, BORN TO BE AN ACTOR, BECAME INSTEAD A GENERAL SURGEON OF REMARKABLE SKILL

To the next physician I want to devote more space, for reasons to be discovered by yourself. At this point, however, I will say that this physician has always seemed to me one of the greatest of doctors—surgeons, rather—that ever I have known, notwithstanding the fact that he has always had an abhorrence of authorship, hence has written almost nothing for the journals, and, besides, has been well-nigh wholly without ambition excepting only to make his surgery as excellent as possible.

It was at Galesburg, Illinois, that I formed the acquaintance of this doctor. I had already been practicing in that city for a short time, when, on a very stormy day, as I walked along the street, I ran into "Dr. Mimus"—as I quickly came to call him.

Tall, athletic, black-haired, obsidian-eyed, quick, vivid, resonant-voiced, sympathetic and thoroughly striking in everything he said and did, he would have been picked out instantly as thoroughly distinguished, on any operative stage of the world or in any brilliant court of Europe. So I thought, the minute I laid eyes on him. Fifteen minutes later, in my inner office, I was laughing—a helpless, hopeless piece of shaking

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DR. JOHN MICHAEL HEWITT'S PENCILLED OUTLINE
FOR THE CONSTITUTION OF THE GALESBURG, ILL., DOCTORS CLUB



AN X-RAY PICTURE OF MY LEFT HAND
MADE BY DR. JOHN MICHAEL HEWITT, OF GALESBURG, ILL., IN 1895

This Skiagraph, So Far as I Know, was the First Roentgenogram Produced in the Western Hemisphere. I feel much pride in this really good picture because, though I did not make it myself, I certainly "had a hand" in it.

jelly—as he mimicked the voices, the words, the gaits, the manners, yes even the superstitions and curious modes of thought of many of the patients he had already had. One cool, disturbing suspicion, however, at length uprose in my mind. What would happen to this man, to his practice, should he become so strongly inclined to imitate his patients in their very presence that he would actually do that?

Two days later I had the surprise of my life on this point. As I walked into the doctor's waiting-room—which was over-full of patients both of high and of low degree, he came running up to me, hands out-stretched, delightedly crying, "So glad you've come! We have most interesting surgery today."

And have it he surely did, but none of it even half so interesting as himself. And I, in his inner office, ensconced by his request in his easiest chair, had merely to look on and to wonder at what came forward. Case after case he discoursed upon with a brilliancy unequalled before in my experience. And (much as I had previously, if dimly, suspected he would do) in each and every instance he did actually imitate the given patient to his very face. In fact he "got away with it." Got away with it? Well, his patients simply loved him for it. Whatever he did seemed always perfectly right to them. Not a single offense was ever taken, so far as I could learn, by any of his patients on account of his mimicry so long as he practiced in Galesburg. Understand. He imitated women as well as children and men, and women are almost always sensitive to mimicry, even deeply resentful toward it. But the doctor did it all with such incredible artistry and invariably with such ludicrous effect too, that the subject of the joke would seem to be enjoying it even more than did the doctor or anybody else.

After that day the doctor and I were fast friends. I sent the most of my general practice and all my general surgery to him, he sent me his oculistic work. And, when we had both taken newer and better office rooms—in the Dick building—up one and the same flight of stairs, we, at night, as soon as the patients of both of us had departed, would get together in his office or in mine, and (gods of laughter and of science too!) how the hours would rush by!

Sometimes, when both of us had been fatigued by the occurrences of the day, he would supply a good rest for us by acting a little or by reciting, and I can hear him now, as Othello, delivering in a voice that Alexander Salvini might have envied—

"Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak."

But Dickens he never rendered by rote. Dickens, to Dr. Mimis, was far too sacred a writer for his words to be entrusted to mere memory.

I recall distinctly the first time he ever read to me from Dickens. I had gone into his place—it was late at night—to ask about a little boy patient of his who had been exceedingly sick. Twice, in fact, the doctor had taken me out with him into the country to see the lad, not because

an eye, ear, nose and throat man was needed in the case, but because, as the doctor stated, he could not bear to look at the child again alone. On this particular day, for some reason or other, he had not asked me to go with him, so, as I say, after office hours I went to his consultation room and there asked him about the child.

He gave me for a moment a straight, silent look, while a suggestion of pain passed over his countenance. Then he answered (very quietly and I knew all): "They phoned in today not to come.—Ever read to you from "Great Expectations" about Joe Gargery?"

"No."

"Let us forget."

So he read to me from Chapter VII of the famous book the passage in question wherein Joe Gargery, a simple man, who had been trying to improve his social status, but with some difficulty, brings out the results of his gigantic efforts merely to learn how to read. (It is here essential to reproduce the words in full.)

"There was no indispensable necessity for my communicating with Joe by letter, inasmuch as he sat beside me and we were alone. But, I delivered this written communication (slate and all) with my own hand, and Joe received it as a miracle of erudition.

"I say, Pip, old chap!" cried Joe, opening his blue eyes wide, 'what a scholar you are! Ain't you?"

"I should like to be," said I, glancing at the slate as he held it: with a misgiving that the writing was rather hilly.

"Why, here's a J," said Joe, 'and a O equal to anything! Here's a J and a O, Pip, and a J-O, Joe.'

"I had never heard Joe read aloud to any greater extent than this monosyllable, and I had observed at church last Sunday, when I accidentally held our prayer-book upside down, that it seemed to suit his convenience quite as well as if it had been all right. Wishing to embrace the present occasion of finding out whether in teaching Joe, I should have to begin quite at the beginning, I said, 'Ah! But read the rest, Joe.'

"The rest, eh, Pip?" said Joe, looking at it with a slow, searching eye, 'One, two, three. Why, here's three Js, and three Os, and three J-O, Joes, in it, Pip!"

"I leaned over Joe, and, with the aid of my forefinger, read him the whole letter.

"Astonishing!" said Joe, when I had finished. 'You ARE a scholar.'

"How do you spell Gargery, Joe?" I asked him with modest patronage.

"I don't spell it at all," said Joe.

"But supposing you did?"

"It *can't* be supposed," said Joe. 'Tho' I'm uncommon fond of reading too.'

"Are you, Joe?"

"On-common. Give me," said Joe, 'a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord!' he continued, after rubbing his knees a little, 'when you *do* come to a J and a O, and says you, "Here, at last, is a J-O, Joe," how interesting reading is!"

"I derived from this, that Joe's education, like steam, was yet in its infancy."

When the doctor had finished reading, he suddenly pulled himself back into the present moment, and softly murmured, "Father in heaven! how we all need laughter!"

After that night, whenever one of us had learned that a patient, for example, or a newspaper, was saying a good word for one of us, the other would invariably remark, with a grin: "But when you *do* find a J and a O, and a J-O, Joe, it makes mighty interesting reading."

And, speaking of Joe Gargery and his writing, Dr. Mimus himself was, indeed and in truth, not very much of a writer. Not that he did not know how to write or to write in a way that was correct and even interesting in the extreme. But he detested and abhorred the mere act of writing. From which curious fact it came about that he seldom wrote even a letter to anyone, and so, oftentimes, he was bitterly upbraided for neglecting his correspondence even by his best friends.

Nevertheless, when I was founding the Galesburg Doctors Club—a piece of presumption on my part, so young as then was I—he, though a year still younger, persistently and almost fanatically seconded all my efforts, and, before the actual first meeting of the Club, he to my gratification and astonishment, one night, picking up a prescription blank, sketched out (spite of his abhorrence of the sheer act of writing) a plan for the Club's constitution. This writing (which I herewith reproduce) I found, one day, along with some other documents in his handwriting in one of my old-time trunks some forty-three or -four years later.

Already, in my book, "An Outline History of Ophthalmology" (1927, page 597) and in the first of my autobiographies, "Tramping to Failure," (1937, pages 251 to 252) I gave concise accounts of Doctor John Michael Hewitt's (I may as well now tell you his actual name) production of what was probably the first X-ray photograph ever made in the Western Hemisphere. The most of the account of this historic event as stated in the latter volume, I reproduce herewith almost in full for all persons who may never have read "Tramping to Failure": "One day in 1895 I received at my office a copy of (as I remember) the *Times-Herald*, of Chicago. Somewhere within the voluminous leaves of that popular publication I found a telegraphed story about a William Conrad Roentgen, of Würzburg, Germany, who had discovered, it seemed, a certain ray which, for the purposes of photography, made the most opaque objects as transparent as glass. This paper I took to Dr. Hewitt's office. When he had read the article, he declared, 'If that story is true, I can duplicate the experiment.' Going to Knox College, a Galesburg institution, he borrowed a Crookes tube, returned with it, and getting a photographic plate enclosed in a plate-holder, from a Mr. Frisbie, photographer, whose studio was up the same stairway with our own offices (234 East Main St.) Dr. Hewitt returned to his office, and there made a picture of the bones of my left hand. This picture I reproduce herewith. And the reader will observe that it is quite as good in some respects as are many of the pictures that are made at the present day. The current which produced the X-rays for this picture was generated by Dr. Hewitt's own static machine. Mr. Frisbie, the photographer, very kindly turned for us the wheel of the machine. This picture, so far as I know, was, as I have already stated, the first X-ray picture produced in America.

"At that same time I chanced to be experimenting with luminous paints, *i.e.*, paints that shine in the dark. I suggested to Dr. Hewitt that, should we make a screen of pasteboard and set it in a doorway, and then coat the screen with calcium sulphide paint, we could by standing a patient in front of the screen and then placing ourselves behind it,

see the patient's skeleton instead of merely making photographs of it. This procedure, however, because of the unfortunate intervention of other matters, I did not carry out. In a short time Edison actually invented, not merely projected, the fluoroscope. Of course for a merely projected invention a person deserves no credit."

Then there was another interesting event which occurred as a result of my collaboration with Dr. Mimus, or Dr. John Michael Hewitt. One of the Doctor's patients, having obstruction of the bowels, grew rapidly worse. The doctor, having caused this patient to swallow a dime, waited for a while and then made an X-ray picture of the patient's entire abdomen. This was, I think, but am not sure, about one week after he had produced the picture of my hand. In the bowel-obstruction picture the location of the dime indicated the location of the obstruction. Two of the general practitioners of the city, having refused to give the ether for what they termed "a piece of utter recklessness," I myself administered the anesthetic and also assisted at the operation. The dime was skilfully removed, and then the obstruction relieved, as I now remember, by the use of the then very popular Murphy button. The patient made a prompt and uneventful recovery.

Again and again I urged Dr. Hewitt to publish a report of this case. His graphophobia, however, at least his intense misographia, invariably prevented his performing the task. I do not think he has ever written the article even to this day. But, in spite of that fact, he was a great, a truly great, operator.

The Doctor and I not only joked and laughed and discussed our cases together, we also sometimes argued about matters of more polemic character. And then sometimes (necessarily, of course, because of the temper possessed by each of us) we became mutually angry. He was a "rank" Democrat, I a "rank" Republican. He, a free-silverite, I what then was termed a "gold bug." Then, too, he did not like my peace plan,¹ opposed it vigorously even when I first propounded it—i.e., at the initial meeting of the Galesburg Doctors Club. Later, in his office, when we discussed that matter fully, the verbal fur did fairly fly. I walked out of the doctor's office in high dudgeon.

After that, for weeks, we met—in our main hall, in our special small hall, in Frisbie's photograph gallery, on the front stairway of our building, on various streets and in various structures all about the city. He had been accustomed (as I was then a lonesome bachelor) to invite me to his house for dinner twice or thrice weekly. Now he had me there no more at all.

More lonesome than ever I felt, and lonesome I must have seemed to all that had the slightest penetration. Every time I met the Doctor I would expect him to speak to me. But speak he did not.

Then, one day, I, in a high, nasty wind and late for my office, when I plunged, head hanging downward, toward the scene of my afternoon's

¹ The War-Check Vote, a peace measure I first proposed in my inaugural address to the Galesburg Doctors Club, December 30, 1895.

work, all at once, as I dashed round a solid brick corner—him! as on the day I first had met him I butted into my good Doctor Mimus.

The breath went fairly out of him. So too did the pride and dignity. As soon as he could get air again, he grinned and commented, "Now this is precisely how you walk and the reason why you always so foolishly run into people." He stooped over like a very comical, senile-looking man, and, assuming an expression of the deepest introspection and melancholy, began muttering to himself—as I in fact have always had a way of doing. And he did it all so comically that passers by on Main Street stopped in amazement, and perhaps amusement, to puzzle out the meaning.

All at once he, catching me by the arm, shouted: "Come along. Tonight I'll show you how a lot of my recently acquired patients talk, and so on. 'Way behind on that, aren't we? God, Shastid, I'm glad you butted some common sense into me!'"

After that, friendship again. No more peace talk, nevertheless.

My health grew bad indeed. I married, my wife and I left Galesburg—all as heretofore detailed in "Tramping to Failure."

Letters from Dr. Hewitt I did not get, although I wrote to him frequently. I heard, however, that, dropping his practice, he and his excellent wife had joined the gold rush and made that terrible trek to Alaska.

A little later—war! The Spanish War! Dr. Hewitt, I was not surprised to learn by the newspapers, had become a contract surgeon in the army. I wrote to him. He replied with telegraphic brevity.

A few years later, I sent him a reprint of one of my more lengthy articles. No response. Then, all at once, after months—a letter from Hewitt. He had often, he wrote, perused that article of mine, but could never get much interested in it. "Then, all at once, just now, I happened to turn to the place wherein you pay me a fine compliment. Thanks."

I answered, recalling the old times, "But when you do find a J and a O and a J-O, Joe, it makes mighty interesting reading."

That he did not answer.

But, in 1904, I, visiting all alone the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, was, one mellow autumn day about dusk, promenading by myself along that curious highway of innumerable attractions called "The Pike." All at once I heard a strangely familiar sound. Looking across the street, or "Pike," I beheld a big Chinese barker palavering at the top of his voice in his native language, and, in front of him, whom but Dr. Mimus, imitating the Chinaman at the top of *his* voice, reproducing, apparently, every word, syllable and pitch accent that came from the Oriental's lips, and even, with just a little ridiculous exaggeration, his gestures and his stance. I shouted, loud enough to awaken both Occident and Orient, "Cut that out, Mimus!"

And it really WAS Mimus.

Slowly he turned, unable immediately to detect the source of my outcry.

All at once he saw, came pell mell.

As we sauntered together down the Pike: "Do you remember the patient, Shastid, a woman I used to have who always talked an octave above high C, like this—[exquisite mimicry here]? Yes, and do you remember the big double-fisted farmer from near Peoria who got it into his head that you had been blinding his little daughter though you really were curing her and who had a good notion to beat you up? He walked like this. And he doubled up both fists and came at you like this."

"For heaven's sake, Mimus," I shouted. "Everybody thinks *you're* wanting to whip *me*."

We sauntered off quietly then adown the Pike. The next morning, however, was Sunday, and it found us still talking—in some or another park.

Many years have since then passed, but even once more I have beheld him not—or heard from him directly. He went into the World War, came out therefrom both a colonel and a full professor of military surgery at Cornell University. Should he chance to see this volume, he may find therein something remotely resembling a J and a O, and a J-O, Joe.

Anyway, believe it or not, his address in Los Angeles (he's altogether retired now) is 14754 *Dickens* Street.

7.—THE "HARD-BOILED" DOCTOR

The first time I ever saw this medico he was standing in his own waiting-room arguing vigorously with a small, dark, much frightened man patient. "You talka de Italiano?" inquired the patient, who seemed to be getting the worst of the argument. "No, I don't talka de Italiano," roared the doctor. "But I *do* talk turkey. And I'm telling you now in that language that you got to do as I say—as *I* say, do you understand me—or else—"

The little dark patient, deeply impressed, slipped out of that office silently and with only deep respect, even worship, in his eyes.

The same day, when the doll of a man had gone, Dr.—I will call him for the nonce Misanthropus—beckoned me into his consultation-room, and there I found he had sent for me because he wished me to examine his eyes. He had already dilated his pupils to save me the trouble: I had only to look inside his vitreous chambers—with *his* ophthalmoscope, not mine, and in just the way he indicated.

I looked in and saw—a truly terrible sight, snow-bank retinitis. Yes, and many other indubitable evidences of chronic inflammation of the kidneys. I gave the big, blond, athletic, unsympathetic fellow one quick pitying glance.

"Don't pity me," he half shouted. "Think I'm a damned coward?" (Nearly always the laity believes that doctors are hard-boiled, i.e.,

unsympathetic in the extreme—as to the sufferings of their patients, but distressingly timid and easily frightened when it comes to any disease whatsoever, even a suspicion of a disease, in their own precious bodies. As to Dr. Misanthropus, beyond all question the latter portion of the opinion was, undoubtedly, not correct.)

"I've tested my urine half a dozen times in the last six months, and always there's albumen—albumen and casts. Now my eyes—I proceeded to test them, found their central vision still wholly unaffected.—Think the sight's good enough for me to go on doing surgery?"

"Yes, I certainly do." It was the truth.

There was knocking at the door between the two rooms.

"Come," shouted the doctor.

Entered then his receptionist, who said, "Mr. Franklin tells me your orders were to admit him as soon as he arrived."

"Admit him," vouchsafed the kingly physician. Then to me, "This man is a curious fellow, a fault-finder with all his doctors, I hear—keep your seat."

In came the man, took the easiest chair for himself without any invitation, and then, before the least sidetracking of his thought could occur, poured out a long, harsh tale about the ignorance, double-dealing, and absolutely inexcusable mistakes of all the other doctors he had formerly consulted. "In fact," concluded the man, "The whole medical profession is nothing but arrant humbug and the very vilest fraud.—Now, if *you* can't do anything for me, I want you honestly to say so—but no more quackery will I tolerate."

I thought all at once of the old, so commonly used, expression in the backwoods country, "Them's fightin' words in these hyer parts, stranger."

But, when Franklin had finished his tirade, Doctor Misanthropus bespoke him as gently as any "sucking dove." Said he, in conclusion, "And I *do* think that I know something that will be *very* good for you."

"You *do*? For *me*?"

"Yes, sir, indeed I do. Something that will help you greatly."

"And what is that, may I ask?"

"Egress," responded Misanthropus. "The fluid extract of egress."

"Never heard of it before," commented Franklin.

"Come this way," instructed the doctor. And, having been followed curiously by the patient to the back door, the doctor suddenly threw the door open and the man out.

Then the doctor, having washed his hands meticulously, asked me to prescribe for him, Misanthropus. That I did and departed.

Often thereafter I saw this doctor, and, whenever and wherever I saw him, he was what, in the slang of that day and of this, is termed "hard-boiled"—in other words, devoid of feeling, unsympathetic, absolutely pitiless. Yet there were in this man, at times, indications of certain higher feelings, I could not say just what.

He was indubitably well-equipped enough in a scientific way to practice medicine. The walls of his consultation room were lined with the latest books and bound volumes of journals in three languages. Two

large instrument cabinets stood near the center of the apartment, and, in each, there was displayed a fair-sized armamentarium. In addition to all this material equipment the man had two diplomas from excellent colleges and his speech, not infrequently, showed him to be very well versed in the accurate use of language.

Nevertheless, he was, as I have indicated, a rough character, corrugated inside and out. More than that, he was proud of his roughness—at least he appeared to be so—in fact was always attempting to make it seem much greater than it really was.

One winter there occurred in the town wherein I then was practising a frightful epidemic of diphtheria—the very worst I had even known. Antitoxin had just been introduced, but, at least for us in that city, it did no good. Result: literally dozens of intubations and tracheotomies, especially the latter, because the former were ineffective. Night after night, sometimes for a week in succession, I would be called to get up and go to some residence, there to cut open some child's windpipe, therein to introduce a tube through which it might be able to breathe until it should be able, possibly, to throw off the terrible infection. Even then, not infrequently, the child died, because of the false membrane's continuing to form—lower and lower, deeper and deeper, into the air-ways, until at length it had reached beyond the lowest extremity of our air-passing tube.

One night—almost morning it was—I received a hurry call from this same Dr. Misanthropus. Another case of terrible diphtheria! "Antitoxin's been tried," grouched the doctor, "but, as usual, 'twas a failure. Everything else too, of course—excepting tracheotomy. We'll have to try that. I'll drive to your house in five minutes—be ready?"

On our way to the little patient's home through the stinging wind, the doctor said, "I've one request to make of you. I've never done a tracheotomy myself in my life—always got an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist like yourself to do 'em for me—and tonight I want to do just one. Tovey will be there to give the anesthetic, and you stand close beside me so that—just in case I—well, in case I can't do the operation properly, you can take it over."

"I understand," I responded. "It shall be as you say."

Then the doctor swore luridly at the cold, at the horse and the buggy, at the ghastly epidemic—at everything else he could think of. He fairly excelled himself in antagonism to the universe. In fact I had never seen him quite so thoroughly "hard-boiled."

In the improvised operating-room at the house, Tovey was already giving the anesthetic. As rapidly as Misanthropus and I could do so, we disinfected the patient's head and neck, spread out the instruments. Then, to my horror, this hard-boiled doctor, in a trembly voice began whining, "Of all my little—little—little—patients I've loved this one the most."

I handed him the knife, taughtened the skin over the trachea, picked up a retractor. The child stopped breathing.

"Quick, Doctor, quick," I cried, "your patient'll be dead."

He leaned over with the knife as if to make an incision, attempted to cut—but his hand vibrated, shook, went all wobbling around everywhere.

Still the child did not breathe. "Cut!" I shouted. "Cut!"

Once again he tried to use the knife, but merely, all at once, pressed it deep and hard into the tissues of the throat—so deep in fact that, for a moment, I believed he was cutting the child clean down to its neck bone. Then suddenly I observed that not a drop of blood was flowing—although the doctor was slowly removing the knife.

The doctor had in fact used the back edge of the blade.

Turning as if in a maze, he dumbly handed me the instrument.

I took it and, I think (I am not boasting) performed an excellent operation. Yet, next morning, the child was dead. The year following, antitoxin "came in" indeed, and was successful. A miracle it was! Indeed I, in truth, after the successful development of antitoxin—although I did not drop the ear, nose and throat division of my work till sixteen or seventeen years later—never again was asked to do a single tracheotomy for diphtheria. Antitoxin was curing diphtheria. Later it (or the toxin antitoxin, or the toxoid) even prevented that disease.

But what about Doctor Hard-boiled, the man of so much bluster, even of profanest indifference to everything and everybody, the thoroughly calloused surgeon who was suddenly seized with so unutterable an operation fright? I do not think we should have to hypnotize him, or psychoanalyse him, or put him through a course of any sort or kind of "psychologic sprouts" in order to make a fair guess at his psyche. Almost any doctor who understands doctors could have read him in a minute. He was naturally a timid, self-mistrustful man, bashful in the extreme, who had grown an enormous turtle-shell about himself as a kind of cover-up.

Then, too, I have to make a confession about my very self in connection with the above-mentioned case, in order to render this brief study in doctorial psychology complete. Although for a number of years I had not felt even the slightest symptom of surgical fright on any occasion whatsoever, yet, all at once, when Doctor Hard-boiled had handed over to me his knife and had spoken to me in the above-mentioned terrified tone, I, too, all at once went crazily timid. In fact I fell into as fearful a panic as ever I have seen anybody else fall into. Not only my hand shook, but my whirling head did likewise. Arteries knocked in my neck, my wild heart staccatoed like the man-from-Borneo's drum. Whew! I too should have cut the patient's little throat deep down into his neck—should I have chanced to be holding the knife edge-down against, instead of away from, his tissues.

All at once (this is a silly thing to talk about, but I wish to tell truth) I recalled my dear father's pedantic, as well as religious, advice for use on such occasions:

"If ever you get 'cut-scared,'" said he, "just do what I have always done on such occasions—namely, forget the operation altogether and recite to yourself in Greek the Lord's prayer. In Greek, mind you, and

think of nothing else than the Greek version all the while you recite."

That was excellent advice, absurd as it possibly seems. That night I followed it strictly. At least I got well started into the Greek. But I did not need to finish the prayer. Merely attempting to recall a certain half-forgotten Greek word in it, I all at once discovered that I had passed completely out of the emotional area of consciousness into the purely intellectual. So—well I operated without the slightest difficulty.

But the prayer and the cutting, as shown by the sad outcome already herein indicated, were wholly in vain. Next year Emil Von Behring, as I have already stated, had taught the world another and a far better prayer—a prayer which—by the grace of the God of natural religion, whose revelation is called "science"—is almost always answered and in the way man wishes it to be answered—if, at least, he resorts to it in time.

8.—THE DOCTOR WHO KEPT A HOTEL

This strange physician and Boniface combined lived, hotelled and "sort of" practised medicine in a rather small town of southern Illinois. The Companion and I once stayed for a time in his weather-beaten, almost two-storied "joint." The cockroaches there were so big they wore horseshoes. They used, of a night, after we had gone to bed, to come ca-lump, ca-lump, ca-lumping up the front and back stairways, and sometimes we thought them ghosts. Seriously, they were large cockroaches and numerous.

Let us not blame Mrs. Doctor, *alias* Mrs. Boniface (or let us say, Mrs. Doctor Hotelling) for the size of the cockroaches or the general condition of the premises. She did her best to make the place useful, attractive, ornamental, successful. Thin, bent-over, with face wrinkled and wrenched with anxiety, she toiled early and toiled late. Her husband, the Doctor, was not able to help her much. He was far too busy a man and care-filled. He, too, was thin, because worn almost to the bone with professional cares and responsibilities. His thinness, to be sure, was often, by those who did not like him, ascribed to his constant *over-eating*. "Eats so much it makes him poor to pack it." So they adjudged, these people, but surely without justice.

Morning after morning I have seen the Doctor come down to breakfast at ten or eleven o'clock, because—as he himself almost invariably alleged in the hotel office, before entering the *salle à manger* to eat—he had been out late the night before attending a very sick patient. Have I not heard the man, scores of times at least on such occasions, almost shout against his fate this protest, "The practice of medicine, I tell you, is well-nigh killing me. You men who are not doctors should be happy, very happy indeed, that you are not in this profession."

When asked, as he sometimes was, why, then, if he found his work so burdensome, he did not retire or at least enter upon the practice of something else, he would answer, shaking his head solemnly as if he were a great martyr, "Somebody has to do this work.—But it's killing

me, it's killing me. Well, I must go hitch up Rosalie—several long trips to make."

It was strange how many of his calls were from long, long distances. Ofttimes, after a phone talk in the office, he would say to the crowd of lodgers assembled there (for example): "Another call to Bradford's—on a consultation. What do these people think I'm made of, iron? Got a little chewin'-tobaccer, Henry?"

Having torn the corner from a plug of tobacco and mouthed his quid for a while, he would murmur: "Well, time to hitch up Rosalie, and go perform a surgical operation. God, this is terrible."

Deep at night he would come back into the office, whispering to his lodgers round the fire, "Hardly able to drag, boys."

I, on a day, talking to one of the Doctor's ardent enemies (and of these he had a host) was informed that Dr. Hotelling had but a very tiny practice in the town wherein he lived, and that that was mostly composed of whooping cough and colds. As to his surgery and practice outside the village—Pah!"

But that was the enemy talking and I made due allowance for the fact. Indeed I said straight out to the enemy precisely that much.

"You! *You!*" he exclaimed. "You—believe that man's a surgeon? Why, he ain't got no diploma—just a mere Y. P. Say, exactly tomorrow mornin' we're goin' to expose that old blatherskite to the full. Shall we let you in on the game?"

"Let me in it is," said I.

With the boys I went at the time assigned to the old doctor's bedroom in the hotel. There, sure enough, we found him on his bed, sleeping the sleep of the all tired out.

The boys grabbed him, shook him violently. "Wake up, Doc."

Again: "Doc, wake *up*. Old man Martin's sick and about to die, and he wants you to come out and perform a surgical operation on him."

"A what?"

"Are you alistenin', Doc.?"

"I'm afraid so. Let me go—I'm clean wore to the bone."

But the message was repeated vigorously, the doctor was dragged from his bed. He still displayed, however, the dazed, otherworld appearance of a dense sleep-walker. But even that availed him nothing.

"Emergency case, Doc! Humanity! All that sort of thing and so on. And only you can save the man." Said one of them.

Another, "We want you to go out, Doc., and open a nice little boil for old Manty Martin."

"O boys, I'm tired. Seen scores o' patients yesterday."

"Where all you been?"

"Everywhere."

"We meant what people has you been a-seein' an' a-treatin' that's made you so plumb tired out?"

"I—I couldn't give their names, boys. That'd be a breach o' per-fessional etiquette."

"We don't means you should tell us exactly what's ailded them people that's tired you so plumb completely in the last few days, but only *jest*

whom them there peoples air. We're goin' to check up on your lies an' see how many of 'em's the truth."

"O no—"

"Grab 'im, boys."

"All right," conceded Hotelling. "I'll open that air bile."

The boys having taken charge of him and made him gather together his instruments, anesthetics and a considerable abundance of brandy, hustled him out into their wagon.

I, at the very last moment, decided not to go.

However, I eagerly awaited the return of that strange group.

After about three hours the pack came back, some of them shouting hilariously, others lying in the bed of the wagon. At the gate of the hotel yard I met them. All bore evidence of more or less intoxication.

"Well," said I to the leader of the gang, "did the Doctor operate?"

"Nary an operate," the leader replied, "not in no right sense. We taken him to the patient and his big white-centered bile. 'Operate,' says we."

"Why, that ain't ready yit to open," says Doc.

"Yes, 'tis," says we. "'Look at that there big white an' yaller spot in it. The core's jest a-poutin' to git let out.'"

"So 'tis, so 'tis," says Doc. "But you boys all know I hain't never pretended to have no nerve to do no operations unless I got some brandy in me. Where's my brandy, boys?"

"I says, 'I got brandy, Doc. Don't need to touch any o' yourn. So I put the bottle to my doctor neighbor's lips.'"

"Says Doc, 'Do all things in accordance with nateral law. An' that means,' says he, 'first to put the mouth o' the bottle ag'in yer own mouth; then second, turn yer head back—cl'ar back—an' third, holdin' the bottle tight ag'in yer lips, to let natur take its course—which means, permit the law o' gravitation to co-operate.'"

"As he says, so he done."

"Then he passed the bottle round the gang, and the feller that had the bile, he says, 'Well, I'm the feller that's to be operated on, ain't I?' sezee. 'Then gimme my share.'"

"Sure thing," says Doc. "The patient got the best right o' all o' us."

"So Jake here, he opens up another bottle—one o' hisn. The patient gets hisself anesthetized, and then passes the bottle again to the doctor, and the doctor he drinks about half of *that* bottle, let's the rest of the group drink the rest of it, and Bill here *he* finds *his* case o' instruments. Then Clark here, *he* finds *his* bottle, an' the doctor, sezee, 'I ain't fortified quite enough yit.' So he fortified some more. An' then the patient he fortified some more, and then he sez, 'I ain't just anesthetecs yit, either. So he anesthetized hisself some more. An' then a whole lot more. An' then Hank hyer, he found *his* bottle. An' so we *all* anesthetized and fortified, and fortified an' anesthetized, an' I guess we sort o' finally fergot what we'd come fer."

"An' finally I sez, 'Doc, you lazy lummicks an' coward,' I sez, 'you got liquor enough in you now,' I sez, 'to operate on a hospital. Go ahead

an' operate—ef you got the nerve,' I says. 'But I don't believe you got the nerve,' I says. 'You ain't never been nothin' but a bluffer.'

" 'Who—*me?*' says Doc. 'Why, boys, I got more nerve 'n anybody else in the country. But you fellows got me *too* drunk.'

"An' with that the patient calls Doc a dumb liar. And Doc hauls off to sock him one, an' Manty Martin holds his hand straight up with the boil on it to ward off the blow, an' so—

"Well, and so Doc *did* sort o' operate on him after all. 'Twas a *great* big core, I'm tellin' ye."

9.—THE DOCTOR WHO WOULD HAVE SAVED MANKIND

A. B. Glimmer, M.D. (that was not his actual name, of course) I knew as a promising graduate long, long before I had even entered a medical college. Tall, lean, light-weight, active, he was one of the ablest and most untiring workers that ever I have known. I recall especially the sweep of his large, bright eyes—seeking, forever seeking, seeking. Those eyes seemed to say to me, "Never mind: if I look long enough I shall find it." Much of the time they were seeking at the tube of a microscope.

He was thought to be quite wealthy, so, soon after his graduation, nobody was much surprised when he announced he was going to specialize in t.b.c. In fact, as he himself expressed it, he was going to fight tuberculosis to the death—not to the death of himself, but to that of tuberculosis.

Day and night he worked, and, after a time, it came out that he really had little money. Nobody seemed to care much though. In a world like this the other fellow's business is the other fellow's business. Test tubes and microscopes! Microscopes and test-tubes! And all sorts of animals in his workshop.

He moved to a very large city and patients came to him by hundreds. Still, they paid him little cash.

After a time he began to feel, at about four o'clock each evening, a curious fatigue—a fatigue that was foreign to his highly active nature. A little later and he had one day an early morning chill, then afternoon fatigue, then midnight fever, an inexplicable sweat, a long vigil, and then a morning chill again. Then, all at once, it popped into his head that he too—why that was incredible.

Nonetheless, it was a fact. Chill, fatigue, fever, night-sweat, vigil and then that morning chill again.

It was quite the fad at the time in medical circles to send such patients to Colorado. He sent himself to Colorado. I got two or three letters from him, postmarked out there, saying he did not regret his acquirement of tuberculosis since it would probably give him a better understanding of the disease than he could possibly otherwise have had. And how he was going to save the human race from that old devil, the T.B.C.! How he loved the human race—every man, woman and little child in it.

It was also a fad among the doctors of that time to prescribe for pulmonary tuberculosis large quantities of whiskey. The doctor pre-

scribed for himself large quantities of whiskey. After a time the quantities had to be larger. Then larger still. Then larger than that even. He was, most unfortunately, the only person in all the United States of America, perhaps, who could not take it or let it alone.

Then, for years, I heard from him no more.

One day I met a mutual friend of ours who had recently been to the Colorado city in which Dr. Glimmer was supposed to be living. Of him I asked about the old-time, bright-eyed doctor, who had thought to do so much for human beings.

"O, haven't you heard?" asked the friend.

"Not even for years," I answered.

"Glimmer committed suicide—so they say. Did some pretty bad things before that last thing. Left a short note to his uncle, reading: 'No use to myself or to humankind. God pity my poor soul.'"

My interlocutor added, "If God can pity *his* soul, he's a pretty good pitier."

10.—THE DOCTOR WHO MERELY STOPPED IN

One day, some years ago, in my "double-dungeon," as the Companion had used to call my two-room study, I heard the door-bell ring, and, breaking away from my forenoon's work, I went to the door myself in what for me was a particularly surly mood.

Through the glass in the porch-door I saw the person who had rung. A tall, upstanding "gent" he was, who looked glossy, well-fed, at peace with the universe. I certainly would not have called him one of the "under-privileged." All this was to me just one more irritant. So there I stood, frowning, lead pencil still in hand. At length I asked in a snarly tone, "Well?"

"I'm Doctor Westingtime, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania," he said, in one of the sweetest voices I ever have listened to. He took out his *carte de visite*. "Is this Tramp's Rest? And is the Tramp in? I merely called for a moment to pay my extreme respects. If the Tramp's resting, I'll even—"

"No, no, no, no," I interrupted, opening the door. "Come in at once."

"Such an honor!" he cried, as he entered. And then he began so happy an encomium about that book concerning my life—my *other* life, the *first* one—that it seemed as if a heavenly band had suddenly commenced playing for me a triumphal entry into my own home.

I led him to the reception room, there begged him to be seated. But he, before taking the proffered chair, gave me a long, sweet look, then softly taking up my right hand, murmured, "So long a time I've wanted to do this and then to tell you all—all—that your book has meant to me and even what it has done for my life."

Suddenly a cold suspicion swept over me, a feeling that this gentleman did not mean the things he said.

Yet I let him run on.

So, he looked about at my jungle of books and smiled. "Just as I had always imagined they would appear," he commented. Then back came he to that work of my writing, "Tramping to Failure."

"It is a wonderful autobiography," he said. "I've only a minute to stop, but it *is* wonderful, truly wonderful."

Then he ran on more rapidly: "Especially I liked the title of your book and the way it had come to you from your father—almost, as one might say, ready-made to your hand. Your good father, away back there when he was taking you up to Inveni, your first experience in a real college, not merely in your hayloft. How fine it was of him to warn you about your manifest weak-spot. He saw clearly that dangerous tendency of yours to be interested in too many things, too many great subjects—your tendency to, as he expressed it, 'go tramping.' And how wisely he warned you, as he again happily expressed the matter, not to 'go tramping to failure.'

"Yet you could not *choose* but 'tramp.'"

"How wisely, at all events, you selected that expression for the title of your book! How modest it sounds! And how modest, again and furthermore, you were all the time when narrating in your volume the failure after failure you had made through life! How decidedly, how extremely, how very unusually modest!"

I bowed slightly, embarrassed and without words.

Here I noticed he had been drawing with one of my lead pencils little squares on a piece of paper that happened to be lying on the table. He put my pencil away in his pocket. "Wonderful—"

And all at once he had murmured, "I am just a little out of money, Dr. Shastid, and now if you'll—well, we'll call it five hundred. Five hundred, shall we? Just a small, a very small, loan till I get back to Pittsburgh and can return the amount."

"Time's up," I shouted, rising. "I want to complete another of those wonderful, marvelous and most miraculous books."

Astounded he looked, and then as if ashamed of me. Yet too he appeared to be forgiving me. "Shall we say three hundred?" he murmured. I shook my head.

"Two hundred? No? The money would be promptly repaid. I have plenty of money in my bank at Pittsburgh."

I lead the way steadily to the door.

"*One* hundred."

I threw the door open. "Telegraph to your bank. Inside of two hours. . . ."

He bowed low as he passed me on his way out.

Then, immediately retracing his steps and stretching out a shaking forefinger, he exclaimed with almost a note of anger in his oversweet voice, "Good-bye. Your book is of no use at all."

When he had really taken himself away, I looked him up in the American Medical Association's Directory, the main part thereof and the complete Index too. There was no such doctor in Pittsburgh or in the entire United States.

This doctor, I later learned, was plying some similar racket in almost every good-sized town of the Nation. One sucker in a hundred might have made him a fair living—though sometimes he did have to deposit fraudulent oil stock for collateral. Having wound up in a penitentiary, served his painful time there and been released, he concocted a begging rôle of some sort, thus entering the already overcrowded ranks of the "underprivileged." So overcrowded however were those ranks that, once again, he returned to the somewhat thinner ranks of the "smart people," and is now again resting his brain in the penitentiary.

11.—A PHYSICIAN OF SIXTY-ODD YEARS BACK—Y.P.

Against a dull-gray rainscape I see him again driving toward us in his high, covered buggy—old Doctor Y. P.

My father and I (I was then a boy of ten or eleven years) watched him from the seat of our own buggy very anxiously indeed. The reason? My father had lately been consulted by a farm-woman who had long been treated by the old Y. P., but wholly without success, and so he, my father, on being applied to and finding that she had an ovarian tumor, had referred her to Dr. David Prince, of Jacksonville, for possible operation. Dr. Y. P. was a man of abusive language backed by a bellicose disposition. We wondered considerably as to what the so-called doctor might wish to say and do to us.

As the Y. P. drew up, I noticed the apparently intense concentration of his much bewhiskered and small-pocked face. He pulled up his horse a yard or so away, wiped his mouth with a dirty-gloved fist, and then excitedly remarked: "I been over to Doc David Prince's San-eye-tarium—sent for by my patient's own husband himself, Mr. John R. Snapson. An' I seen him—that's Doc Prince—cut a ovarian tumor out. God, it was a great operation, Shastid. He took an' he taken a big knife—it was bigger'n our butcher-knife at home—an' he slit an' he slot that woman vertical—up an' down, ye know—until she jest gapped wide open from her bust-bone to 'er—well, cl'ar down hyer. He missed her navel by cuttin' a little round it—else, by Jingo, he'd a cut plumb *through* it—an' ye know what'd happen to ye if anybody'd cut yer navel plumb *through*. Ever'thing inside ye'd become untied and fall apart from one another, cause the navel's where ever'thing comes together an's tied into one single hard knot.

"Well, he *missed* the navel a purpose, and she gapped wide open from up above clean down to down *to*, and Doc—know what?"

"No I don't," admitted my father.

Y. P. got down from his buggy, walked quickly round it, and came to the left side of ours. (My father, contrary to custom, invariably sat on *that* side, as any auto driver does to-day) and, tapping an excited fore-

finger on my father's knee, the while he looked up at him with wide, black, staring pupils, whispered: "Doc, I ain't lyin', but I seen 'er *pan*-crease."

"Her what?" ejaculated Father.

"Her *pan*-crease." He pronounced the word as just two syllables.

"O!"

"Don't tell me I lie, Doc. I done *seen* it.

"An' I says to ol' Prince, I says, 'Doc, is that 'er *pan*-crease?' I says. Jes' like that, I says. 'I always *read* about the *pan*-crease,' I says, 'an' I always wanted to see a *pan*-crease, but I ain't never seen one yit. An' is that *her* *pan*-crease, Doc?'

"'Yes,' says ol' Prince, says 'e. 'Yes, Doc, (he called me 'Doc,' like a person should) that's her *pan*-crease,' he says. 'What you think of it?'

"'Well, have you prayed over 'er?' I says.

"'No, don't think I have.'

"'Lots o' diseases is still caused by devils,' I says, 'same as they wuz thousands o' years ago, an' ef ye ain't prayed over 'er,' I sez, 'an' cast out the devils, how do ye know that 'er *pan*-crease ain't still full o' devils?'

"'The only devils,' says old Doc, 'that produces disease in *these* days, is disease *germs*, little bits of vegetables so small you got to see 'em in a mikerscope. Besides, it ain't her *pan*-crease that's diseased.' An' with that he up an' takes out an ovarian tumor.

"An', Doc, I, comin' home, I prayed over her. I ain't ashamed to say so, if I *am* a fightin' man. An' now I hear she's well."

"The ways of heaven are past finding out, Doctor," my father mused, gently. "At all events, this morning at half-past seven o'clock—I got the telegram about one-half hour ago—Mrs. Snapson died."

The old, ignorant Y. of P. man stared at my father in amazement. Then, silently, he went round to his own buggy, slowly clambered to its seat and drove off into the mist.

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just met Dr. Y. P. ¹—one of the greatest of all the Y. P. men that ever were produced in "The good old times." Such men now exist in the United States no more, though some people do still exist—a good many of them in our very legislatures—who would gladly have such curiosities (uneducated, or very improperly educated, practitioners) back amongst us—with the lives of the public again in their hands.

Thank God that, even in those days, there were other kinds of doctors too.

¹ I do not give the doctor's actual name, because some of his children—and these are excellent people—still live.

A Y. P. man, in those times, sixty and more years ago, when the first medical practice law had been passed in Illinois (1878), was a person who, under that law, had been granted a license to practice medicine and without examination too, not because he had ever studied medicine or knew anything at all about the subject, but because, *when* the law was passed, he had been practising that profession already for at least ten years. He, in other words was licensed solely because of his "years of practice"—Y. P.

12.—DOCTOR URSUS

A kinsman of mine had a wife whom he well-nigh worshipped. She, furthermore, looked up to her husband almost as if to a god—for which reason probably it was that, inasmuch as my kinsman had so very high a regard for my medical attainments, she also took me to be a kind of court of last resort in all matters medical.

Time came when something apparently serious attacked the wife's health. The local physician assured wife and husband that the affliction was trivial, would pass soon. After a while it began to be clear that the local physician had been terribly mistaken.

So my kinsman wrote to me. I gave him the best opinion I could in a matter that did not affect an eye and on a patient whom I had not even seen for years. The result was that though these people lived a long way from the place wherein I then was practising, they promptly entrained for my town—there to secure my examination, opinion and advice.

My examination showed that what the patient needed was not an ophthalmologist (eye physician) at all, but a general surgeon—one well-skilled both in the science of malignant tumors and in operative technique.

I told them "The man you want is Dr. Ursus." To Ursus accordingly they went, after, of course, I had called up Ursus, told him the history of the case, and, finally, made clear the blood relationship between the patient's husband and myself.

Dr. Ursus quite properly placed the patient in a hospital, where, after a time, it was determined beyond doubt both by Ursus and the X-ray department, that, eventually, the disease from which the patient was suffering would take her life.

Now this patient was one of the extremely nervous kind—"highly strung," given to spells of the deepest and blackest depression—spells which had no other causes at all than the terror which she felt not merely at the thought of her own dissolution but more, far more because of the perfectly shattering idea that she soon might be departing eternally from her family. Dr. Ursus, the husband and I harmoniously agreed that, the circumstances being what they were, the patient should not at any time be informed at all of her impending doom. She, uplifted by the favorable prognosis which we all three had given her—in addition to what we had reported that the X-ray department had said—nevertheless from time to time became suspicious of the accuracy of our forecast. So, from time to time, she became even more depressed and melancholy than ever before. At length her husband became convinced that a specialist on diseases of the nervous system should be called in consultation on the case. In her presence and in mine he made that suggestion. Like the proverbial drowning person she grasped with eager delight at the little straw so thrown before her. Her face grew radiant. "Perhaps it may turn out, after all," she joyfully speculated, "that my entire sickness is due to my nervous depression and not the other way round."

Then, all at once, as the visible world is sometimes overshadowed by a cloud, she suffered a reversal of mood. "But suppose," she cried, "suppose that the decision in that consultation should be against me.

Or suppose that some terrible thing should happen to me even while the examination was being made. What—what then should I do? I have been terrorized of late so much.

I answered that her latter fears at least were certainly groundless.

"But how can I be sure?" she asked. "How can I be *sure* that nothing dangerous would be done at the examination? Will you promise, Tom, to be present at that examination—from first to last to be present—and through it all to see that nothing dangerous to me shall be indulged in?"

"I solemnly promise," I answered, not dreaming of what I was getting into.

When the husband and I got back from the hospital to my home, I phoned to Dr. Ursus, told him the patient had just requested a consultation between him, the X-ray operator, and the neurologist—a highly skilful man whom no physician could rightfully have had the slightest objection to—and then I went on to describe the nervous condition of the patient, concluding of course by repeating her most urgent request that I be present at the consultation, merely that she might feel she was not wholly in the hands of strangers.

It surely was no improper request for me to make, the patient's depressed condition rendering my presence at the consultation almost an absolute necessity. Then, too, I was the original, the referring, physician. Neither Dr. Ursus nor the X-ray man nor the neurologist would have had the slightest connection with the case or probably ever have had heard of its existence, save for me. (That the statement of the situation may be complete, I will add that this case was not—contrary to what a lay reader might easily presume, a feeless case. It was, by the very code of ethics itself, a "pay case," and, further, was so understood to be from the beginning.)

However, no sooner had I ceased speaking than Ursus replied in a loud, aggressive voice, "I don't want you there."

"What?" I could not believe my ears.

Ursus repeated the objectionable words with emphasis.

I began again to urge the circumstances in the case, but was sharply cut off. Ursus repeated, "I said, I don't want you there."

"Even though the patient would be terrorized without me?"

"That's nothing but a case of nerves. We'll control that. And I've *said* twice already, 'I—do—not want you—present.'"

He hung up the receiver.

I started to repeat the conversation to my kinsman. He checked me with, "I heard every word of it. Of course you know what, logically, should be done and so do I. But—(using his wife's pet name) happens to be in such a condition that a quarrel over the consultation, much worse the dismissal of the attending physician, would thrust her inevitably into a panic from which she might not be able to recover, even temporarily. Let the consultation continue as Ursus will have it. I'll tell her you'll be present, and then, on the day and hour, you'll say you are unable to attend because of an extreme emergency in your practice.

Then I'll take her back home. Ursus says she'll die within a month or two at all events. So she may as well pass on at home, where always she has wanted to spend her last hours."

As he said, so was it done.

The good lady passed away at her home, no sooner and no later than had she remained in the hands of Dr. Ursus. Incurable as was her case, nothing at all could be done for her except to ease her pain from time to time—till time for her indeed should be no more.

But—as to Dr. Ursus. I was of course dumbfounded, stunned. Such treatment I had never received before, even at the hands of untrained Y. of P. men. And Ursus was a surgeon of ability! Highly educated too he was in other paths than medicine. It was simply incredible. There must have been some misunderstanding. Yet, turning the subject over and over in my mind, I could not think of any.

Later, speaking with two other doctors, both friends of Dr. Ursus, I did what I had never done before in connection with the subject. I mentioned the case of Dr. Ursus and the wife of my kinsman. Both laughed heartily, then told me of similar experiences which they themselves had had with Ursus, also with several other physicians of his kind.

"It takes all sorts of doctors, of course, to make a medical world," said they.

THE DOCTOR WHO FATHERED A TRAMP

PART I—IN MY CHILDHOOD

The subject of this character description was, in his personality, far more important than anything he ever could have written or done. I, therefore, in this sketch, seek to perpetuate the memory of *him*, rather than of his writings and deeds, to diffuse the fragrance of his life—after the gates of heaven have shut him from our presence. It would, however, leave my tribute incomplete did I not, in connection with my portrayal of my father himself, attempt also to delineate some of the more typical of the Pike County people whom he so greatly loved and for whom he toiled so unremittingly and for so many long decades—showing, however, to some extent of course what he did for them and how they reacted toward him. Further, I have attempted, as a background to this many-figured picture, to sketch-in, very briefly to be sure, the little town itself in which he lived, the large extent of countryside around it wherein he chiefly practised, and, finally, the old-time interiors of some of the homes wherein his patients lived, gave life, joyed or sorrowed, sickened, sometimes recovered and sometimes died.

Through it all, the controlling spirit of this entire section of the book will be the distinctive character, the individuality, of my father, Thomas Wesley Shastid.

He, the subject of this sketch, was born on August 26, 1831, in Sangamon County, Illinois, not very far from the log-built town of New Salem,¹ where, at the time, Abraham

¹ Not to be confounded with the present New Salem, which is in Pike County, Illinois. Old Salem (birthplace in 1860, of W. J. Bryan, afterwards three times candidate for president of the United States) was founded in July, 1823. It still stands and under the same name, as the County Seat of Marion County, down in Southern Illinois. The first *New Salem*, where Lincoln failed as a store-keeper, was founded October 23, 1829, and was deliberately razed, removed, and, as a town, annihilated, in 1840. Most of the buildings were taken to Petersburg, one or two miles to the north. The post-office had already been removed to Petersburg in 1836. Then, in 1847, the present tiny Pike County village of New Salem, the second of its name in Illinois, was founded.

To complete the Salem-New Salem explanation: In 1906, when Wm. Randolph Hearst was lecturing at the Salem Chautauqua in Petersburg, he "purchased the site (of Lincoln's "old" New Salem) and presented it to the Chautauqua Association." Beginning in 1918 the restoration of the old New Salem has, with much financial assistance from the Illinois legislature, proceeded to completion. The place is now, by federal proclamation in 1932, known as New Salem Park.

Lincoln was clerk and manager in the Offut store, and where, a year or so later, he was to open his own ill-fated store, also to officiate as surveyor and postmaster.

My father, when in his later life I knew him, still retained some recollection of Lincoln as he had been at this time. He specially recalled his trips to the Lincoln store in company with an older brother, Jon, there to buy groceries for the Shastid family. "Lincoln's black-strap molasses," he often declared, "was particularly good. Jon and I used, on the way back home, to sample it—surreptitiously and repeatedly." In 1834 Lincoln's personal property was about to be sold by the sheriff, but a Mr. Bowling¹ Green, first cousin once removed of my Grandfather Shastid, bid in all the property and restored it to Lincoln.² My grandfather, too, John Greene Shastid, was of service to Lincoln in a number of small ways—a pleasant fact which Lincoln never could forget.

¹ Not Bolin, the name as given in the *International Cyclopedia*, 1898, Vol. IX, p. 48, article "Lincoln, Abraham." Bowling always spelled his last name without the final e. All the rest of our breed of Greens used the final e.

² This fact, though accepted by nearly all authorities (e.g., *Internat. Cycloped.*, 1898, Vol. IX, p. 48, lines 16-18) has been contested by some. I had the story, however, personally and repeatedly from "Uncle Billy" Greene, my Grandfather Shastid's own cousin. So, too, did my half-brother, William, who, for a time, lived very near the home of "Uncle Billy" Greene, at Tallula, Illinois, who was very intimate with him, and who, in fact, married the daughter of his business partner, Dr. J. F. Willson.

And surely "Uncle Billy" Greene should have known about the matter and about Lincoln generally. He was the man who taught Abraham Lincoln English Grammar—from Kirkham's old book on the subject—and, in general, how to write and speak English correctly and forcibly. Probably more than to anyone else Abraham Lincoln owed his mastery of English style to "Uncle Billy" Greene.

On the truth of the statements in those last two sentences I quote from Wright's "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" (Grosset & Dunlap, N. Y., 1925) page 119: "He [Lincoln] used to have Billy Greene hold the grammar [Kirkham's] of an evening while he recited the rules; and after he was elected President he did not forget his friend of former years, but had him on his left at the inaugural banquet and the dignified Secretary Seward on his right. Mr. Lincoln presented the two men to each other saying, 'Seward, this is Mr. Greene of Illinois.' Seward bowed stiffly, when Mr. Lincoln exclaimed, 'Oh, get up, Seward, and shake hands with Greene; he's the man that taught me my grammar.'"

Further about *Bowling Green* I quote from Beveridge's "Abraham Lincoln—1809-1858" (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York; 1928) Vol. I, p. 151: "Bowling Green, who lived about a mile from New Salem, took Lincoln [after the death of Ann Rutledge] to his cabin, where, in a fortnight, the care of Mrs. Green restored the sufferer." (Beveridge spells William Greene's name both ways.)

As stated above, all *our* Greens, with the sole exception of Bowling, have always spelled their surnames with the final e—Greene. "Uncle Billy" Greene, to my certain knowledge did so, but I have had my recollection on this matter confirmed by my Grandfather's (John Greene Shastid's) Bible, also by a letter from my sister-in-law, Clara Willson Shastid, who as the daughter of Dr. J. F. Willson, "Uncle Billy" Greene's banking partner in the firm of Willson and Greene, Bankers, surely ought to know how her father's partner

In January, 1836, my father removed with his parents and all the other children of the family to Pittsfield, Illinois. There were at that time in Pittsfield only six houses. My grandfather, although a farmer, nevertheless settled in the little county seat, so that he might be able to give to his children the education which he so highly prized but which

spelled his surname. I may add that, for several years she was herself an official in her father's and "Uncle Billy's" bank—which should make her a still more certain authority. I have also a letter from "Uncle Billy's" granddaughter, Mrs. Louisa Greene Epling, Tallula, Illinois, stating, "I never knew any of our Greene's to omit the final 'e'."

I may add, finally, that, on a number of letter-heads of the above-mentioned bank, heads which lie before me as I write, the final e also appears in the name.

J. F. WILLSON

W. G. GREENE.

Willson & Greene,

—BANKERS—

Tallula, Ill.

My Dear Mrs. _____ *Nov 26 1890.*

*How soon
my I expect my glasses.
Of course I am in no
particular hurry,*

Why do many Lincoln biographers keep on misspelling the name
of Lincoln's best friend—W. G. [William Graham] Greene?

Yet several well known biographers of Lincoln, whenever in their books they mention "Uncle Billy" Greene—as they nearly all do repeatedly—spell his name Green, instead of Greene.

A matter of slight importance, perhaps, is that I never heard any one in all William Graham Greene's circle of acquaintance refer to him as "Uncle Bill" but always as "Uncle Billy." My above-mentioned sister-in-law writes me that that also has been her experience. My Grandfather Shastid, too, always referred to him as "Uncle Billy," and he was a contemporary both of Lincoln and of Greene—for he was born in 1798, while Lincoln was born in 1809 and Greene in 1812. Nevertheless, Lincoln's biographers persistently refer to him as "Uncle Bill," possibly on grounds that I know not of.

A matter of much greater importance is the confusion which so many Lincoln biographers introduce into the various relationships among the Greenes. Thus, so high an authority as even Carl Sandburg, in his incomparable life-story, "Abraham Lincoln—the

he had never been able to secure for himself. The tiny brick schoolhouse which my father began attending at Pittsfield when aged about seventeen still stands, and I take great pleasure in showing herewith a photograph of it in its present condition.

Prairie Years," Vol. I, page 136, says: "Bill Green, the eighteen-year-old son of Squire Bowling Green, was put in as a helper mainly to tell Lincoln which of the customers were good pay," etc. But "Bill" Green (his full name was William Graham Greene) was not the son of Bowling Greene—at least according to our family's genealogy—but of William Griggs Greene and Elizabeth Graham (Greene). Wm. Greene (Sr.) was first cousin to Bowling Greene, Wm. Greene, Jr. ("Uncle Billy" Greene) was therefore Bowling's first cousin once removed, not his son. Wright, in his "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," page 83, calls Bowling Green "Billy's Uncle"!

Still greater confusion has arisen among Lincoln's biographers with regard to the literacy or illiteracy of "Uncle Billy" Greene. Thus, referring again to Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln—the Prairie Years," Vol. I, p. 467, I find the following: "Young Bill Green, who had clerked in the Berry & Lincoln store, slept in the same bed with Lincoln and held Kirkham's Grammar while Lincoln recited, was in northern Illinois in 1852, and met some families of movers at Princeton. One was the Carr family, who had come from the Mohawk Valley to Chicago by boat, and were going by wagon to the little log city of Galesburg in Knox County, where the Rev. George Gale and a company from Whitesboro, New York, had plans for churches, schools, colleges, religion, culture, and freedom, in the new prairie region.

"Clark E. Carr, the boy of the family, listened with sharp ears to the talk of Bill Green. . . .

"He (Bill Greene) had a Tennessee skill in telling stories, and the Carrs told him he was the best at spinning yarns that they had ever heard. He replied: 'I ain't a primin' to a curi's young feller who used to keep a grocery down whar I live. He kin make a cat laugh. I've seen the whole neighborhood turn out to hear him tell stories. They ain't all jest the kind fer women to listen to, but they's always a pint to 'em. He's a great big feller, with a big mouth, and he kinder acts it all out, smilin' and laffin'. I never seed a real clown, but he'd make one. But I've seen him when he was the solumest man in ten states. When he kem back from runnin' a flatboat to New Orleans, ef anybody said anything about niggers he would git so solum, an' tell about a nigger auction he seed in New Orleans—how they sold a fambly, the man to one planter and his wife to another an' passeled the children out among the highes' bidders, an' thought it was awful. . . .

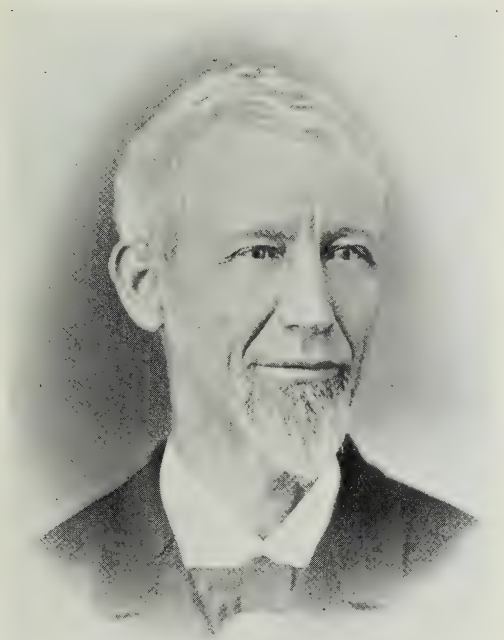
"But what was the name of the first young man who could make a cat laugh? 'Abe Linkern.'"

Often I have sat in the house of my Grandfather's first cousin at Tallula, Illinois, and listened for hours to his talk. Barring his use of illiterate language as anyone may use it, when reporting the conversation of illiterate persons, he employed no illiterate language whatever, but was well educated and a master of English. He was indeed a three-year alumnus of Illinois College, as witness the article by his granddaughter, Mrs. Louisa Greene Epling, of Tallula, Illinois, in her article, "William Graham Greene, 1838, Lincoln's Friend," (*The Illinois College Alumni Quarterly*, January 1940, pp. 6 and 7).

These subjects I go into not as a matter of family pride, but because it is really important to know that the man who, far more than any other, assisted to form the literary style of the author of the Gettysburg Address, was by no means ignorant and illiterate.

To represent him as not knowing even how to pronounce Lincoln's name correctly is an absurd mistake that Carr should certainly never have made concerning William Graham Greene, even had he never met him personally, as he admits doing, "in 1852"—a time long after Greene had taught Lincoln how to write, had then attended Illinois College for three years and left at that institution a record for high scholarship, had then taught English at Priestly College, Sparta, Tennessee, and even become principal of that institution.

I am specially astonished that Carl Sandburg, a man who, perhaps, knows more than any other living person about Lincoln and knows the most of it very accurately, should not only have quoted the above-cited illiterate sentences, yes and many more like them, even



THOMAS WESLEY SHASTID, M.D.

In Middle Life



REPLICA OF THE LINCOLN STORE AT NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS

At this place my father, Thomas Wesley Shastid, and his older brother, Jon Shastid, used to buy the family groceries—on the way back home testing the quality of the black-strap molasses repeatedly, clandestinely and with great gusto.



REPLICA OF THE SAME STORE, INTERIOR VIEW

(Both photographs by Georg, Springfield, Illinois)

Some years earlier he had attended "Granny Heath's School," so called for the estimable and quite scholarly old Pittsfield lady who had owned it and taught it.³

In 1849 he entered the John D. Thomson Academy, also at Pittsfield, there acquiring such a knowledge of Latin and Greek that all his life thereafter he could easily read the most difficult of the old classics in their original words. In that school too he acquired his life-long love of philology—learned in fact to get with its history the very flavor of each English word. This John D. Thomson Academy, by the bye, was, though located in the "backwoods," a famous institution in the preparation of students for entrance into Eastern universities. It closed its doors forever in 1863.

And now I must return to the date when my grandfather with his family removed, in a covered wagon, from Lincoln's New Salem to Pittsfield—January, 1836. The little one-story red house which my grandfather bought in Pittsfield at that time and in which the whole large family lived was no bigger than 20 by 30. I knew it well in my childhood, but some years ago it had somehow disappeared. In 1838 my grandfather built, largely with his own hands, in the same yard with the little red house a considerably larger white one, a house that still stands and in which a quite remarkable person, though then unknown, was nevertheless on several occasions an honored guest. Abraham Lincoln, that is to say, although he still resided—now not as grocer, but as lawyer—in Sangamon County (to be specific, in

though at second hand, as having been uttered by William Graham Greene, but also that he should have done that without the slightest correctional comment.

William Graham Greene, was born at Overton, Overton County, Tennessee, January 27, 1812. He removed to Illinois in 1821, taught Lincoln at New Salem how to write in 1831 and entered Illinois College in 1834. In addition to teaching the future author of "The Gettysburg Address" how to write strong English, he, in 1861, was placed by Lincoln on his left at the latter's first inaugural banquet, and, later in the same year, was appointed by Lincoln to be Collector of Internal Revenue at Peoria, Illinois. In connection with other persons, Uncle Billy founded a railroad which later became the Chicago and Alton System. He also helped to found Mason City, Greenview and Tallula, all in Illinois. In 1866 he established at Petersburg the first bank in Menard County. He also, in May, 1877, founded at Tallula, Illinois, the firm of Willson and Greene, Bankers. At Tallula, in fact, he spent the most of his life, and there he died in 1894. He, "Lincoln's closest friend," was "buried at Tallula in Greenwood Cemetery, so named for him."

(For most of the data in the immediately preceding paragraph I am indebted to Mrs. Epling's above-mentioned magazine article and to her letters in answer to my inquiries.)

³ Granny (Mrs. Mary M.) Heath's discovery that, in anemias which iron cannot help, the free feeding of liver to the patient will not infrequently effect a cure, is adverted to hereafter in this book.

Springfield) not infrequently, as a circuit rider, made trips to Pittsfield on legal or other business.¹ On such occasions he almost never failed to walk from the Court-House Square the three short blocks to my grandfather's residence, there to dine with the family.² For this reason I make so bold as to reproduce here pictures of the little building from five points of view.³

¹ Lincoln was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1836, the year my grandfather removed to Pittsfield. In 1837 Lincoln removed from New Salem to Springfield. On December 3, 1839, he was admitted to the federal bar—together with his subsequent great adversary, Stephen A. Douglas.

² On one such occasion it happened that Grandfather Shastid had just come in from the country, where he had been hunting and had bagged a dozen quails (or, as my brother Joseph will have it, wild pigeons). Wild meat was cheap meat as well as good meat then. It also happened, on that day, to be the only meat this family had. Grandfather's numerous progeny stood about, hungry, wide-eyed, waiting for the pigeons to finish broiling. All at once, as the custom then was, somebody pushed the door open without knocking. And behold! there stood Abraham Lincoln.

Abe sat down at their hearty invitation in the place of honor at the head of the table and soon the platter of pigeons was placed before him. At first Abe talked vivaciously. Then, as he became absent-minded over his impending law-suit, he fell completely silent and ate voraciously. One by one the pigeons disappeared into the vast Lincolnian reservoir. A gesture from grandmother kept all the rest from calling for pigeon. After a short time Abe, still abstracted, reached out his fork for the very last pigeon, took it to his own plate, and began to eat it. Then my father, who at this time was still very young, burst suddenly into tears, and cried out: "Abe Lincoln, you're an old hog!"

It was always a matter for homeric laughter between the country doctor and his little Tommy that Abraham Lincoln, perhaps the most generous and self-sacrificing of men, had once been called a hog.

Lincoln, duly contrite and tenderly apologetic, but also filled to repletion, at last arose to go, and himself went and got his hat. All at once he was taken with some idea or another, probably legal, and, pulling from his pocket, as he had a way of doing, a used envelope, he made thereon some brief notation. Having done this, he filed the envelope, not back in his pocket as anyone else would have done, but inside his hat, between the crown and the sweatband. This was, in fact, a common filing place with Lincoln for notes and, indeed, back in New Salem, distributing mail about the village, he had carried it all in his hat.

There was one point that my father had noted about Lincoln's physiognomy that I never have seen recorded by any other than myself. (See my article, "My Father Knew Lincoln," *The Nation*, February 20, 1929, p. 227.) It was that Lincoln's left eye, from time to time, looked queer and then suddenly 'crossed,' i.e., turned up. At the time when my father told me this it did not strike me as having the least importance. Older grown, however, and become an oculist, I was struck one day by the recollection and then by the meaning of the fact itself. Lincoln had been the victim of hyperphoria (a tendency of one eye upward) with, now and then, a momentary hypertropia (actual turning of that eye upward). Such a condition, as all oculists know, gives rise to an intense form of eyestrain and is one of the commonest causes of deep and protracted melancholy—the chronic, inexpressible blues. Here, then, was the probable explanation of the well-known Lincolnian depression of spirits which lasted, off and on, until his death.

The causes ordinarily assigned for Lincoln's frequent periods of dejection are much more romantic than the one I have just suggested, but they don't "hold water" half so well. They are, first, a prevision of his own tragic taking off; second, ineradicable grief at the loss of his sweetheart, Ann Rutledge.

As to the first, we can dismiss it at once as occult and fantastic. As to the second, we have only to remember that, within one year after Ann Rutledge's death, Lincoln was making love to Mary S. Owens, and, indeed, though unsuccessfully, he proposed marriage to her. Four years later he was likewise making love to Sarah Rickard and with equal lack of success

Among my father's boyhood friends were two remarkable young lads who, later, to a considerable extent, influenced world history—John George Nicolay and John Milton Hay.

proposed to her also. Almost immediately thereafter he proposed to Mary Todd and was accepted. Then, too, although Lincoln no doubt loved Ann Rutledge with all his great, true heart, it is a fact that he had been confirmed in melancholy long before his first meeting with her. I believe that this melancholy was owing to the unromantic fact that, in Lincoln's day, no oculist knew how to prescribe a prism for hyperphoria.

This oculistic view of the matter I expressed in my above-mentioned article in *The Nation*. It then was accepted by some oculists, but also was strongly controverted by many others in this country and in Europe. The view was generally taken, however, that the evidence was insufficient to show that Lincoln had had hyperphoria.

Now, as all oculists know, a hyperphoria (tendency of one eye to turn upward) sometimes produces double vision, i.e., when it increases to hypertropia. The change from the patient's usual condition of hyperphoria (merely *tendency* of one eye upward) into hypertropia (actual *turning* of one eye upward, or of one eye upward and the other eye downward, with of course consequent double vision) is specially likely to occur in moments of unusual strain and excitement, or of reaction from such moments. I am therefore glad to quote from Carl Sandburg's "Lincoln—The Prairie Years," Vol. II, p. 432, a passage I first read in 1941—12 years after I had propounded my hyperphoria explanation of Lincoln's frequent headaches and depressions of spirit, as follows: "A queer dream or illusion had haunted Lincoln at times through the winter. On the evening of his election [a time of unusual strain, or, worse, let-go from strain] he had thrown himself on one of the haircloth sofas at home, just after the first telegrams of November 6 had told him he was elected President, and looking into a bureau mirror across the room he saw himself full length, but with two faces.

"It bothered him; he got up; the illusion vanished; but when he lay down again there in the glass again were two faces, one paler than the other. He got up again, mixed in the election excitement, forgot about it; but it came back, and haunted him. He told his wife about it; she worried too.

"A few days later he tried it once more and the illusion of the two faces again registered to his eyes. But that was the last; the ghost since then wouldn't come back, he told his wife, who said it was a sign he would be elected to a second term, and the death pallor of one face meant he wouldn't live through his second term."

Accept the "ghost" theory let him who can. Also "the death pallor of one face," possibly the superstitious and semi-insane Mrs. Lincoln's addition to the actual facts. Here we have a plain case of double vision in a man who had suffered for years from a "phoria," and who now, in a time of reaction from great strain, experienced a momentary increase of his "phoria" to a "tropia." The fact that it does not appear that Lincoln observed anything else doubled than his face, does nothing at all—as a matter of course—to support the "ghost" theory. Phoria patients who are now and then troubled with momentary double vision not infrequently complain only that the *faces* of their friends, or of themselves in a mirror, look double. It is the face that is emphatically, or exclusively, noticed. In a quickly passing double vision, such as Lincoln's plainly was, the patient is not granted a sufficient length of time for testing out the entire nature and extent of his double vision.

The passage above quoted is, I believe, a complete confirmation of my view expressed in 1929 that Lincoln's persistent melancholy was due, in part at least and possibly altogether, to what oculists term hyperphoria.

Still one more point about Lincoln that concerns his eyes. To my grandmother, who once wished to show him the flowers in her front yard, he, according to my father, said: "I will look at your flowers, Mother, but I really cannot understand what people see to admire in such things. I am somehow deficient." From this I have often suspected that Lincoln was color-blind. He would often enough, in conversation and in public speeches, refer to the sunset, the flowers, and so on, but only, as it seemed, because these matters appeared beautiful to others.

My father heard Lincoln debate with Douglas not once but several times. Douglas, he thought, was the better speaker, but not the better reasoner. It was Lincoln's earnestness and love of justice and right that won. Except in this respect he was no match at all for the august, highly cultivated, lion-voiced orator. Lincoln's tones were high-pitched and

Hay he knew only for one single year, Nicolay, however, he got acquainted with early and remained in intimate contact with for a number of years. Nicolay's story, to

often disagreeable. He spoke distinctly, however, and very regularly—almost staccato.

My father also heard Lincoln at a number of trials. He was altogether commonplace, except when fired by the thought of injustice or oppression. Then he became transformed, inspired with holy determination, a veritable arch-angel of righteous advocacy. To speak well he must think that someone, black or white, had been 'abused.'

One of these trials my father distinctly remembered, though I myself have forgotten where it occurred. It was a case of some importance, and practically the whole affair hinged on the testimony of a celebrated surgeon.

Lincoln refused to cross-examine any except this last witness. The surgeon had made some very extreme statements, and when he was all through Lincoln said, very slowly and impressively, "Doctor, how much money are you to receive for testifying in this case?"

The witness hesitated for a moment, then asked the judge: "Your honor, do I have to answer that question?"

"Yes," said the judge. "It's proper."

The witness named a fee so large that the audience fairly held its breath.

Lincoln rose, turned, and, stretching out his long right arm and forefinger, he cried in a shrill voice, overflowing with the hottest indignation: "Gentlemen of the jury, big fee, big swear."

And those four monosyllables were all he ever said to that jury. They won the case.

I must, despite the already great length of this footnote, add the story of how my grandfather Shastid, years later, took the news of Lincoln's death. Grandfather was a man of few words. Therefore when, the morning after Lincoln's shooting, the news of the attempted assassination reached Pittsfield and our family, Grandfather at once prayed aloud that God would save the life of our great, good Abraham. This in about half a dozen syllables. So much came to me from my father in my boyhood and again and again. Of course I had not been born when Lincoln died.

When, however, I had become a practising physician in southern Illinois and, on a visit to Pittsfield, was, with my father, conversing with an old-time druggist, Charley Harder, in his drug-store, the latter told me how my grandfather had taken the news not of Lincoln's shooting but of his death.

"I was standing," said Harder, "right out there in front of this very store. Right here on this same west side of the square, it was. Well, your grandfather was coming along, headed south, talking to himself devoutly, as was his custom. All at once the news from Washington broke loose. You know that big young fellow, named, a worker in a cooper shop, I think he was. Well, he was a-coming along fast, headed *north*. And he was shouting at the top of his voice, 'Hooray, for old Lincoln is dead! Hooray, for old Lincoln is dead! I'm glad that he's dead—that son of a she b....tard and grandson of a b....ch.'

"Who did you say was dead?" asked your grandfather. He was born away back in the eighteenth century, and didn't hear so very well.

"Abe Lincoln. I'm glad he *is* dead, that old."

"Your grandfather's fist shot out and young lay flat on the sidewalk, snoring it is true but silent as to Lincoln."

Lincoln had not originated the custom of men's wearing large, gray, woolen shawls. But he was an inveterate wearer of shawls just the same, and his particular style of shawl was, long after his death, worn at least in western Illinois by men who were great admirers of Lincoln. Thus, in the Hemenway caricature of my father which appears in this volume *infra*, my father is correctly depicted as still (March, 1904) wearing a Lincoln shawl. He was probably the last man in Pike County to give up this memorial attestation of esteem for Lincoln.

³ The schoolhouse which appears in the left background of one of these views, was not built until much later than the little frame house—i.e., not till 1861-63. This is the building wherein the "Tramp," or "Chipmunk," in other words the present writer, first (and last) attended public school and was regularly beaten up by large bullies until an older and much stronger boy, his good friend, Fritz Niebuhr, put an end to the brutality.

begin it even before my father had first beheld the lad, runs as follows:

Nicolay had been born at Kissingen, Bavaria, February 26, 1832. In 1838 he had been brought by his parents to St. Louis, then to a farm in Pike County, Illinois, some distance southeast of Pittsfield. Now the Rev. Zachariah N. Garbutt, who lived in Pittsfield, where he owned and edited *The Whig Free Press*, was also sometimes, on Sundays, a country preacher, and as, one Sunday afternoon in 1848, he was riding in toward Pittsfield from a religious meeting he had just presided over in the southeast part of the county, he suddenly heard piercing screams coming down a winding side-road. Spurring in the direction of the screams, he came upon a woman who was much too vigorously punishing a boy. Quizzing, he found that the woman, who was the boy's stepmother, did not care for the lad very much.¹ The upshot was that she "gave" him to Mr. Garbutt, who thereupon took him on the horse behind him and brought him to Pittsfield—a freckle-faced, red-headed boy in bed-ticking trousers and straw hat (*The Pike County Republican*, April 2, 1941, p. 4). Though he never did adopt the boy, he and his good wife brought him up as tenderly as they could have done had the child been their own.²

My father, just six months older than Nicolay, became his immediate friend. Again and again those two tramped the plank sidewalks of Pittsfield into the late hours of the night, and, even then, loath to give each other up, would not infrequently go to the little frame *Free Press* office, mount

¹ The boy's father, according to the *Pike County Republican* for November 22, 1939, had died in 1846.

² According to the *Pike County Republican* for November 22, 1939, Miss Helen Nicolay—John G. Nicolay's daughter—has stated that her father, on the eventful day in question, "walked to the town to apply for a job in the *Free Press* office and that he slept the first night on sacks of wool at the early carding plant here." I am sorry to differ with Miss Nicolay, but the story of Nicolay's coming to Pittsfield I received direct from the lips of Mrs. Purkitt, who lived just across Monroe Street from my father's home and who had formerly been the wife of Mr. Garbutt, therefore, naturally, for years the foster mother of John G. Nicolay. She, if anyone, should have known under what circumstances her boy, as she always called him, had come to her.

The story, just as I have narrated it above, was told me by Mrs. Purkitt not once but times innumerable. I could hardly be mistaken about it. She even used to dilate on the comical appearance which her husband and young John Nicolay made that fateful day as they came "riding double" up to the Garbutt residence. Moreover, other old-time citizens of Pittsfield, including Mrs. Helen Kelly and Monroe Worthington, have remembered the story in the same way.

I am pleased to present herein a cut of the old Garbutt residence, the one into which, on the fateful day in question, John G. Nicolay was received as a son.

to the half-story loft, and retire by the very simple process of lying down in their clothes on the hay. Here they would talk for hours of the great men they meant to be and the great things they meant to do. For a time my father taught school. Nicolay became editor and eventually owner of the *Free Press*.³

³ Nicolay's part in making Abraham Lincoln president of the United States is seldom, if ever, so much as referred to in the biographies of Lincoln. Indeed it is quite infrequently the case that more than a score of words are devoted in Lincoln biographies or U. S. histories to the important connections of Lincoln, Hay and Nicolay with Pike County. Even when the two so highly important photographs of Lincoln which were made at different times in Pittsfield are reproduced in Lincoln volumes, it is seldom indeed that Pittsfield or Pike County is so much as mentioned in connection with them.

As to Nicolay's part in making Lincoln president, that part was played less when Nicolay was editor of the *Pike County Free Press* at Pittsfield than after he had removed to Springfield to read law in Abraham Lincoln's office. But here is the whole story as related by Jesse M. Thompson in *The Pike County Republican*, February 12, 1941:

"JOHN G. NICOLAY'S 'LINCOLN FOR PRESIDENT' EDITORIAL
WAS WRITTEN IN PITTSFIELD

"The Republican re-prints below a famous editorial which appeared in Col. D. B. Bush's Pittsfield newspaper, 'The Pike County Journal,' issue of February 9, 1860 (eighty-one years ago last Sunday), and which doubtless affected materially the destiny of this republic. The editorial was written by John George Nicolay, former editor of the paper when it was 'The Pike County Free Press.' The *Free Press* and the *Journal* were lineal predecessors of the *Pike County Republican*.

"Nicolay, who left the *Free Press* in 1856 and later went to Springfield to read law in Lincoln's law office, had come over from Springfield to visit his sweetheart, Therenia Bates. He went in to see Col. Bush and Bush asked him to write an editorial. *Lincoln for President was advocated for the first time in this editorial that Nicolay wrote.* The editorial was immediately copied, seconded, and very vigorously ratified by most of the Republican newspapers in the United States.

"The following May, in the Wigwam Republican convention in Chicago, Seward was seemingly the choice of the delegates for president. *Col. Ross and others of Lincoln's Pittsfield friends betought them of Nicolay's editorial. They had thousands of copies re-printed. These they circulated among the delegates. Lincoln was consequently nominated on the third ballot.*

"Thus, on this Lincoln natal day, The Republican presents the Pittsfield editorial which made Lincoln president and changed a Nation's destiny.

"FOR PRESIDENT, HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SUBJECT TO THE DECISION
OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION

"We are very confident that we express the almost unanimous sentiment of the Republicans of Pike County in the announcement we make at the head of this article—a sentiment founded not only on the personal attachment to and admiration of Mr. Lincoln, but prompted also by a careful estimate of his qualifications, both as to his fitness and availability to be chosen as the candidate in the coming campaign. It is conceded that the states of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois will be the decisive battle-ground in the approaching contest, and of them Pennsylvania and Illinois are most hopeful of Republican success. While that Mr. Lincoln would be as acceptable to the Republican voters of Pennsylvania as any man whose name has yet been mentioned, we know he is beyond comparison the strongest man for the state of Illinois. We do not state this as mere speculation—the fact is acceptable of demonstration by figures. Give us Lincoln as the candidate and we can promise the electoral vote of Illinois for the Republicans, as a sure result. It is due to the growing interest and power of the west that the next Republican convention shall give her a candidate on the presidential ticket, and to no man in the west does the honor more pre-eminently belong than to Lincoln. From the introduction of the Nebraska bill to the present time, he has fought the extension of slavery as the champion chosen and pitted

In 1851 appeared upon the scene a black-eyed, rosy-cheeked, laughter-loving young fellow, six years the junior of Nicolay and almost seven of my father, by name John Hay. He had come to attend the John D. Thomson Academy—which institution my father had already attended before beginning to teach school.⁴ John, however, intellectual

against the great apostle of popular sovereignty and has wrested triumph after triumph from the Little Giant for republicanism in the west.

"We shall have yet one more battle with the delusion of Douglasism in the state of Illinois, and with no man's weapons can we arm ourselves as securely or fight as successfully as with the arguments offensive and defensive which Abe Lincoln has furnished us. Whatever may be the choice of the politicians, the people of Illinois are undoubtedly for Lincoln. They know him honest and capable, a man of simple habits and plain manners, but possessing a true heart and one of the noblest intellects in the land. He maintains the faith of the fathers of the Republic, he believes in the Declaration of Independence, he yields obedience to the Constitution and laws of his country. He has the radicalism of Jefferson and of Clay and the conservatism of Washington and Jackson. In his hands the union would be safe."

⁴ I am informed by Attorney Oliver R. Barrett, of Chicago, Illinois, a former Pittsfield boy and high Lincoln authority, that Nicolay also for a time attended the John D. Thomson Academy. The fact has also been quite recently confirmed in a letter to me by Mrs. H. C. (Anne Thomson) Shubert, then the only living child of John D. and Anne Ledlie Thomson.

The famous little backwoods preparatory school, or Academy, passed out of existence in 1863. For the facts in the following account of the school and its two widely celebrated teachers I am indebted to the above-mentioned then only surviving child of the Thomsons: John David Thomson was born, reared and educated in Dublin, Ireland. His professional degrees (for the ministry) he received at Edinburgh, Scotland. But he never did officiate anywhere as minister, for he finally decided that to the ministry he had no "call." Anne Ledlie (later Mrs. John D. Thomson) born at Larne, Ireland, was reared and educated at Dublin. She and John D. Thomson married, May, 1846, in the Unitarian church at Dublin of which her father was pastor—though the father did not perform the ceremony.

They immediately came to America and to Pittsfield, at the earnest solicitation of one of Mrs. Thomson's former Dublin teachers, who now was a Pittsfield citizen married to a Mr. John Grimshaw.

In Pittsfield Mr. Thomson at first kept books. For a time he taught country schools, while his wife did private tutoring. In 1849, at their then home in Pittsfield, they opened their house as a private school, "The Thomson School," upon which institution, however, the public not only of Pittsfield but of the entire upper Mississippi Valley, conferred, as it were an honorary title, the name "John D. Thomson Academy." (There was not in those days a single high school in all the state of Illinois; indeed the first high school in the state was that organized at Jacksonville by Newton Bateman in September, 1851, while very few were organized till much later.

By this institution there never were issued any circulars or prospectuses. From Mrs. H. C. Shubert, however, the writer has learned that Mrs. Thomson, in the "Academy" taught English, French, and Italian, and that Mr. Thomson taught Greek, Latin, German, all the higher mathematics and even certain other branches.

The fame of the school spread rapidly. Nothing quite like the swift growth of its reputation had, perhaps, been seen before, at least in the upper portion of the Valley. Pupil after pupil who emerged from the John D. Thomson "Academy" entered without difficulty not only the smaller colleges but even the greater universities of the East. At first the humble Thomson home itself was the only building which the "Academy" possessed. After a time, however, a separate structure was erected in the Thomson couple's yard, just a very few feet from their home. This, in time, a scholastic building only, received the affectionate nickname of "The Chicken Coops,"—plural, because the building consisted of two rooms. And to the Chicken Coops came still more students, good students—very earnest men and women (for the institution from its beginning was co-educational). The "Academy" would

beyond his years and drawn irresistibly to the printing office, soon was an intimate friend of the two older boys. On

tolerate no indolence within its walls.

From the Academy's doors went forth—without degrees, without diplomas, even without certificates of any sort other than a few handwritten words from John D. and Anne Ledlie Thomson—men and women whose eyes were strangely bright with eagerness for knowledge. John Milton Hay, while a student at the Chicken Coops, began writing his well-known "Pike County Ballads." Later, graduated at Brown University, he became, as elsewhere related in this volume, assistant private secretary to President Abraham Lincoln, and, later still, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and still later, Secretary of State of the United States. Hay, perhaps, was the greatest diplomat the United States has ever produced. John G. Nicolay, too, in the little Pittsfield "Chicken Coops," as stated in this volume elsewhere, acquired not merely knowledge but such an ability to think clearly as later enabled him to make Abraham Lincoln the President of the United States.

Besides these very famous men there were also others who became well known as writers, lawyers, judges, ministers, physicians—among these latter "the doctor who fathered a tramp."

Then, all at once, in the midst of the little Academy's intense activity and increasing, well-deserved, fame—Mrs. Thomson died. That was in 1863.

After that, John D. Thomson seemed to have lost the heart of him. He closed the Academy, closed it tightly, closed it never to open it again.

The reputation, however, it had gained in early days lives on. Pittsfield, just a little later, established its first high school. Some of the teachers in that high school have been men of fine character and even of national note. But still a tradition lives on among the later generations in Pike County of an Academy which once upon a time blazed into incomparable glory at little Pittsfield, shone for a few short years with incredible splendor, and then went quickly out—because of the death of a beloved woman.

My father often said to me: "Tom, I used at first to enter the Academy doors with stupid indifference, but always I came back out of them giddy with the love of learning. After awhile I was giddy with that love both day and night—in fact I am giddy with it still." So in truth he was.

That giddiness, perhaps, had something to do with his fathering and bringing up a "Tramp."

After the death of Anne Ledlie Thomson, John David Thomson never taught anything again, even in a country school. It had been the intention of the Pittsfield Board of Education to appoint the Thomsons as the faculty at the new High School building. But John D., alone, would not teach there. For the rest of the Civil War he was attendant to Captain Westlake in the Provost Marshal's office, at Mt. Sterling. When the war closed, John D. for a time kept a little store at Pittsfield. This he abandoned in 1872, when he removed to a farm in Laclede County, Missouri. Meanwhile he had married a Miss Margaret McBride, daughter of Hugh McBride, of Brown County.

The children of John D. Thomson are, by his first wife—

<i>Name</i>	<i>Date of Birth</i>	<i>Date of Death</i>
Mary.....	1847	1848
Margaret Short (Lodge).....	1850	1921
Charlotte Grimshaw (Irvine).....	1853	1928
James Crawford Ledlie.....	1854	1925
Alexander Robinson.....	1856	1873
Elizabeth Ledlie.....	1858	1920
Anne Holmes (Schubert).....	1861	Died at Richland, Mo., March 13, 1942

By his second wife—

Hugh.....	1867	1893
Elberta (McMillen).....	1870	Living

Mrs. Anne Ledlie Thomson's remains lie buried in Oakwood Cemetery, one-half mile south of Pittsfield, not far from the Shastid lot. My father, if he could understand, would

Springfield Nov 23rd 1857.
Dear John:

I have about made the necessary arrangements to get enough money together to buy my brother's land — all of it at least except \$25 which I will rely on you to get for me by next Thursday. My brother will probably be in Pittsfield at that time, to get what funds I have there.

Will you be so kind then as to get \$25 in gold (you had that much for me when I saw you last) and pay it in at the bank to my credit, by next Thursday?

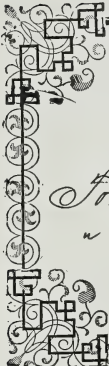
Yours

John G. Nicolay

LETTER AND RECEIPT BY JOHN G. NICOLAY

There used to stand in my father's "lumber room" a considerable number of trunks, in which my father, following advice he so often gave to me, kept absolutely every letter he ever received that was proper to be kept. Among those letters in those trunks were many of great value for more than merely personal reasons. There were, as I remember, a number from Dr. John T. Hodgen, of St. Louis, a few from John Hay and a very large number from his well loved friend, John G. Nicolay. And there were many other letters, too. Some, from Father's brother William, had been sent him from bloody battle fields of the Civil War, in which conflict that brother at length had terribly perished. Others were from his cousin, Harvey Williams, a pacifist who did not believe in fighting for any cause. Drafted, he went to the war, and, in his first battle, when the retreat was sounded, had become so interested in killing that he stood unheeding, or else unhearing, the order, and calmly shooting "Rebs" until, actually, he had killed (from behind some bushes) the very last of the squad from which his comrades had so promptly run. His letters were filled with prayers that God, the Father, would, if possible, forgive him his many "murders." There were letters too from Father's half nephew, Union Army Surgeon Lafayette Edwards, who had escaped from a Confederate prison, ridden twenty miles to Union lines, seen his horse fall dead beneath him, and then for the first time discovered that his

(Cont'd over)

	"Free Press" Office, PITTSFIELD, Nov 15 th 185 .
	Dr.
	8.00
	21.00 \$10.00

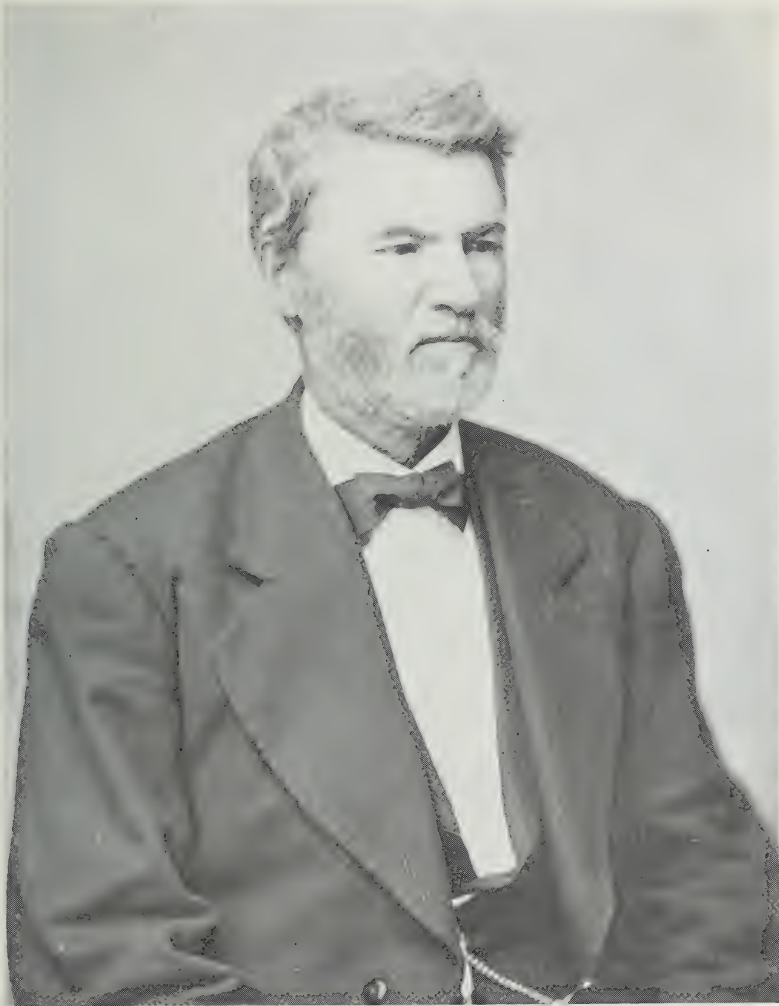
Received Payment,

own "fair hide was full of holes." Whether any Lincoln letters were in that immense collection I am ashamed that I cannot recall. Quite possibly there were.

In my later youth I lost interest in those old letters. In middle life, still taking the presence of the letters in the old home for granted, I paid them no attention whatever till some time after my mother's death. By then the old home had stood vacant for a considerable time. Search then revealed that some one had simply stolen those trunkfuls of letters, scarce early postage stamps and all. Nor were they ever recovered. Two letters only remained—rather one letter and one receipt, each by John G. Nicolay. These are herewith reproduced, as they happen to be the only specimens of Nicolay's hand-writing which I—rather my nephew, Jon B. Shastid, for they are in his keeping now—finds available.

The meaning of the receipt is sufficiently obvious. As to the letter, the "Jon" it addresses was my uncle, Jon Shastid. When farms were cheap my uncle would borrow money with which to buy them. When farms were dear he would sell farms. In this way, largely he amassed a considerable fortune. One of those from whom he used to borrow a good deal was John G. Nicolay—who, by the way, appears to have been a man of considerable shrewdness and managerial ability himself, as Lincoln quickly learned.

If anyone deem these documents too immaterial, I would say that, as far as I can learn, there is no biography at all, book or article, of John G. Nicolay, the man who made Lincoln president, who was afterward his chief private secretary, and, after Lincoln's death, wrote, in collaboration with Hay, the many-volumed "Abraham Lincoln, a History" (1887) a work which for fullness and accuracy of information can never be equalled. Some of even the longer Lincoln biographies scarcely mention his name. But the time will surely come when every scrap of information relating to any of these three men—Lincoln, Hay and Nicolay—will possess high value.



William Graham Greene, first cousin of the writer's grandfather, John Greene Shastid.

This is the "Uncle Billy" Greene who taught Abraham Lincoln how to write strong, clear English and who, in consequence, was placed on Lincoln's left hand at the latter's first inaugural banquet. The picture represents "Uncle Billy" at the time of life when the writer personally knew him and frequently met him in his home at Tallula, Illinois.

(Original photograph lent to the present writer by "Uncle Billy's" granddaughter, Mrs. B. D. Epling, Tallula, Illinois.)



A schoolhouse (built in 1848) which Thomas Wesley Shastid attended at Pittsfield, Illinois, during the session of 1848-49. In this building, the Ross-Noyes School, was housed the second PUBLIC school at Pittsfield. For many years the structure has been merely a storage-shed, or tool-house.

The assertion has often been made that John Thomson Hodgen, afterwards a famous surgeon, also once attended here—an assertion which, for reasons cited later, cannot be correct, as Hodgen, in 1845, entered Bethany College, at Bethany, Virginia; in 1846, the McDowell Medical College, St. Louis; and, early in March, 1848, was practising medicine at Pittsfield.

(Photograph by the writer in May, 1938.)

several occasions he, too, slept in their Parnassian company.¹

My father never could long keep away from the printing office, even in the daytime, for he loved John Nicolay as he loved his own soul. Once, as my father was crossing the street from the printing-office to the Court-House yard he was met by a long, lank, black-haired, gray-blue-eyed man, who needed some good printing and needed it quickly—Abraham Lincoln. My father took him back to the shop and introduced to him young Nicolay. And this, I am sure, was the first meeting of Lincoln with the lad who was to be instrumental in securing for him the nomination for the presidency, then during the campaign was to be his secretary, and again—after the election—was to become his private

be well pleased and only regret that the remains of John D. Thomson himself are not also near his own. John D. Thomson died in November, 1882, in Camden County, Maine, and lies buried in the private home-cemetery of his daughter, Mrs. Lodge, and her husband, along with his own son, Hugh Thomson, and eight of his own grandchildren.

This, so far as I know, constitutes the first and only accurate and fairly complete account of the Thomsons and their little "Academy." The tiny institution's obscure situation and the meteoric brevity of its career seem to have barred it almost entirely from any adequate consideration by biographers and historians. Some of the most extensive writers indeed about our Civil War period do not even refer to it. Yet—not to mention country doctors, lawyers, judges, ministers and so on—the very profound influence which the institution had on the minds of John Hay and John G. Nicolay—those day after day and night after night advisers of Abraham Lincoln throughout the entire period of his presidency—could not have been without effect on the mind of Abraham Lincoln and, through that, on the history of the United States.

For these reasons I have ventured to give in this, my account of the John D. Thomson Academy, a little more detail than might really have been justified solely by the fact that a certain country doctor had attended the institution and loved it dearly.

¹ My father, in later years, on our rides into the country to see patients, not infrequently regaled me with anecdotes of Nicolay and Hay. Some of these I specially remember.

Hay, for example, was fond of telling about the tramp who went to a circus. A caged lion being brought into the ring, a lady tamer went into his cage and, among other performances, permitted the lion to eat sugar from her hand.

Up jumps the tramp and yells, "I could do that myself!"

"Oh you could, could you?" sneered the woman.

"Just as well as the lion," finished the tramp.

Whether Hay was the originator or not of this joke, I do not know. It is, however, at the present time well known.

Another of Hay's oft-repeated stories was that of a fellow in the country whose feet were so big that he always had to go out of the door-yard into the horse-lot in order to turn round.

Once when Hay had, in the presence of my father and of John G. Nicolay, told again this story, Nicolay gravely laid aside his composing stick, sat down on a low stool and, bending well over, scrutinized Hay's feet for some time. Rising with a sigh, he went back to sticking type, without comment—but with from time to time a look of reproof at Hay. (Hay's feet were exceedingly small.)

In general, however, Nicolay was not much of a joker. He merely "broke loose" at long intervals.

secretary at Washington and was so to remain almost until the assassin's bullet had done its work. I have seen it stated that Lincoln first met Nicolay when the latter was assistant to the Secretary of State in Springfield, or at least a casual visitor in his home.¹ That, however, is undoubtedly a mistake.

¹ Thus, for example, A. S. Chapman in the *Century Magazine*, N. S., Vol. XLVI, 1909, p. 444, relates:

"Nicolay had sold the Pike County *Free Press*. He had been the Pittsfield correspondent of what is now the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, and had started for St. Louis by way of Springfield to see about forming a regular connection with the paper. While he was in Springfield he was entertained by O. M. Hatch of Griggsville, Illinois, who was Secretary of State under Governor Bissell and Governor Richard Yates. During the time that Nicolay was at the home of Mr. Hatch, Lincoln came into Mr. Hatch's office, saying:

"I wish I could find some young man to help me with my correspondence. It is getting so heavy I can't handle it. I can't afford to pay much, but the practice is worth something."

"I have just the young man for you," replied Mr. Hatch.

"He introduced John Nicolay to Lincoln, who thus became acquainted with his future biographer."

Incidentally, Weik in "The Real Lincoln," p. 283, informs us that Nicolay was not at this time a guest at Mr. Hatch's home, but a clerk in his office. Moreover, Mr. Hatch, at the time in question, may indeed have "introduced" Nicolay to Lincoln, and yet it may also have been that that was not the *first* occasion on which he had been so introduced.

See further on this subject my forthcoming volume, "Lincoln's Entourage at Washington."

As already stated, it is a curious fact that Nicolay has been so grossly neglected as he has, in fact almost forgotten. Not only has he had no tribute paid him in the way of a biographical book, but the magazines, popular and historical alike, almost never mention him. Some of the "lives" of Abraham Lincoln grant two or three brief paragraphs of very grudging attention to the man who made Lincoln president and Hay an immortal diplomat. Even in Thayer's "Life and Letters of John Hay" (1908) Nicolay is scarcely referred to, and Nicolay's book, "The Outbreak of Rebellion," (1881) might as well never have been written considering the minute amount of attention it received.

His collaboration with Hay on "Abraham Lincoln: A History," Lincoln's most authoritative "life," has kept Nicolay's name from absolute oblivion, but, in general, his entire public career before his death as well as his little meed of fame after it, seems almost to have been symbolized by his own unnoticed funeral. Says Jesse M. Thompson, in a speech at Pittsfield on June 24, 1925: "He [Nicolay] died in Washington in 1901, in his seventieth year, and John McWilliams of Griggsville, who rode with Nicolay's daughter Helen to the grave, says in his published reminiscences there were probably not more than fifty persons present at the funeral of him who had grown to such splendid stature from such a lowly beginning."

The explanation seems to be that John G. Nicolay was always a modest, perhaps even diffident, man. My father in fact quite often told me that when, in his boyhood, he and Nicolay of nights had walked together the plank sidewalks of little Pittsfield, Nicolay would, so far as possible, shun the streets whereon the élite of the village were most likely to be passing—so shy, so very, very painfully shy he was.

Even in 1865, after he had won an international reputation at the White House as a man of magnificent ability and had returned to Pittsfield with the intention of proposing to Therenia Bates, he came very near to going back to Washington without her and would in fact have done so, had not some of his old-time admirers so twitted him about his timidity that, at last, in desperation, he rushed into Therenia's house, gasped out a proposal and was instantly accepted—by the girl who had been awaiting him for years and years and years.

Yet this very timid man had in Washington helped even Abraham Lincoln to "stand straight and firm and strong before the greatest."

Whether my father ever chanced to perform for Hay a service similar to that which he had done for Nicolay, I do not know. In either case it was at Nicolay's insistence that Lincoln took Hay down to Washington as his assistant private secretary, and so gave to the future Secretary of State of the United States and Ambassador to Great Britain the opportunity he needed.¹

After Hay left Pittsfield (he came and went in 1851) my father, in 1853, going to St. Louis, entered the Medical Department of the University of Missouri, more commonly known as "The McDowell College." There he received the degree of M.D. on February 28, 1856.

For a year he practised in Pittsfield, then for five and a half in Pleasant Hill, which is also in Pike County, and then returned to Pittsfield where he lived and practised till the close of his life.

In 1860 he married Miss Mary F. Edwards, of Calhoun County, by whom he had one child, William Edwards. The first wife having died in 1864, he married, October 1, 1865, Louisa Minerva Hall, daughter of Thomas Linster and Angelina Clemmons, Hall, at Toll Gate, Illinois. By her he had three children, Thomas Hall—the "Tramp" and author of this present volume—Jon Shepherd and Joseph Calvin.

Soon after I had become aware that the first of these children had turned out to be I, then, in addition to my half-brother William and my tiny own brother Jon—Joseph was not yet on the scene—then, I say, along with the form and features of my small, dark mother—of whom much more hereafter—the most beloved image of my childhood was that of my father—tall, fair, kindly-faced, blue-eyed, white-haired, generally carrying a pair of "pill-bags" either into or out of the house, and always greatly concerned about my happiness. One of the earliest memories, in fact, that I have of my childhood is that of my father, who, at my most earnest request, is crawling patiently beneath our low bed

¹ More widely known for a long time even than as Secretary of State, Ambassador to Great Britain, editor of the *New York Tribune*, author of the Open Door in China, the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, or as anything else of a political character, was John Hay as the author of "Pike County Ballads," poems in the Pike County dialect which he began writing while still a mere student in Pittsfield and which ran through more than seventeen editions and then were incorporated in his "Poems."

in order to prove that there is no big dog, bear or tiger under it.

A few years later—to be specific, when I was well started at school—my father displayed a great eagerness, whenever the weather was right, to have me with him on his rounds among the sick. This at least was the case on Saturdays and Sundays in the school part of the year and on all fair days in the summer. My brother Jon was much too young then, my half-brother William much too athletic—given to baseball and boxing—to care very much for diseases and their symptoms. I at least was a good listener—and my father was oftentimes lonely.

ONE LIVED

It was a very decidedly sunny afternoon.

I am simply astonished, in these later years, as I turn my vision backward to the days of my early childhood, to note how extremely many of the hours I spent beside my father on his rounds among the sick, were those of brilliant sunlight. The presence of so much radiance in my recollections may be due to the fact that all of us incline to remember pleasant, rather than dismal, things. Or it may be due to the fact that, in childhood, the pleasanter things make much the deeper, more enduring, impression, or to the undeniable tendency of childhood to see, with its little bright eyes, more effulgence than gloom in even the darkest surroundings. Then, too, my father no doubt selected for my journeys beside him the days of pleasant rather than of inclement weather. But, after all, we were oftentimes out in heavy storms together, so that, probably, the explanation of the sunlight flood which pours through the most of my early medical reminiscences is simply that, in childhood, almost everything is bright—and very beautiful.

In the ride I now shall tell about, it was—whatever the explanation—a sunny and charming little world we rode through.

In fact, so bright was the day that very distinctly I remember the bright spoke-flashings of my father's new buggy when he came driving to the south-side gate of the schoolhouse yard just as school was noisily "letting out."

I recall quite vividly too that, as I perched beside him, we, before leaving for the country, drove to the Court-House Square, and I can see again, as on that day, Mr. Charles Shadel, in his meat-store, standing before his red, squat, round-bodied, three-legged chopping-block, with bright, uplifted cleaver in his hands. Next, a clerk in Thomas Dixon's dry-goods store is measuring lengths of flower-bright calico along the near edge of the counter, then an old man in Heck's candy-store is filling a paper sack with blue candy for an eager-eyed boy. All at once my father drew rein before Hyde's drug-store. Returning half a minute later with several small bottles and large boxes, he quickly bestowed them underneath the buggy-seat, spoke softly to our yellow, or cream-colored, horse, and away we went to the west.

After that to the north and then to the northwest through a somewhat sparsely settled country. Every now and then a stop and a cordial reception among people where the patient, it seemed, was always getting very much better. How the bees bumbled in the clover-heads! How the meadow-larks carolled from rail-tips in the sunlight, Father crying ecstatically, "O you sweet, sweet little meadow-larks! How you fling us your tiny, tiny kisses of irrepressible joy! O happy days!"

But after a while he observed: "Now we must start fast back home. See the glow in the east! The moon will soon be rising."

Turning, he drove south, saying, "I don't remember having seen this road before."

The road narrowed and grew steep-hilled. More and more the weeds, hazel bushes and even hickory trees encroached upon it. Once a crude, fresh-looking young man was seated on a road-side stump. Of him my father enquired, "What does this road lead to?" "Nothing and damn little of that," was the discourteous answer. All at once came rapid hoof-beats. Then a horsebacker reined before us. "Doc! Doc! It's coming." "So soon?" "Yes, now."

The man turned, rode ahead of us and we followed up a lonely, shadow-filled lane.

At the house Father instructed me, "You'll have to stay here, son—too young to go within." He took from under the buggy-seat his long black box of obstetrical instruments and

several wrapped bottles. As he entered the house I noticed how small, unpainted and decrepit it was—little more than a pig-pen in appearance. Presently he returned, saying: "I shall probably be held for a long time. Curl up here on the seat and use this for a pillow." Folding his coat he put it under my head, then threw the lap-robe over me and tucked it in all around.

Taking more things from under the seat, he again departed.

The first thing I knew I had been asleep. I moved a trifle and a nightbird's startled call rang out like a woman's scream. The sun had long since gone, but the frail moon was steadily rising, rising, and peering down on the suffering earth, I thought, through realms of boundless space with an ever-pitying eye—upon the suffering earth, ever with a pitying eye on our poor suffering earth.

I tried again to sleep but became more wakeful instead. Katybirds shrilled mournfully from the stubble of a wheat-field; cicadas drummed in the roadside maples; a tiny stretch of yellowing corn waved "hail and farewell" to the great world it had known so short a time and of which it had seen so little. I arose and went to walking up and down the roadway, trying to forget.

I wondered often if my father would some time think me worthy to be a doctor. He had a very exalted idea, I knew, about the requirements of his profession, and I had always been afraid to speak to him about the secret ambition I had had to become a doctor. With what raptures he had spoken of his old-time preceptors, Worthington, Campbell, McDowell and Hodgen! Perhaps, notwithstanding all their great abilities, I too some day might be able to discover new things, so to lessen somewhat the pain and suffering in this world, the terrors of it all.

I went and sat down in the grass with my back against the rickety wall of the silent barn. In just one moment, as it seemed, I was fully awake again.

The entire world seemed to be in a state of tense expectancy. What was about to happen? I was seated facing the south. To my right the pallid moon appeared as if soon to bid farewell to earth. To the left, however, that very

strange something that was about to happen, was in fact occurring.

This, so far as I remember, was my first experience with the great miracle, although my father of course had seen it hundreds of times.

Lucifer came up first. I knew him from my father's descriptions—Lucifer (bringer of light), also from the pictures back at home in our atlases. Then appeared the "false dawn," the zodiacal light—nebulous and half unseen, like the wing of a great, far-away angel. Next the too deep blackness of the lower world softening into changeful, ever-creative grays. Far to the southward vast stretches of the fields opened up where no trees stood and where the hills fell away into wide-ranging valleys that revealed a perfect paradise of forms and colors. New fragrances arose beneath the miracle's influence. An unseen birdlet uttered a tentative "pip." Others with assurance followed and then the older birds confirmed the full passage of the dark. "Old Yellow," still in his shafts at the hitching-post, produced a low, almost incredibly soft and affectionate whicker. I ran up to meet my father at the horse's side, still full of the wonder of the dawn and the joy that had come to me with it. Bubbling over with that joy, I cried, "You saved them both?"

Father looked at me for some time quite absently and dejected, then remembering my question, replied, as if under his horror-stricken breath, "One—died."

Those two terrible monosyllables raced round in my brain for a long time. Indeed to this day, when I sometimes awake in the night, they are racing round there still—unconquerable confirmation of all we have feared about death, the power of the great black angel and the weakness of all mankind, its doctors included, when pitted against him. "The last enemy that shall be abolished is death."

The pale moon followed us almost all the way back to Pittsfield, spite of the fact that we drove steadily onward toward the glory of the risen sun and although attended the entire way by the choring of sweet birds.

When we drove into the Pittsfield Public Square, there were all the old familiar, the commonplace, objects—life as usual. There was the well-gnawed hitching-rack with a dozen horses half asleep against it. The saloons were still

wide open, the other stores open again—druggist Hyde's place, Heck's, Dixon's, Shadel's. Merchants kept long hours in those days.

MY FATHER'S ASSISTANT

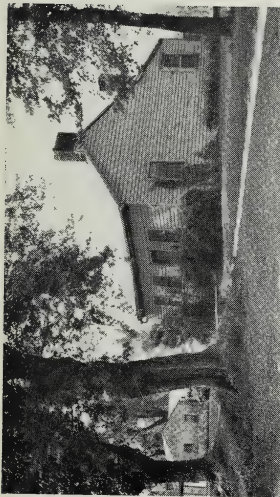
As we drove up to the old home, there was little Jon already in the front yard turning somersets and big brother William directing his efforts. The odor of boiling coffee filled the air. Mother, in a blue apron, was standing at the front-yard well, pulling tin buckets out of its depths—one for milk, one for butter, one for cheese. (A good, deep well was the long ago precursor of the ice-box and the refrigerator). She was humming softly to herself and did not see us.

Having deposited the paraphernalia in a corner of the sitting-room, we washed and went at once into the kitchen, whither my mother had returned and was already engaged at the flour-chest, cutting out biscuits.



MY MOTHER AS HOUSEWIFE

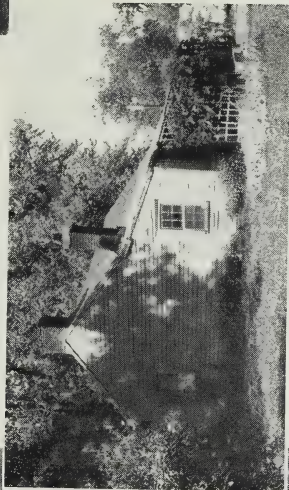
(Line-drawing made in after years by my friend, William H. Schmedtgen, Chicago. The flour-chest in this picture should have been represented not as a table but as indeed a chest. The old-time flour-chest was capacious and extended as a chest down almost to the floor.)



View from the northeast



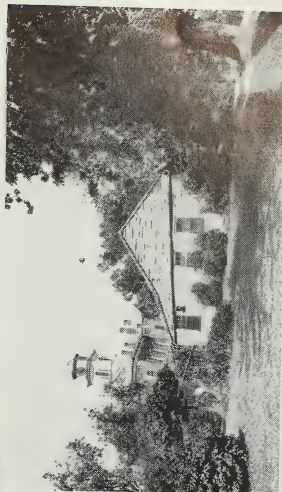
View from the southeast



View from the south



View from due west



VIEWS OF MY GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE

My grandfather's house, which, in 1838, he built largely with his own hands, Here it was that Lincoln so often was an honored guest long before he had become world famous. (Photographs by the writer in May, 1938.)



THE GARBUTT HOME

The house to which John G. Nicolay, at the age of sixteen, was taken by his foster parents, Rev. and Mrs. Garbutt. In this house Nicolay lived nine years, 1848 to 1857. It still stands on East Washington Street, Pittsfield. (Photograph by Reuser, February, 1944.)

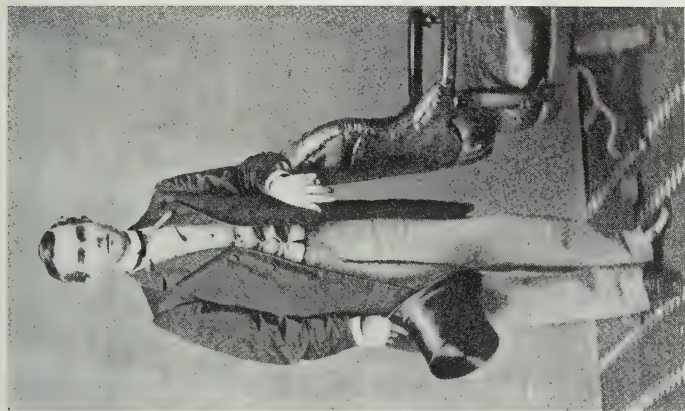


Formerly the home at Pittsfield, Illinois, of Attorney Milton Hay, Uncle of John Hay. In this home young John resided while a student at the John D. Thomson Academy. (Photograph by the present writer in May, 1938.)



JOHN GEORGE NICOLAY

Chief Private Secretary to President Lincoln Nicolay, according to a personal communication from his daughter, Miss Helen Nicolay, was 5 feet 11 inches in height but always of very spare build. "He never weighed over 123 pounds." (Original photograph, taken in 1861, lent to the present writer by Attorney Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago.)



JOHN MILTON HAY

Assistant Private Secretary to President Lincoln John Hay was also slight of build throughout his life. In addition he was short of stature. (Original photograph, taken in 1862, lent to the present writer by Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago.)



VIEW OF PIKE CO. COURT HOUSE & COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE, AT PITTSFIELD, ILL.

HEART OF PIKE COUNTY

One of the Very Earliest Pictures of the Pike County Court House, which was the second Court House at Pittsfield and a Structure completed in June, 1839. This Building and Its Ancillary Structures are Here Shown as They stood During My very Early Childhood. The Court House was oftentimes Termed "The Heart [and a very Sad Heart It Ofttimes Proved to be] of Pike County." It was Supplanted in 1893-4 by a third Structure, still Standing. In the Court House shown in this Picture, John G. Nicolay, on October 12, 1870—after Years of Service as Private Secretary to Abraham Lincoln, both Before and After he Became President, and, later, as U. S. Consul to Paris—was Made a Citizen of the United States. In this Building Furthermore Lincoln himself, also Stephen A. Douglas, while Circuit Riding in the Eighth Judicial District (of Fourteen Counties) Not Infrequently Transacted Business.

The following from Mr. Jesse M. Thompson, in ILLINOIS STATE REGISTER, Springfield, Illinois, July 12, 1925, may also be of interest: "... the records of the Court House show that in the early days of law suits there, one case was on trial where a matter of about fifty dollars was in controversy and in which eight lawyers were engaged. These were Stephen A. Douglas, O. H. Browning, 'War Governor' Richard Yates, E. D. Baker, James A. McDougall, William A. Richardson, D. B. Bush and William R. Archer. Of these eight lawyers in this one case six afterwards became United States senators."

Also the PIKE COUNTY REPUBLICAN for April 2, 1941, reports the discovery, just a few days earlier than the date above given, in the PRESENT Pittsfield Court House by its janitor, Fred Hoover, of records which had been made in the Court House which is pictured above and which had been transferred, of course, to the present building after its completion in 1894. The very first record in the "court entry books" is the following: "Ingram use of Mahannah vs. Gibbs; Certiorari. The Clk of the Circuit Court will make copy of the judg't order granting appeal and appeal bond and direct the same to A. Lincoln, Springfield. December 18, 1839. A. Wheeler, Atty. for the Plaintiff." (The Gibbss had been close neighbors of the Lincolns before either family had left Kentucky.) The case was long drawn out, it dragged in fact through both the April and the September terms of the Pike County Court, 1839. Lincoln, defendant's counsel, appears to have been present repeatedly in the course of the case. This must have been about at the time when he ate up all the Shastid quails, as my father became eight years old between the two terms of court above mentioned.

Later pictures of this Court House appear further on in this volume.

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois": Andreas Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa, 1872)

"What luck?" she cried. Always she asked that question as we came back from rounds in the country—What luck?

"One—died," said my father. He did not put it, "One lived." That was characteristic. He wished always to shoulder his responsibilities, never to evade any non-successes, any failures, whether great or small, that might even have chanced to fall to his lot.

"I too had a case while you were gone," she said. "At least I held it for you. Old Mr. Bellington. His wife, who came to get you, was determined to get Dr. Dublin in case you were out. I said, 'Let me go see.' We went, and I found he'd broken his collar bone. I put on a Moore's bandage, the deformity disappeared and he was quite comfortable."

"Where did you learn to apply a Moore's bandage?" asked my father.

"One of your books on surgery—long ago. But here I am talking and biscuits not done, and you two so sleepy and tired.—Grandfather got his own breakfast early, left the table all set for the rest of us, and went on down to 'the old place.'"¹ (That was his own house, now rented, down near the school.)

After breakfast Father and I went to our respective bedrooms. It was Saturday and I slept late. When I arose Father had gone again to the country. Before I could get into my clothes, I heard my mother—embodiment of energy—downstairs singing to one of her pupils. She was a born singer, Mother, and, besides, she had had much training in her girlhood from a teacher in the academy over at Winchester. Just now she was trilling a ballad, popular at that time, about "Tom and the hay-mow." I do not remember another word of it, but whenever I heard her sing it I wanted to give her the world and all the stars too for good measure.

When I got downstairs she was still warbling the ballad, which was rather a long one, and her pupil, a Miss Mills,¹ was seated opposite her with tears streaming down her cheeks.

Perhaps the reader may think I unduly exalt the sweetness of my mother's voice. Nevertheless, on that day as on

¹ Of all her music pupils I remember the names of but three: Miss Mittie Mills (two of that name) and a Miss Nass.

almost all other days, whenever she sang to her pupils in warm weather, with doors and windows wide, there had gathered in front of our gate both children and grown folk, women who had studied singing in the large eastern cities and also rough men—men who had led strange lives in construction camps and in mining and cattle regions. And all stood motionless as she sang. And I remember that I used to think that, as they stood there so unmoving and with eyes so wide and bright, they, like me, were thinking of the persons that they might have been but were not.

They never did applaud her—with their hands. But I remember that, one day, as she rose from her singing and went to accompany her pupil to the door, she suddenly stopped, startled. Then, "I thank you, ladies and gentlemen. I hope I have given you pleasure." She was always ready with her speech. That was the Irish in her, I suppose.

Poor mother! I am always glad I knew her while still she looked like a girl and had the unusual mezzo-soprano voice. Those who knew her only in her middle life and old age can scarcely conceive of what she was before the untender touch of time had done its work. "A mountain of energy" I have called her. And that indeed was she. But massive expenditures of energy will have their revenge. And the work in the big house—the cooking, the scrubbing, the washing, the ironing, the patching and darning of clothes, the making of clothes both outer and inner, the sitting up till twelve at night to salvage rotten-specked apples, the tactful management of innumerable patients and of messengers from the country, the helping to treat some of the sick, the instructing of neighbor-nurses in their work for still others, and, finally, the singing and teaching of song, piano, guitar—so many things all to be done in order that just a little money might be laid by against the time when four big boys (there was later to be a fourth) had to be educated and set out into the world. But constant expenditure of energy will have its revenge.

The singing was the first and most beautiful work to go, next the piano and the guitar. After that, she was never quite the same person, I realized.

One afternoon, in my earlier childhood, I fell with a sharp pencil in my mouth. It ran deeply into my cheek and not only was there great pain but the bleeding was copious. My mother, taking me in her arms and seating herself in a rocking-chair, so placed a forefinger in my mouth that the hemorrhage was controlled. And, as she rocked and sang to me, I steadily watched the assurance and consolation in



MY MOTHER AS ASSISTANT COUNTRY DOCTOR

(Line-drawing by my Friend of After Years, William H. Schmedtgen, Chicago)

her love-filled face. That face, through many decades, I have kept in my not remarkable memory without the slightest effort, all untouched by time or her various sicknesses or eventual death.

What memories when the snow falls! As I now, a very old man in Duluth, pause for a moment in my writing, I lift

mine eyes to the window and the busy winds of heaven. What memories when the snow falls! Youth, sleds, snowmen, home, Mother, everything.

Of a winter night, in the old, old days, I would sit up often until very late, sometimes even until eight o'clock. One of those nights I remember in particular. I recall that Mother's fingers, as she knitted scarfs for us boys, seemed never to cease in their shuttling—in and out, in and out, in and out. The wind whined mournfully under the eaves a wild accompaniment to her work. Now and then she would look up at Grandfather Shastid's big clock to say, "Father should be getting home now—if he isn't hurt."

At times she would say to me, "Put out your arms," then would place a skein of yarn on both my wrists and begin winding the thick gray thread into a big ball from which to supply her knitting-needles again.

One summer, Jon and I were determined to have a tent in the orchard. The fate of empires seemed to hang upon our having that tent. Refused the tent (it would have been very expensive) we "hooked" a number of bedsheets, cut them and sewed them together again so as to make us a tent. Mother, angered, spanked us soundly, then, repentant, bought sixty-five yards of unbleached domestic and made us a tent that *was* a tent. And our coon, our kitties, our crow and a neighbor's big dog appeared to enjoy the menagerie as much as we did. As for the neighborhood boys, they paid us all the pins they had to see the menagerie—all of which they had oftentimes seen before for nothing.

One day Jon and I expressed great dissatisfaction about the shape of the tent—whereupon Mother cried bitterly. We had not realized how much hard work she had spent upon the tent, until she cried.

All of which reminds me of an old Jewish story once told me in those days by old Dr. Hiller—who did not know about the tent. A certain Jewish mother had a worthless son who continually abused her, even robbed her of her last kopek for strong drink. One day when she had no money he became enraged thereat, beat her to death and decap-

itated her. As he held her head by its hair, he slipped in her blood and fell. The mother's lips, moving, murmured, "Have you hurt yourself, my child?"

But my mother had a good deal of fun in her too. For instance, now going back to the days when my brother Jon had just been weaned, her brother, William Hall, a farmer living east of Pittsfield, brought her something that he knew she'd like to see. It was in fact a new-born piggy, the kind called a "runt." The rest of the litter had been of striking vigor and much size, but Runt was so tiny and so listless that my uncle had fairly despaired of rearing him. "Still, Lou," said he, "knowing how sympathetic you always are toward the little and the sick, I thought I'd bring him up and let you see him before I butchered him."

"*Butchered him!*" exclaimed my mother indignantly. "Why it's not Christian to butcher a little helpless dear like that. Give him to me."

"Why! how can *you* bring him up?"

"I'll nurse him at my very own breasts. How they pain me now, since I weaned Jon!"

"But pigs are born with teeth, Lou. You couldn't do that."

"Do piggies' own mothers care at all about the teeth?"

Well, the upshot was that he gave her the piggie, as he had intended to do in the first place. And piggie soon began to grow. He was a perfect gentleman too, slept in the kitchen near the big cooking-stove, yet was cleanly in his habits. Like Mr. Finney's turnip "he grew and he grew, and he did nobody any harm." But after awhile he became, actually, *too* big. So piggy had to go. Down to the horse-lot went he, away behind the barn—to the great sorrow of us all.

For a time he did not there eat very much, but ran hither and yon crying for more human milk.

Then he seemed to forget all about his early relations to humanity.

One summer evening, months later, my mother was standing just inside the front kitchen gate, chatting solemnly with several neighbor women about certain church affairs in which

they were all greatly interested. Otherwise, the evening was full of quiet and the fragrance of roses. I was standing by my mother's side.

All at once, from the horse-lot, there came the sound of crashing timbers, then the quick tat-tat-tat of a hog's hard hoofs on the brick side-walk. I turned. It was actually Runt, now a veritable giant of a hog. As he reached my mother he screamed like some porker that had just been elevated by the conveyor-belt of a packing-house.

And he tore at the bosom of her dress.

Mother screamed. All the good sisters screamed too, and everything was pandemonium till Father and John Ballenger, for years official butcher to the Shastids, who happened to be present, rushed out and scientifically took charge of Runt, conveying him back to the horse-lot.

Mother thereupon related to the sisters the full story of Runt, with tears of laughter streaming from her eyes.

But the sisters cried with a mighty voice, "And you gave that pig milk instead of giving it to some of the many children of this neighborhood whose mothers can have no milk in their breasts and no money with which to purchase even the milk of cows? Why, Mrs. Shastid, what would the great Creator of the Universe say to your nursing of pigs instead of human beings?"

My mother to this replied quite readily, without offense and still laughing.

But, some years later, when my youngest brother, Joseph, had come upon the scene and been weaned, I noticed that my mother, whose breasts simply would not dry up of themselves, took on for nursing first one and then another of poor folks' puny infants whose mothers' breasts were not able to yield nourishment. She explained to Father that, as the mothers had all at one time or another been part of his clientèle, it was only right and proper that she should do her best to nurse their children.

But, in my mind, my mother still stands as the only doctor's wife that I have ever known who has thought it her duty to play gratuitous wet-nurse to her husband's client-mothers' children.

If anyone think I speak at too great length about my home and my people in those old days, I have only to reply

that what I chiefly seek to do in this part of my volume is to accomplish what I had no space for achieving in my "Tramping to Failure"—i.e., to call again into life a very dead chapter in the history of medicine in this country, one of great importance indeed, yet one that has had but scant attention even in the most voluminous histories of medicine in the United States that ever have been written. And to tell the story of the practice of medicine by the village doctor in the Mississippi Valley as it was in those earlier days, without putting into it both the doctor and the doctor's family, would be to commit a blunder indeed. For the doctor, his family, his clientèle, at least in that country and in those far off times, were all bound up together, ligamented, so to speak, and arteriated and inter-nervated into a common life and that from sheer necessity too.

But now, before I close this chapter, I would say yet one more word about my mother. Many long years later than those above referred to, when I had fallen in love with and married a little lady whom I thought the most beautiful I had ever beheld, I wondered for a long, long time just where and when in the past I had seen that countenance above me in the heavens. One day I had the honor of introducing to each other the Companion and my aged uncle, my mother's brother, William. As if he had suddenly seen a beautiful spectre he cried out, "Well, Lou Hall! When did *you* become a girl again?" And then—not until then, so stupid had I been—did I remember whose face that was, whose face of helpfulness and sympathy, that, in my childhood, I had so often seen looking down upon my own.

And indeed psychologists inform us that it is frequently the case that a man will select as his sweetheart and wife some woman whose countenance closely resembles that of his mother as she was in her earlier years.

And now I shall have to describe, howsoever briefly, the little county seat in which we lived and the country round about it—the obscure scene of the events which I am then to relate to you from my father's practice—events which, I assure you, are by no means unimportant or unstimulating. Indeed they do exemplify all the motives and principles of human conduct to be found in the plays of Shakespeare—

ambition, greed, self-sacrifice, honesty, fear, love, infinite compassion, wonder at it all, cunning, intellect, stupidity, revenge, and so forth. The one thing lacking will be power in my pen.

THE SCENE OBSCURE

Before I attempt to delineate the drab-gray, somewhat humble, back-scene of my father's eventful practice, I must return to the circle of persons in his home—from which small group I necessarily omitted—at the time my father and I had returned from the night in the country—the description of my Grandfather Shastid. He on that occasion, chanced to be absent from our house.

I had never then known my father's home without Grandfather. At Christmas, at New Year's and on all our various birthdays, he was the inspiring soul, the very guiding spirit, of the occasion. Not a stocking could be hung without our childish clamoring for his approbation. He knew to a certainty all the ins and outs of the incomparable Santa Claus as well as scores and scores of happy Christmas stories for young children.

At an age when little I could scarcely more than toddle, Grandfather taught me the incredible magic which, in numerous living forms, lies hidden in printed words—Jack and the Beanstalk, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, then the whole series of Hillard readers. When the latter had been finished, I needed dear Grandfather's skilful guidance no more. In fact I had discovered in my father's great barn-loft a far-away hiding place whereinto I could take my father's books—yes, any or all of them—in what I thought was perfect secrecy, and then in the silence of my hideout, on the wings of the imagination—I could away!

That place I later termed "Hayloft University," and, from its secret recesses, I, from time to frequent time, at my father's shouted invitation, issued—not merely to accompany him into the country, but, often, to tag along with him on his business calls around the Public Square.¹

¹ My Grandfather Shastid, it may be interesting to note, was born on March 23, 1798, almost two years before the death of President George Washington. Inasmuch as I still live and my life moreover lapped that of my Grandfather by about eight years, how short appears the entire history of our beloved country!

How curiously probative, too, in many ways, appear all the various mementoes that I have of Grandfather's personality—his Bible and other personal effects. Here, for example,

97. ⁶ *Memorandum of Mahannah*
vs ¹ *Certiorari*
Bibbs ³

The Clk of the Circuit Court will
 make Copy of the Judgt. Order Granting appals
 and aff/seal bond and direct the same
 to A Lincoln Springfield Dec 18. 1839
A. W. Whelan atts for
the Plaintiff

Entry of case number 97 in the "Court Entry Book" at Pittsfield. Lincoln, who was chief attorney in this case (though none of the handwriting in the entry is his) appeared in the case at the Circuit Court in Pittsfield on three separate occasions. The case finally reached the Illinois Supreme Court, at Springfield. Mr. Harry E. Pratt, Executive Secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, Springfield, Illinois, writes me, July 1, 1942, "From what I have been able to learn so far, this was the first case Lincoln had in the Illinois Supreme Court."

The above-presented document at all events is one of many pieces of evidence still in existence which clearly prove that Abraham Lincoln not infrequently was in Pittsfield and that he even tried several cases there.

Job Gardner }
 et al }
 Finch & }
 Finch }

Lies/pays on the case on promises—
 And the said defendant
 comes and defends the
 wrong and injury which when he and says
 he did not undertake and promises in Oath
 and from as the said plaintiffs in their said
 declaration have alleged against him, and
 of this he puts himself upon the country He
 Baker for Def^t
 And the plaintiff
 doth the like
 Mather for

Plea No. 1 in the Pittsfield case of Job Gardner v. Finch and Finch. The files in this case are stored, along with many others, in the basement of the Pike County Court House at Pittsfield, Ill., in a file-box marked for 1839 and the file of the case is No. 1016.

The handwriting in this plea is wholly Abraham Lincoln's, though the plea, as the custom then was, is signed by a local attorney, Edward D. Baker. The genuineness of the handwriting has been vouched for by so high an authority as Harry E. Pratt, Executive Secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, Springfield, Illinois.

Plea No. 2)

Job Gardner
vs
Finch
Finch

for plea to so much of said declaration as charges a failure to carry the mail
and, the said defendant
comes and defends the wrong and injury
when where he and says, plaintiff's action
now because he says that on the first
day of May 1838 by the contract between
Harvey W. Gardner and the said plaintiff
the sum of one hundred dollars and thirty
seven dollars and fifty cents was due the
said Harvey W. Gardner by the said plaintiff
they having received their money from the
Department ^(where it is deposited ever?) yet the said plaintiff did
not pay the said sum of money to the
said Harvey W. Gardner when it became
due as aforesaid, or at any time afterwards
or any part thereof wherefore the said Har-
vey W. Gardner did ~~for the cause~~ fail to
carry the mail as in plaintiff's declaration
mentioned as lawfully he might for the cause

Plea No. 2 (in two parts) in the Pittsfield case of Job Gardner v. Finch. The files in this case are stored, along with many others, in the basement of the Pike County Court House at Pittsfield, Ill., in a file-box marked for 1839 and the file of the case is No. 1016. The handwriting in both parts of this plea (as in plea No. 1) is wholly Abraham Lincoln's though the plea (as in plea No. 1) is signed by Baker. The genuineness of the handwriting has been vouched for by even so high an authority as Harry E. Pratt, Executive Secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, Springfield, Illinois.

(Cont'd Over)

a proviso - And the the defendant is ready
 to verify wherefore he prays ~~that the court~~
 judgment if as to the said failure to carry the
 said the said, plaintiff's right to sue or main-
 tain the same against him be

Baker p.d.

Exhibits 192
 at 2 d. illa-
 vicks
 Thich

Filed 12 Apr 1894
 J. C. Baker
 C. L. E.

And the plaintiff prays that the court
 in its discretion may award to him
 such other relief as may be just and
 proper. And the plaintiff prays that the
 court may award to him such other
 relief as may be just and proper.
 And the plaintiff prays that the court
 may award to him such other relief
 as may be just and proper.
 And the plaintiff prays that the court
 may award to him such other relief
 as may be just and proper.
 And the plaintiff prays that the court
 may award to him such other relief
 as may be just and proper.

Second part of Plea No. 2

There were, in those days, in the County of Pike and in its equally unknown neighbors, Adams, Brown and Calhoun, no such things as beautiful highways, or even hard roads such as, today, make whole counties, villages and even good-sized county-towns, merely suburban continuations of St. Louis and Chicago. Extend the paved streets of these large cities over hill and dale, through village and through cross-roads, fill then the roads with endless streams of automobiles, also line them with countless eating places, garages, filling stations, and you have country reaching into city, city reaching into country, and no clear, particular distinction left between the two.

In the days of which I write, however, even the town in which we lived, Pittsfield, seemed but a part of the modest countryside rather than of any city, great or small. It was a county-seat, had, therefore, after the fashion of the time, at about its highest point, a court-house square, or yard, with the court-house in its center. All round the yard stood a white board-fence, and, outside that, on stout but far-apart posts, a hitching-rack of hardest oak, deeply gnawed nevertheless by hosts of impatient horses. At intervals, in court-time, some one would stick his head out of an upstairs window of the court-house and cry, for example, "Jefferson Orr, Jefferson Orr!" or "William A. Grimshaw! William A. Grimshaw!" and loafers, young or old, seated in "rockers" and in the shade of the court-yard trees, would awaken, ask each other interestedly, "What does anybody want any more lawyers for?" and drop off happily to sleep again.

The four sides of the square were all built up with brick stores—excepting only the east side, which still was partly

is a letter which was written by my grandfather to my father when the latter was a medical student in St. Louis and when postage stamps had been used in this country less than even ten years! This missive I reproduce not for the purpose of proving any great scholarship on his part (though he knew almost the entire New Testament and Fox's "Book of Martyrs," word for word) but to show that, as a person who had had but three months schooling in his life, he did not do so badly. Indeed his penmanship by far excels the disgraceful henscratching of his college-bred grandson, the present writer.

Whatsoever people learned in those days, they clung to. In fact they had to pay for it themselves, with hard manual as well as strenuous mental labor, and they loved their learning almost as they loved their lives. Witness the way in which Grandfather's young friend, Abraham Lincoln, loved and clung to his tiny store of scholarship, so loved his English vocabulary in fact (he really knew no other tongue than English) and the principles of its application that he composed not once but again and again passages of English prose that the world will never let die.

True it is, in more than one meaning, that "he who hath little hath much."

unoccupied also partly occupied with small frame one-story buildings. Cornering the alley which precisely bisected this side of the square was a frame structure one and a very little half story high, which housed a small part of the Klemme Furniture Establishment. This tiny edifice had large historical associations. Therein, or rather near-by, my father, as already related, had introduced to each other Abraham Lincoln (then almost wholly unknown) and John G. Nicolay—the highly capable red-headed young man who, later, was to play a large part in making Mr. Lincoln presidential nominee, and who still later became Lincoln's campaign secretary and later still his chief private secretary in the White House.

Nearly all the brick buildings on the square rose to only one or two stories. "Bush's Block," however, possessed three, the top one known as "Bush's Hall," chief place in those days for dances, lectures and theatrical performances. The Mansion House and the Pittsfield Hotel each boasted three full stories—the unimposed limit of high building in the Pittsfield of that day.

From each corner of the Square two wide, straight, but wholly unpaved streets led out through "the residence portion of the city." From the northeast corner ran North Monroe Street down to the Wabash depot—tiny railhead for the "Bobtail," a mere six-mile line which extended from Pittsfield to Pittsfield Junction. There it made all-important connection with the great main line of the Wabash, and, there through, with the great world beyond.

This North Monroe Street, just one block from the Court-House Square, crossed East Jefferson Street, and, at the northeast corner of that intersection, stood my father's big, rambling house—my universe-center. This house, before my father purchased it, had been the Star Hotel, which, like the Pittsfield Hotel, had been built by my father's half-brother, Captain George T. Edwards. On the southeast corner of the big yard stood what once had been the Star Livery Stable, a vast structure which my father had bought together with the hotel. It stood some seventy feet by seventy or eighty, and included a hayloft so large that,

ofttimes, we boys with our playmates commandeered it for extensive theatricals. In the more secluded end was a well-lighted corner, where I often did my solider reading and which, therefore, I designated Hayloft University.

North of both house and barn the yard extended for a considerable distance, and so gave room for two grape arbors, an ashhopper, an asparagus bed, woodpile, a combination hog-pen and horse-lot, a hen-house (with thirty or forty nests), a kitchen garden, three flower gardens, a good-sized orchard and so on.

The town as a whole was, as I have stated, not much unlike the surrounding country. This was chiefly because the yards were so large, and because both the yards and the streets displayed so many towering trees and much copious other vegetation. The sidewalks were wide but mostly primitive affairs, a few consisting of weed-separated bricks, the rest of crude planks, each with an unsightly two-inch auger-hole near each end. Chickens, ducks, geese, hogs and even cattle ran at large, and, all over the city, were accustomed to dropping what were politely termed their "compliments" just wheresoever nature's notion that they should do so happened to prevail with them.

Sometimes a sick horse, cow, or dog died in an alley or even on a main street. Then it not infrequently lay there on the very spot, surrounded by flies and infiltrated by maggots, for two or three days—until in fact the stench became intolerable.

On the whole, however, the town was beautiful. Its houses, barring a number of log cabins from the earliest days, were almost always a very vivid white, set off by even vivid green blinds; its yards presented many well-kept lawns with beds of highly scented blossoms; and its trees, tall and stately—the products of many thoughtful years—abounded with birds of brilliant hues and poignantly sweet songs.

In the days of which I write, the country roads, though never paved and very seldom "worked," were nonetheless

not wholly devoid of beauty. There were roads through the hill country and roads through the prairie. Of these the more attractive were the former, but, whatsoever the lay of the soil, there were charm and beauty not only in the roads but in all the vistas round about them.

The majority of the fences by which the roads were lined were "stake and riders," otherwise known as "rail," "worm," and "Virginia" fences.

East of the little city the country was thickly settled, mostly by people from the South, including my Grandfather Hall and his family, also a number of other Hall relatives. A few miles west of the town whole tracts of land were still uncultivated, and, to the northwest, the roads my father used to drive along were oftentimes serpentine, narrow, closely bordered too by hazel brush or overarching trees. A little farther, in the Ike Winans neighborhood, the land was thickly settled, mostly by Yankees, and the people were highly prosperous. Northeast of the city stretched the Griggsville prairie, again mostly settled by Yankees, beyond that, up even to Perry and beyond, were forests as wild, it appeared, as any in wildest Africa could ever have been. But west and southwest of Pittsfield the country was quite rolling and, due south, it was hilly and forested in the extreme. In this territory, too, both southerners and New Englanders predominated, though Irish and Germans were sprinkled in everywhere. Strange were the animosities produced by the approximation of people of so many and such different origins. The Irish and the Germans oftentimes appeared to hold a natural antipathy to one another. Oftentimes they had fist fights, or worse. A good many of these fights we saw along the roads. As to the native Americans, they too quarrelled, sometimes about the recent Civil War, or slavery, or Abraham Lincoln. Besides, the southerners among them were entirely too fond of property and entirely too contemptuous of book learning. Book learning, they thought, corrupted morals. The New Englanders and the Ohioans, on the other hand, though much too close at a bargain, strongly believed in education, schoolhouses and trained teachers. The developmental effects on one another of all these various kinds of people was excellent in the extreme. The commingling of all their bloods, furthermore,

was most excellent: the result, a sturdy, self-reliant, clear-headed, broad-minded stock. South of Pike (our county) lay the yet hillier Calhoun; north of it, the mostly prairied Adams. East of it ran the Illinois River, and west of it the Mississippi—streams my father sometimes had to cross in order to visit patients.

How I loved the old roads we travelled, my father and I, even from their very beginnings to their ends!

Take the old, picture-filled "Gravel Road," even where it started in our town, say the beautiful forested park which surrounded the palatial C. P. Chapman home! The purling brook which, slipping silently underneath a wooden bridge across the road, went dashing through the east side of that park, talking to itself, or to the deer, or to the stones that it ran over, all the happy way! Sometimes my father had to stop and let me out to listen to *that* brook and to talk to the deer.

Farther out on that road he would sometimes let me down to precede him over the old red covered bridge across Bay Creek. Miles farther on was Toll Gate schoolhouse, wherein my mother, before her marriage, had taught school, not infrequently singing at the pupils' repeatedly clamored request, and then teaching again.

One mile farther still, to the north, was the big, rambling homestead of Grandfather Hall.

South of town, past Oakwood Cemetery, down in the direction of Honey Creek, there grew of an August and in the greatest profusion horse mint and black-eyed Susans. Father's birthday was on the twenty-sixth and I vividly remember that, on one of those anniversaries, he let me out to gather nosegays of the uncultivated flowers (blossoms which nevertheless he gladly kissed) and, at the shallow little Honey Creek ford, let me out once more to fill my hat running over with gay pebbles. How brilliant these all were, and yet today how drab!

Beyond and beyond and beyond! And at length we came to a place where there played a little spring, or natural fountain, one that bubbled in sand at the bottom of a deeply

sunken barrel. Father quoted from Samuel Taylor Coleridge:

"INSCRIPTION
"FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH

"This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here; here rest! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy Spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees!"

Then I had him recite for me "Deep in the wave is a coral grove."

If the roads were like old friends to me, how much more so were the habitations of the people!

The smaller houses were, as a rule, those of men who were physically weak, knew not how to manage, or had had chronically sick children or wives, or infertile farms, or—for such alas! there were by dozens—who, in Pittsfield, tarried too long at the wine. Scores of them were simply wasters. The most of these small-house men would be classed today as "underprivileged." Nearly all of them had had rich fathers, at least "good starts" of one kind or another, while the big-house people had almost always begun life poor. So goeth the circle—round and round and yet again around.

These little houses were sometimes only cabins or decaying shacks. Most of them boasted a living-room, a bedroom, a combination dining-room and kitchen. (The latter was also now and then the operating room.) The bed would be a "corded" one, the mattress a "tick" full of feathers or corn shucks, and the covers—yet another "tick" full of feathers, or else a counterpane and a patchwork quilt.

There were few books in these houses. Where more books were, there as a rule the houses were larger—for

example the house of the Vandermoolens. But the home of John Stettenhausen, though by no means a large one, had a very good shelfful of books (some English, some German) and these were oftentimes humorous—Don Quixote, Till Eulenspiegel, Mark Twain's earlier volumes, and Josh Billings' books too. But there were also spelling books, books on correct deportment, even a History of the World, and, of course, a well-worn Lutheran Bible. There was also a what-not and a tall, old-fashioned German clock.

Some of the tiny houses had been burned down and not rebuilt. Some had been abandoned—plainly for long, long years.

One of the largest houses in our whole county, I was more than pleased to observe, was that of Grandfather Hall. Grandfather owned well-nigh nine hundred acres, therefore needed a big house. And he certainly had one.

It stood at the top of a gentle slope, well back from the common highway, yet with a friendly air too of old-time southern hospitality. Grandfather had come from "The Old North State" (North Carolina) and although, unlike my Grandfather Shastid, he was not a particularly strong man, he had nevertheless pre-empted, homesteaded, purchased, strong axed, ploughed, harrowed, reaped, fertilized, fenced, and otherwise improved, till now he had a farm which, as he oftentimes took the pains to inform me, was "really" a farm.

The home was set midway between a great fruit-orchard on the south and a big flower garden on the north, and no man owning a true pair of nostrils could ever have told which way the breezes came the sweeter.

A large red gate opened from the highway into a lane that led past the north side-doors of the dwelling, then on down a long declivity to a cathedral of a barn. On its way it passed an immense granary, a nut-house (no slang connotation), a smoke-house or two, a private blacksmith shop and so forth. It was all much like the "village" on a southern plantation. From the east side of the house (its back end) stood out conspicuously the large fireplace and its capacious chimney. On the south side ran a two-story gallery, whereon visitors, either of high or of low degree, could sit and

breathe-in the fragrance of that orchard while from time to time the girls of the family would serve them the orchard's luscious products.

Even more pleasing to me, however, was my Grandfather's old pal, the superannuated hound, Dan. Always, on arriving, we found him stretched out lazily in the sun on the big stone doorstep at the front (west) entrance to the house.

How I would jump out of the buggy, and, ahead of all the others of our family, dash up the lane on my way to Dan! Blind, almost, as a stone was he, yet never could I get half-way from the buggy to his divan (the marble block) till up he stood, then, bugling wildly and getting a good, true balance on his stiff old stumps, here, old or no old, blind or no blind, he would come full tilt to meet his well-loved little pard. How many an hour, seated on an upturned tub in the flower garden near its corner by the sweet-smelling locust tree, have I sat facing my Grandfather's big white house with its red-painted window frames and mullions, holding with Dan a protracted conversation.

Ofttimes I stopped in the orchard with the old dog, even before going into the house, whereupon Grandfather Hall would come dancing out almost as if a stranger to me, explaining, "My name is Thomas Hall. Do you happen to know any boy up at Pittsfield who was named in my honor?"

I would answer, "His naming was little of an honor to you, I fear, Grandfather. But he loves you just the same."

"Much as you do that hound?"

"Even more—you know."

And Grandfather, taking me tight in his strong arms would carry me into the house. And there, while I rested on his knees, he would tell me stories of the days when pioneers were pioneers and pioneers were real men—men who fought the hard wood of the forest, the great storms and the floods, of the fierce wild beasts and the fiercer and even more treacherous and destructive Indians, also pestilence and poverty, and so on.

When I awoke it would be dinner time.

I have still at Tramp's Rest the last piece of that big blue set of dishes that Grandfather and Grandmother used to set the table with whenever "company" had come. It is a



JOHN GEORGE NICOLAY'S PIKE COUNTY FREE PRESS OFFICE

On the east side of the Public Square, Pittsfield, Ill. This building was taken down in November, 1914. In this office my father was, for years, a comrade of Nicolay's. For one year (1851) John Milton Hay was of their company. Not infrequently the three slept together on a pile of hay in the low-ceiled upper story of this building.

In front of this building it was that my father met Abraham Lincoln, who chanced to be needing some good printing. My father, taking him into the shop, introduced him to Nicolay. That was undoubtedly Lincoln's first meeting with the lad who, later, was to be so instrumental in making him president of the United States.

(Photograph by the courtesy of Pike County Republican.)



MRS. JOHN DAVIS (ANNE LEDLIE) THOMSON

When this picture was made Mrs. Thomson was already afflicted with the disease which later caused her most untimely death. The sorrowful portrait is all that now remains in tangible form of the Thomson pair and their brilliant Academy. Pictures of the Academy, the Thomson home and John D. Thomson himself, kindly sent to the writer by Pittsfield, or formerly Pittsfield, friends, have, on investigation, proved unavailable. Many of the correspondents in fact declared that certain buildings which are still standing in Pittsfield were, on a time, the structures which housed the Thomsons and their school. And they submitted recent pictures of these still-standing structures. Mrs. H. C. Shubert, however (born Anne Holmes Thomson and the last-surviving child of John D. and Anne Ledlie Thomson) wrote me shortly before her death on March 13, 1942, that both the home and the Academy buildings were torn down soon after 1868. One plainly very old picture, by many declared to be the Academy building, she rejected "because, small and humble as the structure shown appears, it is a far more sumptuous-looking building than was the real Academy, also because the siding in it runs horizontally while that in the actual building ran up and down." An old picture alleged by several persons to be that of John D. Thomson she rejected because it did not even resemble her father—whom she remembered very well, as he did not die till she was twenty-one years of age. The above picture of her mother, however, she accepted as genuine without the slightest reservation.

Dr. John T. Hodgen, contrary to general report, was never a pupil at the Thomson Academy. Hodgen, in fact, began the practice of medicine at Pittsfield in March, 1848, and the Academy did not open its doors till September, 1849.

All these facts I mention specifically because, hereafter, in the Lincoln-Hay-Nicolay literature, also in the history of American medicine, they may become even much more important than now they are, while, nevertheless, they may also have become completely unobtainable.

For the sake of completeness it should be added that there now are living 56 descendants of John D. and Anne Ledlie Thomson, also 10 of John D. and Margaret McBride Thomson, not one of all these 66 descendants, however, bearing the surname Thomson. Mrs. H. C. (Anne Thomson) Shubert and her daughter, Elizabeth Shubert, have supplied the writer with a complete list of the Thomson descendants. This list, being relevant to the writer's forthcoming volume, "Mississippi Valley Medicine: A History," will appear in that book.

John G. Nicolay

Petitioner for Naturalization. United States of America
in the 11th County Circuit Court of the State of Illinois
to wit October Term of said Court - D. 1870
Before the Hon. C. L. Higbee Judge

This day personally
appeared in open Court John George Nicolay an
alien born free white person above the age of twenty-one
years, and applied to be admitted as a naturalized citizen
of the United States. And the said applicant having
declared on oath and proved to the satisfaction of the Court
that it is, and for three years preceding this application
has been and still has intention to become a citizen of
the United States; and the Court being satisfied as
res. from the oath of the said applicant and from the testimony
of William S. Brownshaw & John S. S. & citizens of
the United States and residents of said district that
the said applicant has resided within the limits and under
the jurisdiction of the United States for three years next
preceding his arrival at the age of twenty-one years;
that he has continued to reside therein to the time of making
his application; that he has resided within the United
States for at least five years last past, and for at least one year
immediately preceding this application within the State of Illinois
and that during the whole of that time he has behaved as a man of good
moral character attached to the principles of the Constitution
of the United States and well disposed towards the
peace, order and happiness of the same... And
the said John George Nicolay having taken the
~~Oath and sworn to be a true and loyal citizen~~
thereof.

RECORD OF THE NATURALIZATION OF JOHN G. NICOLAY

Nicolay, at this time, had, returning from Paris, become editor of the CHICAGO REPUBLICAN.

It is a remarkable fact that the man who, next to Lincoln himself, exercised, all through the Civil War with its enormous international complications, the greatest influence and power—John George Nicolay—was, through all those years, and during his subsequent representation of the United States Government as Consul at Paris, not a United States citizen but, actually, a subject of the King of Bavaria. His father never was naturalized, and he himself not till the date shown in this document—October 12, 1870. (Pike County, Illinois, "Common Law Records," pages 394 and 395.)

(Cont'd over)

Court Court Record, 30th day October Term, 1870 October 12th 1870

oath prescribed by law, that he will support the Constitution of the United States, and that he doth absolutely and entirely renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign Prince, Potentate, State or Sovereignty whatever, and particularly to the King of Bohemia of whom he was heretofore a subject. It is therefore reconsidered and adjudged by the Court that the said John George Nicolay be henceforth admitted to all and singular the rights, privileges and immunities of a Naturalized Citizen of the United States of America, and that the same be certified accordingly.

Katherine Smith

144 ^{vs.} Oppai
Hobart & Horton

And upon this cause coming on again to be heard, the jury whom I met and sworn in a previous day of this term retired into court, and all answer to their queries and upon their oaths say we the jury find judgment for plaintiff place—and cost. It is therefore ordered and adjudged by the court—that plaintiff recover of defendant herein the sum of Sixty One Dollars and the costs of this suit—and that she have execution therefor.

Second Part of the Record of Naturalization of John G. Nicolay

(For the discovery of these interesting and important facts, the present writer is indebted to his old-time boyhood's friend and protector, Mr. Fritz Niebuhr—name now spelled Fred Niebur—who is still living at Pittsfield, Pike County, Illinois.)

beautiful plate with a great blue magic rose in its center and rich blue ornamentation all about its lovely rim. Those dishes were Grandfather's pride and his gift to Grandmother when he married her and but little other money had he then than it had taken to buy them. I have also the "poem" he wrote her—on May Day, 1825—when she had just agreed to become his "loving wife."

Ah me! The Companion used to say, even more than sixty-seven years after Grandfather's death, that she never had known another person quite so crazy as I was to keep every little record of the past. Yet she always protected that one remaining plate and the love letter quite as meticulously as did I.

THE STETTENHAUSENS AND THE FIGHTING HEART

THE STETTENHAUSENS

Once again it was a bright, and almost glorious, morning.

Grandfather Shastid had now gone to his reward, but his loving spirit seemed still to linger all about our home. His books I kept mostly in my Hayloft University, yet, on the particular day I'm now to write about, I was reading, in that nook of cloistered learning, a packet of letters I had been receiving from persons here and there, to whom I had sent out copies of my recent little book kindly called "Poems." Most of these letters were favorable, I thought. My father and mother did not know, as yet, that I had even got them. Reason: I had feared they would say I had better attend to my duties at the Pittsfield Public Schools. My mother, however, found out in the following manner. As, in the sitting-room, one day, I was, in her presence, putting on my coat, it turned topsy-turvy and the entire packet of letters fell out of it and to the floor. My mother then insisted on reading them all. I objected strenuously, but she explained: "Ever since Daddy and I have let you have your own little box at the post-office so that your mail would not get mixed again with that of the other boys, also so that you might have a separate box-number for your *Monthly Gazette* [an amateur magazine I then was publishing], I have felt that Daddy and I should be exercising a far closer supervision over your correspondence than we have

yet been doing. Besides, you know your brothers would never read your letters."

She went through the entire packet while I watched her face. I knew very well that both she and Father had had strenuous objections to my attempts to become what I was pleased to call a poet, although, at the same time, they were somewhat proud too of my endeavors in that direction—endeavors which had taken the form not only of one but of two small books, "Newspaper Ballads," the year before, and "Poems," now.

So I studied her face intently. It did not look particularly pleased, even when I saw she was reading the quite hopeful comments of Henry W. Longfellow and Francis James Child.¹ Then she came to the last letter, that from Jefferson Davis, the man who, not so long before, had been President of the Southern Confederacy—those states in bloody rebellion against the U. S. Government.

Now it happened that, although my parents had never once quarrelled about slavery and anti-slavery, still my father and all his people had been opposed to slavery, also well-nigh idolatrous of Abraham Lincoln, whereas my mother, like Grandfather and Grandmother Hall, not only believed that slavery was a biblical institution, but, also, like her parents, well-nigh worshipped Jefferson Davis.

"Beauvoir, Mississippi," she read out loud, as she came to that last letter.

Gradually, as she read, her face relaxed. And, as she finished reading, she cried, "Good! He ought to have written that letter in strokes of purest gold. Then we could have framed it in diamonds."

I took all the letters and began to look for my school books, but my father came in, and my mother said to him, "Mind! Tommy's *got* to go to school today. Twice already this week he's been kept away so he could ride with you in the country."

But my father said to me, "Come! I've very much to say to you today, Tommy."

So it was indeed a bright and almost glorious morning.

¹ The latter to become my very special friend long years afterward at Harvard.

"You're growing just a little now," said my father, as we started on our journey, "and you need some helpful advice. First of all, though I never have done it myself (too busy) I want you to keep every letter and every document you ever receive from anybody—unless indeed it be of such a confidential sort that it should naturally be at once destroyed. Preserve also a copy of every letter and document you send out yourself. Further, although it may not seem very important to you now, keep carefully every one of your little scrapbooks, every page of your little diaries that you now are writing (never put into them anything you wouldn't want the world to know), and also every issue of your little play newspapers written up for your secret society and play-town daily by you and your friends, Fritz Niebuhr and Gus Heck.¹ Also copies of that monthly magazine which you write and print on a press by yourself. The pleasure such documents will give you (by enabling you, at almost any moment, to renew the facts and impressions of your by-gone days with accuracy) will be an incomparable solace—and even in other ways than that a great advantage." I promised always to follow his advice and seldom have I failed to follow it—although, now and then, some of my old-time documents have been destroyed accidentally.²

¹ I still have many files containing hundreds of "issues," of those pencil-written "newspapers" of our boyhood: *The Morning Telegram*, *The New F. S. S.*, *the F. S. S. Times*, *The F. S. S. Telephone*, all edited at one time or another by August F. Heck; *The Berlin News* by Fritz W. Niebuhr; *The F. S. S. Advocate*, *The F. S. S. Gazette*, by Jon S. Shastid; *The Journal*, *The Happy Star*, by Thomas H. Shastid. In some of these newspapers I have discovered for the "backscene" of this volume many quaint fragments of the past, otherwise forgotten—sometimes even bits of the old-time medical drama itself. From all these hundreds of childish lucubrations, furthermore, there could really be constructed a fairly comprehensive "psychology of childhood."

"F. S. S.," I may say incidentally and (now) without the betrayal of any highly important secret, meant—Friends Secret Society.

Specimen issues of these boyhood's newspapers are herewith reproduced, very much reduced in size, of course. From here an issue and there an issue of Jon's papers and my own I have largely reconstructed some such incidents hereinafter related as "Biography of U. S. Grant."

² To this continually emphasized advice of my father's it was largely due that, in "Tramping to Failure," published in 1937, I was able to document—sometimes, to be sure, after a considerable search—almost any description, character or event that would seem for any reason whatsoever to need proof. And I may add that, in "Tramping to Failure," the only points whose actuality have been in anywise questioned have been those identical points for which I had provided no authentication in the book—e.g., (1) the farmwife who hanged herself, (2) Shastid's umbrella (that sacred symbol thus to be impugned!), and (3) the horse that suicided between Harrisburg and Marion.

As to the scrapbooks, I will only say that I have a large number of them, some dealing

After a time, being in the country, he suggested, very gently and as if I were a much older person: "Would you mind, Thomas, letting me see those letters you've been

BERLIN
No. 7. NEWS
Sunday October 20, 1878
Editor --- F. Nebel

Here it is again ~~Thomas~~ ^{Special} wants to sell out his old stock of medicine.

This paper cost \$5 and all the news after this also advertisements 5 dollars a line.

Can Gus Hecke do and struggle man say that he has paid all his debts to the News, if not let it be paid with in one day. Leave money at the Berlin news office.

This paper is 10½ by 5 inches any grumbling that 5 dollars is too much we shall make it 8 by 5. pay what you ~~owe~~ ^{owe} expected while the news is out of money now don't let the news ask you for money no more

The second item herein stated determines the date of founding of the F. S. S. and the beginning of its very copious records as August 8, 1876—very shortly after the day whereon I became medical apprentice to my father. →

The first item in this issue refers to the standing joke that little "Tommas" had become physician's apprentice to his father.

Let not the reader be unduly critical of the spelling and grammar in this boyland "newspaper." Fritz, when he conducted this journal, was a raw German boy, who had been in America only two or three years. The language of the country therefore was still quite strange to him. What he had learned of it, however, was, like his two fists, frequently employed in the service of the oppressed.

Morning Telegrams
Editor S. Hecke
Wednesday May 23-1881.
Price No. 8 1 \$ 10.

This paper is published in the morning and therefore is called the morning telegram. The F. S. S. is getting along very nicely.

Last Aug. 8 we celebrated the 4th anniversary and next Aug. 8th we will celebrate the 5th anniversary which will soon be here.

It does not seem like it is five years since the F. S. S. has been started.

Little you, as he has ^{been} and is called was taken into the F. S. S. when he was seven years old.

The F. S. S. seems so dear to me.

The Telephone has been stored away with the Berlin News and also has the

with my childhood, some with my boyhood, one or more with every college and university which I have ever attended, speeches I have made, reviews about my books, letters and articles in a veritable multitude of newspapers and magazines. All these factual sources

getting from various persons about your latest book of poems?"

Berlin News No 28.
Tuesday Jan 27-1879.
Editor F. F. F. Price 30

The Theatre in the barn
continued from No 27.
Well now I must tell you
what kind of a curtain
we did have, I suppose
you have already read in
the History of the Friends
Secret Society. This curtain
we did have was the
curiouser thing I ever
saw, how nice it would
roll up. We did not
know ourselves how we
came to fixing it so good.
We did not think that it
could be made so & it
happened by accident I
suppose. We practised
for a theatre on Fourth
July 1876. our principal
play was Life of Lafayette
written By our 75's.
continued in No 29

Berlin News No 29
Wednesday Jan 29. 1879
Editor F. F. F.

The Theatre in the barn.
The principal play of the
Theatre was that of Lafayette.
The author of this play
was our celebrated orator
and poet of the friends
Secret Society Thomas Shastid.
We was already for the theatre
to be on the fourth of July
1876. everything was ready.
But Alas! The sad news
came to us about one week
before the fourth of July
1876. That there was to
be put in the barn and
a man went up and tore
ever thing down. & so that
we did our theatre in the
barn. Efforts had previously
been made after but were
succeeded to a Barn Theatre.
When Shastid's letter shall
and be published in the
next number. We say
what we mean & mean
what we say & none of
your folks can cheat. B.N.

The play herein referred to, which had been written by "our celebrated orator and poet . . . Thomas Shastid," did not in fact, contrary to the suggestion in the News, die with the placement of several tons of hay in the loft. At my earnest solicitation my good father, a few days later, had a man pile all the hay in the south end of "Hayloft University," whereupon, in the room so provided at the north end, the little theatre was rebuilt, and my "Lafayette" therein performed to the deafening plaudits of a large number of hilarious and happy-go-lucky boys—almost every one of whom is dead now.

have enabled me to write about my life in general and my peace-work in particular, with an accuracy and a certainty that would otherwise have been impossible.

In my college and university scrapbooks I have almost all the written and printed sets of examination questions which, in my rather long scholastic experience, have been set before me.

Silently and somewhat ashamed I handed over the letters.

He drove to the shade of a roadside oak, halted the horse, began reading. When he had finished, he, handing the letters¹ back, adjudged: "Most excellent! As already stated, I would keep every letter always—now these in particular. Daddy is prouder of them, no doubt, than are you yourself. Still—and I do not want to hurt you, Thomas—there is no particular evidence that you could ever be a poet, I mean a great one. Even if there were such evidence, recall the fate which has almost always come to the greatest among them. Poetry, like all the other fine arts, is a beautiful thing, and yet it, as a rule, merely misleads, often ultimately destroys, those who attempt to pursue it as a means of livelihood. So, Tom, if I were you I would just forget the poetry. Make no mistake: I appreciate the Jefferson Davis letter and all the other fine compliments about your lines. But it still is a fact that poetry is only a Jack-o'-lantern, a mere Will-o'-the-Wisp, which leads its followers to their economic doom."

To enforce all which and to make it less unpalatable, he went on to confide in me about his own early tastes, ambitions, and proper or improper course in life. "I," said he, "when young, longed with an unspeakable desire to become a city surgeon. Even earlier than that I had wanted to be a professor of philology in some university. My final decision was to be and to remain a small town, or "country," doctor. That seemed to me a better opportunity by far to know people intimately, to do good in this world, and—to grow up with my children.

Having said all of which, and again—as so often heretofore—having prophesied a great future for the world in all departments of human knowledge to result from the discovery of the "germ theory" and of "antisepsis," he was starting to tell me the story of his glorious acquaintanceship, even comradeship, with those famous men, Drs. John T. Hodgen and Joseph N. McDowell, when, all at once, in the distance, I beheld, clipping along toward us, Father's chief competitor as well as long-time professional associate and friend, Dr. James Dublin.

At a distance of perhaps a hundred yards, he halted his

¹ All those letters, I think, I still have without one exception. The letter from Jefferson Davis I herewith reproduce.

horse, and, in a manner to which I had long been accustomed, began coughing vigorously, vehemently, excessively. Then—more excessively still, till at length his face was as purple as an Easter egg. I began a little to laugh at this, because my father had oftentimes said to me that Dr. Dublin's bronchitis was slight indeed and that it did not in the least justify his acrobatic twistings, turnings, contortings, his loud *halloos*, his *har-rumphs*, *ga-rushes* and so forth till the very acme of the expectoration—when he gave, always, one wild yell. That yell, today, made even the pigs in the neighboring "runs" prick up their ears and, panic-stricken, dash to cover. "Doctor Dublin," he used to say (only he used the Doctor's right name) "does everything excessively."

Just now Dr. Dublin was coughing so excessively that I fell to laughing inside. Had I been able to see what trouble, nay what starkest tragedy, the man was brewing for my father, I should have been more inclined to weep than to laugh.

All at once, anyway, the distant doctor gave a quick intake of his breath, then spat into a big bush near by, which bowed low, recovered, bowed low and recovered again, and yet again and again, beneath the impact of the bronchial artillery.

All at once here he came, *lippity-cut, lippity-cut*.

Father did not start his horse, because the road betwixt ourselves and Dr. Dublin was quite narrow, and, on each side, closely bordered by a shallow ditch quite full of splashy mud. The road where we were, the dry part of it, was not very wide and Father already was "parked" to one side of it.

As the doctor came abreast of us he threw himself back as if stopping a coach and forty. How big he was, how determined looking, how full of aggressiveness and command. I can see even now his hard, round, blue eyes protruding from his florid, vivid, over-energetic countenance. For a long time he gazed at my father without speaking, though my father had given him a more than merely courteous "Good morning."

I did not need any little bird to tell me now that trouble, serious trouble, was afoot.

All at once—the explosion. He yelled as if we had been a mile away. “Do you call yourself a doctor?”

“As I have done for decades, the University of Missouri along with me.” So Father.

Dublin gave a snort, “The University of Missouri! *Any* American university! The double blank, blank of a triple blank, blank! What in the blank, blank, blank do you mean by—blank, blank—if a doctor—if even the *shadow* of a doctor—do you mean by going around and teaching people that *bug* theory of disease?”

“I,” said my father, his voice shaking a little with controlled passion, “know nothing about any ‘bug’ theory of disease.”

Dublin’s teeth puffed out like a bull-dog’s from his underslung jaw. His whole big body rocked with emotion. Then, like an arrogant king, he, leaning forward, whip uplifted, shouted one unprintable term of reproach.

My father suddenly stiffened, became as an incredulous statue of amazement. Dublin brought his whip down, not on father, it is true, but on our Black Jim, a dangerous horse.

Off like a rocket went we, and, in almost less than no time, we had reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Stettenhausen—also of John’s old pal, Mike Donovan.

When we reached their door my father did not just tap, then push the door inward, as doctors of the place and time were accustomed to doing, but, pausing for a moment, he knocked very gently, then waited.

For a while there was silence. Then slow and ponderous footsteps began sounding within—nearer and nearer. The door opened a trifle. A half-shut eye peered dully out. The door went ajar a little more, more still, then swung wide. “Come,” invited an uninviting voice.

We “game,” and then I beheld, as I so often before had done, a slatternly woman of middle age. Her big body bulged at breast, at hip and thigh, swayed when she walked like ripe grain billowing in a lush and breezy field. She had a short, wide face, large gaping nostrils, and brown, bovine, blood-shot eyes. She spoke seldom, and then gruffly.

Nevertheless, there were the same old pictures on the wall of the living room to which we had been admitted, the

Pittsfield ILLINOIS, 6 Oct^r 1857

The undersigned, having examined Mr Lot H Crawford

and being satisfied that he sustains a good moral character, hereby certifies that he is qualified properly to teach the following branches, viz:—

Orthography, Reading in English, Penmanship, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Modern Geography, and the History of the United States,

Which certificate is good and valid in said County for two years from the date hereof, renewable at the option of the School Commissioner, or any two members of the Board of Examiners, by his or their endorsement thereon.

GIVEN under my hand at the date aforesaid.

John D. Thomson School Commissioner.

John D. Thomson
P. H. C. H. H.
EXAMINERS.

["Free Press" Print.]

A PUBLIC SCHOOL TEACHER'S CERTIFICATE

Signed by John D. Thomson. As the Academy was founded in 1846 and died (as did also Mrs. Thomson) in 1863, this certificate was given in the heyday of the institution's usefulness. The signature of the "School Commissioner" is, so far as I know, the only handwriting of John D. Thomson still in existence. The "Lot H. Crawford," (Lot Hull Crawford) to whom the certificate was issued, was the father of Mrs. George Barcus, now of Chanute, Kansas, who kindly lent the certificate for reproduction in this book.

I should add that Mrs. Barcus is also the great-granddaughter of "Grandma" Heath, the unacknowledged lay discoverer of liver as a cure for pernicious anemia, further information about whom can be found by referring to the index in this book.



The house wherein, for years, John G. Nicolay courted Therenia Bates, and, on June 15, 1865, married her. Therenia's parents were Dorus Bates (no middle name or initial) and Emma Lucy (Norton) Bates. Dorus Bates, a non-Union man, had long opposed the match, yet eventually relented and permitted the marriage to be held in his house. Therenia's place among her brothers and sisters was, in the order of the ages as nearly as these can now be ascertained: Jane, Norton, Dorus Evelyn (Hay's Tilmon Joy), Therenia, Sally, Milton, Daniel, and a sister whose name cannot be learned. Therenia was a kind of beautiful doll. According to a letter from her daughter, Miss Helen Nicolay, "She was 5 feet 2 inches high and very slightly built." She was born May 31, 1836, death date not ascertainable. There were born to them a boy who died in childhood and Helen.

The figures shown in the picture are, left to right: Jane (Bates) Hatch; her married daughter Emma Westlake Brown; Grandfather Dorus Bates; his four-year old granddaughter, Sally Bates (now Mrs. Alfred R. Utt), standing beside him. Mrs. Utt, I must add, has been of the very greatest service in the collection and supply of facts about the Bates family and one of her letters is so interesting that I have reproduced it in full in the form of a footnote in this volume.

This house, in which Therenia and Dorus Evelyn (Tilmon Joy) were born, as well as some of the other children, was, some years ago, displaced by the new Pittsfield post office.

(Original photograph lent by Att'y Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago.)



MAJOR DORUS EVELYN BATES, PITTSFIELD, ILLINOIS

Bates, brother of Therenia Bates (later Mrs. John G. Nicolay) was the hero (Tilmon Joy) celebrated by John Hay in his well-known poem, "Banty Tim." See Hay's "Pike County Ballads," or the much more accessible "Poems by John Hay" (1891) pages 17-20. Major Bates was born April 23, 1842. Contrary to his father's wishes and despite the smallness of his size, he enlisted in the Union Army at the age of 19. "At the battle of Vicksburg the higher officers were killed and Dorus undertook the command, for which he later received a citation for bravery and was brevetted Captain. At that battle he lost his right hand. A darky named Rosencrans, commonly called Rosy, took a quid of tobacco and stopped the bleeding, which action is supposed to have saved young Bate's life. After he came back to Pittsfield he married Mary Winans." (Oliver R. Barrett). Major Bates died August 17, 1880.

(Original photograph lent by Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago.)

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

LECTURES ON
SURGERY AND SURGICAL ANATOMY.

BY
JOSEPH N. McDOWELL.

SESSION OF 1854

Thos. H. Frazer

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
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LECTURES ON

ANATOMY.

BY
JOHN E. HOLLIER, M.D.

SESSION OF 1854

Thos. H. Frazer

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT
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LECTURES ON

Physiology and Comparative Anatomy,

BY **PAYTON SPENCE, M.D.**

SESSION OF 1855

Thos. H. Frazer

UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

DEPARTMENTS OF DISSECTIONS

Women and Children

(E.S. Frazer M.D.)

Thos. H. Frazer

SPECIMENS OF OLD-TIME MEDICAL LECTURE CARDS

(Much Reduced in Size)

Every student, in those days, was required, at the beginning of each year of his attendance, to take out a full set of lecture cards, and to carry the entire set with him to the lecture rooms. Now and then, without previous notice-

tion, some one would be standing at the lecture-room doors demanding a view of each and every student's tickets. These illustrations are those of only a few of the tickets which my father had to carry with him daily.

The date on the McDowell ticket should have been 1853-4, but, with characteristic carelessness wherever writing was concerned, the great surgeon merely added the figure 4 to the blank and let it go at that.

same grandfather's clock ticking away, the same shelfful of books with its Till Eulenspiegel, its Don Quixote, its book on deportment, and so forth. Best of all, there was the big, deep, cushiony rocking-chair which, by Mr. Stettenhausen (or "Stett") himself, had always been reserved for my particular delectation and comfort.

Then, too, there were Mr. John Stettenhausen and Mr. Mike Donovan themselves. And, first, as to "Don."

Don used to tell me stories of what he humorously called his "threadbare" escapes. As most of the stories were impossible, I saw he was not trying to lie to me but only to regale me. I also saw that, whether the story was impossible or both possible and probable, Mr. Donovan somehow always managed to escape producing the impression that he had been unusually big or handsome or anywise cunning or learned in the part which he had played in it—whereby I understood that the man, beneath the surface of his clownery, was really a gentleman, who would under no circumstances attempt to set himself up as superior to any of the members of his audience or to those of the great human family in general.

I had also understood from my father long before the day of which I write that Mrs. Stett, many years back, had, on going out to the chicken-house one frosty morning, found sleeping in front of it this same Mr. Donovan—sleeping drunkenly. She, not knowing precisely what she did—as most of us, in a world like this, almost always do not know—kicked him till he awakened, then ordered him off the place. But Donovan begged loudly to stay. He was mostly sick he said, and only a very little drunk. Thereupon Mr. Stettenhausen, hearkening to the uproar, came forward, and, as presiding officer of the meeting, cast the deciding vote—i.e., in favor of the newcomer staying.

Taken into the house, Donovan could not eat—even the delicious German cooking of Mrs. Stettenhausen. And, the man appearing from that to be very sick indeed, was put to bed and my father at once sent for.

"It was a hard pull," my father had said to me, "to save him, but he did come through, and, either out of gratitude or because he had lived a life to which he did not dare to return, or maybe for both reasons, he has stayed on and on

at the Stettenhausens', he never speaking of his past, they never prying into it; he working like a horse for his room, his board, and the driblets of cash they choose sometimes to pay him; they more than merely content with the faithful services he has given them—to say nothing of the sparkling wit, the unfailing good humor, and the spirit of fine good will and comradeship with which he has filled their home throughout their declining years.

"Now that he has an incurable disease—diabetes—he has his own little bed, his own little corner of the living room to keep it in, his own little special diet too—yes, and his own little past, which, always, he keeps in the depths of his own big heart—God bless him."

But Mr. Stettenhausen himself was the patient that needed to be specially seen this day. So, while Father was looking him over, Don was free to talk—something he did occasionally in Irish dialect, occasionally in as excellent English as one could wish to hear. He was saying—

"I remember quite well the day I thought me lottery ticket had won me a thousand dollars. Me first impulse was to get drunk, me second was to do likewise, and me third was to do the same. Then whin I discovers me ticket has won me just nawthing— Why—well—me first impulse was to get drunk, me second was to do likewise and so on ad in-fee-*ni*-tim.

"And then, whin I discovered that me frind that had bought me the ticket had bought likewise one for himself, and thin waited till after the drawin' to come an' give me the ticket that had lost (kapin' the other fer himself) and *thin* kim an' towld me me ticket had really won—the spalpeen was afraid to keep on tellin' me I had lost, *and* whin, after I had wrote to the lottery company and found that me ticket had really lost—fer the reason the names fer the two tickets had been transposed by the same man that'd bought both of thim—why thin me first impulse was to get drunk—and me second was to settle accounts wid me frind."

"And did you settle 'em?" I asked.

"What's that?"

"Did you settle accounts with your friend?"

"Oh—ho—hum. Well, I would have settled thim, only the spalpeen was so rough wid me at the very beginning of the settle^{mint} I hadn't the heart at all to go on to the conclusion. So I says to him, "Good-bye to ye," an' slips away like the wind on the infinite ocean!"

"After which," said I, "your first impulse was"

"You're quite right, me b'y. Got annythin' wid you?"

"Come!" cried my father. "We must go."

At the next place we went to, I had, for some reason, to wait outside.

The house was a small, one-story affair, and, in Pike County, the smaller the house the bigger as a rule the barn, the granary and the other outbuildings and—the more numerous the dogs. The dogs, at some of the places, were oft-times incredibly fierce, but, generally, I got along with them by three simple expedients: (1) sitting quietly down, (2) conversing softly with myself, at the same time gazing far away, (3) while so doing, stretching out a friendly hand sidewise toward one of the dogs, thus gentling the others by making them jealous—eager, each, to get the others' petting. (But never *look* at a strange dog while stretching out a hand to him. In fact never look at any strange animal of any sort when seeking to become acquainted with it. To look steadily at a strange animal means one thing and one thing only throughout the animal kingdom, and that is—FIGHT.)

On this particular day, when the dog-pack was returning from the chase of my father into the house, I sat down on a stump, looked far, far away, talked softly to myself, and, as the rascals gathered around me, reached a hand out sidewise and soon had all of them fighting for a mere chance to nuzzle the hand and lick it.

"How do you manage so?" my father asked, as, returning, he found the dogs quite friendly to us both. I told him my secrets with no little pride. (Later, when alone at a place, he tried to use them himself but not with great success. He had been bitten badly and torn in his childhood by a dog and was still afraid of dogs, spite of all his reasoning. The dogs, sensing the fear quite readily, regarded the emotion

as the natural result of enmity—just as in fact human beings do—and acted in accordance with the interpretation.)

Next, once again, we went to a place where, once more, for some reason, I was not allowed to enter. So I went to the big red barn and sat on an upturned bucket in the barn's great shadow.

I was, in those days a peculiar commixture of boy at different ages. I could look through a kaleidoscope for hours and enjoy, like a small child, each passing phase of the cheap-glass beauty which fills its magic tube—beauty that is never twice the same yet is inexhaustible. I could turn somersets in the barn, run races at our little fairs for pins, print and get out my little monthly magazine on time, study in the hayloft the military strategy of Napoleon, ride with my discursive father in the country, listen to his derivations of technical terms, match his quotations from Keats or Homer, help him examine a patient in order to discuss the case later in the buggy; and, in a word, be at one and the same period of my life man, youth and small boy. By my size and my years I was still a small boy. Being such, I was now about to do something of which my father heartily disapproved—read a “dime” novel (price 5 cents).

I took out the unbound little volume—a ridiculous tale, but no more ridiculous than many of the “best sellers,” or “all-star pictures” on the screen, today—namely “Diamond Dick, the Man Who Spit in the Devil's Eye.”

Alas for the magic pleasure the wretched volume gave me! The book was soon read through—only fifteen minutes of joy for all my big five cents!

I stood up, tore the wretched “best seller” into hundreds of pieces, fed them to the delightful breeze and watched them drift off down the whispering corn rows.

Then back to the buggy, still dreaming. Dreaming that I was a great bandit, dreaming that I was a great surgeon, dreaming that I was a great author, dreaming—yes, even dreaming that I was back at home running foot races for ten pins.

I took out my diary and began writing about Father, but, just then, there came he out of the house.

When we had been driving again for a mile or two, he all at once pulled the horse to a stop. And there, stationary in the road, he asked, "What kind of things are you writing in your diary?"

"O, a little of everything," I replied.

"You surely don't say anything about our patients and their troubles, do you?"

"Yes, sometimes, but I never print any of those things in *The Monthly Gazette*."

"Do you use the actual names of patients, when writing up their cases in your diary?"

"No, I always leave a blank space in place of the name, or else use just the initial."

He then went on to tell me about an excellent little secret code, one that I could and did learn from him in about ten minutes, and which enabled me to write anything I liked in my diary, without anyone else than myself being able to interpret it. He wound up by asking, "And do you promise you never will write anything at all about any of our patients unless you write it in that secret way?"

The promise given, Father slapped up the horse with the lines.

But after a time he slowed him to a walk, and then changed his judgment: "Everything considered, I think I had better say that you ought to give up once and for all both your *Monthly Gazette* and your diary. If you want really to learn you'll just have to concentrate on your work at school."

"A mule runs faster out of harness," I said with an air of firmness.

"What is the meaning of that?"

"Haven't you told me many a time that, over in Sangamon County, where you were born, you heard that homely expression again and again, that you yourself quite often used it, that Grandfather Shastid did too, and that even the great Abraham Lincoln did also, he who in those days lived near where you were born and was keeper of a store there? Didn't any of you three know what the expression meant?"

"We *all* knew what we meant by it then, but what I'm wanting to know is what meaning *you* attach to it *now*?"

"I mean this," said I in my brazen young way, "that just as a mule can run much faster out of harness than in it, so I too can learn to write better and far more easily by keeping my diary in which I'm so greatly interested and by setting the type for my magazine, which also I've written the whole of with so much pleasure."

"Well," said my father, "if you take it all that seriously, and you do go faster out of harness than hitched up, go your own gait without restraint, and God bless you, my little son."

Later in the day, he returned for a moment to my *Monthly Gazette*. Said he, "Your mother was telling me yesterday that she read in your latest issue of your magazine about a certain occurrence at the Christian Church which seemed to have been greatly enjoyed by everybody present—except one. I was in a hurry and did not quite get the whole tale. Do you mind telling it to me yourself?"

"Not in the slightest," I said. "The moral of the anecdote is simply, how very, very easily grown up people, who are supposed to have more sense, can be tickled by just nothing whatever.—Here's all that happened, and you can see for yourself there was nothing funny in it. Three Sundays ago or thereabouts I went to church—Mother, as usual, had made me go—I had rather have stayed in the hayloft—and, after I had gone up to the first row back of the front, and then sat down, and the preacher had begun preaching his sermon, I found the weather all at once too hot. It got hotter and hotter still. So, I did the natural and sensible thing—took off my coat and laid it in the seat beside me. Now it happened that Mother, when making my vest, had discovered in her closet a piece of cloth that was brighter than the brightest color in the rainbow, and almost precisely the size and shape to go into the back of that vest between its dark right and left sides. So it became the back part of my vest. Was that my fault? Certainly not. I saw her sewing it in, and protested. But nothing moved Mother. You never saw such a flaming color since the art of dying fabrics was invented. So when I rose to my full height there in the church and peeled off the coat and laid it on the bench beside me—all thoughtfully and reverently as did

beseem the Sabbath day—there occurred a sudden and wholly groundless explosion throughout the big room. I couldn't think what was the matter, so, with I suppose a puzzled expression, I turned and looked back over the audience. Why did they act that way? They all looked as if they had suddenly been transported out of the church and into a nigger minstrel show. I turned and looked at Brother Will, who, seated on the bench before me, turned his head in my direction and then, putting his hand to his mouth, whispered so that all could hear even to the farthest corners, 'It's the color—the bright color—in the back of your vest.'

"Thinking to rectify the situation, I at once peeled off the vest and threw it down over the coat beside me. Why not? It was either that or put the coat back on over the vest, which of course would once again have made me far too hot. But as soon as I had done that, the audience broke out laughing more heartily still. In fact it kept laughing and laughing until the preacher himself was laughing with them. In fact he made some kind of sign to me, by which I thought he meant to tell me that I was to take off still more clothing. But that wouldn't have been decent, and so I just sat down, and the sermon went on and after a while the house got quiet.

"And why had the audience laughed even more when the vest had come off too?"

"I didn't know till after I had got home. Then, before a looking-glass, having taken off my coat and vest again, I saw the explanation—my suspenders. They were covered with gaudy embroidered flowers, so that even Solomon in all his glory had not been half so wonderfully arrayed as was little I."

My father laughed loud and long.

"Well," I expostulated, "no use to blame me! I didn't want to wear those galluses to church or anywhere else. But Mother had made me wear them, because, spite of their colors, they had been given to me last Christmas by my Sunday school teacher on the tree—and, anyway, they were much too good she said to destroy."

"And do you think the dozen readers of your *Monthly Gazette* would care to read about such matters?"

"Yes, indeed. About half of them were in the church

that day. And people always like a man they've got a joke on."

"You're certainly learning human nature rapidly," my father admitted. "Yes, it is true that a mule runs faster out of harness—go it mule!"

I am purposely allotting a great deal of bulk to this part of my volume, because one of the primary purposes of this book is to set forth in some detail a time that is wholly gone, an era that is dead, yet one which has never, so far as I know, been written up, even in my own "A Country Doctor" (1897) and "Practising in Pike" (1908 and 1909) in a sufficiently full and adequate manner. Both of those former works, though written with all sincerity and as much accuracy as was for me possible, nevertheless, compared with the full richness of the subject, were slight and sketchy in the extreme. To wait for some more competent writer than myself to do the work seems foolish. Not that many far more competent writers do not exist. But, of all the physicians now alive in this nation, there are only a few who really remember "the old medicine" (that which was practised before the introduction of the germ theory and antiseptis) as well as the new. This does not mean that I have attained to an age much greater than that of many others or that my medical degree was received at any far earlier date than was theirs (mine is of 1888). But it means that I was, by my father, "set apart and dedicate" (as shall hereafter appear) for the study and practice of medicine, while still in my boyhood—hardly more than a small child. I, therefore, have a clear medical recollection span of decidedly more than six and a half full decades. Then again, though a few treatises have appeared (not one sufficiently extensive) on the "History of American Medicine," and though a considerable number of adequate biographies have likewise been published of individual American physicians, yet, amid all this worthy literature (1) no great quantity has been produced on early medicine and doctors who practised at an early day in the Mississippi Valley, (2) practically nothing whatever has appeared on doctors of a far humbler and less pretentious type (those who really and for little compensation "bore the burden and the heat" of that labor-

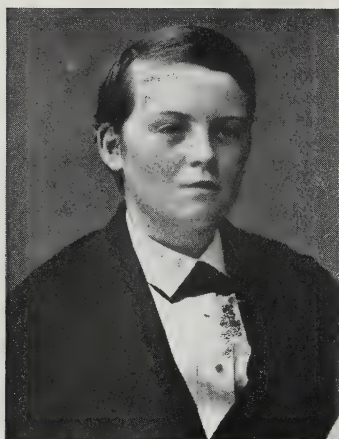


ANOTHER DOCUMENT BEARING MEDICO-ECONOMIC INTEREST AND ORIGINATING FROM OUR CIVIL WAR

All wars cause not merely suffering, death, permanent insanity, blindness, hatred for many generations, deterioration of the future human stock through destruction of its most desirable progenitors, and so on. It also produces financial distresses, here a little, there a little, the whole amounting to vast, toil-producing burdens that scarcely can be borne.

(Document greatly reduced in size.)

MY FATHER'S YOUNG FAMILY



My half-brother, William Edwards Shastid
(born 1863)

He looked so soft and hit so hard.
A good student withal.



My very immature self, Thomas Hall Shastid
(born 1866)

Not even a "tramp" as yet.



My own brother, Jon Shepherd Shastid
(born 1870)
He thought and dreamed nothing but music.



My own brother, Joseph Calvin Shastid
(born 1877)
The jovial player of Beethoven.



MY MOTHER AS MUSICIAN

Louisa Minerva Shastid (1841-1924) Mother of the Tramp
and Wife of the Country Doctor Herein Described.

In Her Music-Teaching Days.

A specimen of my mother's ornamental penmanship in her girlhood, the kind that all young ladies of her generation who professed to be anybody learned to use, especially for the copying of poetry. Note, just below the second capital letter, a number of flyspecks. Flyspecks in those times were universal. So were fly foot-prints. And both were, because of foolish people's fight against the germ "theory," of disease, productive of unlimited illness and death.

A specimen of my mother's plainer handwriting in her girlhood, showing the kind of poetry which the young ladies of her day were accustomed to copy so that all might have libraries of verse in their homes. Printed books were too expensive for general possession. ➡

Twenty years ago. Jan 1. 1862

I have wandered by the village, Tom,
 I've sat beneath the tree,
 Upon the school-house playing ground
 Which sheltered you and me:
 But now are left to greet me, Tom,
 And you are left to know,
 That played with us upon the green,
 Past twenty years ago.

ious early practice), (3) *practically nothing whatever* has been published on *the village-and-country doctors* of that day and place, (4) *practically nothing whatever*, so far as I know, has been published on the "medical apprentices" (students working under preceptors before admission to medical colleges) of whom I was for years an inconspicuous example, (5) *practically nothing whatever* has been published about *the patients themselves* of that place and time—those interesting people who, in so many marked respects, were different from patients in other parts of the country—say the South and New England—and many of whose characteristics, to-day, are not to be found even in the central Mississippi Valley. In a word, should the story of this long gone medical practice—both from the patient side and from the doctor side and from the side of the old medicine and from that of the new—be not narrated now, immediately, and by myself, it will soon be a chapter as dead, almost, as the medicine of the mound-builders, and hardly to be resurrected in its fullness and accuracy by any subsequent writer or writers howsoever capable and howsoever deeply interested.

Should I, in my endeavors to make the long dead live again, appear to the reader to have been too much enamored of detail, the reader will not, I trust, attribute the error to the customary garrulousness of old age, but will clearly understand that I, in deciding what is to be included in and what is to be excluded from my story, must be somewhat liberal toward the inclusion side—because it is true that no one now can tell, at least as to many a detail which at present appears to be somewhat immaterial to the narrative, just what may, in the far future, assume increased importance.

As to the details about my own activities and childish personality, these have seemed to me absolutely necessary because, without them, the reader could not correctly judge the value—or the reverse—of the impressions I received and the observations I made of my father, of his patients, of his methods of practice, of the scenic background in Pike and adjoining counties and the climatic conditions there prevailing—and, O yes, I nearly forgot—even the character and ability of some of his chief competitors.

Besides, that red vest, so boldly and unthoughtedly ex-

posed in church, soon had unforeseen and important consequences, as will appear hereinafter (page 278).

Hardly had we driven from an old ruined house "on the back of another man's farm" and out into the highway again, when here, for the second time that day, drove old Dr. Dublin in a great rush of Hibernian energy, splashing and spluttering and muttering and wagging his massive square head from side to side. As he drew near, he suddenly drove a little beyond the roadway, then quarter-circling, so to speak, he all at once halted his big horse. His rig then stood, of course, diagonally across the highway. This time he wanted a "show-down"—plainly.

I can see him now, with his hard, protrusive blue eyes staring, winkless, into our own, and with his whole big energetic countenance seeming to boil over with the righteous indignation of any "ethical" physician who sees or who thinks that he sees something "unethical" in the conduct, real or reported, of his chief competitor.

The magnificent presence spake and said unto us—rather, to my father: "What the—what the hell! Where you—You've been to Stettenhausen's, John Stettenhausen's? And I suppose you've been filling the man up—filling him full—the man and all the neighborhood that ever come to see him—full of that superstition—that—that bug theory of disease."

My father smiling tolerantly, replied: "Not superstition. 'Superstition' is from the Latin, *super*, meaning *over*, and *sto*, *stare*, to stand—that is, something which stands over (improperly, of course) from a bygone age, or, as some will have it mean—"

"Bah!"

"But the 'bug theory,' as you term it—has nothing to do with bugs—"

"BAH!" The eyes protruded more than ever in the vain attempt at self-expression and the face grew as purple as the robe of a Roman emperor. "BAH!"

"And," continued my father, half laughing, "it is not even a 'theory' in the sense in which you mean that word—i.e., a fanciful, or unproved and even unprovable explanation. The Greek word, *theoria*, means merely 'explanation,' just that and nothing more. And 'germ' means merely

'microbe,' a bit of microscopic life. Some of these lowest forms of life are harmless, they may even be beneficial, to human beings. Others produce diseases in them. Nearly all of these microbes, far from being 'bugs,' are not even animals at all, but vegetables. 'Bugs' are animals and animals of high rank. They have intelligence."

"Just what you haven't got!" shouted Dr. Dublin, who, during my father's little lecture, had been, with very emphatic slowness, getting out of his buggy and coming round to my side of ours. "Just what you haven't got, I say, you—you bug, you more bugs, you mountebank, you insane man, fool! You—you self-advertiser! Merely to get yourself talked about—you—damn you—you—"

Now the Doctor's horse had moved a few steps to the far side of the road, thus standing in the far-side ditch and leaving the near-side ditch as well as a part of the roadway quite available for my father's use—who, seeing his chance, spoke out to Jim.

Jim leaped. We shot easily past the Dublin buggy, and, as I turned and looked through the tiny window in the buggy-hood's back, I beheld Dr. Dublin splattered from heels to head with yellow mud, sent him no doubt by his own blooded horse, which, now, was galloping with the remnants of a very fine buggy through a near-by pasture.

Dr. Dublin for a moment stood unmoving in the middle of the highway. Then, all at once, as he opened his mouth, his arms and legs began gesticulating wildly, as were he a colossal jumping-jack.

Comical it seemed, that figure. Yet, child as I was, I knew it meant tragedy, near-tragedy at the least. My father and Dr. Dublin had always respected each other highly. Far apart as south pole from north in many ways, they nevertheless agreed in one important matter—that the practice of medicine and surgery is the greatest thing upon this earth. Each would gladly have given his life, even at a moment's notice, without consideration, without hesitation, absolutely without money and without price, for this healing art he so adored.

It had been a long day, as the days of a country doctor were apt to be in those times, and I was tired and drowsy

beyond all power of expression. I thought I heard, off in the hills, some melancholy dog howling a wild complaint about his misunderstood heart. But perhaps I merely dreamed it. I lifted my father's right arm (he invariably, although right-handed, drove with his left hand and sat on the left side of the seat, just as autoists do today) I lifted, I say, his right arm, crept beneath it, and, praying God not to let Dr. Dublin get my father into trouble, I suddenly awoke—to find my father dismounting from the buggy and my brother William emerging from the front house-door, stable lantern in his hand.

THE STRANGEST SURGEON THAT EVER LIVED

It was, once again, a bright and beautiful morning, as so often in those years—the morning of my life. Sometimes, indeed, as I look backward on those days, I see them as made up entirely of mornings and of brightness. A wee bit of reflection, however, together with a modicum of consultation with my old-time documents, and I note there was plenty of night too in those years, plenty of gloom, tragedy, blackest disaster.

As, indeed, on the day I am now about to describe. We were on our way again to John Stettenhausen's, but, on the road, we had to stop at other places.

Before we had even left town, my father had begun to speak of Drs. McDowell and Hodgen, his old-time idols, whereby I knew he was thinking also about Dr. Dublin—concerning whose surgical skill he also held a high opinion. These two men, indeed, my father and Dr. Dublin, were, to some extent, complementary to each other. Where Dublin was quick and unthinking, that was precisely where my father was slow, cautious, profoundly cogitative. Where my father was too hesitant, somewhat timid, perhaps, there Dr. Dublin was prompt, bold, decisive. Dr. Dublin, too, had high mechanical ability, a great resource indeed in the setting of fractures, the reduction of dislocations, the performance of almost every class and kind of surgical manipulations and operations. My father had little natural ability of that sort. The consequence was that, in all his major surgery, my father was glad to call in, and did actually oft-times summon to his aid his old colleague and professional

friend, whereas Dr. Dublin, on his own part, not infrequently invoked the professional assistance of Dr. Shastid, when, as oftentimes was the case, he knew not what to do for a non-surgical affection or when he was badly stumped in the diagnosis of a disease, whether "internal" or surgical. Besides, when either of these doctors himself took sick, he invariably called the other.

Add to all this mutual scientific aid and assistance the fine fraternal feeling which had for so long subsisted between the two, the comradeship, the very dependable psychologic support, the encouragement and uplift which each had always so gladly given to the other, and it stands out plainly enough just why the loss of Dr. Dublin's friendship was in itself a stark, staring tragedy for my father. Well indeed it was for him on that day that more, far more, of tragedy—or something much akin to tragedy—which was, in turn, to result from the loss of Dr. Dublin's friendship, lay still in the future wholly veiled from his eyes.

My father began speaking to me about his old-time teacher of surgery in St. Louis, the dean of his medical college there, Joseph Nash¹ McDowell—not only a man of great scientific ability, but in addition a very comical character.

"The funniest man I ever have seen," declared my father. "Also he was a daredevil: he would have spit in the eye of Satan and then have enjoyed that irritable gentleman's discomfiture." All at once he was interrupted. We were driving west and, on the south branch of a cross-road, close to ours of east and west, in a brand new, shining, red-spoked buggy and drawn by a brand new horse, sat Dr. Dublin, calmly awaiting our transit across his majestic field of view.

Even before we had reached the cross-road my father had spoken to him pleasantly, but the alienated doctor had turned away his face and begun coughing. Louder and louder coughed he, then even louder still. How he twisted and writhed, garrumped and hoo-hawed, finally getting up something from his vast interior and shooting it into a sumach bush—which, in the customary manner of bushes whenever he spat upon them, swayed and recovered, swayed and recovered again.

¹ Not Nashe, as one biographical encyclopedia has it.

Father slowed his horse at the intersection and again spoke kindly. But again no response—not even the very slightest.

So on we sped and Father again began: “Yes indeed ‘old Mac’ was the funniest character I ever have met in all my life—and the most instructive. He used to walk into the lecture room with a big horse pistol in each hand, then with a more bombastic air than a drum major could have summoned, to bang them down on his reading desk and to begin speaking his lecture in a yell of wild defiance to his numerous enemies.”

“Was he a big man, Father?”

“Yes, big indeed and tall and stately. He had a heavy, tangled mass of dark gray hair, combed back over his head, a long aquiline face and a shrill, penetrant, unbelievably rasping voice. His enemies used to declare he imitated ‘that old termagant, John C. Calhoun.’”

“And did he imitate him?”

“Probably not. Yet in everything Calhounian he really outdid him. A man of unquestioned scholarship, of eloquence, of true tenderness and sublimity, he was nevertheless profane and obscene—ofttimes well-nigh incredibly so. Concerning a competitor in one of the rival colleges he said (this much I may tell) mentioning the competitor’s name outright, ‘Professor So-and-so is something of a teacher—much above the average of his school, in fact—but, after all, he’s a good deal like the tail of a sheep, which, although a perfectly justifiable and innocent organ in itself, is nevertheless in bad odor because of the company it keeps.’ Concerning Pope himself (Charles A. Pope, dean of the competing St. Louis Medical College) he observed, ‘Concerning this man I cannot speak as I really ought to do because I am acquainted with no words in the English or any other language sufficiently foul, sufficiently obscene, sufficiently condemnatory, to express the matter justly. Anything I might be able to express, therefore, about this man would be far—very, very far—beyond his actual deserts.’

“His chief enemies—so he alleged, we have to take this with a grain of salt—were the Jesuit Fathers of the St. Louis University. After McDowell had established his ‘Medical

Department of the University of the State of Missouri' and made of it a world-renowned institution (it was almost invariably called 'McDowell's College'), the Fathers established 'The St. Louis Medical College.' Red rag to a bull! From that time on there was war between those institutions. Hence the great horse pistols of which I have already spoken. Mac either believed or he affected to believe himself in great bodily danger. Sometimes he came attended by a guard. Always he arrived with his pistols and a heavy brazen breast-plate over his chest. Slamming down the pistols he would shout, 'Now let the enemy come on! *Damn* them, let them come!'

"The seats in the amphitheatre were arranged in the form of a cone, the medical warrior himself located at the opening, so to speak, of the cone's funnel. Here the valiant speaker continually went turning around and around, as if he feared some treacherous rear attack. The students' benches, fore and aft, were narrow in the extreme, and McDowell continually admonished his hearers to sit very straight. 'Military precision!' he would cry. 'Military precision! Military carriage!' You would never have gone to sleep in *that* lecture room. You wouldn't even have wanted to.

"Once in a while, however, Mac would pretend that his audience was snoring. So he would slip into the back of the auditorium with his violin, there to play and sing.

"Do you think we did not learn anything from such a teacher? Then you are mistaken. Learn? Why, we couldn't help learning. Anatomy and surgery, I suppose, had never been so imparted in all this world before. Hard subjects these, but made supremely easy by the magic wit, the humor, the unforgettably graphic presentation. He used to say that, for every bone, muscle and artery in the human form he had an appropriate story—something to nail it into our minds with. He was pretty nearly right.

"How we all loved him, grotesque though he was!"

"And did he ever really fight—fight, that is, with pistols?"

"Not that I ever heard of. But he certainly built his college in the form of a fort, his private residence also—

just across the street from the college. Adjoining his college, actually, was 'the enemy's' school, the Christian Brothers Academy. On patriotic anniversaries old Mac would deck himself out in bright military array—revolutionary cocked hat, blue and gilt coat and pants, a great, shining silver-handled sword in his hand. Accompanied by his bravest students he would pass out to an open space that lay between his college, or fort, and the college of 'the enemy,' and, mounting a speakers stand which had been erected for the occasion, stentoriantly dare the enemy—from humblest 'Christian Brother' to the very Pope himself [here note the play on words—the dean of the opposing institution was a man *named* Pope] to come on 'or forever hold his peace.' Then he and his 'forces' would fire two small cannons for hours. The enemies never 'came on,' but both they and he—either intentionally or unintentionally—got oceans of advertising from the incident and the racket."

"Must have cost him much money."

"Yes. He made barrels of it though—surgery came to him from all parts of the world. Yet seldom did he pay his justest debts, even for the burial of his children."

"His children!"

"Yes, his two daughters at any rate.

"Each he placed in a coffin of tin, filled the coffins with alcohol and sealed everything up hermetically. These he then proceeded to place in very much larger coffins of copper, those also filled with alcohol and sealed hermetically. Later he purchased a cave near Hannibal, Mo.,¹ buttressed its walls with heavy masonry, and, at its entrance, erected a massive and very beautiful gate of open-work iron. From the ceiling of this cave he caused to be suspended the coffin containing the younger of his children. Later still he gave instructions to his son and some of his more intimate friends that, when he died, they should seal him up too in metal as he had sealed his children, and then suspend him, thus carefully enveloped, from the roof of Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. He had, he said, already per-

¹ Not Montana, as a certain biographical encyclopedia has it.

Pittsfield 16 Hills Nov. the 25th 1855

Dear son we rec^d your letter of 15th instant were glad to hear you were yet well. sorry indeed you are not well pleased with your boarding place I think I should pay her off. & look for a new home for dollars is too much I get nothing you can eat I would ^{not} give that much if I could help it we are very uneasy for fear you will not have your health good if you feel like not having your health good besires to come home we all wish to see you very bad but think if you keep your health you had better stay & your time out if you have vacation about Christmas if it will not cost you too much we would be very glad indeed for you to come home awhile your mother she is mending a little still she can sit up a little I walk across the house three or four times she takes some very ^{many} spells yet but I think is not near so bad last night she missed Morphine & slept & rested very well all night untill an hour or two before day then chills & sensations has pretty much left her I think she will be up yet before long from the 20th of this month Doctor Campbell commenced doctor her by the year for thirty dollars he visits her almost every morning Mr. mother Anderson is staying with her now for company she is very kind & good to her before she came could not get out to do any thing else here doing the work does very well John was home last night left for Barry this morning is well the connection is well as far as I know I can think of nothing more farewell be agreed your fathers but wishes J. G. Shastid
Campbell says your mother is about like she was if ^{any} difference a little better when you left your mother says she wants to see you very bad

Letter from my Grandfather, John Greene Shastid, to his son, later my father, Thomas Wesley Shastid, when the latter was attending his last (second) year at medical college.

There is light shed here on the medical economics of the 1850's. Grandmother Shastid ("your mother" in the letter) is to be treated (and she had to be seen by the doctor almost daily) for thirty dollars per year—probably less than ten cents a professional visit. This was about the prevailing rate of payment then per call for all who "doctored by the year" and paid in advance. The demoralizing effects of such yearly prepayments for medical services ought to be sufficiently obvious, also sufficiently pertinent to many of the medical prepayment projects proposed at the present day. Yet, apparently, they are not so.

My grandmother, being actually and unquestionably an invalid, was of course not malingering in the least. But my father, who, for a short time after his graduation, "took people's practice by the year," later informed me many times that he very soon completely abandoned the yearly prepayment plan. Whoever had paid for his doctoring a whole year in advance, was almost invariably determined, by fair means or by foul, to get the utmost possible medical service and medicine for his money. So, sick or well, he would send for the unfortunate doctor he had so easily "bought," day after day, yes and night after night, without sense and without mercy.

The yearly prepayment plan inevitably killed itself. It led to numberless quarrels between doctor and patient, broke up that fine relationship which, otherwise, almost invariably, would have subsisted between them.

My grandmother's long continued sickness was, in those days, diagnosed as "rheumatism and nervous troubles." At the present time I am almost certain, judging from what my father told me of her sickness, that what she really did suffer from was arthritis and neuritis, produced by focal infection—i.e., suppuration in the tonsils, the teeth, and the nasal sinuses.



HEART OF PIKE COUNTY -- LATER VIEW
The Pike County Court-House of My Boyhood and Youth.
A much Later Picture than that Already Presented of the Same Building.
(Original Photo Lent by Art'y Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago.)



The Pittsfield Hotel, N.W. Corner of the Public Square. This building was erected in 1869 by my father's half-brother, George Travis Edwards. The photograph was made by the writer not till May, 1938, but, excepting the white color of the first story, the structure stands substantially as it was in his early boyhood.



VIEW OF THE BUSH BLOCK SOUTH SIDE OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE PITTSFIELD ILLS.

The Bush Block when Constructed was the Tallest Business Structure in Pittsfield. It Housed Two Stores Below, Professional Offices in the Front Part of Its Second Story, the Pike County Democrat in the Back Part of Its Second Story, and the Town's Only Theatre (Bush's Hall) in Its Third Story.

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois": Andreas, Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa, 1872.)

fected the necessary arrangements with the owners of the cave.¹

JOHN THOMSON HODGEN

"A marvelous surgeon, Tom, but a human enigma—no such man at least as Hodgen.

¹ McDowell is so important a personage in the history of surgery and anatomy, also in the history of medical education in the United States, that I cannot refrain from adding this footnote in order to rectify a few of the more prevalent errors concerning him.

MYTHOLOGY AND TRUTH ABOUT DR. JOSEPH NASH McDOWELL

Question.—Is it true that the dead bodies of McDowell's daughter, or daughters, were placed by him in tin coffins filled with alcohol, that then these coffins were sealed hermetically, and, later, taken to a cave near Hannibal, Mo., and there suspended from the cave's ceiling?

Answer.—This matter I have looked into with considerable care. Omitting all mention of clues which led to nothing, or nothing decisive, I report as follows:

Writing to the genial and capable editor of *The Hannibal Courier-Post*, I received a reply dated November 6, 1939, from which I now quote the part relating to the matters in question. "Mr. Charles R. Martin (612 Center Street, Hannibal, Mo.), a resident here since 1860, recalls the story of the Dr. McDowell incident, although he is not personally acquainted with its actual happening. He thinks it was before the Civil War—perhaps in the 1850's. He believes however it is founded on authentic facts, as it was currently told in his early days. The cave mentioned is what now has become famous as 'Mark Twain's cave,' it having been given fame by the author in 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'Tom Sawyer'."

Inasmuch as Mr. Martin, Mr. Cable's "source," was "not personally acquainted with the actual happening," I wrote to my friend and colleague in ophthalmology at Hannibal, Dr. Edward T. Hornback, who referred my letter to "Judge E. T. Cameron, who now owns the so-called Mark Twain cave." Judge Cameron then wrote me as follows:

"The story of a girl's body in McDowell's cave, now known as the Mark Twain cave. 'From 'Life on the Mississippi' by Mark Twain:

"There is an interesting cave a mile or two below Hannibal, among the bluffs. I would have liked to revisit it, but had not time. In my time the person who then owned it turned it into a mausoleum for his daughter, aged fourteen. The body of this poor child was put into a copper cylinder filled with alcohol, and this was suspended in one of the dismal avenues of the Cave. The top of the cylinder was removable; and it was said to be a common thing for the baser order of tourists to drag the dead face into view and examine it and comment upon it."

"Mr. Alfred W. Bulkley who was born about 1840 and lived to be ninety-two years of age, lived most of his early life within one-half mile of the cave, showed the writer of this the exact spot where the metal casket was located; he said the body was covered with a liquid which was about two-thirds alcohol and one-third water taken from a spring in the cave which was strongly impregnated with lime; the Dr's hope was that the alcohol would preserve the body until the lime-water had turned it to stone.

"A Mr. Daulton who was reared near the cave and who was a friend of Sam Clemens told the writer the following story; Mr. Daulton was for years an editor in Arkansas but had relatives in Hannibal and visited here up until the time of his death; Mr. D. said: 'I remember that body and casket very well; I think they were in the cave about two years then, the Dr. decided that the body would never petrify and had it buried in the Methodist cemetery, now Mt. Olivet. One Sunday afternoon I went into the cave with a young lady friend; when we came to the casket the lid was off and nothing could be seen but the liquid; the girl expressed a doubt as to there being anything underneath the surface of the liquid; I was carrying a cane and stuck the hooked end down in the casket hoping to raise the body so that she could see it; by chance the cane became hooked into the dead girl's mouth and when I pulled up on it up came the head with the snow-white skin and long black hair; when my companion saw it she gave a shriek and fainted and I thought for a while there would be two corpses instead of one; she finally came to and we lost no time in getting out of there; I told her that after that I hoped she would not doubt my word.'"

"Where Mac, as a man, was crude, coarse, devoid of even the least refinement, Hodgen, the other great surgeon of our College, was honest, clean, simple, unaffected, trustworthy—a Christian gentleman, in fact. Thus, when Hodgen

Thereupon (November 24, 1939) I wrote again to Dr. Hornback as follows: "I am certainly obliged to you for your letter of November 21, enclosing Judge Cameron's statement about the case. The fact that Dr. McDowell's cave turns out to be also Mark Twain's cave (Huck Finn's and Tom Sawyer's cave?) makes the whole matter very much more interesting.

"By the bye, are there *other* caves near Hannibal besides this one? If so, IS the McDowell cave the same as the Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn cave? The fact that the McDowell cave is mentioned by Mark Twain in his 'Life on the Mississippi,' does not necessarily mean that it was the cave in which Mark had imagined certain of the events in his 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huck Finn' to have occurred. Is it, then, generally understood that the McDowell cave is the same as the Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn cave? If you could call up two or three of the older inhabitants of your city without too much trouble and ask them whether it is their understanding that the McDowell and the Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn caves are identical, I should be greatly obliged to you—although I am greatly obliged to you already. Perhaps the Reference Librarian of the Hannibal Public Library could give you the answer to the above question.

"I would not presume to bother you so much about the matter in question, but that Professor (Dean) McDowell was, by all odds, the most celebrated surgeon of his day in the Mississippi Valley, and the time will soon have passed when any further information concerning him can be secured."

To that letter Dr. Hornback, on December 21, 1939, replied: "From what I can gather the McDowell Cave, Mark Twain Cave, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn Cave are all the same hole in the ground. There is only one other cave of any size near the Mark Twain Cave except one that has recently been opened that I think is called the Peter LaBaum Cave, but as said above it has not been known until recent years."

As to the alleged re-burial in the Methodist Cemetery at Hannibal (see the above-reproduced letter from Judge Cameron) I have been unable to verify or to disprove it. An unquestionable fact, however, is that the *two* McDowell daughters—not one, but two—were, after the Mark-Twain-cave fiasco, re-interred on an island in the Mississippi River, then, by the order of McDowell himself, exhumed and re-re-interred in—of all places!—a Catholic burial ground in St. Louis. This I have on the written word of the health authorities at St. Louis. (See, too, farther on in this footnote, a plat of the McDowell burial lot 1604, block 161, Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, Mo.)

After all those "journeyings of the dead," it is singular to note that these poor children, in their final resting place have not now and apparently never have had even the most insignificant stone or marker to commemorate their former existence or present place of sepulture.

Question.—Is it true that no religious ceremonies, or only ceremonies in honor of the Devil, were held in connection with the sepulture of Dr. McDowell's daughters?

Answer.—Dr. W. B. Outten's biographic sketch of Dr. McDowell in his "Glimpses of Early St. Louis Medical History," *Medical Fornightly*, 1908, pages 143 to 146, says: "The following was the ceremony carried out after the death of two of Dr. McDowell's children: They were put in these copper and alcohol-filled vases and the students of the college went at night to Dr. McDowell's residence. A procession was formed and the students carried lights and deposited in a vault prepared for the purpose in the rear of the house, these dead children; no kind of ceremony, either religious or otherwise, was indulged in." It would seem that some little time elapsed between that interment and the later suspension of the bodies in the Mark Twain cave.

This already published matter is all that I can learn upon this head.

Question.—Is it true that Dr. McDowell, in his last will and testament, left an order that, after his death, his body should be placed in an alcohol-filled copper vase, taken to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and there suspended from the roof of the cave, also that, after his death, his wishes in this matter were carried out? [I have heard an old-time doctor

operated for stone in the urinary bladder, he was all intent upon that stone and the welfare of the patient. Never the least endeavor to impress, to play the advertising mountebank, to convert an operation into a means of amusement for

say that he had actually seen in the Mammoth Cave, and not far from its very mouth, the copper vase in question suspended from the cave's roof.]

Answer.—A reference to the words of Dr. McDowell's last will and testament farther on in this footnote will show conclusively that the Doctor, in that document, left no such order, or request. Inasmuch, however, as the story about Dr. McDowell's body and the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is very persistent and reappears from time to time in medicobiographic literature, I took pains to investigate this matter with care.

First, I wrote to the U. S. Government's Information Bureau, Washington, D. C., and received the following reply from Mr. Frederic J. Haskin, the Director, himself: "We are advised that there has been a myth current for many years that the body of Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell was enclosed in a copper cylinder, filled with alcohol and hermetically sealed and suspended from the ceiling of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

"We are advised that there is absolutely no foundation for this myth. The body of a small Indian has been found in the cave, and unless this was the foundation of the myth, officials are unable to tell us how it started."

Next, I wrote to the Superintendent of the Mammoth Cave Park, Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. The following was the reply: "Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of October 23, regarding the burial of Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell in a copper cylinder in Mammoth Cave.

"This is to advise to the knowledge of the old Cave employees Dr. McDowell's body was never placed in Mammoth Cave, nor is there any record of a request that this be done."

It must, however, not for a moment be supposed that there has been no foundation whatever for the myth now in question. Dr. McDowell's undoubted attempt to inter his two daughters successfully in the Mark Twain cave at Hannibal, Mo., would, by itself, be sufficient perhaps to engender the variant story that his own cadaver had been disposed of in some similar manner. Then, too, the great early authority on McDowell's life, McDowell's own contemporary, Dr. W. B. Outten of St. Louis, (born 1845; medical degree at Washington University, St. Louis, 1866; practised in St. Louis till his death, 1911) has this to say on the subject in question ("Glimpses of Early St. Louis Medical History," *Medical Fortnightly*, 1908, pp. 143 to 146): "Dr. McDowell himself once became very sick and believing himself upon the point of death he called in Dr. Chas. W. Stevens his partner in the practice of medicine, and his son, Dr. Drake McDowell, to his bedside, and made them take oath that should he die they would place his body in an alcohol filled copper vase, take it to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and have it suspended from the roof of the cave. He averred that he had already made due and proper arrangements with the proprietors."

To sum up, then, it would seem that Dr. McDowell once, when sick, did broach the project of his burial in Mammoth Cave to his son Drake and to Dr. Stevens, but that there the matter ended—aside, of course, from the oft-repeated and ever-growing tales about McDowell's cave burial which, for decades, have enlivened the smoking rooms and banquet halls at all sorts of medical meetings.

Question.—When, where and from what cause did Joseph Nash McDowell die? He is almost always declared to have died on October 3, 1868. He is sometimes said to have died as the result of a wound which he had received while fighting for the Confederacy during the Civil War. Superstitious negroes of St. Louis (these were always much afraid of "Old Doc McDowell" endurin' ob his lifetime, and, after his death, of his h'ant) continually averred that the Devil had carried away the old-time stealer of negro "stiffs" one night in a thunder-storm, in Bellefontaine Cemetery, jest ez he was about to steal anuddah stiff.

Answers.—To settle these questions I obtained directly from the Bureau of Vital Statistics, St. Louis, the herewith reproduced certified copy of Dr. McDowell's death certificate, whereby it appears that, though he died in 1868, the day of his death was not October 3, but September 26; also that he did not die of a wound received in the service of the Confederacy at the time of the Civil War, but of "congestive chills"; also that he was not at the time attempting to exhume, clean up and feloniously carry away a negro cadaver, or any other sort of cadaver, in Bellefontaine Cemetery, but that he died (at least presumably)

an audience or of profit for himself. Mac, on the other hand, always used to say, whenever he began to incise, 'Gentlemen, never cut for a stone till first you have provided yourself with a stone. Up your sleeve have it—so! Now you see it,

with his boots off and in bed. (My photographic copy of the proceedings of the McDowell College for September 25—kindly obtained for me by Dr. Robert E. Schluter, of St. Louis—makes Doctor MacDowell's death-date in fact September 25, instead of the death certificate's September 26. Certainly the ordinarily given October 3, cannot possibly be correct.)

Question.—Is it true that Dr. McDowell was, as has been so often alleged, both an atheist and a spiritualist?

Answer.—He was, in fact, both an atheist and a spiritualist, also an ardent hater of each and every religion, especially the Roman Catholic. In fact he used to curse the Catholics in the very pit of his lecture hall and with an eloquence and an energy which left no doubt of the depth and extent of his convictions.

All at once, however, very shortly before his death, Dr. McDowell became converted and accepted the Catholic faith. From that time on his closest adviser was Father P. T. DeSmet. After McDowell's death he was buried—actually, this old-time curser of all religions—in holy ground, Bellefontaine Cemetery. The plat of his burial lot I reproduce elsewhere in this volume precisely as it was drawn and indexed for me by the Bellefontaine authorities.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS

No. of Certificate 432

No 6512

Bureau of Vital Statistics
DIVISION OF HEALTH

CERTIFIED COPY OF DEATH

Full Name Joseph N. McDowell Place of Death 737 S. 8th StreetAddress: No. 737 S. 8th Street Street

UNDERTAKER'S REPORT OF DEATH				
SEX	Male		COLOR	White
DATE OF BIRTH	(Month)	(Day)	(Year 19)	
AGE	YEARS	MONTHS	DAYS	1805
	65			
SINGLE, MARRIED, WIDOWED OR DIVORCED	Married			
BIRTHPLACE (State or Country)	Kentucky			
NAME OF FATHER	— — — —			
BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER (State or Country)	— — — —			
Maiden Name of Mother	— — — —			
BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER (State or Country)	— — — —			
OCCUPATION	Prof.			
	Bellefontaine Cemetery.			
	— — — — Undertaker.			

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE OF DEATH	
(To be signed by physician last to attendance of deceased)	
Date of Death	Sept. 26th, 1868
Month	Day
I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from	
19	to 19
that I last saw him alive on	
19	and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at
The CAUSE OF DEATH was as follows:	
Congestive Chills	
Contributory	Duration Days
(Signed)	Drake McDowell
9-26-1868	Address

Burial Permit Filed Sept. 27th, 1868 19J. B. Bredak
Health Commissioner.Elmer S. P. Smith
Deputy Registrar, B. C.

OFFICE OF HEALTH DEPARTMENT:—I, the undersigned, Secretary to Health Commissioner, hereby certify the foregoing to be a true copy from the Death Records in this office.

FEE. \$1.00.

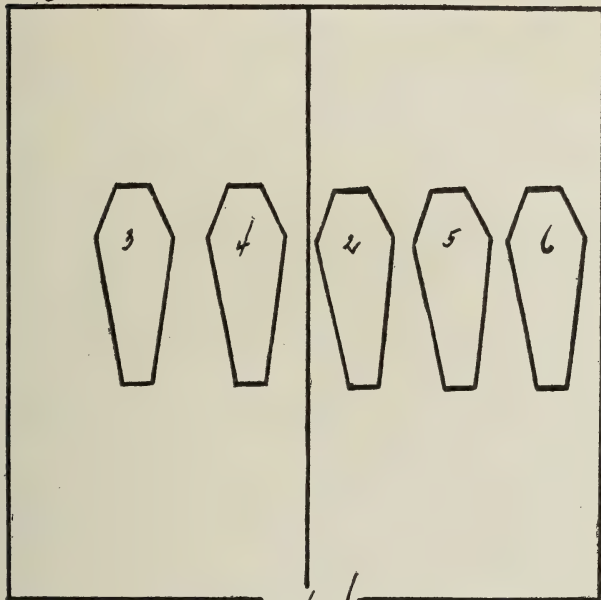
M. J. Sullivan
RegisterCounter-signed: J. P. Smith
Comptroller.

CERTIFIED COPY OF JOSEPH N. McDOWELL'S DEATH CERTIFICATE

The death date as here given is very probably erroneous, at least according to the Resolutions adopted by McDowell's college (then entitled "The Missouri Medical College") also according to the clippings attached thereto from the ST. LOUIS TIMES and ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.

The cause of death as given, "Congestive Chills," is, however, much more probably correct than is superstitious peoples' "kidnapping by the Devil" while in the course of stealing "stiffs" in a public cemetery.

Jos. N. McDowell



Lot 1604

20' x 20'

Block #161

	Amos N. McDowell	
2	Mary McDowell	} July 2, 1867 removed from Illinois
2	Virginia McDowell	
2	Josephine McDowell	
2	Beng. D. McDowell	
3	Jos. N. McDowell (Dr.)	} Sept. 28, 1868
4	Jos. N. McDowell II (Dr.)	
5	Anna W. Speed	
6	Drake McDowell	Mar. 12, 1875
		Jan. 8, 1882

Photographic Reproduction of the Plat of Jos. N. McDowell's Burial Lot in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, Mo., also the Index to that Plat. Both Plat and Index were Kindly Supplied by the Officers of the Bellefontaine Cemetery Association.

Explanations additional to those in the Index will be found in the long McDowell footnote SUPRA.

now you don't. Well, in case the patient *does* have a stone in his bladder, then you simply take that out and show it—so. But—if he *doesn't* have a stone, O well, then, you just drop your hand a trifle—thus! Shake your sleeve a little—so!

The meaning of this plat is not clear without certain explanations which, in addition to the plat itself, I received from the Bellefontaine authorities, also without certain suggestions, or interpretations, which came to me from the ever-helpful Dr. Robert E. Schluter, the highest authority no doubt on McDowell. (1) Dr. McDowell's father, Major John McDowell, Officer in the Revolutionary War, does not lie in this cemetery. (2) The first six names that appear in the Index to the Plat are, as stated in the Index, those of persons whose bodies had been removed from Illinois and reinterred in this plot, all of them, on July 2, 1867. Of these, the first-named, Amanda, would seem to have been Dr. McDowell's first wife (born Amanda Virginia Drake, a daughter of the world-famous Dr. Daniel Drake of Cincinnati). The "F" in her name as it appears in this Index is almost surely a typographical error for V. 3 and 4 (Mary and Virginia) are understood to be the names of the two daughters who were first interred in the Mark Twain cave, then (possibly) in the Methodist Cemetery at Hannibal, Mo., then (undoubtedly) on an Illinois island in the Mississippi River.

(5) Josephine is understood to be yet another daughter. (6) The first "Dr. Joseph N. McDowell" is understood to be Joseph Nash McDowell Jr., namesake son of the celebrity in question. (7) The second Dr. Joseph N. McDowell *is* the celebrity in question. (Ordinarily "II" is employed in the sense of "junior," not of "senior." Here, however, it is used to indicate not "second-born," or "junior," but "second-buried"—i.e., in this particular graveyard. Inasmuch as Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell Sr.'s will does not mention Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell Jr., either for good or for evil, notwithstanding that McDowell Sr. appears to have been very fond of his namesake son, it is reasonably certain that, at the date on which the will was made (March 22, 1867), Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell, Jr. was dead. Quite probably too he had been buried in Illinois, again quite probably on "the island in the Mississippi River" whereon the two young daughters from Mark Twain's cave had had their later interment. That island could have been a portion of Illinois, quite as easily as of Missouri or Iowa. Then the notation at the right of the brace, "July 2, 1867, removed from Illinois," would be perfectly intelligible. It appears to have been between March 22, 1867—date of the making of the will, which contains no religious expressions or provisions whatever—and July 2, 1867 (date of the removal of the bodies from the Illinois island to the holy ground in the Catholic cemetery of which this drawing shows the arrangement), that Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell Sr. became converted from atheism to Catholicism. All the data I have been able to discover are consistent with this explanation.

The fact that four of the bodies which had been here received after their removal from Illinois are all given the same grave number, "2," means, apparently, that these four bodies were all buried in the one grave-space—i.e., No. 2. The wife, Amanda F. (really V.), who is assigned no number at all, might possibly have been buried in grave-space No. 1, at the left of the left half of the plot, the carelessness of some official having resulted in no record of that burial.

Josephine and Benjamin D. having not been mentioned in the will, either for good or for evil, were probably, like some of the others, deceased at the date of the making of that document.

Anna W. McDowell Speed and Drake McDowell were both mentioned in the will, and, as appears by the dates of their interment, did not die till years after the death of their distinguished father. Dr. McDowell's second wife, Sarah E., who by the way is mentioned in his will, does not appear ever to have been buried in the McDowell lot.

Question.—Is it true, as often reported, that Jane McDowell, daughter of a Dr. McDowell, who became the wife of Stephen Foster, celebrated American song-writer (Old Folks At Home, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, etc.) was a niece of the elder Joseph Nash McDowell?

Answer.—After careful investigation I have to say that there is no relationship whatever between Jane McDowell Foster and the famous surgeon, Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell.

To some readers it may seem that too much space has been given in this footnote to Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell and his affairs, but all who are acquainted with his world-wide

And there you do nevertheless hold in your hand a stone—
notwithstanding and nevertheless and despite all the gods of
ill luck and misfortune. Of course it's a stone from a former
patient's bladder, but it serves the present purpose just the

reputation as an operative surgeon; with his almost incredible organizing ability (he was the first to found west of the Mississippi River a medical college that lived); his outstanding success as a maker of anatomists, sculptors and surgeons; his astounding personal audacity, venom, eloquence, overflowing animal spirits, scientific penetration combined with crassest superstition—in a word his tremendous impact on the medical profession generally—these will not wonder at the footnote space which I have devoted to him here. In my forthcoming volume, "History of Medicine in the Mississippi Valley," I shall attempt to do more justice to this unique, multi-sided, highly eccentric character.

Though I have certified photostat copies of the recorded last will and testament of Jos. N. McDowell, also of the Resolutions passed on his death by the Faculty of the Missouri Medical College, September 25, 1868, neither of these documents, because of time-changes in their ink, could be satisfactorily reproduced in this volume. I subjoin immediately hereunder, however, the words of both these instruments:

DR. McDOWELL'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
(*Copied verbatim, literatim et interpunctuationim*)

April 22 1867.

This instrument is written to express my wish as to what is to be done with the little I leave behind me.

I desire My Son J D McDowell, to, administer on my, property. Real and personal to give My Wife Sarah E. McDowell one third of the landed property, which may be unsold at my death; the remainder to be divided between himself and My Son, Charles N. McDowell. I have given My Daughter Anna such property, as will make equal if not more than equal with the remainder of my family,

My Son John has so conducted himself towards me, So unkindly and, to my own personal knowledge has turned all his influence against me, that I presume he does not wish or expect anything of me. I commend him to the kind recollections of his of, his Father & Mother and the mercy of God, with enough to bury him.

My Land in Hopkins Co Ky. I wish sold and the money divided, as and the land in Iron dale as before indicated And my Land in Iron county to be sold and divided, and my Land in [Undecipherable word] and New Madred Co's to be disposed of in Like Manner.

The household furniture was mostly furnished by money loaned me by my wife's Mother and I therefore devise it to be given to her, together with all the silver except one tea set which I leave for her. to give to the child that, is most kind to her and in the discharge of duties to her Father.

The Lot of five acres of Land in Galveston I have always designed for my wife and I wish her to have possession of it to do as he pleases with. The college Property is disposed of and I wish the original Design carried out my Son J. D. McDowell.

My Sever vase now in the hands of my Son John J. McDowell I wish to be property of my Son Charles.

My Books I wish to my good Muss Box I bequeath to my son Drake McDowell [Undecipherable word] in the college as belonging to it exception Such as may be duplicates, or Such as May Serve to Set My Son Charles up for [Undecipherable word]

My Surgical instruments I wish to be divide with my Sons Charles McDowell & Drake My Museum I wish to be left in the College and under the control of J D McDowell My horse & Buggy I wish my Son Drake McDowell, to take charge of and do with them as is just in his own estimation

Bleving that my Son will do as I wish and as he ought to my family,
I subscribe my self,

Jos N McDowell

Witness
Sarah E. McDowell
Jno. D. Turnbull
C. N. McDowell

same.—And, by the bye, don't forget to charge the present patient double, because you've not only cut him for stone but you've had to supply him with the stone in addition.'

"Hodgen, even in his merriest boyhood moments, would

STATE OF MISSOURI, }
COUNTY OF ST. LOUIS } ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this *TWENTY FIRST* day of *JUNE* A. D. 1869 before me the undersigned *JUDGE* of the Probate Court of the County of St. Louis, personally came *JOHN D. TURNBULL AND CHARLES N. McDOWELL* who being *EACH* by me duly sworn on *THEIR* oath say:

"*WE* saw *JOSEPH N. MC DOWELL* the testat*OR* subscribe his name to the annexed instrument in writing, and heard him declare the same to be his last Will and Testament; *WE* subscribe *OUR* names thereto as witness*ES* in the presence and at the request of the said testat*OR* and at the time of the execution of said instrument as aforesaid, and of *OUR* subscribing the same as such witness*ES*, *HE* the said testat*OR* was of sound and disposing mind, to the best of *OUR* knowledge and belief."

J. D. Turnbull
C. N. McDowell

Sworn to and subscribed before me this }
21st day of *JUNE*, }
A. D., 1869 }

J. P. Vastine
Judge of Probate

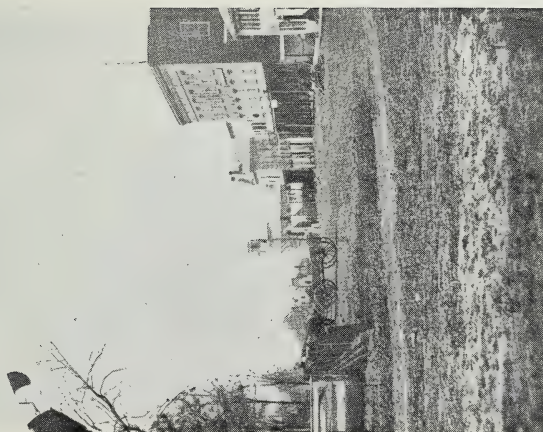
STATE OF MISSOURI, }
COUNTY OF ST. LOUIS } ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this *TWENTY FIRST* day of *JUNE* A. D. 1869 it being one of the days on the *JUNE* Term of the Probate Court of the County of St. Louis, for said year, an instrument in writing purporting to be the last Will and Testament of *JOSEPH N. McDOWELL* deceased, is produced in and exhibited to said Court upon examination whereof, and of the testimony of *JOHN D. TURNBULL AND CHARLES N. McDOWELL* the subscribing witnesses thereto, it is considered by the Court that said instrument in writing is duly proved to be the last Will and Testament of said *JOSEPH N. McDOWELL* deceased.

Witness *Wm. E. Wagner* Clerk
of said Court, and the seal
thereof, at office, this
21st day of *JUNE* 1869.
W. E. Wagner Clerk.

Comment.—One of the most glaring of the numerous faults in this will is that the two chief beneficiaries under it—the wife and the son, Charles N. McDowell—are also made witnesses to the document. It is generally the law now and it was in the time of McDowell that no witness to a will can be also a beneficiary thereunder. Even when a statute expressly permits a witness to a will to be also a beneficiary under it, it is nevertheless bad practice, as a matter of common sense, to make any beneficiary of a will also a witness thereto.

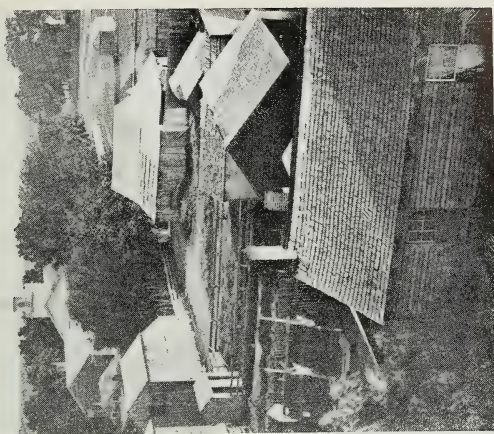
Another important point about this will is the abundant evidence it supplies as to the astounding personality of its maker. The will is what, in legal parlance, is known as holographic—i.e., entirely in the handwriting of the testator. A comparison of the writing in the will with that in certain other documents and letters (for example the two McDowell signatures on my father's diploma) leaves no doubt upon that point. Indeed in all of McDowell's letters exactly the same words are misspelled and in exactly the same way as in this will. And quite noteworthy it is that Jos. N. McDowell, one of the world's most famous surgeons, a "miracle-man at operations," as he was called, should be so nearly an absolute illiterate. One well qualified writer, himself a master in the art of writing good English, says of him, "Joseph Nash McDowell received a splendid literary and medical education at Transylvania University." More precisely expressed, no doubt, Joseph Nash



The North Side of the Pittsfield Public Square as it was in the 1870's.

The frame building at the extreme right was the first Pike County Court House to be erected in Pittsfield. At the time this photograph was taken it had become the bakery and confectionery store of Joseph Heck—also a holy Mecca for all true kiddies.

(Original photograph lent by Attorney Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago.)



A Backyard View of Pittsfield in the 1870's. The numerous barns, manure piles, cow-sheds, chicken-yards, "necessaries," etc., were characteristic of the time. The building with the spire was the Congregational Church.

(Original photograph lent by Attorney Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago.)

My dear young friend,
I thus address you because the
free thoughts and wonderful manifesta-
tion of genius in the poems you
sent to me, have made me your friend
and have caused me to wish you to be
mine. You ask for my opinion of your
poems. Promising that I am no critic
and complying with your request only to
show my regard for you, I will say
that I find the verse easy flowing and
harmonious, and the ideas well worthy
of the rich diction in which they are clothed.
You are poor of the maxim, Poeta nascitur
but the gift requires labor to perfect the
endowment. Without knowledge the power
to adorn by unaided expression the ideas of
the writer would avail nothing to instruct
and to elevate mankind. Compare the early
writings of Lord Byron, with those of his mature

A self-explanatory letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis who, aforetime,
had been President of the Confederate States of America.

(Cont'd over)

years, and you will see though born a poet, the
great Poet was made by study, by observation
and deep reflection. You are younger than
he was when his first poetic efforts were
made, and your day is blessed by greater
progress in science and art, thus you have
a double advantage over him who in my
estimation holds the first place among the
poets both ancient and modern.

Accept my best wishes for your welfare
in which is included the preservation of
the purity of spirit which breathes in your
poems, so that the higher you climb
towards the temple of fame the whiter
may be the garments you wear.

Very truly yours
Jefferson Davis

Second page of letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis

(Both pages reduced in size)



One of the numerous Log Cabins which, in my childhood and later, still stood here and there among better houses in our small county seat. This particular cabin stood just across the alley, east of Hayloft University.

In my very early childhood this cabin was inhabited by colored tenants, most of them decidedly good people. As, however, the affinity between one of the later of these colored families and my father's chickens increased enormously, my father bought the place. After that, only white tenants in the cabin. The first white family was the Pattersons. Later came Grandpa and Grandma Hyde and their grown children, Lilly and Luther. Many a night my brother Jon and I, together with Fritz Niebuhr and Gus Heck, spent Elysian hours at Grandpa and Grandma Hyde's. They were constant and intelligent talkers.

Later, the tenants were the Bailey family, including the oldest son, Henry, of whom I speak repeatedly in this volume. This hut was the last to disappear in Pittsfield. It had been built in the 1830's, and was typical of its time.

(Photograph by the present writer in 1897. Soon after that date this cabin was supplanted by a handsome frame dwelling.)

never have said a thing like that. He was a mere lad when first I knew him. Later, the greatest surgeon I have ever known. You have often heard me mention him: now I want to tell you something more about him—something more connected and always to be remembered.

"He was born near Hodgenville, Kentucky, about at the very spot where, seventeen years earlier, Abraham Lincoln had been born. Not more than eighty miles eastward, at a town called Danville, old Ephraim McDowell, in 1809 (Lincoln's very birthyear, remember it by that) had performed the first successful operation for ovarian tumor—thus

McDowell, at Transylvania University, did receive on literary subjects splendid *instruction*, but no education at all.

It is likewise worthy of notice that, in this will, the testator completely ignores the customary instruction found in nearly all wills that, first of all, his just debts shall be paid. Indeed this highly important matter the Doctor altogether ignores. True, the probate court would see to the payment anyway, so long as the funds lasted. But it was characteristic of Joseph Nash McDowell that he did not even mention debts. It was in fact quite usual with the man to borrow of each and every student in his medical college as much money as he could and then never to repay a cent of it.

Joseph Nash McDowell, in other words, although a god in surgery, was a devil in finance.

RESOLUTIONS

Friday September 25th 1868

The Faculty met at the call of Drs. Walters and Curtman for the purpose of taking action in reference to the death of Dr. Joseph N. McDowell, which had taken place this morning—

Members present Dr. John S. Moore

Dean pro tem

" Wm M. McPheeters

" J. H. Watters

" Chas O. Curtman, Secy.

The following resolutions were submitted by Professor John S. Moore and unanimously adopted by the Faculty— Resolved:

1. That it is with unfeigned sorrow that we have to record the sudden death of Professor Joseph N. McDowell, our venerable friend and colleague, with whom we have been so long associated.

2. That in the death of Dr. McDowell this institution has lost not only its founder, but one, who has devoted his entire life and energies to the cause of Medical education in the West; the profession one of its brightest ornaments and the community an honored and useful member—one whose ear was ever open to the cry of the distressed and whose hand was ever ready to alleviate the sufferings of humanity.

3. That we tender to the widow and family of the deceased our sincere sympathies.

4. That as a mark of respect we will attend the funeral in a body.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be signed by the secretary and sent to the family of the deceased and published in the papers of the city.

Adjourned to meet at the call of the Dean.

Chas. O. Curtman
Secretary.

[NOTE BY T. H. S.—In the two newspaper clippings which, in the Records of the College appear, pasted, at the foot of these resolutions, the death-date is plainly stated as Sept. 25.]

Certified copies of Dr. McDowell's Death Certificate and the Plat of his Burial Lot in Bellefontaine Cemetery are photographically reproduced elsewhere in this volume.

(though only a village doctor) inaugurating for the entire world the whole great era of abdominal surgery. About *this* McDowell too, I will, some day, tell you much. Meantime, do not confound Ephraim with Joseph Nash. Joseph Nash was Ephraim's nephew."

"I thought Hodgen was a Pittsfield, Pike County, boy."

"O, he was. He removed with his parents to a place near Pittsfield—I will show you the spot some time¹—in 1833, three years earlier than the date when I became a Pittsfieldite. In the Pittsfield school I first got acquainted with him, though he was full five years older than I. Shy, almost timid, he was yet pure gold. Both intellect and character he had. Farming he disliked. His marked mechanical ability drew him irresistibly into carpentering—in which oftentimes misprized occupation he was a genius from the start. His eye was true, his hand infallible, his brain most cunning and idealistic. He could not make even a simple box without my marvelling at the strangeness of its perfection. Why had others not thought to make a box like that?

¹ The place is still farmed and is still oftentimes known as "The John T. Hodgen farm." It is south of Pittsfield a few miles on the Pleasant Hill Road, just south of Honey Creek, and its legal description is: Martinsburg Township, Section 11, N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$, east half. A brief abstract of the property, as sent me by my brother, Joseph Shastid, is: U. S. to Hiram Kinman and wife, March 6, 1833; H. K. and wife to Jacob Hodgen (John T. Hodgen's father) May 17, 1835; Jacob Hodgen to H. T. Mudd and John T. Hodgen, April 1, 1852. (John T. Hodgen, in 1852, though professor of surgery in the McDowell Medical College, St. Louis, was nevertheless still struggling for financial existence by practising medicine and surgery at Pittsfield, Illinois, eight months out of each year. H. T. Mudd, however, a merchant at Pittsfield and very wealthy was John T's father-in-law—which may help to explain the great surgeon's ability to become at this time part owner of his old-home farm.)

Perhaps it is not trivial to mention the fact that both Hodgen and my father, even when practising physicians at Pittsfield, used not infrequently to engage in standing-jump contests, which were participated in by many youths and men, even on the Public Square. The best records which were made in these contests both Joseph and I still possess. I, however, do not here present them, inasmuch as, if I did, they might not be believed. I will, however, state that, in all these contests, my father invariably stood second, while Hodgen, always first, beat my father easily by half a foot. Hodgen's jump surpassed all the officially recorded standing broad jumps of the day, even the later (and until now all-time) record in 1904 of Ray C. Ewry—11 feet, $4\frac{1}{8}$ inches. However, Hodgen, like all the pioneer jumpers at Pittsfield, jumped with a 12-pound dumb-bell in each hand. Whether or not the jump by Ewry was made without weights I do not know.

My brother Joseph also sent me this anecdote of Hodgen, which Joseph had received from our father. A very famous surgeon from the East, on visiting Hodgen, commented, while he gazed at Hodgen's library: "Doctor Hodgen, I am greatly surprised that so famous a surgeon as you should have so small a collection of books." Hodgen's eyes flashed as he answered: "But all *my* books are *good* books. Furthermore, I know the most of them by heart."

It was the truth. Hodgen, like Abraham Lincoln, learned "for keeps."

"Then, somehow, he became acquainted with Drs. Campbell and Worthington, here in Pittsfield. They were family doctors to the Shastids, so I had known them both before. They were also the first two doctors in Pittsfield. One day Hodgen told me he was going to be an educated man. In 1845, therefore, he went clear to Bethany, Virginia, in order to attend the school of his choice.

"Next year, however, he matriculated at the McDowell Medical College, at St. Louis, from which institution, two years afterward (1848), he was graduated. Returning to Pittsfield, he located there.

"Son, it is never a bad idea for a professional man to settle at once in the town wherein he grew up—especially if it's a small town. He then knows his people from the beginning of his practice, and knowing the people who are sick is well-nigh as important as knowing their diseases. (At this I began to think that, possibly, my father had had some thought of attempting to make a doctor out of *me*, so that now he was vaguely hinting at the place wherein I ought to start practising my profession. Long, long, had I hoped he would some time believe me able to learn medicine and to become the proper kind of doctor, but, apparently, he had always had some undercurrent of misprision for my way of life, especially my tendency to wander in the world intellectual. Perhaps he had changed his mind now. I would wait and see, however, let him broach the subject himself. I, if I did it, might spoil all.

"And in Pittsfield Hodgen did well. I oftentimes think he was happier too in our small town than ever he has been in the big city of St. Louis, with his world renowned professorship and all his honors and glory. I, at all events, Thomas, have been very happy here, here among mine own people, *mine*. Spite of all the hard work, the heavy cares, the extreme solicitude, very happy.

"One of Hodgen's earliest cases was a compound fracture of the femur. He had to amputate. I remember precisely how he looked that day—tall, lean, younger than his years, athletic, features sharper than those of a cameo, than those of a hawk. His eyes were a soft, dark brown, but steady, thoughtful, deeply penetrating. I, though not even a medical student then, by his request assisted him—at that amputa-

tion. He appeared to think I had shown considerable ability before that, I know not why."¹

"You don't know why, Father! Why I think you're one of the greatest doctors that ever have lived." He turned upon me a glowing face. His eyes were actually shining with the highest appreciation of my boyish words, so that, as I looked, I became more and more astonished. At length I began to perceive, though as yet very dimly, that what even the most ambitious of fathers most ardently desires, yearns for in fact above all else, above even the plaudits of the entire world, is the unqualified respect, the sincere admiration, of his son. This perception, however, this more or less clear understanding that fathers do wish above all other encomiums to hear the hearty "Well done!" from the man-child or men-children of their loins, did not—so stupid I truly was!—recur to me until I was thirty years of age and more. Then, as one day I lay sick, my father's look, as he turned his face toward me on the earlier day of which I write, returned to me with unutterable pathos. And so I came to write "A Country Doctor," which, thank God, could still and actually did go before his living eyes.

But again as to that day so long ago. He ran on for a very long time about Hodgen and all his superb qualities. A man of great tact Hodgen had been. He carefully avoided controversy. If any one condemned him, his motto always was, "Forget it." Mac's had been, "Fight it." He possessed a simple, homely charm, a shrewd common sense. He believed in concentration too—not "scatteration," the foolish waste of valuable powers. My father, I now can see, was not at all thinking at the time about my own great weakness when he uttered those words—if weakness it really seemed to him to be—but, young and sensitive as I was, I thought that, by what he had just uttered, he had meant indirectly and with the least of hurt to my self-esteem, to make me

¹ Let me conclude the above-written passage by a swift summing up of my father's capabilities. In a large city, perhaps even a large town, he would probably never have shone as a surgeon. As an internist, especially a diagnostician, he would have been resplendent anywhere. And as a teacher of philology, he would have stood within his chief rightful domain—would possibly have been a leader of all others within it.

He loved words as he loved people. And no human being, I am quite certain, has ever more naturally, more spontaneously, more instinctively and persistently loved all the children of the Father of us all.

understand I never could be a successful physician. So, for a time, I sorrowed and was right glad I had left it to him to broach "the important subject" in his own considerate manner—or not at all, as he wished.

And he told me all about the great mechanical appliances that his idol, Hodgen, had devised—the splints, the suspension apparatuses, the various modes of ambulatory treatment. Also he told me about the struggles which this great, but also shy and diffident, man had had to go through before he could reach the slightest recognition. "From Pittsfield he had, after a two-year effort, joined in 1850 the gold rush to California. (His knowledge of Pittsfield people, then, I reflected, had *not* made him especially successful.) Back without gold, he attempted to practice in St. Louis. A few months stay there broke him completely, so that, with borrowed money, he, in 1851, returned to little Pittsfield—amid the jeers of unthinking persons. In 1853 he formed a partnership with Dr. Campbell, of Pittsfield. In 1852 I had become his apprentice, he my preceptor. I had already been an apprentice of Worthington and Campbell. He was proud of me, perhaps because he had no other student. Thank God, at all events, that I was Hodgen's pupil—although in the very same year that I began to study under him, his ability at the old college began to be remembered. Mac called him back to St. Louis and to a place on the college faculty.¹ In 1854 I went down to St. Louis and matriculated in his and Mac's college. So, once again, he was my preceptor. In 1856 I received my diploma from that college, the only diploma of any kind I have ever possessed."

¹ Even when Hodgen tried St. Louis for the second time, and even with the great McDowell College back of him, he secured but little private practice—until after a certain curious occurrence. An account of that occurrence I received in my boyhood indirectly from the son (Goyme Pennington) of one of the participants, also directly from that participant himself—Mr. Joel Pennington, then Proprietor of the Mansion House (hotel) at Pittsfield. Inasmuch, however, as my brother, Joseph C. Shastid, still of Pittsfield, recalls the story more distinctly than do I, I herewith reproduce it precisely as he wrote it to me some time ago in a letter:

"This is the story of Dr. Hodgen and his saving a negro from drowning in St. Louis, as told to me by G. S. Pennington:

"My father (Joel Pennington) was in St. Louis on business, and, while there, visited with his former Pittsfield friend, Dr. John T. Hodgen. On a certain Sunday afternoon, my father and Dr. Hodgen were out for a walk. Dr. Hodgen had just been telling my father of his inability to secure practice sufficient to enable him to stay in St. Louis, and was beginning to think that, in order to live, he had better return once again to his former practice in Pittsfield.

"Turning a corner, my father and Dr. Hodgen came suddenly upon a group of people,

He looked far away for a very long while.

"When the Rebellion broke out, the College broke up. The old McDowell buildings became a military prison, and among its inmates then—inmates, I hear, who were treated very badly—were many of the former students of the college. Hodgen, during this time, was Surgeon-General of Missouri, also—strangely enough—Professor of Physiology at McDowell's old enemy school, the St. Louis Medical College—Pope's College, actually! Then he became its professor of Clinical Surgery, next (in 1865) its dean. I predict that, some day, he will be president of the American Medical Association.¹

in a park, gathered about a little lake of water. Hodgen said to an onlooker 'What is the matter?' The onlooker replied, 'A nigger just drowned in that fountain pool there!' Instantly Dr. Hodgen pushed his way through the crowd and to the fountain pool, and, upon being told about where the negro was supposed to be lying in the water, he jerked off his coat, vest and shoes, and handing them to my father, plunged into the pool, or small lake. After four or five attempts, Hodgen brought up the colored man's body. After valiantly trying resuscitation in the then approved methods, Hodgen turned the black man over on his back, and, putting his mouth to the negro's mouth, literally pumped air into the black man's lungs. This he did again and again. And the black man lived.

"The next day, my father told me, St. Louis was fairly alive with the tale of the heroic rescue of the black man by Dr. Hodgen. Later, the story passed out over a number of states. From that time on Dr. Hodgen had all the private practice that he could attend to."

¹ A prediction which, in 1881, was fulfilled.

Dr. Hodgen died on April 29, 1882. According to *The Medical Record*, Vol. XXI, pp. 529-530: "He had been giving expert testimony in the courts on the day before, and had asked to be excused from completing his evidence because of the 'intense agony and torture' he was undergoing. When he reached his home he could not walk, but crawled upstairs upon his hands and knees. Summoning his colleagues, Baumgarten, E. F. Smith, I. B. Johnson, and E. H. Gregory, to his bed-side, he told them to save him, if possible, but that he felt his end was near. He died next morning, and a post-mortem revealed erosion and perforation of the gall-bladder, which produced the fatal shock and peritonitis. Professor Hodgen journeyed to the Shadowland as he had walked the earth—calm, heroic, peaceful, and with dignity."

Years before Hodgen's death, he and my father made a solemn compact, later oftentimes renewed, that, whichever of the two died first would, were it anywise possible, return and manifest his presence, being and absolute identity to the one still living. This compact originated with Hodgen. Hodgen died, as above stated, in 1882. My father, not till 1912. Yet no manifestation of Hodgen's presence was ever made to my father. Hodgen had fully believed that, under certain circumstances, which now I have completely forgotten, he could return.

Some time after I thought this volume had been completed, Dr. E. B. Montgomery, of Quincy, Adams County, Illinois, wrote me a letter:

"My first acquaintance with Dr. Hodgen was on the occasion of the International Medical Congress held in Philadelphia in September, 1876. I was just taking my first course at Jefferson Medical College there and along with Dr. H. W. Kendall of Quincy went out to the University of Pennsylvania to attend some of the sessions of the Congress. The session I was particularly interested in was the section on surgery presided over by Joseph Lister of London. Dr. Hodgen gave the opening and principal address on 'Antiseptic Surgery', in which he was more than enthusiastic over this new development of Dr. Lister. A number of American surgeons discussed the paper, many disagreeing with the author.

"He is a very famous man, deservedly so. He has always wanted me to settle near him in St. Louis, there to practice by his side, to be perhaps a professor in the St. Louis Medical College, to be (so he himself kindly puts it) known all over the world. I love the very name of Hodgen, but I fear, I dread, I detest, I absolutely abhor—ambition.¹

"It ruins so many people, ambition. Several persons I have known have become insane as a result of their ambition. Others who were reasonably prosperous already have been broken up by ambition for greater wealth. This very day we shall see a sick school teacher—a youngish man of excellent promise and much reasonable success—who is going down into the grave ere long merely because of his ambition. Unable to be content, he has overworked, studied in season and out, wanted to go to a great city—still wants to go there—to make a great name, to be famous. Now, as a result of his efforts, he has tuberculosis. He must die."

Professor Lister was the final discussant, answering some of the objections of those who preceded him. He gave a practical demonstration of his method showing the antiseptics used and his spray producer. He emphasized the importance of thorough cleanliness and hand scrubbing on the part of the operator. He quoted Pasteur at length and gave full credit to him for this development of antiseptic surgery. My next meeting with Dr. Hodgen was when after graduating at Jefferson I went in the fall of 1880 to St. Louis with a letter of introduction from Dr. William A. Byrd of this city, one of the co-founders of the American Surgical Association. Dr. Hodgen said, 'While Byrd is not one of our babies he is doing good work', and invited me to his lecture. He [Hodgen] impressed me as one of the greatest teachers to whom I had ever listened, with his quizzing the various students in the class and calling them by name into the amphitheater to demonstrate what they knew. His reputation was richly deserved and his early death from a ruptured gall bladder a great loss to the profession of this country."

Says Ashburn in his "A History of the Medical Department of the United States Army" (1929) pages 132-3, speaking of the above-mentioned meeting of the International Medical Congress at Philadelphia in 1876: "The discussion of antiseptic surgery was opened with a formal paper by Dr. John T. Hodgen, of St. Louis Lister himself then discussed antiseptis, described in detail and demonstrated his technic, and emphasized his results Lister apparently had no supporters other than Hodgen." These passages I quote (1) to show that even as late as 1876, in the Surgical Section of the International Medical Congress, whereat there had met together most of the leading surgeons of the earth, the only man who stood up and supported the then unpopular views of Lister was John T. Hodgen, of St. Louis. (2) to show that, in 1876 (the year I became my father's apprentice) the war about the Germ Theory of disease production was just beginning to rumble in the distance, the war which finally was to alter the destinies of mankind.

To put the matter differently: the night of the world was just about over; day was beginning to break.

Dr. Montgomery, as a student in Jefferson Medical College, saw the first bright rays at Philadelphia. I, as boy and doctor's apprentice, saw them in the backwoods of Pike County, Illinois.

¹ William Allen Pusey, of Chicago, himself a president of the American Medical Association (in 1924-25) was a first cousin once removed of John T. Hodgen. In other words, Hodgen's mother was Pusey's grand aunt. When Pusey died (on August 29, 1940) some of his obituaries mistakenly stated that he was Hodgen's great-grandson.

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH

Father looked once more very far away, his eyes still gleaming with his own suppressed ambition. "I might have been a professor of philology, I suppose," he admitted. "Yet, after all, I like it far better as a country doctor here in Pike, here among the people that I love, in and out daily among the farmhouses, in and out among the fragrant horse-mints and the ox-eyed daisies and the clear songs of meadow larks, or the saucy mockings of the jay birds, then back at night, or perhaps in the morning, to see your mother and you four boys again—or you, Thomas, all the while riding beside me. It is better, far better so.—What's the matter now, Jim?"

Father had grown so accustomed to talking with his horses because of the lonesome hours which he had spent on country roads in their sole company, that he seemed now and then to forget that horses are not quite human beings. "No, Jim, you equine devil you, just what's the matter? Hey, stop it! You've ambition too, no doubt, and no excuse for having it either. What! I've never seen you yet, you Satan out of Hades, act like that."

Jim, in truth, had stopped stock still, his long, mean-looking head stretching strongly forward, as he always had stretched it whenever he smelled some person or animal that he did not like. His little ears were pointed strongly forward too, each at a wide angle to his head, and the skin along his spine shifted backwards and forwards villainously. He stamped a forefoot.

At the same time Father gave a long, precautionary whistle, when "all the sudden," as Pike County farm folk would have put it, the authoritative Dr. Dublin dashed out of a tree-lined lane, curved his flashing spokes into our roadway and came pell-mell towards us. "Well, what the hell!" He was evidently not going to treat us with silence this time.

"Morning, Doctor!" cried my father cheerily.

"Morning the devil! We're going to have a show-down. Have it *now*. Shastid, by the Mighty, you're taking advantage of your professional position to mislead the good people of this county."

"Haven't I any influence down in Calhoun or up in Adams or across either river?" inquired my father, saucy as a good-natured blue jay.



THE OLD SHASTID HOMESTEAD

This picture was made as late as in the 1890's. Everything in it, however, excepting the granitoid sidewalk, is about as it was in my boyhood, say from 1876 to 1880.

The Shastid home stands in the foreground to the right. Just above the well-curb and on the roof of the frame addition to the main building, "General Grant," my favorite coon—whose important relation to me and to my father's practice appears herein hereafter—used of nights to leap up again and again to the window, pitifully begging to be taken into my room and bed. On the sidewalk, near the foreground maple, pauses for a moment the little "pleck tock."

Behind this maple and, although so large a tree, completely blacked out by it, stood, until quite recently, the giant cottonwood bearing its several generations of school-boy initials—the cottonwood which appears so large a feature of the landscape in the frontispiece to this book. In later years the cottonwood grew monumental with the initials of all that army of once active by-passing school-boys engraved upon it—a giant wooden memorial lifted toward the eternal sky and so out of sight, therefore oftentimes for a good many persons completely out of mind. Farther back and bisected by the maple is the house of my most excellent boyhood's friend, Mrs. Phimelia Garbutt Purkitt, once foster mother of John G. Nicolay and motherly friend also of the quite young John M. Hay. In this house it was that she regaled me many a time with stories of her boys—the only boys, the only children, that she ever had had. How proud she was, especially of Nicolay, the man who had "made" Lincoln president and "made" Hay America's chief diplomat.

CERTIFICATE
No. , , "

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS

CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTER OF THE LAND OFFICE

I hereby certify that full payment has been made by the said [Name] to the provisions of the Act of Congress of the 9th of April, 1890, entitled "An Act making further provision for the sale of the Public Lands," for [Amount]

[Signature]

[Date]

CIVIL RIGHTS OF AMERICA, in consideration of the Penitence, and in conformity with the several Acts of Congress, in such case made and provided, HAVE GIVEN AND GRANTED, unto the said **NOW KNOW YE**, That the same, by the said SURVEYOR GENERAL, which said tract has been purchased by the said

**NOW KNOW YE, That the
I HAVE GIVEN AND GRANTED.**

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
LAND OFFICE to be hereunto.

and to his heirs and assigns forever.

J. C. H. T. A.

and the SEAL of the GENERAL

GIVEN under my hand, at the CITY OF WASHINGTON, the
 Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty day of July in the Year of our
 the fourteenth and of the INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES

BY THE PRESIDENT,

Recorded, Vol. 2. Page

COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

My Grandfather Shastid's natent to his homestead (farm) which lay a few miles west and north of Abraham Lincoln's store at New Salem, Illinois.

Grandfather had moved from Tennessee to Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1828. The following year (Lincoln's) New Salem was founded not far from this farm. In 1831 my father was born on that farm. Later my Grandfather removed to the farm described in the patent, and, in 1834, paid in full for this Government land. In 1836 he removed with his family to Pittsfield.

Reduced in size from 16x10 inches. The slanting of the printed lines is in the original. Property of the present writer.)



THE PITTSFIELD, ILLINOIS, SCHOOLHOUSE

Built 1861 to 1863, it housed both the grade schools and the high school. The entrance near figure, the south, is the one (quite reluctantly) made use of by my father's apprentice.

From the time I began to attend school until long after I had left Pittsfield, the janitor of this building was "Old George." I do not even yet know George what (Goll?) He was a large, heavy-set, unmarried German who lived, I believe, somewhere in the big school-building all by himself. He was odd in many ways, always smiling and always apparently confident that he was talking fluently in the English language—although in fact he knew but little English. He used to "ring the bell for school to take up"—a first bell and a last bell. Any pupil that did not enter the schoolhouse before the "last bell" had quit sounding, was reported as "tardy"—and several "tardies" were a punishable offense. Old George, however, when he saw children still running schoolward at a distance, would keep ringing the bell till the last little kiddie had got safely past his big, grinning countenance.

Old George was not popular with the teach-

ers. He used occasionally, even in recitation time, to open recitation-room doors, pop his large, grinning still-hatted head through them and "josh" the teachers in his unintelligible English, even try to ogle them saucily.

One night, DEEP in the night, George sent some pal of his to awaken my father and tell him that "Old George" was terribly sick in his high-up room at the schoolhouse. Father responded to the call. Found the schoolhouse doors all tightly locked against him. Discovering a basement window open, he got through it, tumbled all over a big coal-pile beneath it. Lost, in fact, his pill-bags. Found his pill-bags. Climbed, next, certain flights of dark stairs, hunting George's room, never succeeded at all in finding it. Lost! Finally, he somehow let himself out of the building.

For years after that, George would, in vacation time especially, attempt to tell Father and me how, once upon a time, away in the night, he had fooled Father.

George would always wind up with something like, "Vy! I NEFER ket seeg! I zower-kroud Tutchman."

St Louis, Dec 1st 1854

Friend Tom

Your very acceptable letter came to hand last week, we were all glad to hear from you especially that your health is much better than when I last saw you.

Douglass & Bob are both well but are not yet friends. I think I will get 6 or 8 of the boys to go with me the ^{coming} spring our class is about such as last winter the boys I think generally more intelligent and diligent than then we have 5 who attended last year in Pope. This is encouraging and will make a difference of 10. in the graduating classes Johnson & Parker of Perry sent their students to Pope. My health has been very good except about a week I poisoned my hand and neck in the Dissecting Room that made me sick but I am getting well again thank the Lord

Grimes is coming out very much and will make a very respectable body of medicine some day. Bob is the same as ever & Doug. is as good as any in the class

I have no news of interest to you farther except perhaps that I have invented an instrument for removing beans grams of Corn wheat &c from the Larynx Trachea without the knife pass a pair of forceps

I suppose you is in Perry still, and things are going on as usual in Pitts—

Bob says he was going to write to you soon In respect to all inquiring friends as ever your friend

J^r T. Hodgen

A CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM DR. JOHN T. HODGEN TO MY FATHER

At the time this letter was written my father was not in attendance at the College. He had already attended the session (or collegiate "year") of 1853-1854, but now, during the year 1854-

1855, was again teaching school in Pike County in order to secure the funds for his support at the College during his final session of 1855-1856.

"Damn your impudence, sir!" shrieked Dublin. The blazing blue eyes, the livid, almost apoplectic, face, the knots of muscle ridging his large, square jaws, were a sight to behold. "Damn your impudence! Damn— Damn— Damn your bug theory! Bugs produce disease eh! Bugs get into your system—the human system—produce diseases there—make you sick—make putrefaction in wounds—make—make—"

Father took advantage of the irate man's inability to talk longer by observing, "I know nothing about any 'bug theory' of disease or of any bug-begotten putrefaction in wounds. I do know that, in many diseases, anthrax for example, bacteria—not bugs, but a very low order of vegetable organisms—have been absolutely demonstrated—"

"Fool!"

"To have caused the affliction—"

"Speaking of 'low orders,' how about yourself?"

"And the proof has been so perfect that even John T. Hodgen—"

"Shastid, did you ever hear the story about the fellow that said, 'Wrong as I am, I am right?'"

"Yes," laughed Father, "I have heard it."

"Well that man's you. Ha, ha! Very good! Wrong as I am, I am right." He raised his whip and was past us in a second, Father softly murmuring, "Wrong as *he* is, I am right." Then, "Son, I want you never to forget these little passages, these foolish clashes with Dr. Dublin. All the world, some day, will recognize the value of the 'germ theory'. Then mankind— But I'd better tell you first how the situation has arisen.

"Here now, is the way, and it's interesting. Before the time of Hippocrates the almost universal belief of mankind about the causation of disease was that almost every bit of it is produced by anger of the gods—i.e., through the agency of devils, or evil spirits which they send to take possession of human bodies. That view of the nature of disease the authors of the New Testament did not even think of questioning. Hence their representation of Jesus again and again as curing all manner of diseases by casting out devils. Whether Jesus was thus correctly represented is more than merely questionable. At all events those who wrote the books about him—a long, long time after he died—un-

doubtedly did themselves believe in the devil-possession theory of the causation of all disease. So do primitive peoples indeed even to the present day. In darkest Africa, for example, the medicine man, to this minute, dresses up hideously, paints his face fearsomely, puts horns on his head and so forth, then starts leaping and yelling and drum-beating all around the patient in order (literally) to scare the devil out of him.

"But Hippocrates, a Greek physician of a long time ago (fifth century B. C.) established a new thought-era in the world, the scientific thought-era. That era began, you will please to remember, in medicine, a long, long time before it began in natural science generally (under Aristotle). Hippocrates did not make much progress in the ascertainment of disease causation. But he did lay down and thoroughly exemplify the true principles whereby not only the causes of disease but the causes of many other things can often be correctly ascertained—i.e., by careful observation, together with the accurate recordance and comparison of the facts so arrived at and preserved. This, you see, is a very different thing from merely accepting without examination and comparison with the facts old tales and traditions about gods, devils, and so on, cooked up, all of them, by no one knows just whom.

"Hippocrates *surmised* that the great majority of diseases are produced by an improper mixture of the fluids ('humors') of the body—the blood, the mucus, the yellow bile and the black bile. This, the 'humoral' pathology, is still believed in by a good many lay persons and even by some doctors.

"Hippocrates could not get at the real engenderers of disease because, in his time, the instruments that make such ascertainment possible had not been invented. Nonetheless do not forget that Hippocrates it was who ascertained the correct principles of scientific procedure, those which have rendered possible the invention of all such instruments, as well as an understanding of the proper way in which to employ them—yes, principles correct even to this very minute, and, no doubt, to the end of time.

"From Hippocrates on to the sixteenth century there were numerous schools of medicine, almost every one of them founded on this, that or the other theory of the production of disease. Many are somewhat rational, others fan-

tastic in the extreme. These you can find expounded with some degree of fullness in my Renouard's 'History of Medicine'.¹

"In the sixteenth century (1590) there was invented the compound microscope—by two Dutchmen, father and son, Hans and Zacharias Jansen. Up to that time there had been in use, of course, simple convex lenses, but these had had little value (except weak lenses, used as spectacles) because the greater the power of a lens the smaller must be the glass sphere from which it was cut—i.e., the stronger the lens the less must be its diameter, hence the less the object's illumination. Besides low illumination, increased power greatly increased faulty coloration and distortion. A black disc with a central hole in it diminished the discoloration and distortion but, unfortunately, diminished the illumination still further. In the compound microscope there are two lenses, the first of which (the one that is next the object, therefore called the 'objective') forming an image, after the manner of a magic lantern, and the second of which (the one next the eye, therefore called the 'eye-piece', or 'ocular') serving to magnify that image very greatly.

"But the Jansen instrument, though powerful, was nevertheless quite faulty. It produced still worse coloration and distortion of objects looked at. Nevertheless, Athanasius Kircher (a Jesuit priest) who lived in the seventeenth century and who worked a great deal with one of these faulty instruments, expressly stated, and was the very first (1658) of all in history to do so on a basis of actual investigation,² the plain doctrine of living organisms as the causes of many diseases. He even believed that he had seen the microscopic producers of disease, but now we know that, with the microscope which he possessed, he saw only the white and the red blood corpuscles. Never forget, however, that great name—Kircher, Kircher of Fulda. You can easily remember him by the terrific irony inherent in the fact that the devil-possession theory of disease causation (which is also the theory endorsed by the authors of the New Testament) got the first of its series of modern death blows at the hands of a Jesuit priest. All honor to that seeker after truth.

¹ My father's copy of this book I now possess, along with well-nigh all the other volumes of his library.

² Varro, in the first century, B. C., stated the same doctrine, but merely as a matter of surmise or speculation.

“Then Anthony van Leeuwenhoek, having very much improved the simple microscope, discovered both protozoa (lowest order of animals) in 1674, and bacteria (lowest order of vegetables) in 1676. He also discovered the yeast plant, which, in our very own time, has formed the basis for many of the greatest discoveries made by Louis Pasteur—of whom more hereafter. Leeuwenhoek does not seem to have thought at all about his protozoa and bacteria as possible causes of disease.

“Dolland, of England, in 1757, by combining crown glass with flint glass in his lenses, abolished, both from the microscope and from the telescope, both the distortion and the coloration of the object looked at—a most wonderful invention, whereby the scientific investigation of the causes of disease were facilitated greatly.

“Probably the first actual discovery of a microbe (microscopic form of life, whether animal or vegetable) as the engenderer of a disease was made by the great Italian, Bassi, who, as early as 1836, showed that the cause of ‘silkworm disease’ is a micro-vegetable now called *Botrytis Bassiana*. Curious, is it not, that, of all microbic diseases, the first to have its cause disclosed was a disease not of humanity but of silkworms. Then, there were shown the cause of favus, in 1839, and of sarcinae in the stomach, 1842. A greater discovery still was that of the micro-organisms of anthrax, in 1865, by Casimir Davaine.

“And now we come to Louis Pasteur, one of the few ‘men of the ages’. Not the first was he to express the idea of a *contagium vivum*. That, as stated, belongs to the Jesuit priest, Kircher. And, after Kircher, Henle and others had expressed the same conviction long, long before Pasteur. Neither was he the first to demonstrate some micro-organism as being the cause of disease. Bassi and others, again, were ahead of him there. Nevertheless, he placed the whole subject of disease causation on a scientific basis, discovered that ‘the silkworm disease’ is really not one but two diseases (*pébrine* and *flâcherie*); discovered a cure for each; showed conclusively that there is no such thing as the ‘spontaneous generation of life’, thus at the same time proving that even the lowest orders of living things (bacteria and protozoa, the chief causers of disease) cannot come into existence mere-

ly as the result of warmth and moisture, even in the presence of decaying matter. Before that time it had been the almost universal opinion, even among scientists, that grubs and maggots (therefore the comparatively high orders of animals known to develop out of these) did come into existence as the result of warmth and moisture in the presence of putrefaction. So those causers of so many diseases, the protozoa and the bacteria, could likewise not themselves be produced merely by warmth, moisture and putrefaction, but they must have their origin, in each and every instance, from parents belonging to the same species of animals or vegetables and productive of the same diseases. In a word, Pasteur developed protozoölogy and bacteriology from a few mere scraps of disconnected information into systematic sciences, based on broad, well-founded principles. Once again, please notice that not only was the first disease to have its microbic origin discovered (by Bassi) a disease not of man but of silkworms, but that the first disease to be assigned an effective cure (by Pasteur) was, once again, not a malady of men but of worms—silkworms. So it is not merely in the grave that worms have had certain advantages over humanity.

“In fact, Tom, humanity seems to have been snubbed—pathogenetically and therapeutically speaking—even worse than that, for, in 1863—two full years before Pasteur discovered the twofold nature of ‘the silkworm disease’ and the cure for each—he discovered the disease of wine—an inanimate object—and the cures therefor.

“Many other great things too¹ we owe to Pasteur, who is either the greatest man in all history or else the greatest after that incomparable founder of scientific medicine, and, through scientific medicine, of natural science generally—Hippocrates.”

“So Lister has had little to do with the matter!” I put in, somewhat depressed. “And Doctor Dublin is just right in despising at least *him*.”

¹ At this time Pasteur had not published anything on preventive inoculations. That he did not do till 1880, and, on the prevention of hydrophobia in particular, not till 1885.

For one or two of the points which I have shown my father above as setting forth in his little history of pathogenetics, I have supplied a fact or two from recent medico-historical sources. Even so, I have done my father much less, not more, than justice. I cannot begin to exhibit adequately the fulness of his information on old-time doctors and medicine, and I especially fail to convey the terseness, the picturesqueness, the vividness, with which he always spoke upon this subject.

"Listen, Thomas, and you shall hear of the greatness of Joseph Lister also. Born at Upton, England, he graduated in medicine at London, studied surgery with Syme in Edinburgh, married Syme's daughter, and in 1860 became professor of surgery at the University of Glasgow. While at Glasgow he became a benefactor of the human race (also even of the lower animals) and for all time by his marvelous application of the germ theory of disease to the treatment of wounds, both surgical and accidental. Prior to that time, the mortality, especially in hospitals, from erysipelas, hospital gangrene, pyemia, septicemia and tetanus, was simply frightful. His own amputations, skilful surgeon though he was, showed a mortality of fully 45 per cent. From Syme he had already learned the value of cleanliness (though not perhaps the actual reasons why cleanliness is valuable), also of frequent dressings and abundant drainage. Nevertheless—45 per cent!

"The chief difficulty of course was to prevent putrefaction in wounds.¹ Nevertheless, the idea prevailed that a certain amount of the 'right kind' of pus was really beneficial. This right kind was termed 'laudable pus'.² It must look thus and so, smell thus and so, and so on. But there is no such thing as laudable pus. All pus is bad. Lister had been reading the reports of Louis Pasteur on the value of heat for the destruction of the micro-organisms of wine and milk, thus preventing the souring of wine and the rôle of infectious milk in the production of disease. Also he understood that pus-producing organisms, though never as yet seen, even through the microscope, and their deplorable effects, could be killed in the same manner—that is to say, that pus (rather the pus-germs known by their effects to be present within the pus) would not, when subjected to heat, infect a wound, whereas, if not so subjected, it would infect it. Now, to apply heat-sterilization to a wound was impracticable, for the simple reason that the degree of heat required to sterilize a wound would cook, therefore destroy, the tissues themselves that had been wounded. He decided to seek for a chemical

¹ Doctors, in those days, almost invariably spoke of "putrefaction," rather than of "suppuration," in wounds, although the latter term was also used sometimes.

² The writer remembers well indeed that, even as late as when he himself was a medical student, the doctrine of "laudable pus" prevailed and was warmly supported by absolutely every text-book on surgery.

sterilizer, which, though destroying micro-organisms, would not destroy tissues. After a number of trials and rejections, he tested carbolic acid. It worked! On August 12, 1865, he tried it on a compound fracture and with marvelous success. In 1867 he published two papers on the subject,¹ and lo! 'the antiseptic system of surgery' had come into the world. Since then his success has been a kind of ceaseless magic—incredible, yet true."

MY FATHER PREDICTS

For some time my father gazed into space. Then—

"Some there be who cannot see the light—our good Dr. Dublin for example. Others, like Hodgen, saw it immediately. I sometimes wonder if Hodgen were not really the first man in America to turn Listerian. Would that more, far more, could see at once and as clearly as does he. But, even yet, there are numerous doctors, not to say nurses, who, in all their work, are filthy in the extreme."

I all at once recalled and quite vividly a very recent incident to which I myself had been witness. Into a case near Barry, one that was being attended by my father at the time, a doctor from Hannibal had been called in. Overruling all that my father had intended to do, he at once (for a compound fracture) began to amputate an arm above the elbow. I, with my father, saw him at his work. As my father explained to me later in the buggy, this Hannibalian was a fair mechanic, handled everything however with dirty strength instead of clean dexterity. In fact, while performing the operation, he had not once but a number of times actually spit both on his hands and on his instruments!

"There has grown up," my father was continuing, "in the medical profession a considerable war about the truth—whether much, little, or none—in the germ theory of disease and its practical applications to the treatment of wounds—Listerism. More unfortunately still, the laity itself has entered the conflict—not understanding in the least what it's all about—and, indeed, the ministry—which ought to know better but does not.

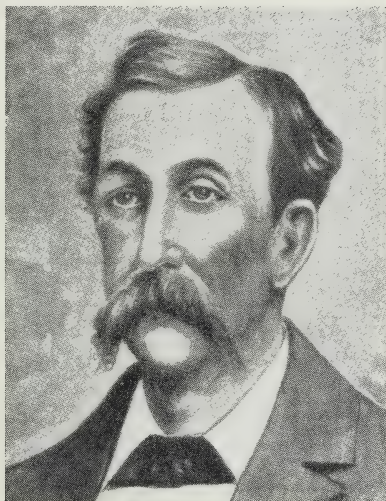
¹ The first was "On a New Method of Treating Compound Fractures, Abscess, etc., with Observations on the Conditions of Suppuration," *Lancet*, Vol. I, pages 326, 357, 387, 507. The second was "On the Antiseptic Principle in the Practice of Surgery," *British Medical Journal*, Vol. II, pages 246-248.

“Those who oppose the germ explanation of the production of disease, at least many diseases, also the antiseptic treatment of wounds, have no true insight into either religion or science. They just cannot understand that God is one, that there cannot be a God of demonstrable truth who is at the same time a God of demonstrable error. There is only one God, and he is the God of the Truth. His real Bible is Collective Truth—truth wherever it is found. A scientist who does not see the spiritual truth contained in the Bible, that inward truth outshining above all of that volume’s exceedingly manifest errors, is spiritually blind. So too is the preacher who cannot take in the rest of the vision—that part which comes to us from extra-Biblical sources—from nature and through science.”

Again he gazed afar. Then he continued, with the look of a prophet:

“Heretofore the human race has not really lived. It has always been either dying or getting ready to die. Even at the present day the average length of human life is only about twenty-nine years—all preparation and no performance, all seed-time and no harvest. The tall old man with the long white beard and inexorable scythe mows down each generation before it can harvest the crop from its own aspirations and endeavors. No, hitherto the human race has had no chance to live, but now, thanks to Pasteur, Lister, Koch, as well as to those who prepared the shining way for them—the Jansens, Kircher, Leeuwenhoek, Bassi and so on—the race will now have a chance to live. No longer will human beings suffer and die by millions in the helpless hells of innumerable diseases and that, even before the great majority of them have had time to reach manhood and womanhood—cursed to the uttermost by the ridiculous theory (which has come down to us from times the most primitive) that practically all diseases are produced by devils taking possession of the human body. Instead they will live, practically all of them, to a good old age—an old age which will itself be long deferred by the prolongation of the adolescent and middle periods of life, the fruitful, the productive, what should be the happy, years.

“And one of the finest things about the whole situation is that this prophesy of mine will be fulfilled soon. What is



JOSEPH NASH MCDOWELL

Founder of the famous "McDowell College," Medical Department of the University of Missouri. Great surgeon and greater teacher. Next to Paracelsus, probably the most eccentric of all physicians.

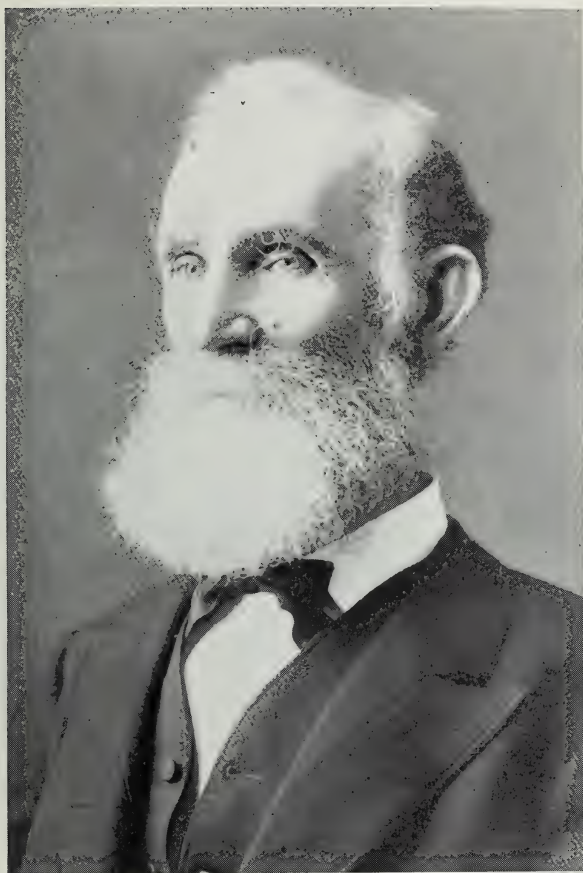
This, the only known authentic, portrait of McDowell is from Otto Juettners "Daniel Drake and his Followers." (Harvey Pub. Co., Cincinnati, 1909.)



RESIDENCE OF MARTHA DEEMER SEC. 21 PEARL TR. PIKE CO. ILLS.

A Representative Pike County Farm House of the Better Type in the 1870's.

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois";
Andreas Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa: 1872)



THOMAS WORTHINGTON, M.D., A PRECEPTOR OF JOHN THOMSON HODGEN

Dr. Worthington was born near Knoxville, Tennessee, June 10, 1808. Having removed in his youth to Illinois, he fought in the Black Hawk War. His medical degree he received in 1835 at the Cincinnati Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio. In the same year he settled at Pittsfield, Illinois, being the first physician to live and practice in that place.

Dr. Worthington, as a diagnostician, was a continual source of astonishment to physicians from larger cities who were called to Pike County in consultation. His general learning was prodigious, especially in mineralogy and geology. A member of the state senate twice, he was popular with all classes. For a time he was a partner in medical practice with Dr. Campbell. As a financier, he was unusually successful. From his own resources solely, he built in 1836 a remarkably beautiful edifice in the west end of Pittsfield, a structure in the form of an old Greek temple, wherein he intended to house a young ladies seminary. For some reason the educational project fell through, whereupon the Doctor, with his family, moved into the building as their place of residence. A few years later the Doctor retired from the practice of medicine, and from then until his death, he was occupied chiefly in the Rocky Mountains, wherein he made numerous mineralogical and geological investigations.

He died at Pittsfield, November 14, 1888, aged 80. The beautiful Greek temple which he had erected in the cause of education and in which he had entertained Abraham Lincoln, John Hay and John G. Nicolay, continued to stand in Pittsfield even until 1940, a fitting memento and symbol of the character and life of this first Pittsfield physician.

With equal fitness, when the structure was taken down, it was replaced by the Illini Hospital, the first public hospital building in all Pike County.

(Portrait by Guerin, St. Louis. From the collection of Mrs. Elitha (L. A.) Chamberlain, Pittsfield, Ill., by the courtesy of her niece, Miss Helen Abbott.)



WORTHINGTON HOME

Home of the First Physician to Settle in Pittsfield, Dr. Thomas Worthington.

(Original Photograph Lent by William Strauss, Pittsfield, Ill.)

called the germ 'theory' of disease production, together with what Lister terms 'antiseptic' surgery, will be fully accepted by the profession and even the laity in the course of the next few years.¹

¹ The only point my father was mistaken about in all his enthusiastic prophesy was that the wonderful change—the transformation of the old earth into the new—would come to pass very soon. Long decades, in truth, were needed to go by before his beautiful prediction could be at all fulfilled. This was due, in part at least, to the standing and great general ability of the opposition. Those who vigorously opposed the new explanation of the origin of most diseases, did not by any means consist only of the illiterates, the Y. of P. men, the moss-backs, the stick-in-the-muds. Among them in fact were such world-renowned university professors as John Erick Erichsen, Sir James Y. Simpson (discoverer of general anesthesia by chloroform), Lawson Tait (marvellous Birmingham operator), Benjamin Ward Richardson and Joseph Snow (renowned surgeons of London), Henry Charlton Bastian (professor of pathological anatomy in University College), and even the mighty Billroth, of Vienna (whose pupils comprised perhaps nine-tenths of all the celebrated teachers of surgery in western Europe).

When I, in 1888-89, became a student of the eye, ear, nose and throat at the University of Vienna, I found that Professor Billroth was still not wholly converted to the germ theory of disease and Listerism. His first assistant, however, von Iselsberg (whose course on fractures and dislocations I joyfully took despite my specialization) was body and soul a Listerian. One day, in a private conversation with him, as we walked along the Ringstrasse, I gave him a connected account of the little war about the *contagium vivum*, which, in my boyhood, had raged in the backwoods of Illinois. To this he referred again and again, on the street, in dem Allgemeinen Krankenhaus, in fact wherever I met him. To his pleasure in my simple narrative I have sometimes ascribed the high encomium which he passed upon my work in general surgery under his tutelage and which he was kind enough to put into a handwritten testimonial which he gave me and which he said I might use whenever and wherever I chose. Billroth, as I remember, to the close of his life, opposed the doctrine of specificity in the disease producing activities of microbes. There were bacteria, he thought, each of which was capable of producing not merely one, but many, diseases; while, on the other hand, any given disease might, he believed, be produced by any one or more of a considerable number of bacteria.

The slowness of the progress made by the germ theory and its corollary, Listerism, cannot be more quickly and yet effectively exhibited, I think, than by the following quotation from Baas's immortal "History of Medicine," (first published, 1889) in the English translation, revision and enlargement by Handerson (note the date) in 1910: "Inasmuch as, according to Lotze, we cannot foretell the future, but merely prepare ourselves for it, it is wisest to refrain from all criticism of the fate of the germ theory, although, from the almost universal enthusiasm in its behalf at the present moment, a skepticism based upon the history of the past disposes one to doubt its permanence."

The old "carbolic acid spray pump," of which Lister was at first so proud (and which I, as a lad, actually worked again and again) soon passed into the discard. It had been employed to moisten with a carbolic vapor both the surgeon and the patient, as well as the atmosphere. It was soon supplanted by the steam sterilizer, which required no pumping. It, quite naturally, now and then produced serious poisoning. After a time, largely as a result of Lawson Tait's criticisms, antiseptics gave way to asepsis—which, largely, was simple cleanliness. No longer did surgeons operate with dirty nails and fingers and hands, and while clad in the dust-filled clothing of the street. (I personally have seen them do it some fifty or a hundred times.) They cleaned themselves from top to toe, put on sterilized gowns. Then came sterilized rubber gloves (introduced by W. S. Halsted in 1890), sterilized caps, face-masks and so on. "Sterilization of the air" was no longer practiced after the abandonment of the carbolic acid spray, although, to be sure, the operating room is now quite clean and practically sterile.

Even yet, however, in the various histories of medicine and in most of the general encyclopedias I look in vain for adequate recognition of the worth to the world of the germ theory and of antiseptics and asepsis. Thus, in Garrison's "History of Medicine" (2nd edition, 1917) I find in the "Index" neither "asepsis," nor "germ theory," nor "contagium

Then my father, out of sheer joy in the matter, began to apostrophize a certain grand personage from the long ago. He cried, "Who are you, phantom from the unseen?"

vivum," nor "carbolic spray," nor "spray carbolic". To "Joseph Lister" are devoted not quite four pages out of a total in the book of 791. To poor Pasteur is assigned a niggardly three. Yet Garrison's is one of the best and most carefully composed of all the histories of medicine. Nutting and Dock's "History of Nursing," fine as it is in a number of respects, does not even mention Lister, Pasteur, *contagium vivum*, antiseptis or asepsis, either in its "Contents" or its "Index," and these subjects themselves, if treated at all in the two capacious volumes of nearly 1000 pages, must be hunted for therein with more expenditure of time and energy than even my patient and rather energetic self am willing to bestow. As to the general encyclopedias, the treatment accorded to, say, "Lister, Joseph," in "New Americanized Encyclopedia Britannica (Twentieth Century Edition, 1906)" is fairly typical even of encyclopedias published at the present day. Lister, in the main department of the ten-volume book, is ignored absolutely. In the appendix, however, occurs this scanty though

Zeugniss.

Der Gefertigte bestätigt hiermit, dass
Herr Doctor Thomas Shastid (aus
Bittersfield U. S. A.) einen Course in
Luxationen & fracturen mit fleiss
gehört hat & in denselben auch
selbstständig eine Reihe von Veränden
angelegt hat, wobei er grosse Ge-
schicklichkeit an den Tag legte

Wien 14. März 1889



Dr. Ant. Freih. v. Eiselsberg
Assistent an Hof. Billroth's Klinik

Then, as if it were the phantom speaking, "I am the immortal spirit of medicine, Hippocrates the Second.¹ Time for me has no meaning, excepting that there are three times only—the time which was before me (superstition); the time which elapsed from my appearance and my alterations of things (observation and experiment, but without instruments); and the time which is now to supplant me and most of what I did (observations and experiments *with* instruments). You shall see much, but he that is with you shall see more, the unimaginable new Paradise, the transformation, the glorified earth with man therein happier and more blessed by far than any of the merely imagined gods on Mt. Olympus with all the sickness and suffering they themselves are supposed to have endured."

MEDICINE UNTIL THEN: AN AUTOPSY

At about this time—I remember the fact distinctly—old Jim, "the equine devil" began shuddering again, tilting his slim ears one forward and one back. All at once he sent forth a loud challenging neigh, then stopped stock still. WHIZ! Dr. Dublin went flying past us. There were of

laudatory "life" of one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, benefactors of the human race: "LISTER, Lord Joseph, an English surgeon, born in 1827; became surgeon extraordinary to the Queen and in 1880 received the royal medal of the Royal Society, and in 1881 the prize of the Academy of Paris for his invaluable discoveries in antiseptic treatment in surgery known as 'Listerism'."

I have for some time had in preparation a "History of the Germ Theory of Disease, Antisepsis and Asepsis," wherein I endeavor to depict not only that theory and those prophylactic, therapeutic and surgical methods which grew out of it, but also the fierce warfare which, for more than three long decades was waged about that theory and those measures.

Meantime—let us back to the little side-war, those unseen skirmishes reverberating redly amid Pike County hills. Not exactly a comic opera war was that strife either. On the acceptance or rejection of the germ-theory of disease and its various corollaries in such remote localities generally, hinged the actual fate of the great majority of human beings upon this planet.

¹ Or, "the Great." Hippocrates I was his grandfather. Hippocrates II, the Great, was descended from a long line of Cos physicians (physicians who practised at the temple to Asklepios on the Isle of Cos). Thus: Nebrus (great-great-grandfather); Gnosidicus (great-grandfather); Hippocrates I (grandfather); Heraclides (father, who had married the midwife, Phainarete); Hippocrates II, the Great. Hippocrates II, in turn, became the ancestor of many physicians. Hippocrates III and IV were his sons; V and VI, his grandsons. And he had still other descendants in the medical line.

Curious it is that, even to the present day, physicians so frequently beget physicians—ofttimes from wives who have been trained nurses. As a rule, physicians by precept warn their sons against becoming doctors, yet, by example, irresistibly lure them into the profession. And, as usual, "example is stronger than precept."

course other doctors than these two, my father and Dr. Dublin, in Pittsfield, and there were also a few other doctors located in the smaller villages of the county. But Dr. Dublin and my father were the two most constant figures on the country roads and the Pittsfield streets, both by day and by night. In fact, as I rode with my father, I think I saw Dr. Dublin on the highways oftener than the five or six other Pittsfield physicians, all told. So it was no special wonder that, in those particular days of which I now am writing, we met Dr. Dublin with very great frequency. Anyway, he now went flying past us again, and I thought, but perhaps I merely imagined it, that I heard once more a mocking voice, "Wrong as I am, I am right." Jim, of course could have felt no animosity toward Dr. Dublin, and was no doubt inimical toward his blood-red bay alone, but I affected to believe that, in some mystical way, Jim knew that Dublin was our enemy.

"Nonsense!" said my father, as I expressed that thought to him. Later, he was not to think the matter so seemingly nonsensical. Just now, however, in response to a question I had formerly asked and he had not yet answered, he said, "Well, just what *are* the causes of disease, according to the views of all the doctors at the present time—aside, I mean, from the new, the microbic, doctrine of the origin of many diseases—a doctrine not yet by any means accepted? After the passing of all the ages from the earliest man until now, here is the total result—a summary of our present doctrines; and you can see immediately what an inconsistent mess, what a perfectly confused jumble, the science of disease causation consists of at this moment. The doctrine of devil-possession is almost, not quite, a matter of the far away past. Doctors, with a few exceptions, no longer believe in it. Dublin scoffs at it. More of the laity hang on to it, and far more still of the clergy. But, in general, the subject is simply avoided in pulpits and even in the most religious homes. The humoral theory of old Hippocrates has still some ardent adherents among the laity and country doctors. Some, even among the physicians in the cities today, following the physicians of the seventeenth century—Sylvius, Harvey, Willis and so on—believe that certain 'humors' are naturally acid, others naturally alkaline, and that, whenever the

humors of the acid type are present in excess, they should be neutralized by the exhibition of alkalies and vice versa.¹

"Closely related to the humoral theory is the doctrine that many diseases are caused by too little or too much blood. ('Blood,' you remember, was one of the four 'humors' of Hippocrates.) For the former the profession exhibits, and properly, 'beef, wine and iron.' For the latter until quite recently, it 'phlebotomized'—in simpler language, 'bled.' And how many people, in the course of long centuries, have gone to their graves because they were bled into them. George Washington, first president of the United States, was one of those. You have seen no bleedings done by me, but Doctor Dublin still occasionally resorts to them. I have tried to tell him that to have a patient miss a meal or two will reduce the volume of his blood quite as efficiently as any venesection. But—no use.

"Then there are other doctrines—for example, that 'there are always in the human tissues passive *morbid properties*, which, under the action of a *morbid force*, are developed into active disease. The various emotions are supposed to be prolific causative agents. They do no doubt contribute to the production of swoons, hysteria, and some other diseases. But perhaps bacteria play even in these diseases some preparatory rôle. Miasms (poisonous airs) likewise too great heat and coldness of the air are very much stressed by the

¹ A bit of theoretical nonsense which, in the late 1890's and the earlier 1900's, was revived in a curious form by Haig, of London, in his "Uric Acid Diathesis." This doctrine ruled with a rod of iron until about 1909 to 1916, when Drs. Frank Billings, E. C. Rosenow and others showed conclusively that most of the diseases which, by Haig, had been thought to be produced by uric acid, were really being engendered by "focal infection"—in other words by nests, or colonies, of bacteria in other portions of the body than that in which the disorder under consideration was located. How often, too, from about 1896 to 1909—the dozen years of uric acid rule—I, in common with other oculists, cured with glasses cases of severe eyestrain which many physicians had been calling "uric acid diathesis" and had treated unsuccessfully and for long periods with alkalies.

Glancing over a number of "Histories of Medicine" which chance to lie at my hand, including even the full and very scholarly volume by Fielding H. Garrison, I find neither "Haig" nor "Uric Acid Diathesis" in any of them. Not so much as a single mention! Curious, is it not, that highly important subjects like "Y. of P. men," the oöphorectomy craze, the uric acid diathesis and so on, are simply ignored even in the most extensive histories of medicine. Why? Is it because such chapters in our history seem discreditable to us? Surely not. They do in fact contain most valuable instruction for us, guidance for our future conduct. I have myself, howsoever presumptuously, been for a long time preparing a series of smallish volumes on these and similar subjects. Fearing, however, that fate may not permit me to complete them, I have, in the present volume, included a good many sketches of Y. of P. men (see especially that section of the "Appendix" entitled "Y. of P's and Atypical M.D's"), and the reader will, I hope, as a result of his perusal of those sketches, perceive how full, at least of "human interest," that hitherto neglected subject is.

doctors of today as disease engenderers. The coldness of the air, in fact, is accused by the great majority of them as being the cause of putrefaction in wounds. These physicians point out the fact that wounds which lie exposed to air, especially cold air, are far more likely to suppurate, or putrefy, than are those which are promptly sealed up. The fact is true; the inference, wrong. It is the dust of the air, largely composed of putrefactive bacteria, which, in a long-open wound, gets into the wound and infects, or contaminates it. These bacteria, unless destroyed—as by Joseph Lister's carbolic treatment—proceed to live on the sides of the wounded tissues and to colonize—i.e., to reproduce their kind. The excreta of the colonies, being poisonous to human beings, cause, when they have been absorbed by the tissues and carried by the blood to all parts of the body, chills, fever and oftentimes death. But the anti-Listerians cannot see that this is so. They think that the suppuration in the wound is caused by the coldness of the atmosphere only, not by its dust—the microbic portion thereof. But it remains a fact that, after the use of carbolic (if it be employed early) the coldness of the air has no effect.

“These same ‘coldness of the air’ people believe that ‘night air’ in particular, being colder than that of the daytime, is one of the chief begetters of disease. Hence their caution to all parents to ‘keep their children in at night and all the doors and windows tight.’ Yet, most inconsistently, they also advise that children be permitted to play outdoors in the winter daytime. As if the ‘coldness’ of the air in winter by day were not much greater than that of summer by night! Malaria, too, they believe to be caused by bad air. The very word ‘malaria,’ in fact, was given to this disease—of which we see so much here in Pike County—by the Italian physicians—*mala aria* meaning simply ‘bad air.’ I believe, however, that it will eventually be found that malaria is due rather to certain bacteria which grow and proliferate in swampy soil than to the smell-filled air which hangs over that soil.¹

¹ Malaria was, in fact, on November 6, 1880, discovered by Alphonse Laveran to be due not to a bacterium, but to a protozoön—a microscopic animal of the genus *Plasmodium*. The vector (carrier) of this parasite to man was discovered in 1897 by Sir Ronald Ross to be the *Anopheles* mosquito. The best medicine for malaria had already been discovered, away back in the mysterious past, by the Indians of Peru. It was brought to Europe as a secret

"Perhaps, however, the most of our people, physicians and laity alike, believe that most diseases are not produced, not caused, by anything. Diseases simply come—just as the sun, the moon and the stars rise and set. 'Is there anything to *cause* the heavenly bodies to rise and set?' they inquire. 'Of course there isn't. They just rise and set—don't have to be caused.'"

A RELEVANT IRRELEVANCY

A flock of children pouring from an open near-by school-house door interrupted my father by their shoutings and gay laughter. Father at once drew rein and the children collected round the buggy. "Doctor Shastid! Doctor Shastid, make us a whistle," they cried. A boy quickly handed him a section cut from a willow branch.

Now, there are several ways of making a willow whistle, but my father's was the best. He took the delicate cylinder the boy had tendered him, and, as there must be no knots or other imperfections in the material, looked it over carefully, approved it. Next, he cut one end of the cylinder perpendicularly, the other slanting. An inch beyond the slant-cut end he made a notch about one-fourth the circumference in extent. Half way to the other end he incised a complete circle, going no deeper than the bark. Next, he laid the whistle-to-be on his left thigh, and, taking the knife by the blade with his right hand, gently pounded the soft, green bark, turning the precious cylinder over and over on its long axis with his left hand while he pounded.

Knife laid on seat, he gently—ever so gently—slipped and slid the tender bark from the solider white core of wood underneath. All the big little eyes round about us were fixed steadily on that wood.

(Do you, reader, perchance inquire, Was it really an essential part of the practice of medicine in those days to make

remedy by the Jesuits in 1632, and, again as a secret remedy, by Juan del Vego in 1640. The latter, having cured with it the malignant malaria of the Countess of Cinchon, christened it "Cinchona bark" in her honor. Louis XVI, of France, having been cured of malaria by the same remedy, purchased the secret and gave it to the world—one of the few good deeds performed by that murderous and dissolute monarch in all his seventy-two years of rule—or misrule. (Incidentally: even the savages of Peru very clearly discerned the great superiority in malarial diseases of Cinchona over the "casting out" of devils.) The best preventive of malaria was found—again a discovery by Sir Ronald Ross—in 1902, to be the asphyxiation of the Anophelesian larvae by the spraying of oil on the pools and marshes where the Anopheles mosquito breeds.

LATER.—As to the Countess, see Haggis (*Bull., Hist. of Med.*, X, Nos. 3 and 4).

willow whistles for little children? I must answer, It is plain that you never have practised medicine in the backwoods either in those days or in these. The sick child, even now, who has seen its doctor make a whistle, will, at the least suggestion of that doctor, submit to a painful examination or swallow the bitterest medicine down without a gasp.)

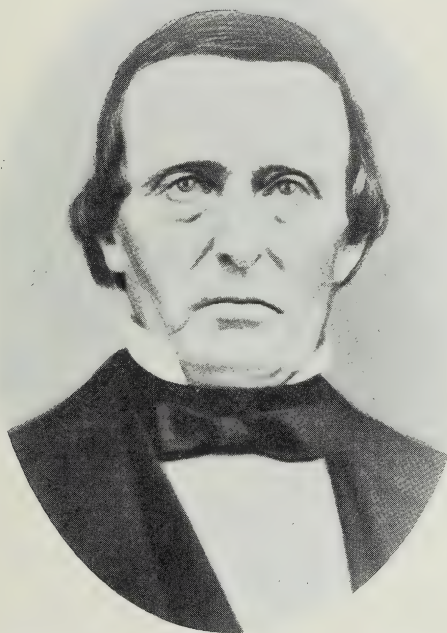
A longish thin slice of wood was then taken off the top of the core from the notch to the core's end. At this point, by long established and very sacred custom, that core would next be passed into the whistle-maker's mouth and rotated "just to slick it up with mouth varnish." This technical step, however, was, by my father, omitted. He, instead, at once replaced the core of wood in its delicate sheath, and then, as was his wont, turned the magic cylinder over to "the littlest of all the girls" and clucked up his horse to the whistling of the donee and the shouts and laughter of all the others.

ON TO STETTENHAUSEN'S

"Now, as to the nature of suppuration," went on my father as if there had been no interruption, "we saw, just a moment ago—but, look yonder! How long do you think it will be, Thomas, before such a woman as that, the good-souled Mrs. Stettenhausen (he pointed straight at her as we drew up before her door and spoke to her kindly) can comprehend the germ origin of many diseases when even Dr. Dublin has not as yet been able to do so?"

The aforesaid Mrs. Stettenhausen, having finished the sweeping of her front door-steps, gave us an unrecognizing stare, turned and billowed back into her house. I reflected, however, while Father was tying the horse, and, later, while I, by his side, was proudly lugging his pill-bags for him, that there were numerous persons in the world who were very short-sighted, also more who were somewhat hard of hearing, also that, in addition, there were many more still to whom articulate speech was a matter of immense difficulty. Hence, I reflected, her seeming lack of interest in our arrival was not to be thought much about. Later, however, I was to think considerably more about it and in spite of myself.

Inside the house, when I had got seated in my old-time special chair—which Mrs. Stettenhausen herself brought into the living room and placed before me—I glanced again at



ORIN SHEPHERD CAMPBELL, M.D., ANOTHER PRECEPTOR
OF JOHN THOMSON HODGEN

Dr. Campbell was born in New York State in 1802. Being proficient in languages, he taught that subject in some Philadelphia college. Afterwards (in 1829) he received his medical degree at the University of Vermont. He settled in Pike County, Ill., at Atlas, in 1834. In 1835 he married Abby Jane Glover, a woman of great ability and fine character. In 1840 he removed to Pittsfield, being the second physician to locate in that town. Here he built up a remarkably wide-spread reputation. Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell said again and again that John Thomson Hodgen was the greatest surgeon in America, and that his preceptor, Orin Shepherd Campbell, of Pittsfield, was the greatest general practitioner. Campbell had an impressive personality which made him a conspicuous figure wherever he went. Charitably inclined, he never refused a call. After a hard day of practice in the country, working for a poverty-stricken family, Dr. Campbell died of apoplexy in March, 1864, aged sixty-two.

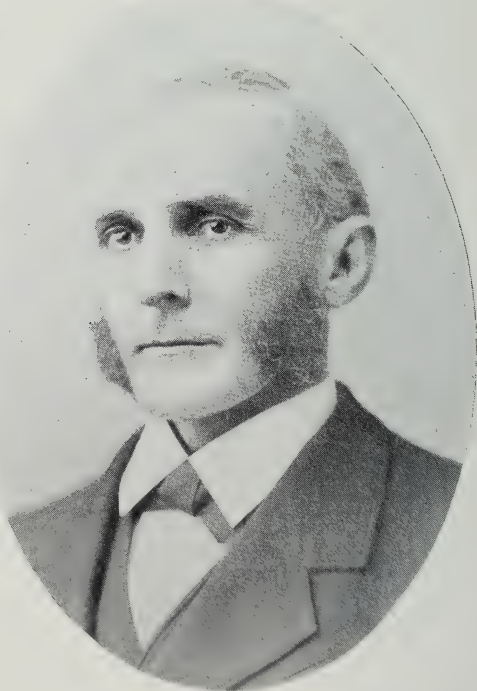
(Photograph by the courtesy of Mrs. Almerina Grimshaw Grote, Pittsfield, Ill.,
a granddaughter of Dr. Campbell)



JOHN THOMSON HODGEN, M.D.
In his time, the greatest surgeon, according to many, in the Mississippi Valley. Born near Hodgenville, Ky., in 1826, he removed with his parents to a place near Pittsfield, Ill., in 1833. He graduated at the McDowell Medical College, St. Louis, in 1848. After many years of hardship and want, he became world famous. First a professor at the McDowell Medical College, he later transferred to the St. Louis Medical College, later (in 1865) became its dean. In 1881 he became president of the American Medical Association. He died on April 29, 1882.

(Hodgen's middle name was Thomson, not Thompson, although the most of his biographers and practically all medical historians insert the p. The profile picture herewith is a copy, greatly reduced in size, of a framed artotype which Hodgen himself presented to my father. It hung in my father's, later in my father's and brother William's office for fifty-six years, then, after my father's death, in my brother William's for a quarter century more. Now, after more than eight-and-eighty years in the Shastid family, it hangs at the place of honor in the present writer's waiting-room.

(The original photograph of the other picture was lent by Mrs. A. L.—Minna Worthington—Adams, a granddaughter of Dr. Thomas Worthington)



This Agreement made and entered into
this 1st day of March in the year of our
Lord one Thousand Eight Hundred and
Fifty Three between Orin S. Campbell of
the County of Pike and State of Illinois of the
one part and John T. Hodgen of the same
place of the other part Witnesseth That
the above named parties agree to practice
Physic and Surgery for the Term of Five
Years from the date hereof on the following
Conditions viz said Hodgen is to defray
one half the expenses of office rent fire
-wood and medicines during said term of
partnership and shall be entitled to $\frac{1}{3}$ of the
proceeds of the joint business of the con-
-cern for the 2 first years and $\frac{1}{2}$ the prof-
its of the business for the 3 remaining years
of the partnership and said Campbell shall
receive the remaining proportions. The account
shall be divided annually - Books in-
-struments &c. belonging to each shall be for
use of the Concern during so term and
at the expiration of the partnership each
shall have his own respectively -
Said Hodgen agreed to do most of the
night riding so far as can be done
& to attend to most of the surgical
practice - Said Hodgen agreed
to take $\frac{1}{2}$ of the medicines and med-
ical furniture now in said Campbell's
Office to the sum of \$30. and at the
close of the Concern they are to equal-
ly divided.

Contract of Partnership between Dr. Orin S. Campbell, of Pittsfield, Ill., and
Dr. John T. Hodgen, of BOTH ST. LOUIS AND Pittsfield. Hodgen's professor-

(Cont'd over)

Said Hodgkin shall have the privilege of being absent during each winter during four months and said Campbell shall say whether during this time the joint proceeds of their business shall be divided or whether each shall retain the proceeds of his own business.

If during said winter term of four months said Campbell shall choose to retain the proceeds of his own practice, he shall provide his own medicines &c &c during said term.

All money collected by either party shall be charged to same as each and on the division of accounts at the expiration of each year accounts shall not stand as money but the collected money shall also be divided as above stated.

Orin P. Campbell
to J. Hodgkin

ship of surgery in the foremost medical college at St. Louis he still held at the time of making this contract (see provision at top of page 2 for his absence from Pittsfield for four months each winter) and yet in Pittsfield this world-renowned teacher of surgery agrees "to do most of the night riding."

"Even the gods carry on as they must."

(The original contract was kindly lent for reproduction in this book by Mrs. Almerina Grimshaw Grote, Pittsfield, Ill., a granddaughter of Dr. Campbell)

all the furnishings of the place, to see if, really, this *was* the Stettenhausen home. It seemed so different. Yet, after all, I could see no difference in it—physically. Wherein lay the change? or had there been any change?

Don was the same, I was certain—even funnier than ever. “Stett,” too, was highly humorous, and yet he seemed, whenever he spoke to my father, to be hiding at least some semblance of serious disrespect. Perhaps I only imagined the change, I thought.¹

¹ In primitive town and rural districts it not infrequently happened that whole neighborhoods would fall to discussing with animation, with vivid earnestness, even with extreme mutual vindictiveness, many subjects which they could not begin to understand—e.g., the difference between matter and energy, body and mind, soul and spirit, the value (or the reverse) of vaccination, the relative merits of the Greek and the English New Testaments, the relative military abilities of Lee and Grant, and (strangest warfare of them all) was man created (indirectly) by a monkey or (directly) by God.

One question was, of course, which came first, a hen or an egg. The arguments about this are still well known. Another: Which was first invented, the railroad train or the railroad track. Some said the track, because, without a track, the train would be useless. Others, the train, because there could be no use for tracks till the train had been invented. Others said that tracks and trains must have been invented at just the same moment—“Yes, by Jiminy, just like hens and eggs. The Lord must have invented a hen and a egg at the same moment.” But at once, if a certain old lady were present, she would ask, “Was that ‘ere egg inside er outside the hen—ef both were invented at the same moment?” If some one asked, “What difference could it make?” some one else would answer, “Ef the egg was inside, then how did breeds come about? But, ef it was outside, then it could ‘a’ been of a different breed, and that might ‘a’ been the start o’ breeds among chickens.” Then some one would say, “But that could account for only two breeds. How do ye account fer all the other breeds?” “O that’s easy. Git two breeds to begin with, an’ you can outbreed an’ inbreed an’ git jest as many kinds o’ breeds as you like.” Then would come the question, Was there a pair o’ chickens on Noah’s Ark? “Must ‘a’ been. Bible says so. Says ‘all.’” “Well, ef it *meant* all, then why a pair o’ niggers on the Ark? (Niggers is animals, anyway they is ‘livin’ things.) An’ if niggers was aboard, how come at the end of the forty days, there was any livin’ chicken?” “Silas, ain’t you never heerd o’ meracles?”

All of these questions I have known to be discussed, but not one of them, so far as I remember, caused half the excitement and bitterness that was later provoked by the neighborhood debates about the germ theory—debates which, so far as I have known, had their fighting origin in the case of Mr. Stettenhausen and the Dublin-Shastid contention which grew up out of it.

A similar debate and excitement arose, much more than two decades later (March, 1904), around the Public Square of Pittsfield, concerning the correct plural of “harness.” A harness dealer had on show in his window a set of harness of which he was proud, so he set by its side in his window a placard reading, “our harness are made from oak tanned leather.” Passersby began to criticise, others to defend, the treatment of “harness” as a plural. The defenders especially took the ground, which they believed to be unassailable, that, inasmuch as, in English, the plural of a word is *almost* invariably formed by the addition of *s*, to the singular, then it necessarily follows that any word displaying at its posterior extremity two *s*’s, is in the plural with a twofold certainty. Speeches, some of them comical, some of them ironical, many in very terrible earnest, and all quite beyond my power to reproduce—were made in the Courthouse Yard both pro and contra. At last the discussion boiled over into the columns of the three county newspapers, and local cartoonists pilloried the debaters with take-off pictures absurd enough to make a cat laugh. Some of these cartoons went into the newspapers, others into the merchants’ windows.

But, throughout this greatly protracted harness-is, harness-are, and harnesses-is and -are debate, the mood was mostly friendly. The discussion, however, about the germ theory, which had my father and Dr. Dublin as its twin storm center, was serious in the extreme—intermingled as it was with deeply religious and highly moral implications and considerations.

Back to the woods, O Ann! The matter of thy age has lost its import.
Back to the tall bamboo, O Sphinx! Thy century-old riddle has become mere punk!
Back to thy den, O Stockton! And away with thy lady-or-the-tiger twaddle!
Avaunt! Mysteries of the past! Begone!
Hist to the rear and assume condition of repose.
Is it is?????
Or. Is it are?????

MY SECOND LIFE — 192

Always, at the Stettenhausens, my father, after his examination of the patient, would sit in a straight-back chair and then, laying the "strap," or center-band, of his pill-bags across his thighs, one "bag" with its drawer of drugs and bottles hanging to the right of his right leg and the other to the left of his left leg, would be busy for a long, long time, mixing and mixing powders and occasionally other concoctions. Sometimes he rolled half a dozen bright blue pills. Just what these consisted of and what they were intended to do, I now have wholly forgotten. But always they provided an abundance of time for John and Mike to put on their usual little show for my particular benefit—although they generally appeared to be confining their remarks to each other.

Once, I recall, Mike declared he was inventing a noiseless soup spoon. "People in big cities like Pittsfield, Illinois—Ye know where that is, Johannes?"

"Yaw, yaw! I kot some iteea."

"Well, people in such places, do ye mind, they've got sensitive ears, and the sound of the crackin' and the garglin' of a soup-spoon makes their fine ears pain thim badly. So what wuddent they give—in money, mind ye—just to have their spoons made silent?"

"Du bist verrückt, mein Kind!" ejaculated Mr. Stett. "All spoons pe zilent alretty. You ton't got to infent dem silent. De trouple, ven it *is* any trouple, is not mit den spoons, but mit den mouts dot dey makes de funny-pizness sounts mit dem. An' de only mouts—"

"Well, the spoons makes the biggest of all the echoes, do ye mind, even though—"

"Vait. Vait undil I finished haf.—Und de only mouts vot noises make ven dey de goot soupy eat, dey is all Irish."

"Begorrah, now—"

"Vait. Chust again vait. Vait unt a chentleman pe, eefen if you vos a Chinamans unt not a Irish. First, te sounts comes from te mouts not from te spoons. Second [he amplified, as well as recapitulated on his fingers] eefen if de echoes vos de vorst of it all, if de mouts dit not commit any noises in de foist place, den, no echoes dere could pe adall. T'oid, only te Irish mouts makes de noises anyvay, unt te Irish ton't use any spoons at all anyvay put trinks deir zoup vrom

a blate. Zo it koes—zoo-oo-oop! Zoo-oo-oop! Unt zo on till dey finish—vich is chenerally dree dimes to vun kvart."

"Bejabbers 'tis true that the Irish is hearty, and hence they do no playin' whin they eat. Whatever they do, they do it wid a mind and a heart and a soul and a great will. But 'tis not true that they make anny Dutch noises wid their lips whin they unite thimselves in holy matrimony wid a bowl av soup. All the noises they make whin they drink their soup is soft, shwate, endearin', delicate and ladylike in the extreme. But the Dutchmin— Have ye iver [Here he betrayed the fact that he had all along been speaking for my benefit alone by turning straight toward me and asking:] Have ye iver heard piggikins takin' their swill from a deep trough?" I said I had. "Well, thin, ye know how a Dutchman sounds whin he gargles his t'roat wit his sauerkraut soup. He sounds like the center of the big Swedish whirlpool—that an' all his echoes do. It goes like this: *Sauerkraut! Sauerkraut! Nix kummer aus!*"

He was so comical with the gargling of his words that I rocked with unrestrainable laughter.

Which seeing, Mr. Stettenhausen appeared suddenly to devise hilarious applause for himself. For he sat straight up in bed and shouted, "I leef it to you, Dommy. I leef it to you, if de Irish ain't de fery worst peeple in de worlt."

"Why, yes," I cried. "Of course they are the worst." But then, seeing the face of Mr. Donovan seeming to pale, I was pierced by a deep pang of serious regret. So I added, "I can say that, because I'm Irish myself—one-fourth or maybe half."

"He's proud of it," ejaculated Donovan to Mr. Stettenhausen. "Proud, do ye mind, that he's Irish, and only one-quarter or one-half of an Irishman at that."

"Pud wouldn't you be prouder if you was part Cherman," questioned Mr. Stettenhausen appealingly.

I was about on the point of replying that I had never yet tried being made up in that particular way, but that my very best friend at school, a certain lad that whipped the bigger boys for me, Fritz Niebuhr, was German—German from the crown of his head to the soles of his shoes, and that no better friend—

"Now," broke in my father suddenly, "We'll give this medicine in this way." And so the little show was over.

"But vat is dis?" Mr. Stettenhausen grunted. "Somet'ing from your heathen magic, yah? It is lucky I do not catch you at it by damn." So thoroughly realistic was his sarcasm that I shuddered, and, for one brief moment, wondered if Dr. Dublin had had the audacity to come into this home in our absence, and then perhaps— But no, surely not that.

"Now you t'ink maybe I geef you a big revard, eh?" he sneered.

And again I shuddered and would have shuddered even more, thinking that, possibly, owing to some secret intervention by Lord Dublin, my father was about to be dismissed from the case—which meant too from the entire practice generally of these most excellent friends who had been his friends so long.

But my heart rebounded mightily when Mrs. Stettenhausen, all at once entering from the kitchen, inquired, "How do you two want your aigs?"

We promptly refused to stay, but, as she would not take the refusal, we dined and drank buttermilk and departed amid more jokes from the two men and three or four neighbors who dropped in at the close of the meal to congratulate heartily Mr. Stettenhausen on his prompt convalescence.

And all's well that ends well—if in fact it has ended.

I remember almost every event, even the tiniest, of that day, as we drove along the road. Figures toiled in the fields. Here and there a boy lazed before his flock of sheep or cattle. I remember the sadly-waving dark-green banners of the corn and the way in which the corn-rows whispered of the soon-coming death of the joyous year. My father stopped before a little brown house that I could not enter with him. I tied Black Jim for him and he, taking his pill-bags and other paraphernalia, went into the shack. After a time, tired of watching butterflies and bees, I started to walk.

Up a giant hill I went and down it. Up another and down that. Then up another, and I can almost see, even at this distance of time, the ranks of pluméd corn which, up here on a height and sheltered from wind by a near grove, stirred not even so much as to whisper. The quiet almost

pained my years. The sunlight too was intense. Sunlight and silence, each absolute, profound! In every place that I had ever known before there had been at least some sort of reminder of sound—the sighing of wind, a soft drumming of hoofs on the distant highway or a buggy creak, the whistle of a far-off engine, the song of cloistered bird or hum of self-expressing bee, but now—No sense of desolation or loneliness came over me, but happiness instead—happiness such as I had never known before. I seemed indeed to have passed already into eternity. Losing the noises of time, I had lost time itself. To see everything and to hear nothing! A world of visual beauty, as it were the uninterfered with effulgence of the infinite!

I had, in fact, been stripped of every sensation and every emotion saving one alone. Sounds there were none, but also there was neither temperature, nor weight, nor touch, nor taste nor any smell whatever, nor volition nor emotion of any least kind or sort. And what was left was—so it seemed to me then and seems to me even now—the happiness of heaven. For the happiness appeared to be that happiness, that unsurpassable ecstasy, which comes from the intensest possible realization of existence. To enjoy existence fully we must enjoy it only—and alone, which means with God.

To all of us there is friendliness in light, enmity in darkness. Even in our childhood we feared the dark; associated with it the sinister and the evil. So too it stands written in the Bible: the Devil is the Prince of Darkness; Jesus, the Light of the World. In every language, also, words expressing or even in the least suggesting blackness or shadow are somehow connected with wickedness, cruelty, ignorance, limitations on life and on love: black magic, Dark Ages, benighted souls. No wonder there have been fire-worshippers and sun-worshippers.

And, ever since that ecstasy of light and nothing but light which I experienced in the effulgence and silence of the hill-top, I have loved silence and light.

Ofttimes I have walked, even as an aged man, far into the sunlit, quiet country alone to experience them.

Father picked me up on the hill-top, and, a few moments later, we stood by the bed of a plainly dying man—the young,

ambitious schoolteacher of whom my father had spoken to me already on this trip and whom he wished me to take as both a symbol and a warning.

The sick man's wife was constantly busy in his room, attempting to make him comfortable. Sometimes the woman of the house, she with whom the couple boarded, went and came again, endeavoring to do her own bit. Outdoors and opposite the open window the fruit-trees were in blossom—their scents drifted into the room like love-messages from an all-too-happy world. Bird songs rushed in also.

But, on his bed of pain, the handsome young fellow—handsome in spite of his sickness—writhed and writhed, although in silence.

At long length he motioned to my father. "Doctor, you were—right three years ago—stopped me on the road—remember? You'd already treated me—commencing consumption—remember?"

"I do remember," said Father. "But don't you worry now. Try to get well."

"I *was* well *then*—seemed so. You reminded me of all that you'd told me—the dangers of over-ambition, overwork—the constant study, the attempting to write a book—to make a name—so as to get to a high place of honor in the city. You—you—warned me—all of it."

After a time he began again. "You told me to learn contentment—best thing on earth—contentment—best thing even for my health—for myself [he glanced at his wife] for everybody."

Here he began to have a serious hemorrhage once more. After much hurry and running to and fro by the women and the bringing in of ice and other matters, the hemorrhage ceased.

For a very few moments the man, I believe, slept. Awakening, he motioned to his wife. She went and stood close to the bed, and took one of his hands. "I'm dying, Valeria," he said.

"No," she screamed, "no, no." After that she merely kept moving her head steadily from side to side, still meaning to say "no," but unable to say it.

"I've been bad to you, Valeria—very bad—but—didn't

mean to. Any word to send to your—to your father and mother—in case I see them?”

Half speaking, half screaming, she replied, “Tell them I still do love them both, but you far more.”

“I should have been content,” he went on, “to love these Pike County people—*they*—loved *me*—to love them always—to work for them—to be content.—Content.—Content.—Right.—Doctor Shastid, you *were* right.—I— When I am gone, Valeria, *you* may be content.—We are as God made us.”

The change passed over his features, whereby anyone might know the rest that had come to him. His wife, screaming, threw herself across the lifeless body. My father said to me, “Come.”

We went out into the beautiful world, took the long, long walk to the buggy—God, how long it seemed!—a walk of only about fifty paces.

When, in the buggy, we were driving once again along the road, my father said, “Now you see, my son, in part at least, why it is that I— Well, I warned you to be content, not to wander in too many fields.”

But fate would not so have it. I never could be content either in Pike County, whose every hill I loved, or elsewhere.

I was born to be a wanderer and in more senses than one.

The schoolteacher had been just right. We are all as God made us.

And we went at once, as it happened, to a near-by place, to see another victim of tuberculosis, the great kill-master—whether an ambitious victim or one contented wholly, I do not know.

A pretty child he was too, but the dark angel was no respecter of persons on that account. “I cannot see. I cannot see!” the child kept crying. But it was no disease of the eyes whereof he complained, but mists in the brain.

When my father, at length arising from his chair by the bed, called the mother to one side, I, unable to bear it all any longer, ran out into the roadway, there to wait. All the way home I was depressed and horrified by the sounds



HODGEN-MUDD MEMORIAL UNVEILED

On October 30, 1928, there was unveiled in the Pike County Court House Yard at Pittsfield, Ill., a memorial to Professor John Thomson Hodgen, M.D., and to his nephew, Professor Henry Hodgen Mudd, M.D. Both these men so honored had been world renowned surgeons and teachers of surgery, and both had been Pittsfield boys. (In another corner of the same Court-House Yard already stood a memorial to John George Nicolay, the man who made Lincoln president, and to John Milton Hay, U. S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Secretary of State of the United States) and world-famous author, both of whom had been Pittsfield boys.)

The figures in the picture are these of the following persons, left to right: Attorney John Hodgen, of St. Louis, son of Dr. John

Thomson Hodgen; Dr. Roland Hill, of St. Louis, renowned surgeon; Dr. William E. Shastid, of Pittsfield, President of the Pike County Medical Society; Dr. Thomas L. Gilmer, of Chicago; Dr. William Allen Pusey, of Chicago, first cousin once removed of John Thomson Hodgen, and world famous dermatologist; Dr. Harvey Mudd, of St. Louis, brother of Dr. Henry Mudd and nephew of Dr. John Thomson Hodgen; Dr. Carl Ellsworth Black, of Jacksonville, Ill., widely known surgeon and medical author.

Altogether 150 distinguished guests were present at the unveiling from various parts of the United States and Canada. (Photograph by the courtesy of Mrs. Clara Willson Shastid, widow of Dr. William E. Shastid, Pittsfield, Ill.)



A NEARER VIEW OF THE HODGEN-MUDD MEMORIAL

the wind made in the hedges and the fields. They reminded me of Shakespeare's pretended lunatic, Edgar, in "King Lear":

"Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;
says suum, mun, nonny."

That night too, in my bed at home, I suddenly awoke with oppression about me.

First, there were distant voices, massive *but* distant, so that it seemed as if an innumerable chorus was chanting to a mighty organ in some far-away church. All at once an uproar broke on our very roof. Then came silence. Then again a low, pitiful moaning voice at some or another crevice. First at one place then at another. A low and aloof! Suddenly the soft moaning broke into great waves of threatening sound, as if some spirit of inexorable destruction were attempting to invade our home.

Silence. Long, long, unbroken silence. Intolerable! At length secret whisperings around gables and over ridge-pole, followed by soft shufflings of innumerable tiny spirit-feet at the chimney's top.

A formless void comes into the room, moves about, takes away something very near me and departs with it into the soul-filled night.

I reach softly—very softly—over and touch my brother, little Jon. Again I touch, feel his shoulder, breathe deeply. Happy after all, I sleep again.

A long day that had been! How crowded with events! Later, as a student at a medical college, I heard man after man declare that he "never would practice medicine in the country—nothing ever happens there." Now, the practice of a village and country doctor really is a little cosmos, a tiny universe. No happenings? No events? Is it not an event when the lark first sings? When the first hollyhock redeems the cabin wall with homely beauty made out of the soil? When the first frost comes, the first apples ripen, the forests begin to sadden with their whisperings of dead, falling leaves, or the first snowflake comes from somewhere up in heaven down to earth like a message out of God's own heart? Is it not an event when a highly educated physician like Dublin cannot, for all his excellent training, accept the greatest truth that has ever come into the scientific world, but begins instead to dislike his fair-minded colleague, thus disrupting an ancient

friendship? No "event" when ambition, through tuberculosis, kills a man, or even when a small child perishes? Is it not an "event" when— But the work of a doctor in village and in country is fuller of events, day in day out, night in night out, than that of any great specialist in a large city could by any possibility be.

At least it was in those days, before country medical practice had largely moved to town.

MOSTLY ABOUT FIGHTING

COUNTRY SOUNDS

My father said one day as we rode in the country and none of his patients was dangerously sick: "Can't you do better with your *Monthly Gazette*? It seems to me not only badly printed but also poorly written. At the beginning I had thought you were going to make a first class little publication of it."

"As to the printing," I responded, "that will improve when you buy me a better printing press. And it ought to be better indeed."

"Daddy strained his pocket-book to buy you the one he did.—Anyway, suppose you *first* improve your writing, and then, *second*, if collections are not too scanty, he possibly *may*"

"What's wrong about my writing?"

"Very many things. But first of all Daddy wants you to understand that he realizes how poor and scattering and in every way ineffective his own literary style is. But that he cannot help so long as he gives so much of his time to earning a living for four fast-growing boys. Writing demands time—time and incessant expenditure of energy.—But *you*—Daddy wants *you* to go a million miles farther than he ever can get.—However, first of all, *this* morning I just want to teach you one single thing about writing: In your descriptions never appeal to one single sense only, unless, as seldom happens, you have some special reason for appealing to only one. You, I am sorry to say, like most inexperienced writers, appeal merely to the sense of sight. You tell forever and always only how things *look*. A person would suppose that the world in which you live is a world of sight only—

nothing in it that can be experienced as heat or cold, or that can be felt or smelt or heard."

"Fault of the English language largely," I countered. "It is actually overrich in words that tell how things look, but poor indeed in those telling how they sound."

"True," he replied. "Yet it is rich enough too in, for example, sound-describing vocables. Recall from your shool reader Southey's 'The Cataract at Lodore.' You remember?

" 'How does the water
Come down at Lodore?'
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And, moreover, he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme."

"So the poet goes on to say how the water sounds as it tumbles down at Lodore, each succeeding stanza running into longer and stronger lines, and all the while roaring and booming and bounding and echoing and cascading and thundering, more and more loudly, until at last the brain of the reader can hardly tolerate the auditory stimulation. Remember?"

"Yes."

"And now, son, in just a few minutes, we shall be passing a thrasher outfit—see it up yonder?—it is partly sight but much more sound and I want you to observe both kinds of elements carefully, and then, when we're past the place, to describe the thrashing process to me, and when you get home write it all out and print it in your *Gazette*." (All this advice, remember, was being given me long years before similar instructions began to appear in college and high-school textbooks.)

As we passed the thrasher, I did my best to observe with all my senses, even the temperatural sense, and here is the thing I gave him—childish, stiff and formal, I admit, and yet a very useful exercise in observation, the foundation of all good writing:

"Journeying with my father in the country just the other day, we passed a field wherein a thrashing machine and its crew were busy at their active work. The brilliant sunlight brought us the sights, and the sultry summer air the scents and sounds, of this quite common yet also fascinating work. On one side of the thrasher with its insatiable maw and its

long, stair-like straw-carrier there stood a great stack of as yet unthrashed wheat; on the other, scores of sacks bulging with the thrashed out grain and one immense pile of flabby-looking straw.

"The sultry summer air was full of lulling melodies—parts, rather, in a great, grand song of the successful year. That song should have been titled, *The World Shall Be Fed*. Music inarticulate, yet strong with mighty meaning! The hum of the red and yellow thrasher is one part and a steady and sturdy one; the inexorable beating of the black, iron engine is another part; the rustle of the pitchforked straw, the shuffle-shuffle of the feed pans and of the straw-climb, all these commingling with the shouts of human voices rejoicing, spite of the quivering hot air, in their great work, came to us, along with the somewhat faint but delectable smell of fine new flour, already issuing a little from the bruised and over-dried grain, like something from a dream in the Arabian Nights."

"Better!" cried father. "Better! A little more like that will bring you a new press— But you used that word, 'inexorable'. What is it derived from?"

"*In*, not; *ex*, out or away from; and *orare* to pray; something one cannot be prayed out of."

"Good. Now a word we had yesterday, 'tribulation.'"

"I gave him the derivation (*tribulum*, a thrashing sledge, from which came *tribulatio*, a thorough beating up, such as the Roman wheat got). And then he tried me on various other words.

All these things I set down about my father, not because I wish to put on record this, that or the other mere trifle about an obscure man, but because I wish to illuminate the fact—for fact it certainly is—that country and village doctors were not, contrary to what so many suppose them to have been, illiterate beings who never could have attained to the slightest note in more conspicuous positions, but that, many at least among them, were, though doing the hardest work in all the field of medicine and surgery, finding time to cultivate their minds, to live the lives of those who know life's values—and yet were content—strange as it seems, were actually con-

tent—to pass away at last into eternal oblivion, so far at least as this world is concerned.¹

I have already stated that my father used to declare to me that he could give the derivation of almost every word in the then latest Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. And for hours on end I have quizzed him from that book, and have almost never found him failing. In Hebrew and in Syriac he was very far to seek, but, in Latin and in Greek, in French and in Anglo-Saxon, he, though he never spoke French, was nevertheless a scholar incomparable.

Alas! that his college-bred sons should have trailed so far behind him.

THE FIGHTING HEART²

My father had not, in general, what then was known as "the fighting heart." Almost every grown male had one in

¹ Nor have country doctors, contrary to the general impression, become extinct in the United States. According to *Time*, June 5, 1939, p. 75: "55,000,000 U. S. rural dwellers are getting horse-and-buggy care. Many interesting and valuable facts about U. S. rural medicine as it exists to-day can be found in the handbook of the Cooperstown (country doctor) Conference, entitled 'Rural Medicine' (\$3.50)."

I should set down here that my father oftentimes repeated to me Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. In the first sentence, however, of that notable composition he would invariably stop to criticize: "Does it not strike you, Thomas, as a serious mistake for Lincoln, even in the very first sentence of his 'Address,' to employ the word, 'proposition'? *That* word, in *that* sentence, falls like a dash of ice-cold water. Same effect as a geometrical technicality would have in the middle of the Lord's Prayer.

"It may be presumptuous for me to say so, but to me it does seem that 'sacred belief,' instead of 'proposition,' would have been far more harmonious with the rest of the sentence and of the whole address. Thus: 'Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition [sacred belief] that all men are created equal.'"

I then put in my lip. Said I, "Nothing about that entire sentence can withstand careful examination. 'Fathers' do *not* 'bring forth,' but mothers only. Fathers beget. Besides, the whole passage is a mixture of the literal with the metaphorical. 'Fathers' is literal—men, concrete male adult human beings, while 'liberty' is metaphorical—an abstraction which is only *considered as if* it were a woman. Then the absolute nonsense of having the 'fathers' 'bringing forth' something which had not been conceived in them but in 'liberty.' If the 'new nation' was really 'conceived in liberty,' then why did not liberty, in the usual sane and sensible manner, herself do the bringing forth? As to the 'dedication,' I certainly will admit that, when a considerable number of literal fathers produce in one and only one abstract and metaphorical mother an offspring which they themselves, then, instead of the mother, 'bring forth,' that zoölogical monstrosity should certainly be 'dedicated to the [crazy] proposition that all men are created equal.'"

But my father was horrified. He told me that I was attempting to deal with matters which were then far beyond my understanding.

²Those who may believe that I represent the old days and ways in Pike County as more combative and pugnacious than they could possibly have been, need only to read *The Pike County Republican* for September 3, 1941, article entitled "Early Pike Officials Had to Take Non-Dueling Oath." By that they will quickly see that I have described the old-time situation in a very conservative manner.

those early, double-fisted times. But the practice of medicine shapes its practitioners in its own way, which way, generally expressed, is one toward kindness, gentleness—helping not hurting. And yet my father could fight. I had seen him, in town, whip a man severely for attacking his elder half-brother, Captain George T. Edwards. And then there was another time—in the country.

As we drew toward the house, that of a man named Mensil, on the eventful day in question, my father observed, "There's Mr. Mensil in his yard, surrounded by his dogs. I like everything I see around here, excepting the dogs. I owned in my boyhood, son, a very large dog (he was telling me now for about the hundredth time) which seemed extremely fond of me. One day he got angry and tore me almost to pieces. Since then I have feared all dogs with a great fear. And the dogs seem to recognize that fear, even to dislike me for it. Hello! Who's coming from the house? Henry Mocksinger."

Now, Mocksinger, as I happened to know, was a wealthy neighbor of Mr. Mensil's, who, once upon a time, had employed my father to treat his impoverished sister. My father, who knew Mr. Mocksinger, had had that miserly gentleman agree in writing that he himself would pay the sister's bill. The sister made an excellent recovery, but then—and not till then—Mr. Mocksinger changed his mind and refused to pay. No particular reason, only—he had changed his mind. My father *had* treated poor people for nothing, said Mr. Mocksinger, so why not his sister?

My father sued. Mocksinger paid. But, after that, he kept out of Father's way.

Today, no sooner had we driven to the Mensil's hitching-post and got out of the buggy, than here rushed all the Mensil dogs—hounds, collies, mongrels—business voices uplifted, hair up, ears back. It was Father's first visit to the place, but the dogs did seem somehow to understand that he feared and therefore disliked them.

"Look out, son," cried Father. "Jump! Get back into the buggy!" His fear, great as it was, was more, far more, for me than for himself.

The dogs ignored me completely, passed me, attacked

my father with fury. A moment later Henry Mocksinger was up with the hounds. He had actually followed them over the fence, now was shouting back to Mr. Mensil (who, at the same time, was attempting to call off his dogs): "Hey Mensil! Come see yore hound's big mouth: gray cloth over all his teeth!—Well, Doc, I sicked 'em on you: how you like it?"

Now, my father had been irritable ever since Dr. Dublin had failed to speak to him or had spoken to him only with disrespect. He had said nothing to me on that subject, but I could detect the foaming rage underneath all that he had said on anything else.

So Father struck Mocksinger—struck him on the side of the neck and the man went down. Up again, too, like a shot and threshing rapidly with wild fists. He had not expected fight in the presence of all those dogs. Father struck: right-left, here-there-everywhere—but always above the belt, and where it would do good.

At last Mocksinger went to earth all flabby and bloody and breathless. "That'll do, Doc," he gasped. "You were right. I don't blame you."

Father helped him up. "I wouldn't have whipped you, Mocksinger," said he, "but the dogs might have bitten my son."

I looked toward the house. The dogs had all gone meekly back, and there was their master, restraining them, grinning too with great joy at the results of the fight.

Always after that I suspected that Mocksinger must, at some time or other, have attempted to cheat him too.

At all events my father was destined to have more trouble with Mocksinger about dogs, not Mensil's dogs this time but Mocksinger's own—a pack of hungry curs as ill-bred and dangerous as was Mocksinger himself.

A FIGHT THAT WAS A FIGHT

There was in those day a mighty race of men apart whom I loved with all my being. How I had come to love them so I still scarcely understand—perhaps it was because I had read the works of Elihu Burritt, self-taught blacksmith and one of the greatest linguists in the world of that day; or those of George Barrow; or because so many blacksmiths were

Irishmen or both Irishmen and good professional friends of my father. Among the blacksmiths that I loved the best was Michael McCarthy—big muscles, rich brogue and great warm heart of him included.

My father, if his horse had cast a shoe, would sometimes drive miles out of his way to have the shoe replaced by Michael McCarthy.

"Mike," as most people called him, was a country roadside blacksmith, as indeed were many of his fraternity at that day.

Now Mike, like many of the other blacksmiths in those times, was something of a doctor. "Mike, my wife's a pain in the chist. What shall I do for it?" would sometimes shout a passing farmer. "Red flannel and goose-grease will cure it," would be Mike's answer.

Mike, like all the other blacksmiths, knew a great many charms—charms for whooping cough, for measles, for scarlet fever, especially charms to keep such things far away from you. A great many persons had doubts about the value of these charms, that is for the protection or treatment of human beings. However, I have seen an Irish blacksmith whisper something softly into the ear of a horse, and presto! the horse had got over his colic—but not until something a veterinarian had administered to him had had full time to act.

They would all use axle grease to cure saddle sores. Splints they would rub with tallow and hot mutton bone, sprain with bacon, sweeny with eggs beaten up in vinegar. They would treat more obstinate cases of sweeny by cutting a hole in the horse's shoulder and placing a piece of folded leather in it.

For human beings they had so many remedies that I cannot even list them. Finally, they were great tooth pullers.

Seldom, however, did blacksmiths and doctors have any professional conflicts with one another. The blacksmiths pretty well knew their limitations in the matter of medical knowledge and skill.

The very same day, as it happened, whereon my father had had his terrible fight with Mocksinger, Black Jim, our horse, had cast a shoe. We, therefore, turned him about and headed for Mike McCarthy's smithy by the roadside.

I was all expectancy, as usual when about to behold again my old friend, Michael. The expectancy turned to ecstasy when I began to hear the faint cling-clang, clang-clang-clang of his musical sledge. A moment later I saw the brightly colored show-bills on the walls of his shop.

In those very old days there was always nailed above the entrance to the smithy a horseshoe, or a number of different kinds of them, and a great, spreading tree would be standing a little to one side of the door, offering shade and leafy coolness for man and for beast. Ofttimes two old men from a neighboring village would be playing checkers underneath that tree. Fortunately or unfortunately, on this day, at Mike's shop, the old men were absent.

Even before our wheels had ceased to turn, here came Michael in leather apron, sledge in hand and laughter in his wide countenance. "How're the two great docthers?" "Never better. How's Mike, and how's business?" Thus my father.

"Can't complain at all, Doc. I've set already this mornin' one buggy tire and three wagon tires. Then I completely removed two wagon tires, sharpened a rip-saw and a plow-share, mended a wagon tire, pulled a tooth for old Mrs. Johnson. An' now— Say, Doc, this here harse o' yourn's got both front feet toein' out."

"He has!"

"Surely has, and one shoe's off. Get out and stand just where I'm standin' and see the toein' for yourself." I do not attempt to imitate the man's soft brogue.

Father vaulted, I climbed after. "You're perfectly right," said Father.

The horse having been unhitched, Mike took him into the shop.

And there it all was again, a veritable house of magic—the anvil, the forge, the bellows, the sweep, or great curved handle above the forge, whereby the smith would "blow the fire."

Before he went to work, Mike turned to me with a twinkle in his blue eyes and asked, "Do yez remimber what I taught yez about the shop?"

"Yes."

"What's this blunt end of the anvil called?"

"The heel."

"And this pointed end?"

"The horn."

"Correct. Now these two holes on the top face of the anvil?"

"The square hole's the *hardy hole* and the little round one's the *pritchel-hole*—there's where you punch nail holes through horse shoes."

"By dad, Dochter, you've got a b'y with a good mimory for words." It was the simple truth. I have always had a good memory for words. If only I had had so good a memory for faces! I did not protest the compliment at all.

To my Father said Mike, "I've got a new grade of smithing coal. To do good work a man must have two things—good tools and good coal. Domestic coal and railroad coal are neither of them good for smithing."

When he had finished with Black Jim—even that old devil could not resist the alluring ways of Michael—the Irishman turned to me again. "Ye don't remimber how to count in the Irish language, nayther do ye recall the Irish alphabet I taught yez."

I showed him: "Ah-i, bet, coll, thaheer," etc. Then, "And almost every one of those words is the name of a tree as well as that of a letter."

I went out of the shop first. As I did so, a great giant of a fellow came from a near-by house which stood on the opposite side of the highway. He walked up to me leisurely, looking me straight in the eye. "Pretty proud of your father, ain't you, tumble-bug?"

I replied that I certainly was, then heard my father's words beside me—very, very softly spoken indeed, "Better leave the boy out of this, Harfield."

But the giant continued to address me. "I should *think* you'd be proud of him, livin' in that big brick house at the county seat. Know how he come to get such a house?"

"By doing more skilful work than you could ever learn to do," I replied wrathfully.

"Be quiet, son," admonished my father. "This isn't any boy's fight."

"O it's a fight, then, is it?" yelled the giant. "So it's a fight! I didn't know but maybe it couldn't never be nothin' but some words. Shastid, you charged me about ten prices for that little work you done for my youngest boy, and then you sued me and made me pay it."

"Which I couldn't have done," said my father, "if the bill had not been just."

"I ain't augerin' with you, Shastid. I'm just givin' due notice on what your trimmin' down's to be *fer*."

"These are fighting times," laughed my father. They were indeed that. "And those are fighting words. Also you do not see me running."

At this the blacksmith, himself a quite sizeable man, having finished with Black Jim, came round by Father and said, "Doctor Shastid, you once did me a favor—saved my life. Do me another and let me lick this monkey-mouthed fellow in your place. Five whole years he's lived across the road from me and I've never had nothing from his lips but abuse—him or his kids or his— And his dogs keep killing my sheep."

"What was that there you was just a-goin' to say about my wife but didn't?"

"Whatever you're a thinkin' about her is probably correct," said the blacksmith. "Let it go at that. She's all you probably say about her when you come home drunk, and, begorra," he fetched him a horrible blow on the jaw, "give her that with my comp'iments."

The giant farmer, so big and so solid was he, scarcely was budged by the blow, which surely would have killed any ordinary person. Instead of budging, he countered beautifully.

The blacksmith, however, ducked the counter quite as beautifully and the fracas was on.

The two were well matched, the farmer the larger and stronger, but the blacksmith also strong and, as I gathered, pretty well skilled in country boxing. At all events he seemed to be learning fast that the farmer knew not how to protect his stomach. So into Harfield's stomach he went, blow after blow, the giant apparently astounded that any man should dare to hit him in the plexus."

At last the big fellow was weakening, when all at once a shout came from beyond his own gate and then a tall young man, rushing up, cried out like a bugling hound. Mr. Blacksmith lifted his eyes in the son's direction momentarily, but that was enough. Harfield struck the blacksmith squarely on his nose and the "claret" flew from zenith unto nadir.

Only momentarily, however, did the blacksmith pause. Then he answered the onslaught—right-left, right-left—right-left, which happened also to be high-low, high-low, high-low—with Harfield's guards, at each and every lick, precisely where the former lick had gone but not anywhere near the spot where the present one was going. It was a gruelling discharge of blows. Harfield weakened—cried, "Enough!"

But, even as he did so, the even taller son, running behind the blacksmith suddenly struck him in the spine with a short, iron-bound club. My father wrested the weapon away from the fellow and tossed it into a field, saying only, "Be ashamed."

Then cried the young man, "I'll show you what shame is," and, to the blacksmith who, blowing his bloody nose, was attempting to say, "I'll whip this one too, Doc," he shouted, "Keep busy with your nose."

Thereupon the young fellow ran up near the blacksmith shop, and, sticking out his arms in Jem Mace fashion toward my father, roared, "Come on, you dirty"

Now I knew the strategy that was in the fellow's mind. (I had seen considerable fighting in those old, hard days, and had read about more of it.) He meant, when Father ran up to him, to set his back firmly against the wall of the shop, and then, as Father arrived, to kick him in the stomach or face.

I, in my childish way, attempted to warn Father of the enemy's probable technique, but he paid no attention—quite properly. He ran up to the fellow as if about to plunge straight into him—which would have been well-nigh fatal to himself, but at the very moment of the big fellow's kick, dodged easily leftward and quite as easily seized the chap by the throat. Now it so happened that my father, though

not so tall, quite, as his antagonist, was yet only a small fraction of an inch under six feet in height. Moreover—and this was the great point in that game—he had arms like those of a gorilla and hands even longer and larger in proportion.¹ He did not know the tricks of fighting well, but he did understand the advantages which his “reach” gave him, so, keeping that long right arm extended fully, he alternately jerked the enemy’s head forward then smacked it back against the house. Pretty soon he relaxed his grip a little, then calmly asked, “Be good if I let you go now?” “Naw,” whispered the assailant huskily, “when I get well of this I’m goin’ to set our whole pack o’ dogs on you. They’ll chew you into pieces.”

Thereupon my father flew angry indeed. His blue eyes sparkled and his face whitened. One thing he feared extremely was a dog—almost any dog of any size or breed. Apparently, therefore, he designed to settle that dog matter now. Well, he accordingly smacked the villainous head against the shop with so much vigor that, when he relinquished his hold, the man could no longer stand and was quietly helped home by his father.

On our way to other patients that day, said my father, “I’m thoroughly ashamed, Thomas, *terribly* ashamed. What I did by force might easily have been accomplished by diplomacy.” And over and over he kept saying how very, very much he was ashamed. Ashamed, ashamed, ashamed.

At last puny I flew angry, and shouted, “Well, I’m ashamed that you’re so much ashamed. You’ve done that fellow a good turn.”

Father only laughed heartily at my Lilliputian rage, then concluded the entire matter by saying, “Well, thank heaven, those dogs’ll never bother us.” Nor, in a sense, did they—though we had more trouble with Harfield.²

¹ I remember my father saying that, when he was not yet fully grown, he had measured his reach with that of Abraham Lincoln. Each, as was the custom of the time, placed the tip of his left middle finger at the house-corner and then, with breast laid flat against the siding and both arms fully outstretched, had some neutral person mark the point to which the tip of the right middle finger extended. And, though Lincoln, in height, was six feet four, my father’s reach exceeded his by three full inches.

² In a letter to me dated March 30, 1943, Mr. Ernest Moore, of Milton, Pike County, Illinois, an old-time blacksmith who is still active at the forge, wrote to me at large about old-time blacksmiths and blacksmithing. His back-look does not extend quite so far back

BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT

Having said so much in this section about dogs and my father's unalterable fear of them, I feel impelled to add at this point what I am pleased to call my "Biography of General U. S. Grant." It is one biography of the General which, to date, you never have perused.

I did not first meet General Grant while he was being born, but just a few weeks afterward. I can see him now, of a modest gray but with very decided black and white markings on his face and a strongly ringed tail. Even then he was highly affectionate, acutely inquisitive, unconquerably valiant.

The circumstances under which the meeting took place were as follows: I was standing in the middle of my father's big garden-plot, wondering just how the other boys and I

as to the days referred to in this book, yet it certainly adds no little to our knowledge of the aforetime blacksmith and his work, as compared with those of the present day.

As to "the lampers" mentioned in the letter (see extracts herein) Webster, under "lampas," defines the word in this way: "In horses, a congestion of the mucous membrane of the hard palate just posterior to the incisor teeth. The condition is physiological [not a disease condition] and requires no treatment." The condition, in my boyhood, was regarded as a disease and treated as such by all blacksmiths, the name being then almost universally written and pronounced "lampers."

Extracts from Mr. Moore's letter:

"In answer to your letter concerning the old time blacksmith shops I don't believe I can remember far enough back to furnish all the information that you wish, but I will answer your questions the best I can.

"Some of the shops did have a tree in front or close by. This was desired by the smith to furnish shade in hot weather to tie the horses in that came to be shod. This also gave the shop a more friendly appearance.

"Most of the shops did have a horseshoe nailed over the door. Some of the shops had several shoes over the door, of various shapes and sizes for various afflictions of horses. This was done largely to display their skill of shoeing horses and making the shoes. It was also a good luck emblem.

"All shops had a quenching tub (commonly called slack tub). This is still a necessity in the shop for cooling the work when finished.

"As for the old-time smith prescribing for the people's sickness, I do not recall the smith although I do recall the smith as the veterinarian. His most largely used instrument, as I remember, was a red hot piece of iron. This was used for healing cuts that were slightly infected and for any other ailment that could be touched with the hot iron. One ailment of horses that I recall was called (Lampers). This was a swelling of the gums, oftentimes swelling enough to hide the teeth, this was also treated with the red hot iron.

"I have heard of people doctoring boils with the water from the quenching tub and also giving it to canary birds to make them sing. I don't recall any other medical practices of the smith.

"The blacksmithing of today is much different from the old-time work. The horse-shoeing is practically gone, the buggy repairing is gone. These were the old-time smith's best work.

"The plow shares of that day were made by hand by the smith for walking plows. They are mostly tractor plows now, made in factories and only sharpened by the smith. They are much heavier and made of a much more solid steel.

"All of the material then was iron that was of such an inferior quality that the modern smith can hardly use it successfully.

would measure it off for the various sheds and departments of our little county fair. All at once a rustle in the still standing sweet corn over in the northeast corner of the plot! Turning, I beheld Johnny Lovitt, one of our finest little neighbor boys, just emerging from the corn—bare-headed, bug-eyed, and holding his hat, crown downward, by each side of its brim and looking upon it tenderly. The crown of the hat sagged heavily toward the earth.

"What you got there?" I asked.

"Show you."

He came up close, pulled open the hat, and there—General Grant, nose sharp as a needle, almost; face well-nigh covered by a black "burglar's mask," after the fashion of all coons since the pair belonging to Noah at the landing of the ark moved without the slightest apprehension across

"The work now is mostly repairing tractor drawn farm machinery. Most of this is done either by acetylene welding or electric welding instead of the blacksmith welding in the forge, although some forge-welding is done yet.

"The shop of today contains the forge, anvil and all the other tools of the old-time smith plus emery stands, acetylene or electric welding outfits (or both) usually a power rip-saw, a large post-drill for drilling holes in steel and various other machines for different kinds of work.

"I do not have any old books or pictures of the old-time shop. I often wish that I did have some pictures of this kind to compare with the shops of today. The smith of the old days was the fellow of the community that every one took their troubles to and followed his advice. He was quite a prominent character."

Concerning Mr. Moore and his son the February 23, 1943, issue of *The Pike County Republican* has this to say: "Let no one get the idea that the village blacksmith is a 'has been' in American rural life. Still a mighty man is he in his home community.

"The other day, when the local draft board put Kelly Moore, Milton smith, in I-A and was going to take him for the army, there was a general uprising on the Milton prairies. The embattled farmers of that section and of other neighborhoods more remote from Milton arose in protest and declaimed in effect: 'What! Take our smith! It will be over our dead bodies.'

"Daniel Hoover, J. A. Bauer, Jr. and Allie Landess circulated a petition and some sixty or more farmers who depend upon the Milton village smith, signed it, asking that the smith be deferred. It was indicated that so far as the smith himself was concerned, he was ready and willing to go to the army. But the farmers over-ruled him and took matters into their own hands. . . .

"Kelly works in the shop of his father, Ernest Moore, the latter's health being such that he cannot keep pace with the demands upon his shop in the matter of farm machine repairs, tool conditioning, etc. Kelly is a grandson of the late Cas Moore, one of the old timers in the smithy business. . . ."

So it is seen that the blacksmith and his shop, contrary to many books and magazine articles, have not by any means been driven out of existence by automobiles and great steel plants. Even the exterior of the shops is much the same: wagon-wheel leaning against unpainted wall, horse-shoe over broad doorway, especially the great tree with its hospitable shadow and ever-whispering leaves.

The smith himself, however, is no longer a three-fourths dentist or one-fourth doctor. That I admit. His occupation, though it continues to exist, is very much narrower in scope than it was in the days of the mighty blacksmith, Michael McCarthy—God bless him.

the backs of tigers, lions, and so forth, and then leaped gallantly off them to the highest point of Ararat. But the eyes—O, the eyes! How full they were of affection as they gazed straight at me! Much as to say, "Why, you and I are actually old pals to begin with!" But for all their deep affection they looked into mine unwaveringly. All at once—another rustle in the corn. And then out of the corn came a good sized, three month's dog of the neighborhood, a mean vicious cur even at that early period of dog life. From the way he was nosing about, I judged he had somehow got the odor of wild meat and was coming now to investigate it and the meat's possible availability. All at once the coon had left the hat and was moving toward the dog—not in the least because of any belligerency, but only in order, as it seemed, to place himself in a position where "righteous" self-defense would necessarily become inevitable. (After the fashion of human governments to a T and the world over.)

Now the coon— But the fight was finished. I had not even seen any fight, so quickly had it occurred. Yes, and the coon was back inside the hat, looking at me with those calm, bright, extremely affectionate, yet always unwavering, eyes.

Now I was enough of a boy to know exactly what Johnny Lovitt had come over to our place for. I said, "What do you want? the crow?"

"Of course."

"Can't have him. You know that. How about the two kittens somebody left here lately? My father and mother say I have too many kittens."

"And how much boot?"

Pins I despised as legal tender, nevertheless legal tender pins were in those days, perhaps throughout the entire United States. I said gladly, "A paper of pins."

"Make it two papers," urged Lovitt.

I delivered the cats and the pins, Johnny left for home, and I for our hayloft, where, in a jiffy, I constructed a beautiful cage for General Grant. All the rest of the afternoon, as I lay upon the hay reading, I would from time to time go over and talk with the Commander-in-Chief.

About two mornings later, as I came downstairs to breakfast, Father said to Mother, "I wonder what can be the matter at the barn? The last few days or so I have seen many dogs sniffing and smelling all about it, and, now and then, rushing into and then wildly out of it. The barn must be getting over-run with rats. I will have to look into that matter as soon as practice slackens a little." Look into it, however, he never did. Here's why. I had learned that General Grant, if I left the door of his cage open, would always go back into it, not only at night, but even in the day time as a safe retreat. The dogs could not follow him up the ladder into the loft, and, from time to time, if not too many dogs were in the lower story of the structure, he would slip down all of a sudden, and, without word of warning, re-fight Shiloh or Appomattox Courthouse. Hence, ultimately, the great scarcity of dogs in our neighborhood which had been noticed by my father only a day or two after he had first observed their colossal superabundance.

Had the General not been quite so brave or quite so voracious he would not so certainly have gotten us both into trouble. As it was, he had no hesitation whatever about leaving the barn for the house—where, of course, he was instantly spotted by Father and Mother as just another of Tom's already too numerous pets. His hands were almost human in their universal applicability, and his appetite—well, it was termed "excellent" whatsoever his busy hands laid hold on. He pulled to pieces and devoured some of my father's and brothers' toughest boots. He ate all my mother's tallow candles. He even unscrewed the caps of many of her Mason fruit jars, devouring the contents to the last sweet drop. I took him to bed with me one cold night, and, before cockcrow, he had risen, found the box wherein my Brother Willie kept his peanuts, hazel nuts, maple sugar and candies, and, before the loud crunching had wakened me, he had devoured not only the contents of the box but the sweet-tasting carton itself. The verdict: General Grant must go—go to such a distance that he never could return. In other words he had become as unpopular as his human namesake had become before the opening of the Civil War.

Then, in fact, there broke out another civil war—on a small scale.

But, first, we boys had a big county fair, had it in my father's large garden. There was a fine ring in which we ran horse races. There were peep-shows, too, ten pins a peep. There were gambling devices also, wherein the owners—strictly in accordance with grown-up ideas—never did do any gambling but got the pins inevitably. And then there were the pets—the cats, the crow, the dear little nanny-goat, squirrel in a very safe cage, and (last but not least in interest) there was General U. S. Grant—who asked no security whatever from bolts and bars but could always supply the article himself by paws, claws, and calm courage. He was quite as affectionate as ever, quite as motionless and silent, quite as clear, convincing and unwavering. All at once Jim Tormey came into the garden—I think it was Jim—leading a mastiff by a leash.

"Hey!" he cried, "cage up that coon er my dog'll kill 'im."

"Betcha?" cried Gus Heck.

"Yes, I betcha; you want a bet?"

"Who else'll betcha?"

Half a dozen others betchaed. Brother Jon held the money.

"You willin'?" asked Jim of me. "You own the coon."

I nodded—Grant was already on the silent road to Shiloh. The dog leaped—

But almost immediately gave tongue and departed, the little burglar-faced jockey firmly seated on his scalp, tearing out bits of choice dog-meat and flinging them to all points of the compass.

Then I heard my father crying from the edge of the garden: "Bring that General here and we'll all take a ride in the country together." The General now was coming back with many laurels (so to speak) and without wounds to his own person. I transferred him to my father's welcoming, even affectionate, arms.

In the buggy said my father, "Henry Mocksinger—you remember I whipped him because he had sicked another

man's dogs on us? Well, he's too cowardly to attack me again himself, even with another man's dogs to help him do the job, but, each day, as I drive past his place, he sics one or both of his own big curs after me, and, once, the bigger dog jumped into the buggy and I had a deuce of a time before I could throw him out. Yesterday he bit the horse—badly. To-day—I don't like to have to shoot a dog, or anything. To-day—"

"You won't have to tell *my* General what to do," I ventured.

Nor did he. Both dogs came flying—a great, swift collie in front and a lumbering, vicious mastiff for rear guard.

Exactly what happened I don't know yet. Father reached for Grant, but the General was on the job before he reached. The mastiff was receiving attention just as the collie shrieked and ran. And then the General was in my arms, unhurt. My father kissed him.

But General Grant, tough customer though he was, became eventually one of my father's patients.

Somebody had "tossed him something." The General, omnivorous gourmand as he was, swallowed it rapidly and without hesitation. I saw him in the act, in fact I had caught a bare glimpse of the departing tosser.

In a few minutes the General became very sick. I took him into the sitting-room of our home, and, pulling out the lounge away from the black-board, laid him upon it with all the tenderness of my soul.

"A gastro-intestinal irritant," diagnosed my father, who did the best he could to cure our little "pardner." But his efforts availed nothing. The General was terribly drawn by cramp after cramp—though never a squeal came out of him. Sitting by his side I comforted him, all the while he looked upon me with the same affection he had displayed the day when first we met. And ever, as on that day, his eyes were steady, unswerving, as willing as could be to face whatsoever of fortune or misfortune this world might have in pickle for him.

Once Father came round to my side of the lounge, so that I was compelled by the occasion to pass round to the side

opposite. And then I noticed that the General's eyes were still fixed on the place where I had just been sitting.

We boys of the F. S. S. were still rather small, so we buried Grant with full military honors.

My father, from a little distance, during the last part of the proceedings, stood very still and looked on.

There was yet another case wherein my father played the part of doctor to an animal, even a dog. One smoky autumn day, as he and I were driving leisurely along, there broke suddenly upon us the distant uproar of a deep-voiced hound. He bayed and he bellowed. He bugled and he "broke." He burst into crescendos of bitter complaint then fell into wails and sobs of uttermost despair. He stopped, listened for help, and, getting none, raised his voice in canine objurgation. Yes, who was he ever to have counted on human assistance?

"Dog's hurt," commented my father somewhat unnecessarily and stopping his horse.

He tied the hitch-rein to a fence-post. We both climbed the fence, and set off over a plowed field. Then we entered a dense wood, wherein we had no difficulty in finding Mr Hound. "This is Jim Rannigan's hound," he said, and felt out his fractured ribs. What had fractured them he did not know and the hound could not tell him.

He carried the dog in his arms to the Rannigan cottage, the dog licking his hand all the way and the Rannigan children almost doing the same thing when "Old Barney" was given the place of honor in the baby's cradle.

My father "supported"¹ those ribs as tenderly as if Old Barney had been a prince of the blood royal.

Back in the buggy I ventured, "You loved *that* dog, Daddy."

"No," he dissented, "I didn't. But I knew that the Ran-

¹ Fixation, or "support," of the chest-wall was the chief indication in the treatment of fractured ribs. This immobilized the fragments, thus not only lessening the pain but also giving the ends of the fragments a chance to unite (grow together again) more quickly. To effect this object the chest was shaved and then adhesive strips long enough to reach from the breast-bone to the spinal column were horizontally applied. All these steps were taken in the case of Old Barney.

nigan children did. Besides, that dog was sick. He needed a doctor—a good one. So I answered his call.”¹

REALIZATION OF DEATH

One forenoon in summer, while I read in Hayloft University, up there under the hot shingles and the coo-coo and patter of the pigeons across them, all at once—a quick, light step below, then the voice of my father, “Tommy, don’t you want to take a ride?”

A moment later I was in the buggy beside him, and moving rapidly toward the country—at about four miles per hour.

What a day it was! How full of life and energy! A day on which to discuss the very subject of life itself. I quizzed my father about life’s origin, told him all the obscene and foul-worded science of generation as I had learned it from

¹ Not seldom, when the excellent veterinary at Pittsfield was not available, my father was requested to act in his place. “Ef a feller kin kyore a jackass like me,” said modestly one of the wisest farmers in Pike County, “I reckon he ortew be purty good with a cow.” So Father and I went out to the barn, where, as I remember, I witnessed my first obstetrical procedure.

The weather was very cold and, though I kept my wraps on, I had to pace about the barn rather rapidly to keep even half-way warm. And I recall how glad I felt that I was probably going to be a doctor of human, not veterinary, medicine. Even human medicine meant hardships without number, but, somehow, it had never before occurred to me that the lot of a veterinarian must from its very nature be in that respect far worse. A doctor, arriving at a farmhouse almost frozen to death by a raging wind, could, at least in the majority of cases, get thoroughly warm before starting to examine his patient or while examining him. A “vet,” on the other hand, must almost invariably hurry to the barn, there perhaps to work for hours in its Arctic temperature.

And to do this kind of work oftentimes by night and for less, far less, remuneration, generally, than a country doctor ordinarily receives—little indeed as that is—seemed to me pitiable in the extreme. (I have not even mentioned the struggles they had with recalcitrant animals, bulls and stallions in particular, perhaps by the light of a candle-lantern and with hands half frozen besides.)

My father delivered the cow and afterwards “cleaned” her—i.e., removed the afterbirth and membranes. It was nearly sunset when, at last, we passed out of the barn on a squishy path between two cones of manure—cow on one side, horse on the other. The “squish” went half-way to our knees.

Oftener he treated a cow’s mastitis (inflammation of the udder). I have, however, known him flatly to refuse to dehorn cattle, and, especially, to ring a bull. Such things could wait for a veterinarian.

Once when we went to see an old horse for influenza (“epizootic”), he greeted us with a low, soft coddling nicker. And behold it was a long-lost friend of ours—“old Dick,” who had become too slow and weak for a doctor’s use and who had therefore been sold to a teamster, then to a farmer for his aged mother’s horse-and-buggy pulling alone. My father never had a more rejoiceful patient—or a horse a more attentive vet. Sugar? He got a plenty (with medicine on some of it).

In town, too, my father did some veterinary practice incidentally—again when a vet. was not available. In my very early boyhood there had been no educated veterinarian in the county. In those days the Methodist minister, a man named Gilmer, preached in the church across the street from our house. He was a great jolly fellow who was always telling funny

the boys. Then he offered me the truth, and how beautifully and sweetly he presented it! And how gladly, too, I accepted it.

And we discussed, as best we could, with all the differences of years and education and experience between us, the mystery and the majesty and the marvel and the meaning of the miracle-thing called "life."

House after house we visited.

Mostly I waited outside, and, as soon as my father had returned and got into the buggy, and started old "Quinine" on his way again, once more we would talk of that inscrutable mystery, life, and of its possible origin and its strangely doubtful continuance in the material universe.

I told him how much I had already wondered by myself about the fact of animal and vegetable existence, and how, in particular, when I had awakened on some stormy nights, at the banging of the thunder, I would think of the little, tiny earthworms, deep down in their subterranean galleries, and of all the dangers in which they lay. "They're not fish [for so I displayed my knowledge] and they can't get air out of water as the fish do, and so, when there is rain, they have

stories and keeping the little county capital in an uproar of laughter. Everybody loved him and his equally cheerful wife. My father was their doctor.

One day their giant of a dog—I think his name was "Sport"—broke a leg. "Nothing to do but shoot him" was the verdict of absolutely everybody excepting his owners. They called Father—knowing, too, how much he feared all dogs.

Father demurred. They insisted. They finally had their way.

The dog, at the strong insistence of his friends, kept almost unbelievably quiet. "Not healed yet, quite," my father would keep saying to his owners, whenever they asked to have the splints removed. And so they kept on keeping Sport quiet. It was the safer way.

One day, as the big, restless fellow lay reluctantly on pillows before the open door—it was summer and long before the days of door and window screens—all at once a boy's rabbit ran through the yard.

Zip! went Sport, splint, obedience, and everything.

When he came back, he had removed the splint himself and his leg was as sound as anybody's too.

Master and mistress rushed with dog to my father's house, where the emotional preacher actually broke down and wept abundantly.

For years I had, and still have somewhere, a delightful many-paged letter which master and mistress wrote—the dog no doubt supervising—to my father, expressing the most extreme gratitude for, and eternal remembrance of, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

Another animal-and-doctor story. A fine woman, when a ewe on her farm died, leaving a small black lamb, took the lamb into her home, bottle-fed it, petted it, brought it to full maturity. Then she would not part with it for the slaughter, in fact she called my father in a time or two to treat it. Always after adopting that lamb, she bore the nickname, Black Sheep—and seemed too to like it.

And whenever anyone mentioned this lady in the presence of others by her nickname, some one else man or woman, would inevitably comment, about like, "Women always did love black sheep the best, don't they?"

to work quickly out onto the surface of the soil, or else simply drown. And many can't move out quickly enough, partly because they have no eyes, and so they do very often perish." And I had pitied, I said, the earthworms, because they must, of course, like all the rest of us, love life. "All living things love life," I asseverated. "Isn't it so, Father?"

"Yes, mostly," he responded. "Except that, now and then, some poor human being, who isn't happy like ourselves, will commit suicide." Then he gave me a very long lecture, unthoughtedly of course, on the nature, causes and differential diagnosis of suicide.

So that, eventually, although he did not mean it to be so, the day began to look less alluring to me.

At length we stopped before a shining white house—no doubt a very small one, but yet, to me, then, apparently spacious.

It was a silent place too, an almost intolerably silent place, and my father remained inside the building for, as I believed, an unreasonable time.

Filled at last with an uneasy curiosity and a strange, unaccountable foreboding, I slowly moved up to the cottage and looked in at the doorway. And then—my heart froze.

A man, white-faced, black-bearded, in the very flower of his years, lay propped with pillows in a bed; and instinct told me that he might be dying. So intent was my father in his efforts to revive the man, that he did not notice my appearance on the scene. Four or five small children at the side of the bed, their faces pressed into the counterpane, sobbed convulsively. At the head of the bed stood a woman, unquestionably the wife. At a little distance were two or three other persons, apparently neighbors, weeping. The grief of the wife and mother was something terrible to behold. She did not seem so much to be shaken with many sobs, as to be held and bound in one vast spasm of woe. Her sorrow in fact too strong for intermission! But what it was that here most shocked and overwhelmed me, was not the grief of the spectators, great as that was, but rather the calmness and introspection of the dying man's face (if dying he were) its faint smile and great solemnity. No outward matters concerned it now. Apparently indifferent to the raging woe about, it seemed turned inward on the deepest

memories of long years, calmly and impartially surveying them, good and evil.

As soon as I could move, I turned and went to the buggy. My father came soon.

I did not tell him what I had seen and I kept my face averted that he might not know my depression. The terrible philosophy, that day for the first time, was deeply impressed upon me, that man must die. No matter how happy his heart, or how strong his body, or how beautiful the earth and all that lived upon it seemed to be to him, he must die. Death, so far at least as this world was concerned, was to be the end of all of us. Die, die, die; that we should all do. The whole great family of man should die. Such things, of course, I had heard frequently, and I had often seen at the church, just across from my father's house, many funerals and all the sad trappings and paraphernalia of woe, and I had even known those who had died. But now for the first time, or so it seemed, I perceived, as never before, the *meaning* of death, and the sad realization filled up my soul with gloom.

We went next, Father and I, to a place not far from the house where the black-bearded man had possibly died, and the mansion of sorrow, from where I waited in the road, could be distinctly seen, very conspicuous on its lofty hill, shining as a bright monument and warning.

It drew my eyes with a growing fascination. Turn as I might, I ever found my gaze reverting to it. "Gone, gone!" it seemed to say to me. "Forever gone! Life and love and happiness all gone. What do things matter, what does life amount to?"

I turned away, I closed my eyes, I dropped my face in my hands, I ran to the fence across the road and pressed my eyes against that. But in vain. I ever found my gaze turned backward to the house of the dying or the dead—to its grief, to its sorrow, to its imperative, its inexorable, instruction.

Be a doctor now, as I had always wanted to be? Never.

Overcome at last by the blackest melancholy, I deliberately faced about and ran along the road. I ran and I ran and I kept on running. At last I fell. And when I arose, a number of high hills had come between me and the sorrowful sight. "Now," thought I, "I am rid of it."

But I was not. For the sadness of death seemed to have followed me and to have spread, and to have covered all the earth, as it were with a black garment.

I went and leaned weakly against a fence, and looked into a field where, as it was summer, thousands upon tens of thousands of aged stalks of wheat stood, bowing, bowing, their grave heads in the pleasant breeze. And, as I looked, it seemed, in my overwrought condition, that the stalks, like me, were sad to distraction, that they had some dim foreknowledge of the sickle, and of the time when rain and shine and sweet myriad companionship would cease, when life, which had come upon them so mysteriously, should be as mysteriously taken away. For this reason it was, I thought, that, all day, all day, they kept bowing, bowing, their grave heads—in reverent and silent acquiescence in fate.

“If it must be so! If it must be so!”

Unable to stand the morbid fancies longer, I once more started away, and attempted to run; when suddenly—

“Hello, are you there?” It was my father, in his buggy, coming down the hill.

How gladly did I not run to him and clamber to his side! And then, as I told him of the black scene and the mood it had brought to me, how tactfully did he not guide my mind to pleasanter subjects—at first to matters of philosophic consolation about sickness, the relation of sickness to evolution, and then afterwards to stories of adventure or bits of history, and so on down to comical tales, to huge jokes and side-splitting puns—till the hills and hollows about us were filled with our joyous laughter.

We kept on laughing for a very long time, betwixt house and house—till the night came down; and then, as we drove, each through his self-peopled dark, my father sat unmoving and unspeaking, so long, so long, that, at last, like the child I was, I began to wonder if the night had not become to him what the day had been to me.

As we neared home, in the nearly deserted streets of the little town, I asked, in a tremulous whisper, “Dead?”

“Yes,” said my father, with a long, soft sigh, “dead. O yes, dead.”

I leaped suddenly out of the buggy and ran ahead to our house, crying all the way, "O dead, dead, dead!"

I shall never forget the little white house and its large black message. That tiny building in the country, which I seldom saw again (for my father almost always drove away around it whenever he had me with him) became in my after years a kind of controlling image which, over and over, took possession of my moods, and even, like an unconscious tyrant, directed a good share of my conduct—boy, youth and man.

Sometimes it has been as a terrible battlefield for me, again as a curious way to happiness.

It has caused me, I believe, to set upon life an unusual, a strangely exalted, value, and to hate sickness, death and war with an inexpressible, almost infinite, hatred.

It has, to a large degree, though no doubt indirectly, been the prime-moving cause of whatsoever little service I may have been able to render to the cause of humanity, and, especially, to international peace.

HENRY SUTLER, DISOBEDIENT

A doctor's patients (sick people) and clients (those who employed him to attend their sick) varied a great deal in their attitude toward him according to the place where and the occasion whereon they met him. Take, for example, a Sunday morning at a country church.

Father and I would almost always be in the building before the church members themselves would. He always abhorred going late into church. For a while the crowd would slowly gather about the hitching-rack or in the cemetery.¹ Then they would file into the room with stiff solemnity. There indeed they would generally not speak even to one another, excepting only the very aged. The doctor and his little son they would scarcely seem to notice. "It is incongruous," they appeared to me to say, "for those who believe that bugs, not devils, are the producers of disease to sit, even though silent and apart, in God's holy

¹ For a full treatment of the characteristics of old-time churches and their cemeteries in Pike County, see *The Pike County Republican*, January 20, 1943, p. 6, article, "Names Famous in Country's Romance and History Found On Stones in Hinman Cemetery."

temple." Outside the church, however, and when sickness struck hard in the home, they almost always welcomed the doctor with outstretched hands and quick, overflowing obedience in their hearts.

Henry Sutler, though, was neither particularly religious nor dependably obedient. He was a man of striking character, successful in business, quite well-read, kind to all his neighbors. One weak point there was about him: he never liked anybody to tell him what to do. Sick or well, he did not want to be told—well, anything whatever.

But when he came down with typhoid fever, he let both his wife and his doctor counsel him—at least for a short time and up to a certain point.

Then Henry Sutler's condition began to improve. Henry did not understand typhoid fever, but he thought that he did. After the fourth week, when he had no more fever and scarcely any pain, *he* informed *my father* that he was all right now, that he was going to get up shortly, dress himself and set about his work. My father told the man about the extreme danger of hemorrhage from the bowels in a case presenting just such symptoms as his at that particular stage of the disease.

Henry persisted. My father resisted. Henry begged his wife to bring him his shoes, his shirt, his trousers. Father told her not to bring them. "Henry," said he, "if you do not promise not to dress before I say that you may, I'll gather up every particle of clothing that you have in the house, take it away home with me and burn it."

Thereupon Henry Sutler drew a long breath of resignation and promised that, in every particular, he would do precisely as my father had ordered him to do.

Father and I then went away happy.

Scarcely, however, had we driven half a quarter when we heard behind us a woman's shrill screaming. Turning, we saw Mrs. Sutler standing on her front porch, crying and frantically gesturing to us to come back.

At the house again we arrived just in time to see Henry Sutler faint and fall to the floor. Yes, he was dead, and his trousers were full of blood.

That evening, at home, I, child-like, stood alone in our kitchen garden watching the fireflies all over the yard suddenly brightening the summer air with living and ascending light, then, as suddenly, disappearing downward into utter darkness.

And I thought again of the little white house and of many other terrible things till the cheery voice of my mother from the back kitchen stoop called her little brood to supper and the gayety of those who live.

THE FLOOD-GATE AND THE HARP

Sometimes, when my father went into a farmhouse, I remained in the buggy and played to the farmer boys on my harmonicon—"harp" we called it in those days. (Sometimes too, on the road, I played it for Father.) I always have had little talent for music, so was joyed to the heart whenever accused by my tiny rural audience of using a "trick harp"—whatever that may be.

One day when Father had left me in his buggy just across a creek, with the horse hitched to a fence near a flood-gate and not a soul in sight, I leaned back all by myself against the buggy-hood and began playing my harp. All at once I saw a queer movement in the water just beyond the flood-gate rim. Then, slowly, there came out of the water one boyish head and then another. As I kept on playing, eight or more boys emerged completely from the deep water and climbed atop the flood-gate, where they sat quite silent and apparently enraptured by the music.

All of a sudden, down the road a rattling farm-wagon hove in sight conveying Mr. Farmer with a young lady by his side. Kersplash went the gleaming bodies back into the water, like so many white-skinned frogs.

When the wagon had passed, out came the gleaming bodies again and ranged themselves atop the flood-gate.

But now one of them begged to be allowed to play my harp. "I kin do it better'n you kin." I let him play, but hardly had he started his tune when one of the metallic reeds of the instrument came loose and lodged in his throat.

Consternation then in the whole group! "He's got a piece of harp in his throat, and now he'll have to die." A wail from the harpist, "Get me to the doctor quick!"

The boys having jumped into their trousers, helped me convoy the gasping harpist to the house where my father was seated, instruments in hand, awaiting the arrival of another little harpist, zero age.

The bedroom door, where the mother-patient lay, was banged shut. My father had me hold the family looking-glass in the sunlight at such an angle that the light came over the patient's right shoulder, was reflected over my father's left shoulder and so into the patient's throat—the customary procedure with throat cases at that time. And there, surely enough, trapped in a pit of the tonsil, shone the reed from the harp. Forceps removed it easily. "Skat!" shouted Father and away went we to the creek-side again.

Two or three years later, one of the same set of boys, swimming alone in the same deep pool above the flood-gate, drowned.

In a dream one night I saw him, tried to help him, was wholly unable. Always after that, as I drove with Father past the flood-gate, I saw that dream as if it were being enacted again.

SCUTTLED

Yet another in this series of mortality sketches—death is so common even on farms.

Some one scuttled a flat-bottom boat which the smaller boys of two families were using on a large horse-pond near the barn of one of them. Recent rains had increased the depth of the water and a discharged hired hand of one of the families had come back in the night, bored a hole in the bottom of the boat, put a cork in the hole with the small end projecting a little into the boat just where the boy who steered the boat would be sure, eventually, to place his foot—thus pushing out the cork. A smear of sticky mud over and around the cork had been used to conceal evidence of the crime.

Next day the four boys went into the boat, pushed off. Two began rowing, one steering. Presently the boat filled with water.

The two larger boys could swim, but not well. The two little fellows could not swim at all. The result was, appar-

ently, a double drowning. Father and I by chance driving near, were summoned to the farmhouse. There we resuscitated the little shavers.

About this time, their father, who had been absent, returned. At once he guessed the culprit. He leaped back upon the horse by which he had come, but his wife shouted, "There he is now in the barn!" And indeed the man who had scuttled the boat containing four small boys was peering from the loft of the barn, grinning with glee at the trouble and danger that he, the moron, had produced.

Two neighbor men who chanced to be passing were hurriedly told of the situation. My father and I remained with the little patients, while the three big farmers dashed down to the barn. Two guarded the front entrance while the father ran round to the rear in order to block the criminal's exit.

The stage seemed all set for a first-class, home-made hanging, but Mr. Hired Man was equal to the occasion. From the rear hayloft door he leaped down on the father of the boys so heavily as to stun him. Then, turning, he plastered rain-softened manure all over the stunned man's face.

Fetching a circuit round the orchard to the front of the house, he mounted one of the neighbor farmer's horses, and away!

We afterwards learned that the fellow had crossed "Old Man River" at the Louisiana Ferry. At all events the man was never caught. But rumor for a time was rife that "somebody must 'a' found 'im and made 'im so's he *never could be found no more.*"

And I still am wondering if rumor, for once amid all its errors, was not correct—despite the fact that nothing at all was ever printed about this matter in any of its phases.

THE BOTTOM MAN

Still one more mortality case.

No, the "Bottom Man" was not someone who stood, or possibly lay, at the bottom of the social ladder. The name referred to anyone who dwelt on a creek or river bottom—Illinois or Mississippi. Now, the bottom man was clearly distinguished from all other men by the fact that he suffered a very great deal from malaria. (Nothing then was known

about the real cause of malaria, or why the bottom people then so often had malaria.)

One day Father (I went with him) was called to see a man at El Dara, whose home, however, was somewhere over in Missouri—the Missouri, or western, side of the Mississippi river-bottom. His name was Treelaker, or something like that. He was a typical bottom man, too, but pretty well off financially because of the great fertility of his bottom farms.

And now he was terribly sick. He had in fact been attacked quite suddenly at El Dara with a congestive chill, which means an exceedingly vile, painful and dangerous chill, produced by a very unusual dose of “double-shot” malaria.

The man had, for very many years, owed Father for medical services rendered away back yonder when Mr. Treelaker and his family had lived on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River. Mr. Treelaker not only had never paid his bill but he had also refused point blank to pay it or to try to pay it, and, in addition, with all sorts and varieties of profanity, obscenity and other expressions of deepest contempt for every sort and kind of doctor. But, just now, he believed himself dying. So he had sent a good messenger “haste, post-haste” to Pittsfield in order to have my father come and see him.

When Father and I arrived on the scene, the man did in fact appear to be passing away. His intellect was unclouded, his internal temperature was normal. His external temperature, however, was that of Greenland’s icy mountains. There was also, from time to time, most furious vomiting, purging, and intestinal cramping. The man was rapidly approaching collapse.

His condition was made much worse by his intense fear of death. He kept murmuring, “Save me, O God! Save me, Doctor! I done you wrong, I know, Doctor! But save me! I’ll pay you plenty, Doc. I’ll pay you even more than you have ever asked me. Pay you for this work too, Doc. But save me!”

My father did save him. He gave him first a hypodermic—quite a novelty then. And so on, covering the whole program of things useful in a congestive chill. And so, at

last, he did save him. We left him for awhile in order to visit another patient—half a quarter of a mile or so away. Returning, we found Mr. Treelaker sitting up, drinking hot coffee and “as sassy as a jay bird.”

“Say, Doc,” he cried as we entered, “know why Missouri got all the Treelakers and Illinois got all the Shastids?”

“No. Why?”

“Missouri got first pick.”

Yes, as sassy as a jay bird—and again a dead beat too.

But, inside of a week Mr. Treelaker had paid that bill—with costs—the way he generally preferred to pay.

In about three months he had another congestive chill. Being angry at all doctors, he would send for no doctor, and his death, I confess, made very little sorrow in my childish heart.

I MOURN FOR THE LAUGHTER

There was great gayety and laughter in those days, as well as sorrow and death.

How I mourn for that laughter, that gayety! Always it seemed to my father that the Pike County gayety was ever at its best just south of Hodgen Hill (the hill which Father had so christened, a wooded and rocky climb from Honey Creek to the fine plateau-road running by the side of what had been the boyhood home of Hodgen. To me, however, it appeared that the merriest merriment and laughingest laughter were only to be found in what I had christened Sundance Valley. Now that was a valley which lay some distance south of Hodgen Hill, and to which I had given the name, Sundance, because always it seemed to me, whenever we approached it from the north, to be filled with dancing beams of sunlight. And the people around and within that valley were always, as I saw them and heard them, even while, overburdened, they kept at their labors, to be full of quips and rallies, and unlimited jocundity.

I pause for a moment, now a white-haired physician at Duluth, Minnesota, with sixty-eight years added of arduous experience both in medicine and human nature, to wonder if I do really remember aright the laughter of Hodgen Hill and of Sundance Valley as it was well-nigh three-quarters of a century ago. Was it not perchance the abundant laughter



MRS. GEORGE L. PURKITT

Mrs. Purkitt, when the wife of a former husband, the Rev. Garbutt, became the foster mother of John George Nicolay and a great friend of the still younger John Hay, later (successively) Assistant Secretary to Abraham Lincoln, editor *NEW YORK TRIBUNE*, U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, Secretary of State of the United States.

Mrs. Purkitt had been born in New York State, February 10, 1816, as Phimelia B. Scott. She married the Rev. Garbutt in 1841, and almost immediately moved into the house already depicted in this volume as "The Garbutt Home." The Rev. Garbutt died of smallpox in Memphis, Tenn., in 1855. Her foster son, Nicolay, remained in her home till 1857, at which time he was twenty-five years old. Mrs. Garbutt married George L. Purkitt in 1865. Shortly afterward she and her husband removed to North Monroe Street, just across from my father's house.

Mrs. Purkitt was a woman of fine character, well educated, versed especially in history, intensely religious, and yet possessed of an unflinching sense of humor. She died November 26, 1895. Visiting at Pittsfield during her last illness, I went to see her. She was in much pain and greatly emaciated. Yet she whispered me to bend over her. When I had done so, she referred to the great horror which she knew I had always felt concerning death, also to the terrifying experience which I had had in childhood at "The Little White House." "Do you know, Tom," said she, "that the only fear I have of death is that a fly may possibly become enclosed in my coffin with me? I do detest flies so. I have fought them all my life. I should terribly hate to have one of them shut up in my casket with me and me unable to get the pesky creature out."

She cackled with joy at the jest against herself, like the hero that she was, in great pain and facing death.

I kissed her, and she said, "Thank you, Tom. You have always seemed like a son to me. You know I never have had a child myself."

And I never heard her voice again.

For some of the above stated facts I am indebted to another foster child of Mrs. Purkitt's, Mrs. Helen McDonald Kelly, also to her son, Louis Kelly, who, in 1938, wrote down some of his mother's answers to my questions.

then in my own childish heart that made all things about me seem to be laughter-filled? When anyone has become so old that, though he still receives the papers from his old-home town and county, he nevertheless oftentimes discovers in them no scrap at all of news concerning anyone he knows, is it not indeed possible that the laughter which he hears again is his own childish chuckling come back to him as if from the mouths of others? I have merely to turn to my old childhood diaries, however, to remove all fear of inaccuracy. There I find indeed a very clear record not only of my own old-time impressions of abundant gayety in and about Hodgen Hill and Sundance Valley, but several records besides of the stated impressions of the very inhabitants themselves of those places in those days, concerning their fondness for laughter. Thus "Uncle" Tommy James, as I have it, remarks: "Doctor, do you know that people livin' down along this Pleasant Hill road are the laughin'est people that ever existed? Well they air. On a trip out east, here lately, I ain't heard nothin' like it at all. So solemn they air! So solemn!"

Not merely, however, were the people of Hodgen Hill and Sundance Valley given over to hilarity and fun. People all over Pike County were much the same. These heavy-laden farmers, yes and their over-burdened wives too (working to the very last day of pregnancy while a pregnant mare would be browsing around unworked) were almost invariably cheerful, full of laughter—gentle smiles, wide grins, or full-open, rip-roaring guffaws and involuntary yells which evoked the answering laughter of the otherwise drowsing hillsides.

They did much more, too, than laugh. They whistled. They sang. Occasionally an even clearer whistling than theirs would pipe from a bobwhite down in a lonesome hollow, or a meadow-lark, mounting a rail-tip, would teach mankind what singing ought to be.

Yes, these unsung heroes and heroines sang. And they whistled and they joked. The Joe Millers and the Joan Millers of that day *had* to be merry. Their merriment was protective, enabled them to live when otherwise they could not. Struggling to clear land, working without the assistance oftentimes of any labor-saving inventions, attempting in

many places to produce good crops on grudging hillsides and working always in competition with the deep, rich prairie soils to the east of Pike County and poisoned always by the frightful malaria of the great river bottoms on each side of them—Illinois and Mississippi—they could not, I repeat, have remained in existence, these hardy pioneers of that terrible day, without the assistance of cheerfulness and jollity and whistling and song.

Irritable they were often, it is true, even to the very fighting point, yet, as a rule, they had with them cheerfulness and jollity and whistling and song and peace.

JUST LITTLE PICTURES

Most of my recollections of the old days are mere tiny pictures, incomplete, often, as well as tiny. Here are one or two of the most typical.

One summer day I sauntered into the kitchen at home, offering to stir the cake-batter. My mother was standing before the flour-chest, bare-armed and kneading dough. Jon came in with a large armload of wood for the cook-stove.

And—well, that's all there is of it. But I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for the memory.

Then again, one night, in our kitchen, as I'm talking with Mother, in walks Mrs. Phimelia Purkitt (born Scott). Upon a time, as heretofore stated, she had been the wife of the Reverend Garbutt, him who had one day brought to their home, riding double, the young John George Nicolay. Not wanted in his stepmother's home, John was only too glad to become the foster son of Mr. and Mrs. Garbutt. Now, Mr. Garbutt had been at the time not only a minister of the gospel, he was also publisher and editor of the *Whig Free Press*, likewise a job printer. In this business of editing and printing young Nicolay worked with his foster father until the latter's death in 1855. Then, or it may have been earlier, he himself took over the business, which he conducted with increasing success. After his removal from Pittsfield he, in 1860, became campaign secretary to Abraham Lincoln, and so on, as already herein stated.

On this particular evening she became highly anecdotal, told me an unusually large number of stories about "her

boys," the "two Johns," Hay and Nicolay. My mother being interrupted in her listening by the arrival in the sitting-room of a far more formal caller, Mrs. Purkitt, who lived just across the street west of us, invited me to accompany her to her home. That I did, and for a long time she regaled me with still further stories of her boys, showed me many letters from them both, also the great picture of Lincoln and his two private secretaries—again *her* two boys. The picture, as I remember, had been autographed to her by Nicolay.

And so the happy hours fled till, all at once, my father appeared, wanting to know, once again, if I would go with him into the country. And here, once more, my story abruptly stops. I cannot recall at all the trip we made that night, other than that it was over in the west side of the county.

Another truncated recollection, typical of the place and time, refers to the north and east of the county. Father and I one evening, had been seeing patients over near Griggsville Landing, on the Illinois River. Coming back homeward, he was called in at a farmhouse, and, a little later, coming out to the buggy, he announced that this was another o.b. case at which he would almost certainly be detained until morning. Could I, therefore, drive home in the buggy?

"And let you walk eight miles about dawn? Good-bye! I'll see you tomorrow."

"You're too little to walk so far!" he shouted.

"I'll show you *how* little!"

"All right. Go it, boots!"

I went it.

How vigorously I walked and how proudly! I was really a good walker too. But, after a time, I began to think that I must have gone past Pittsfield, or else that the road, since morning, had been considerably elongated. All at once—was that Jim? *black* Jim? *our* Jim?

I went up closer and found it was Jim, our "equine devil." Softly he nickered. I looked at my box of bones, which my father always kept beneath the seat—femur, humerus, and a special box of skull-bones. All were there precisely as I

had placed them after reciting to Father on them that very day. There was no mistake: I had gone round in a circle.

Hearing the front door of the house open, I was off like a shot again. And, this time, the sky being bright, I would ask no directions of anyone, but, being self-reliant, would keep the Great Dipper behind me.

The road twisted and turned, however, and the dipper became no trustworthy guide. I at last stopped at a very large house to ask my way.

"Why! you're Tommy Shastid, ain't you?" was the response. "Well, you're a great *ways* from home, son, an' the best thing you can do is to go right down to my brother-in-law's house yonder—where you see that horse an' buggy standin'—and ask your pappy to let you ride home with him."

I sat down, uninvited, "Got some coffee"—thus I.

"Of course."

I drank the whole cup, thanked the donor, rose and strode off, *again* toward Pittsfield.

How beautiful the whole world seemed under the stimulus of that coffee. The air was filled with the sound of cicadas and the scents of new-mown hay. Here and there a light gleamed from a window. Silhouetted forms crossed illuminated curtains. I wished myself a part of the human scene within each home—a scene from which, by the darkness and by natural privacy, I was so cruelly excluded. My throat tightened.

The big dipper was swinging high as I entered Pittsfield and approached the center of the universe. All at once my father's voice behind me, "Get in and I'll take you home."

On another occasion, after supper is over, Jon beats me on the start up town. I had to run for half a block to get by his side. Then, as always on such occasions, we "caught hold of hands" and ran the rest of the distance on our tireless bare feet (all children went barefoot in summer-time then) to the post-office—which was then on the south side of the Square. In the post-office I had my own separate lock-box, apart from the one for the rest of the family, and in that separate box was cast all the mail for my *Monthly Gazette*, herein already mentioned, or for T. H. Shastid, or Thomas Hall Shastid, or for the Grand Master of our boys' F. S. S.

(Friends Secret Society) which was what I then was—and still am, for that matter, for I have never been constitutionally deposed and have no competitor for the position.

There was a great craze, in those days, for all boys whose fathers would buy them printing outfits to publish amateur newspapers or magazines. Most of these papers had subscription lists as short as the Irishman's pants, but fun it was and fun without measure to exchange with all the other boy publishers. Some of my "exchanges" in those days were issued by boys who have since become famous—for example, Josephus Daniels, U. S. Secretary of the Navy under Woodrow Wilson, and, later, U. S. Ambassador to Mexico. These exchanges alone would oftentimes fill my post-office box of an evening, and great fun it was for Fritz Niebuhr and Gus Heck, Luther Hyde, George and Herman Robinson, and sometimes other boys, as well as for Brother Jon and me, to stand and watch the big lock-box grow full. Now and then, with a feeling of importance, I would unlock the box and, taking out some of the exchanges, pass them round in "our crowd." Nothing could exceed the dignity with which, on such occasions, all the members of "our crowd" would stand around, perusing their papers in quite the solemn manner of the town's biggest and most prosperous business men.

On the particular evening in question, Brother Jon got sleepy soon and therefore departed for home. A few minutes later, just as I was about to display to the other boys my fast growing "jay birds" (biceps muscles) in walks my father. A respectful silence falls over the boys. Father exchanges, as was his wont, the kindest greetings with them all and then—"Tommy, do you want to go with me into the country?"

Just where we went that night and what we did when we got there, I remember not at all. But I do remember distinctly that very happy beginning of the trip. And it, too, sticks in my memory, a mere truncated piece of a story, meaning little when looked at in one way but much when looked at in another.

That night I had a curious terrible dream, in which, at first, I seemed to be in the post-office again. Everything was

as sharp as in a steel-engraving. There stood even the very bucket of water on the self-same split-bottom chair, an arrangement which, at that time, served as the public's highly unsanitary drinking fountain. There was the rusty dipper too, with a very dirty string connecting it to one ear of the bucket.

There was a sudden agitation in the stationery store which occupied the front half of the post-office room. Here schoolbooks were sold, slates and pencils. In fact, as a printed sign tacked to the front side of a counter informed the public, "Everything needful at the Public Schools." Under this some imp had added, "Except paper wads and spit-gun."

All at once Fritz Niebuhr and Gus Heck seemed to be saying to me, "The trouble's with the spit-gun. Look out! Look out! They're breaking up your printing-press with a spit-gun."

I awoke in a terror and, indeed, there was trouble about a spit-gun, for a little dog named "Minnie," which belonged to a neighbor but to which I had several times been kind, was licking my face and squealing with great anxiety. Running to my open window, she leaped on the sill thereof, turned and whined in tones of utter anguish.

It seemed to me that she must be trying to tell me that vandals were breaking up my printing plant. I actually heard some kind of crash, I thought in the wood-shed, where my printing plant was kept. Donning my shoes, I sped to the wood-shed—there to behold three actual vandals—big boys all of them—leaving the scene of destruction with heavy hammers in their hands.

That ended my *Monthly Gazette*. Next day I sold the wreckage to a boy named Harvey Arnold for whatever I could get for it, and, years later, even after I had studied medicine and located in Pittsfield to practice there with my father, that harsh night of vandalism, arising like a despicable ghost, came near to costing me my life, even though at the time I was trying to save the life of one of the very vandals. But of this hereafter.

AGAIN THE LITTLE SIDE-SKIRMISH IN A GREAT WAR

Once more the Stettenhausens and big, authoritative Dr. Dublin swam into our ken. We had, in fact, on a number of occasions, since the last above narrated, been called into the Stettenhausen home for some trifling complaint of Mrs. Stett. herself, and, on one of the times, about the following colloquy arose between Clown Stettenhausen (who, still weak from his fever, was fighting flies as he lay in bed) and Clown Donovan.

Said Clown Stettenhausen (I still have the record in my *Monthly Gazette*) as he languidly "puzhed away zum vlies" (there were no door or window screens in those days):

"Early to ped
Und early to rise.
Dere's a reason for dis
Und der answer is vlies."

All of which made me, the typical small boy, laugh loud indeed.

Little could I foresee the stark tragedy to be enacted soon on the bare boards of this humble country home (or one to supercede it) or how that tragedy would in a way be a fearsome echo, a soul-shaking repercussion (humble enough and yet symbolical too) of a vast series of events in the great outer world, the importance of which has never been surpassed in all human history, even to the moment in which I write.

Several times after the scene above narrated my father and I went out to the Stettenhausens, on all those occasions to see Mr. Donovan, and, on each of the occasions, the trio—Mr. Donovan, Mr. Stettenhausen and his wife—were always even more than courteous and kind to myself, but, to my father, they were sometimes courteous and again just a little sneering. That, at least, was true of Mr. and Mrs. Stettenhausen.

Then, one day, the storm began, though slowly, to break. My father and I, seated in his office, were running over some new microscope slides. All at once there came a low drum-

ming, then a loud and rapid crescendo, of hoofbeats, down from the public square. The rider halted directly in front of our office door.

Not dismounting, he shouted, "Doc! O Doc!"

"Yes!" responded my father and went to the steps outside.

"They want you out at the Stettenhausens."

"What's the matter?" inquired my father.

"How the hell should I know?" was the discourteous response. "You're a doctor. Go see."

All the way out to the Stettenhausens' my father kept saying, "There's something hot beneath the surface of things out at the Stettenhausens'. It's been there for a long time. Break out soon I'm afraid. Boil."

"Dublin," I suggested, gently.

"O no, no, no. Dr. Dublin would never interfere in any case whatever. Too ethical. Might be called in, but, even then, he'd not respond to the call till after a consultation with me. He's hasty and hot-tempered, he's this and he's that. But talk to my patient in my absence? O no, no, no—Some day I'll tell you all about consultations as treated in the code of ethics."

But when we reached the Stettenhausen house, rather the place where once that house had stood, it stood there no longer. On the spot was only a square of black-and-gray ashes. Even the fence had burned. Sheds and stables too had disappeared in smoke with only an ashen reminder.

We stood stupidly about, Father foolishly inquiring (of me!) "Where have they gone to?" Then again of me, "Where can we find out?"

"Maybe there in the school-house." I pointed.

But even before I had done so, the school had "let out," and the merry band of children, two-thirds of them at least, came rushing toward where we stood. "Want to see the Stettenhausens?" inquired one of the larger girls in a silvery voice. "Yes." "Then you go this way about a half mile or a mile and a half, then pass Dog Rib, then half a quarter the other way, then go up Hog Holler awhile and come round this way—" And so on. Her explanation left him perfectly mystified. He cross-questioned. No better result.

All the children by now had gathered round the buggy, most of them deeply impressed by that magical being, a country doctor, yet quite happy too because he had been the friend of most of them. Asked a little girl, "Doctor Shastid, do you remember when I wouldn't take my medicine till you took some of it first to show me it was all right? I was just a *little* girl then—more'n a year ago." Said another, "Do you remember when Mother used to make us all 'pretty up' before the Doctor (you) and Tommy came? I was a little girl then."

At length one of the smaller boys proffered, "Let's go with the Doctor. Show him the way: we know it. 'Sides, most of us live down yonder."

"O no," protested my father.

But a shout of approval went up. Some of the children even took hold of the traces, and lucky it was that Old Yellow, not the "equine devil" was the horse we were driving that day. Others seized the shafts, still others the hubs, others still grasped the bed of the buggy from behind. With jestings and happy laughter we moved on.

Even after we had arrived at the Stettenhausens' new house the children would not scatter to their several homes, so I, all the more gladly, as both Stett and Don seemed glum and sour because of their recent enforced removal, sat on a stump in the dooryard where I could watch the children across the roadside playing. After a little, however, they dispersed, the shadows grew long and melancholy and I went into the house.

And there was my father, leaning over Mr. Stettenhausen and setting a fracture of his right thigh-bone.

Next day I had to go to school, and my father visited Mr. Stettenhausen without me.

Then, on Saturday morning, came again the same reluctant messenger, on the same foaming horse, and shouting in the same rather insolent manner. "Get out to the Stettenhausens. They say that thigh's still worse and they want you to see if you can't do somethin' *fer* him *this* time."

So out went we once more and behold! Mr. Stettenhausen had, since my father's last visit, got up from his bed and, spite of the extension apparatus and the splints which my father, the day before, had adjusted to the limb, had at-

tempted to walk across the room. So trying, he had fallen over a chair, thus converting his "simple" fracture into a "compound" one.

Now, a compound fracture was (and to some extent still is) in those pre-Listerian days a more serious matter than a simple one. In a "simple" fracture the wound (break in the bone) does not communicate with the atmosphere: in a "compound" fracture it does—that is, the end of one of the fragments (or the ends of more than one) is or are pushed through muscle and fat and on through the skin into the air. A simple fracture, therefore, being closed to the air, does not become contaminated (infected) with the pus-producing germs (ofttimes other germs also) which the atmosphere invariably contains. A compound fracture, on the contrary, having once been open to the atmosphere, does become thus contaminated with germs—from air, dirty clothes, etc. The consequence is that a simple fracture, once reduced—i.e., so manipulated and splinted that the fracture-ends of the bone fragments are brought into proper position and kept there—as a rule heals promptly and without danger to life. Not so, however, in the case of a compound fracture. In that terrible condition sepsis (infection) was, under the pre-Listerian modes of treatment, almost certain to occur, and the mortality was extremely high. In fact in compound fractures of the thigh-bone, like this fracture of Mr. Stettenhausen's, the percentage of deaths was greater by far than the percentage of recoveries. Sometimes indeed the patient would die quite suddenly before the infection had even had time to develop—i.e. from fatty embolism (globules of fat getting into the blood and blocking up arteries in the heart or lungs).

The old-line treatment (that before the kind developed by Joseph Lister) was, in a word, amputation of the limb instantanè. And then, almost always, the patient died as the result of the amputation.

You would not wonder, O reader of the present day, at the fact that in those times an amputation resulted in the majority of cases in the patient's decease. If kitchen-table surgery is a dangerous affair to-day—and all know that it is—how much more dangerous was it not in the days of which I write? Take, for example, just the matter of flies. To-day, the humblest farmhouses are protected against flies by metal

screens. The only screens to be had in my boyhood were those of mosquito netting, a flimsy affair composed of cotton threads whose already too large meshes were widened materially by every little breeze that blew, so that, after such screens had been in place for only a day, sometimes for merely an hour, they could not have excluded even a June-bug. And, besides, very few farmhouses had mosquito-bar screens. They stood wide-open so that not merely flies, but insects of a thousand descriptions, after puddling their numerous feet in the liquid manure of the horse-lot, or—even oftener—the unspeakable cess-pool known as the privy, would, attracted by the food-smells, fly through the kitchen doors and windows, and, while the surgeon did his operation on the kitchen table, would, spite of the efforts of the surgeon's assistant to keep the flies away, infect it very thoroughly. Sometimes when I, as a surgeon's assistant, turned for a moment in those good old day to get and pass to the surgeon some additional instrument, the wound, in that brief interval only, would turn absolutely black with flies. Then too I, when assisting at an operation in (as a rule) the very much cleaner living room, have known the dust from a passing farm-wagon out in the "hub-deep" road, to come into the room and, all of a sudden, to cover the wound with dirt. And, oftentimes, that little occurrence would be repeated a score of times before the operation was finished.

"But," says some one, "why not have sent these cases to a hospital?"

Answer: Because, quite frequently, there was no time to do so. Besides, there was in those days no hospital in our county or in most of the counties adjoining. Furthermore, a hospital, in *those* days, was the very worst place in which to do an operation.¹

¹ Says Victor Robinson, "The Story of Medicine," pp. 420-421: "The practical application of anesthesia closed forever one of the most terrible chapters in surgery, but the worst of all remained. In fact, the conquest of pain, by increasing the number and variety of operations, augmented the evil. Every hospital gloried in what was called 'a good old surgical stink.' Every surgeon was proud of his old operating coat, which he neither washed nor changed, for the accumulating incrustations of dried blood and pus attested to his experience. Operators and their assistants came from autopsies or the dissecting-room, and without cleaning their hands, examined patients and parturient women. Appalled at the frightful statistics, he, Simpson, the discoverer, in 1847, of chloroform anesthesia, collected, he remarked that 'a man laid on the operating table in one of our surgical hospitals is exposed to more chances of death than the English soldier on the field of Waterloo.' Septic poisoning was an ever-present horror, often supervening on the slightest operation; the stench of infection filled every ward, and phagedena was rarely absent;

In Mr. Stettenhausen's case my father determined there was to be no surgery but that, instead, he would treat the compound fracture of the femur shaft in the young Joseph Lister's most approved manner, which is to say, not only with fixation (by Hodgen's extension of course) but also with free drainage (through openings and counter-openings) and ample sterilization (germ-killing) by means of proper strength solutions of carbolic acid.

All right. I had to assist him, first of all of course, in thoroughly cleansing that open, infected, wound and then in applying the carbolic acid. After that, in reducing the fragments (getting them back into line). This proving intolerably painful to the patient, I administered the ether and my father reduced.

All through this stage of the work, Mrs. Stettenhausen stood by and adjudged, rather misadjudged, the work. For one thing she would say to my father from time to time, "He 'pears to me too young, Doc. Give that ether yourself." "My son can give ether just as well as I can. Besides I'll have my hands more than full when I try to reduce this fracture." "Humph! Give that ether yourself."

In the midst of our performance, I heard a slight sound behind me, turned, and there, lo and behold! was old Mrs. Rickshaw and her two daughters, looking toward me with distinct disapproval.

Presently I looked again, and a little boy had added himself to the duo. "Ma," he whispered, tugging at his mother's dress, "Is this that *bad* doctor—the bug doctor?" "Sh-h-h!"

Presently Mrs. Stett, returning from the kitchen, waved and billowed up to Mrs. Rickshaw and likewise whispered, "Tain't no way *I'd* do it."

And immediately thereafter three or four other neighbors sidled through the doorway, all women and all, strangely enough, silent.

pestilence followed in the footsteps of the most careful surgeon, and often the number of coffins carried out of a hospital corresponded to the number of patients who had entered. So Simpson tried to abolish the hospital system altogether, or urged that hospitals be constructed of iron, that they might frequently be removed, rebuilt and renovated. The suggestion does credit to his warm heart, but it indicates how he and his generation worked in darkness."

Thus, after all, the so-called "kitchen table surgery" was the best surgery of its day.

After that came in old Mike Flannihan, a little, dried-up, red-eyed, thick-lipped monkey-faced man, who had "a hitch in his git-along," and who spoke out familiarly (sounding like a skeptic at a funeral sermon): "Well, Doc, how're you an' your bugs comin'?"

After that I did not notice for some time just who entered. Then, all at once, old Gran'pa Hillson I saw come in. Sidling up to Mrs. Rickshaw he whispered, "O, they've got Shastid: John's all right." Mrs. Rickshaw did not respond and I went on attending to the anesthetic, giving only a minimum amount.

After awhile Father inquired, "Primary anesthesia?" "Yes."

He first cleaned, then reduced—quite successfully. Very slowly he applied the Hodgen extension and the Blake splint. Through the flesh he made punctures and counterpunctures for copious drainage. Mr. Stettenhausen began coming out from the anesthesia, talking crazily for awhile, then sleepily but rationally. At length I assisted my father in copious flushing of the entire wound. This was painful and Mr. Stettenhausen strenuously objected. Some of the persons, in our fast-growing audience very plainly took sides with Mr. Stettenhausen, as if in fact a kind of debate were going on between the patient and his doctor.

All at once, the audience moved backward into the room, as if out of deference to some superior being.

Then occurred the unoccurable. Into the oblique slab of sunlight stretching from the front (south) doorway clean across the cleared part of the floor to the west side of the room there fell, slantwise, the gigantic shadow, head and neck, of a slowly moving human being. Slowly too, although as inevitably as fate itself, the rest of the figure followed—shoulders, arms, torso, thighs, legs, even the feet.

In stalked, thus preceded and pre-announced by his own colossal shadow, the almost equally gigantic form of Dr. Dublin—and paused, standing on the doorsill, the very type and picture of offended authority, dignity, majesty and whatever else exists in that line.

My father looked up.

In an interval of awkward silence they merely regarded each other steadily. Then Dublin began "strutting his

stuff," as the slangoes of the present day would put it. "Shastid!" remonstrated Dublin, with a rising inflection. Then "Shastid!" with a falling ditto.

My father simply gaped in stupefied amazement.

Seconds later the offended majesty of the entire medical profession and of many other great ones of the earth, moved into the room. Napoleonically it sat down. Its cold blue eyes swung boldly from one to the other of the two principal characters—the dreamy, only half-awakened, patient, and his stunned and deeply outraged doctor. My father, at a loss what to say, whistled softly to himself.

Dublin, naturally, was not at all at a loss. "Like everybody else, John, you're only a piece of dirt. That's all that we all are, only some of us (looking toward my father) are dirtier than others. But why do you want to go back to dirt before your time?

"Understand me. I couldn't possibly take your case myself now. You don't understand our code of ethics, the rules of right and wrong in the medical profession, but they are very binding on us and they make it impossible for me, having come into a case like this, ever to be the attending physician in that case. So you see I am not endeavoring to get your practice for myself. That's not why I'm speaking. Besides, as these good people, each and every one of them, clearly understand, I have more practice now than is good for me." That no doubt was the truth. A number of persons in the audience humbly lowered their heads out of deference and full assent to the views of the superior being.

"But," he went on, "for the sake of yourself, John, and of your fine wife here; and your son out in Kansas and all your friends—of whom certainly I am one—get rid of this semi-crazy 'bug doctor'—get rid of him."

Said my father, with a forbearance I had not believed possible, even for *him*, "I, John, am giving your fracture a treatment that is highly recommended by some of the greatest surgeons of the world—the United States, Great Britain, Germany—everywhere. It has nothing to do with 'bugs,' no matter what our friend, the Doctor here, may tell you. But a fracture that has once torn through the flesh and contacted the air has always become contaminated with some of the dust that was in that air—the dust you can

see in the air whenever a very bright sunbeam passes through it." I could not help remarking the skill with which my father had spoken to Mr. Stettenhausen about the "dust in the air"—a substance with which the farmer was already familiar, instead of the microscopic vegetable organisms which were in the air *along with* the dust but which, to a mind like Stett's, would have been absolutely meaningless. I was also delighted with the tactful way in which my father had side-stepped Dr. Dublin's bid for a discussion of the subject of ethics before these simple people. They understood, however, *dust*, played with it, worked with it almost every minute of their lives. When my father revealed to them the (to them) new fact that this dust could poison wounds, they grasped the idea. They could see the dust.

He even went farther, as he began applying to the wound his carbolic solution. "You yourselves often use hot goose grease on wounds. Why? Because you have found that hot goose grease largely overcomes the poisonous effect that dust has in wounds. It is very good treatment, that hot goose grease. I am using this present treatment instead of the goose grease only because, though it acts in the same manner, it kills the poisonous nature of the dust more thoroughly—takes every bit of the poison out of the dust, not most of it but all.

"Is it not wonderful that the Great Mind of the Universe is always in one way or another, sending us better and better things?"

As I noted this quiet and tactful generalship on my father's part, I, mere boy though I was, began to perceive more clearly than ever before what he meant and long had been meaning to all these worthy people. He was to them not merely a doctor, but a prophet, a statesman, even a spiritual guide. They actually came to him often to talk about spiritual matters when they would have been ashamed to speak on the same subject to their preacher—the man they felt to be too impeccable, too remote from common beings like themselves.

And I also thought of the striking differences between my father and Dr. Dublin. The latter's snapshot judgment, his self-assurance, his gross materialism, his supercilious attitude toward people in humble circumstances,

stood out—in spite of a really great excellence in the manipulative, the merely mechanical, side of surgery—in very unfavorable contrast with my father's ineffable modesty and gentleness, his slow but accurate judgment, his tactful tolerance, his thorough scholarship, his open-mindedness toward all really valuable innovations. But, just now, he was running on again—quietly, spite of the huge volcano that was boiling up again inside him.

"It gives you, John," he was saying, "this new treatment, affords you the only chance there is to save both your life and your leg."

Dublin shrieked with rage. "If you don't take an amputation, Stettenhausen" (a great commotion occurred through every portion of his huge, but highly nervous, body) "you will surely die. I risk my professional reputation on that judgment.—Shastid, get out."

My father arose and I saw the wildfire in his eye. Yet he did not address himself to Dublin.

"Did you send for this man?" he asked of Mr. Stettenhausen.

"I tit not to dot."

"Did you know he was coming?"

"I tit not know dot." After long moments he added, "Pud I am nod zorry he is here. He is goot toctor too. You is pode goot toctors."

"Of Mrs. Stett he also asked, 'Did you know that Dr. Dublin was coming?'"

The paunchy creature put on the brakes, came to a full stop. After plainly working her memory hard, she found the right answer—"No."

Dublin quit pacing the floor, and, going up to Mr. Stettenhausen, commanded with a curse (he had often cursed before, even in the presence of women, and had never seemed to be hurt professionally thereby) "Choose."

Mr. Stettenhausen closed his eyes; his wife went into the kitchen.

"I tell you," repeated the huge doctor, in a transport of rage, "*choose*. Choose either this charlatan here, or else let me send to for an independent surgeon, say 'Hopleiter.'" He said "Hopleiter," I knew, because Hopleiter was a German.



"THE ENDS OF THE EARTH"

In other words, the old Metzgar place, some miles northwest of Pittsfield.
(Old photograph by the writer)

Stett slowly opened his eyes, good old Stett, and he murmured with extreme slowness, "I keep my luck. An' dot means [he turned to my father] dot—means—I—keep—you."

Dublin sprang toward the sick man almost as if he had lost his senses. "No such quackery as this," he yelled. "No such—I will not permit—this is a crime—this is a criminal thing—I will settle this now." He began peeling off his coat. "I will at once—"

"An' *phat* will yez settle at once?" cried the shrill voice of an old woman. "I think Shastid is right."

Then jumps Dublin toward her and shouts at her in his great, biggity way, "And who has requested the honor of *your* opinion on this case, Mrs. Hoolinan?"

"Who requested yours, me fine lad? Who towld *ye* to come *rooshin'* into Docther Shastid's case, informin' him what he cud and what he cud not do? An' don't you go to thryin' anny av that high an' mighty language ye're so well known for on *me*, ye spalpeen, or I'll up an' tell the intire *kimpany* jest how ye bled me husban' one day in me absence an' left him wid a cut exthernal joogular an' his hed still hangin' over the edge of the bed an' still bleedin' like the divil himself while ye went off to see another patient, an' a pretty girl it was, an' ye forget to come back an' stop me husban's joogular, an' so 'twas in that plight I found him unconscious an' nearly dead. Say can ye deny it to me face? Ye know ye can't deny it an' so Doc Shastid here, he happened to be coomin' along an' our hired hand caught 'im an' brought 'im in an' he saved me husban's life. Deny it. Let me see ye to the door, good gintleman. An' do ye deny that in thim there days Shastid was the very *onliest* doctor in all Pike Coonty that said bleedin' was harmful, an' that well advanced doctors was too progrissive to resart to such harmful procedures anny more. An' ye laughed at 'im, ye did. Ye *laughed* at him (no wonder ye're backin' out o' the house) ye laughed at 'im, jist the same as ye're damnin' at 'im today."

She followed the Doctor to the door and even beyond it, woman-like, to get the last word and a good many of them. "Jist the same as ye're damnin' 'im today for bein' more advanced than *ye* are. Arrah now! Bleedin' me husban'

almost to a cross in the graveyard, an' you a-forgettin' to come back an' see 'im. If it hadn't been for the man you're a despisin' this very day—"

But all her audience had trickled away and Dr. Dublin was over the hill toward Pittsfield.

Then the old Irish lady, saying a long good-bye to us all, went her way too—head still high.

"Nobody can silence the Irish except more Irish." Thus Mr. Donovan, cockily.

"I hef notice dot," agreed John, laughing almost gayly.

My father patted his shoulder, said "Good cheer, John. Dr. Dublin means all right, but— Well, you're going to get well."

Dr. Dublin had beaten an ignominious retreat, but I knew that we should hear from him again, all the more distressingly because of the shaming experience he had undergone to-day.

For some time, however, we saw Dr. Dublin no more, and, as Mr. Stettenhausen seemed to be doing more than merely well, we had no cause for worry on account of either of these men. Then, for a time, there arrived a run of bad luck for the Shastid practice. Several babies that were in my father's care all at once died within a few days of each other. And my father had always had such excellent success with babies too. Then a prosperous farmer, out El Dara way, died, and a few days later (both were patients of my father) his wife— It was "just one of those things." I have known my father to pass through an entire sickly summer without one single death, and then, all at once, to have three or four deaths in one week.

I became greatly depressed about these recent deaths, remembered indeed a certain Little White House again and its melancholy lesson that all of us must die. Why could I not forget that lesson permanently? How the thought would arise within me, even in the midst of the pleasantest pursuits, perhaps at a wedding or other country merrymaking! Die, die, die. Always *with* me. No getting away from it.

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE

Then—it was a quiet summer evening in the country. Father and I were driving homeward and the moon was rising, when I happened to ask him what “burking” meant.

Instantly he told me the entire story of Burke and the “resurrectionists.” “Burking, resurrecting, body-snatching, sacking-’em-up—all these terms,” he said, “and even a few others, mean about the same thing, at least the last three do.”

“The last three? What’s the difference, then, between them and burking?”

“Burking,” said he, and it was characteristic that first of all he gave me the derivation of the word, “is derived from ‘Burke,’ a man’s name, William Burke. It means really to murder, as a rule by suffocation, but also by any means whatever that leaves no mark of violence, and then to turn the resulting body over to some medical school for dissection. This is an instance, my son, one of innumerable instances, of a proper noun transforming itself into a verb. In this particular instance the verb went on and proceeded to evolve even another, a secondary, meaning: to dispose of quietly or secretly. Hence to-day we read in the newspapers, for example, The bill was then laid before the legislature but was promptly *burked*.”

“But who was this William Burke? What did he do? And what’s the meaning of resurrecting, body-snatching, and sacking-’em-up? Why should people have to disinter dead bodies in order to get dissection material?”

“A long time ago,” he responded, “a very long time ago—it is a highly gruesome story—there was in England and Scotland a great scarcity of dissection material. Not on the Continent, remember. There was in all the Continental countries, even then, enlightened legislation on the statute books, whereby dissection material in great abundance was provided for medical schools and the consequent benefit of living humanity. But, in all Great Britain, no such law. On the contrary, it was in England and Scotland by law a very serious crime to dissect a human body. That law itself was a crime, one which led to the robbing of many graves, of most poor-houses and even some hospitals, yes and even to back-door murders.

“This William Burke was one of the worst of the murderers. He flourished in the eighteen twenties, about the time when there had taken place a large increase in the number of private schools of anatomy in Great Britain and even a much larger one in the number of medical students both in British private schools and in those attached to the universities. As a natural consequence dissection material became scarce and the price went up. As high as £50 was sometimes paid for a single corpse—even then. Body-snatching (illegal disinterment) became a regular profession. In London alone more than two hundred men made fat livings by robbing newly-made graves.

“The Crown’s authorities could do little about the matter. Catch the resurrectionists they could and did. But seldom could they get a conviction. You see, many of the most influential doctors in the country sympathized with the snatchers. No snatchers, no bodies. No bodies, no dissections. No dissections, no sound knowledge of the human frame—no anything whatever in the way of a foundation for medical instruction.

“Then the snatchers—you see how one bad thing begets another—the snatchers, perceiving that they had the thumb-screws on the medical authorities, pushed up their prices higher and higher still. The doctors could only comply.

“But all bad situations, chiefly because things that are bad in their nature do necessarily keep on getting worse—tend, eventually, to blow up. This sack-’em-up situation did that very thing.

“How? Well, the resurrectionists became more and more daring. They worked sometimes without a sentry watching. Exhumed a body occasionally in broad daylight, when passers-by were not afraid to interfere. In one particular instance, a Miss Wilson had been courted by two young men. One of these, winning the lady’s favor, soon died. The other hired a notorious snatcher to exhume the body, which he did—but was caught in the act, the unsuccessful suitor along with him.

“After a time the snatchers became so daring, so unscrupulous, that they started black-mailing the medical authorities themselves—e.g., Mr. Snatcher would agree to deliver say three good, freshly buried bodies for £10 (fifty

dollars). After delivery, he would ask for say £30, saying the price had been £10 apiece, not £10 for all three. Of course there would have been no written contract. If only the agreed-upon £10 were finally paid, then there would promptly appear on the scene some very notorious character, perhaps a long suspected but not yet convicted murderer, making stern demands on the head of the medical college for that extra £20—or perhaps the amount was now increased to forty—on the ground that he, the claimant, was the man who had actually done the snatching, while the man, his *direct* employer, who had tried to collect the £30 but had received only £10, had positively refused to pay him, the real snatcher, his promised share, £20.

“Matters grew worse and worse still. The authorities grew bolder, snatching more dangerous. At length, when the danger had reached a certain height, the snatchers, at least a considerable number of them, turned from the comparatively harmless snatching to cold-blooded murder. We can almost hear them say, ‘Why didn’t we think of that in the first place? We stand in an alley, or near some back door, and, when some nobody (no relatives, no friends of any consequence) steps out before us, we simply throw a silent cotton-bandage loop round the nobody’s throat and tighten it. Then—sack-’em-up! No walking long distances to graveyards. No big job of digging in the dirt and breaking into coffins. No three or four pals to watch various cemetery entrances. No long distance, after the robbery is over, to carry a heavy cadaver along to a medical school.’ It worked like a charm, the new procedure. And murder? Well the medical authorities simply *could* not afford to be mixed up with charges of murder.”

I put in, “But William Burke: what had he to do with all these things?”

“He and his partner, Hare, were the worst of all the murderers. They never had been resurrectionists. Too dangerous, that, for these fellows. On November 29, 1827 (it is really a date to remember) Messrs. Burke and Hare sold the unburied body of an aged friend, filled the coffin with tanner’s bark, then disposed of the body to a medical college for £7 10s. That was a very large sum for those days, and the money had come quite easily! After that they *murdered*

—imbeciles, street-walkers, undesired children, any and everybody who possessed few or no friends! All, or practically all, their bodies Burke and Hare sold to no less a person than Dr. Robert Knox, a renowned professor of anatomy—although, at the place of delivery, No. 10 Surgeons' Square, the bodies were actually received not by Knox but by his two assistants—William Ferguson, later to become a distinguished surgeon, and Thomas Wharton Jones, later to be the greatest of British ophthalmologists.

“Burke and Hare, however, flourished for only one single year. On Hallowe'en, 1828, ‘under the very shadow of Edinburgh Castle,’ they committed their last murder. Caught next day! The trial of Burke was held in December, 1828, and the fellow was executed in January, 1829. Hare and some of the other accessories were acquitted because they had ‘given state’s evidence,’ or as people expressed it, in those days, in Scotland, ‘turned witnesses for the Crown.’ Robert Knox, the famous anatomist, was completely exonerated—not even tried. Though he became exceedingly unpopular and had even to become a wanderer on the face of the earth because of the abhorrence the public felt for him, he nevertheless lived on to die of apoplexy not so very long ago (1862).”

“Father,” I asked, after a moment’s thinking, “Did you ever have anything to do with body-snatching?”

“No, my son. But my old preceptor and college dean, Joseph Nash McDowell, very often did. In fact he was one of the worst of all body-snatchers. I have probably dissected, without knowing the fact at all, bodies that the unscrupulous old chap had purloined from the grave. In fact he once upon a time told a group of us students—I never can forget the day and hour—of such an ‘exploit,’ as he called it, in which he had engaged over in this very state.

“At the time, bodies were scarce and St. Louis graveyards were watched closely. McDowell and some helpers therefore went over into Illinois where a country funeral was to occur. The deceased was a whole family that had perished in a fire. Within an hour after the burial was complete, Mac and his two stalwart diggers, one of them a colored man, were exhuming the corpses—none of them much in-

jured by the fire, but dead from smoke. All of a sudden—loud voices drawing nigh!

“The next instant half a dozen rough-handed farmers, armed with pitch-forks and other tools, had surrounded them, seized them, brutally beaten them with their fists. They then declared that they were going to bury ‘these three city robbers’ alive in the potter’s field (charity section) of their cemetery. To the potter’s field therefore went they all.

“ ‘This here potter’s field,’ remarked the leader, a country giant (as McDowell told the story) ‘among other things is a fine place for dead or dyin’ criminals. We buried a squad o’ Confederate soldiers there oncet, we ketched goin’ into Missouri.’

“ ‘We may be criminals,’ protested Mac, ‘but only in the cause of science. And surely we’re not dead.’

“ ‘Hain’t ye? Well, ye mighty soon will be. How long ye think ye can breathe in one close-packed grave, all of ye, an’ air gettin’ scarcer an’ scarcer? Here we air in the potter’s field now, an’ nobody’ll ever know what became of ye.’

“Now Mac, despite all his silly characteristics and despite the fact that he was fool, highly learned professor and renowned surgical genius all rolled into one, nevertheless was an extremely shrewd, practical person when it came to matters affecting his own hide—the dermal case, or ensheathment, wherein he, so to speak, lived and moved and had his scientific and various other kinds of being. He had therefore, as it appeared, taken the utmost precautions against even the very slightest possibility of murderous rebellion on the part of the farmers who lived adjacent to the cemetery.

“He, in other words, had armed with revolvers a squad of several of his most dare-devilish students, whom he instructed then to slip into the graveyard by an obscure side-entrance, and to be well hidden among trees, and so all ready for any possible *melée*, even before he, McDowell, and his diggers should have started digging. But, somehow, the students had lost their way to the graveyard and were therefore not available as helpers at the time when their celebrated professor and his spadesmen were most in danger of their lives.

“The big one-for-all grave having been completed, Mac began to ‘stall’ for time. ‘Just fifteen minutes,’ he pled, ‘in which to beg pardon from Almighty God before we go to meet him.’

"Mac cared no more for Almighty God than he did for his agricultural captors. To them, however, the professor's repentant petition approved itself completely. 'Besides,' they probably thought, 'these men's mental agonies during the fifteen minutes of reprieve will just be further punishment for them.'

"Anyway, Mac made a marvelous speech. Especially he asked the Divine Creator, if he, the dean of the..... Medical College (naming his chief rival among the colleges in St. Louis) were really committing an offence in the eyes of the Almighty, when trying to get knowledge from a few dead bodies wherewith to save life for thousands of living persons, then would not He, the Almighty, forgive his sins. 'And if, dear God,' he added, 'it be those other persons who are in the wrong and not I, then wilt thou not forgive them, instead of me and my helpers, for they know not what they do.'

" 'Make an end,' said the farmer-leader. McDowell started a little. Then, placing hand to ear, he cried with a mighty voice, 'I can almost hear the tread of the angels now—the angels of salvation. Listen, all of you! Can you not hear the tread?'

"All listened perforce, so loud and so masterful was the man's attitude and voice.

"And, sure enough, the sound of running steps was heard.

"Mac pointed in the wrong direction, shouted, 'There they come! See them—the bright angels—the angels of salvation!' And as the farmers turned to say to Mac, 'Why! we don't see nothin',' they saw a good deal—six or eight revolvers pointing at their breasts.

"Mac cleared out, his diggers after him. He was always the first to clear out of a tight spot. The students bound the farmers hand and foot, gagged them securely, laid some of them in the grave they had just been digging for others, but threw no dirt upon them. Then they ran for their horses and soon were galloping, still masked and laughing, toward St. Louis."

"Are you sure that that's a true story?" I asked, when Father had completed his tale.

"It ought to be. Haven't I told you that, with a little group of students, I had it straight from McDowell's own lips?"

"Maybe that's one reason for not believing.—And William Ferguson and Thomas Wharton Jones, they, you have already said, lived to become famous, both. Were they ever tried for murder?"

"I don't remember.—Hey, there, don't run into us."

The man who had nearly struck the side of our buggy with the head of his horse, cried, "Goin' to be a baby, Doc! Come quick! Down that 'ere lane there. Come! I'll show the way."

Father turned to me, "Well, Tommy, you'll have a first-rate chance, I think, to practice walking." I got out. "Go down that way (pointing); that's a good hard road." He turned and drove after the horseback farmer down a long, tree-lined and gloomy lane—the farmer (he must have been a tenant) remarking, "a farm-road you shouldn't rightly drive pigs down." And then—I remember, his horse stepped into a deep mud-hole.

I turned and walked in the opposite direction. The moon, arising, lighted up the landscape clearly. I walked and I walked and I walked. Presently, passing a vast cornfield, I came as it chanced alongside a cemetery, and there I stopped. The night was still. The cemetery especially was silent. The cornfield contained nothing but the pluméd corn—plus vague, unjustifiable, immaterial somethings. For a long time I stood, frozen to the spot. Why had I come to that graveyard? I had known it was there, had seen it two or three times before—with Father. I certainly feared to pass it, and yet even worse I feared to turn and walk back toward the farmhouse—for then the "ghosts" (if any—of course there were not any, but *if*) might be coming softly up behind me, either out of the corn or out of the graveyard.

While I stood in the deep silence and the ghastly moonlight, listening, listening, a wisp of cloud floated over the moon, and suddenly I heard a strange rustling in the tall stalks of corn—"strange," because there seemed to me to be no wind. How like the plumes of hearses the plumes of the corn were moving! Chilled through and through with fear, I beheld—actually beheld with my own eyes—two faint

forms, as it seemed, flitting out of the corn-field and into the cemetery.

For a moment I could have sworn that I saw those insubstantial creatures playing hide-and-seek, in and out and around and about, among those tablets and monuments.

Shrieking, I ran back toward the farmhouse. Again and again I stumbled and fell.

On reaching the tree-lined lane, I found myself unable to enter it, so terrified was I. It was very dark and I knew it was full of mud-holes. A little to one side of the lane I climbed a stake-and-ridered fence, leaped off—only to land on the other side in a puddle of water up to my knees. I struggled and hurried onward until, at last, passing through a piece of well-lit pasturage and then through a shadowy kitchen garden, I came to the house where my father was at work—or at least where I thought that he was.

I pushed the door wide open—all doctors, in those days, were accustomed, at the houses of their patients, just to push doors open and “walk right in.”

Imagine my astonishment when I found that neither was my father present nor had he at any time been there. “Go up to the next house,” said the kindly old farmer inmate, laughing. “There’s where your father is just now, and I expect he’s mighty busy.”

“But,” shrieked I, “I can’t go out of doors again. *You* please go to where my father is and tell him that, just as soon as he had finished, he’s to come down here to this house—that I’ll be waiting for him.”

Before the farmer had got started, my father walked in, announcing, “It’s a boy,” and requesting the farmer to send his wife up to the patient, there to nurse her.

When Father and I had got into the buggy I told him, shaking and shivering, my whole story. He then made me accompany him back to the cemetery, and, when we had reached it, to go with him inside the ghastly place.

And there, under the constellated heavens, we wandered in and out among the tombstones, sometimes gazing downwards sometimes yearningly upwards. And always he talked of equanimity and peace and the means whereby a person might arrive at the possession of these qualities of soul.

Then he stooped down and kissed me. But as soon as he had done that, I felt come over me such a wave of affection and likewise of fear for my father that I cried aloud, "O Father, they will take *you too* some day and put you down in the ground like that."

In horror I ran from the place and headed for the buggy. Father joined me shortly, and home we rode together in silence under the moon and the stars. In silence. And still in silence. So that, a good while before we had got home, I remember thinking I had probably shocked and depressed my father more than he had cheered, encouraged, and comforted me.¹

Then, one Sunday, as we drove along a country road far out of Pittsfield, we saw Dr. Dublin again—on another road and at a considerable distance. "Dr. Exoletus," I called him. "No, my son," objected Father. "Dr. Dublin is *not* superannuated, *not* behind the times. He is an excellent doctor, and, for all his peculiarities, an excellent man. A good friend he has always been to me and a good friend he will some time be again if only we keep steady and self-controlled and do not offend the real man in him too deeply.

"Son, we have been having a great many deaths lately, haven't we? Not our faults either, for we have done our best. But what a (speaking literally) hell of a world this earth has been throughout its existence—still is. And he gave me little histories of smallpox, cholera infantum, typhoid, typhus, malaria, leprosy, pneumonia and so on. Of the

¹ My experience at the "Jumping-Off Place" reminds me of a story which a boy friend clipped from a newspaper and gave me after I had told my own (the foregoing) graveyard story in my little *Monthly Gazette*. Since then the newspaper story has appeared a number of times in one form or another in various periodicals. Here is how it appeared years ago:

"Yes, suh! I done seen a ghostest once and sence then I do believe in 'em *habd*. Sence then, too, ef anybody scratches even a littlest match behind me, I gits a cold chill, an' sometimes I staht runnin' and does *some great* runnin' too.

"Us Jenkinses aint broke no recuhsds yit—'cept fer eatin'—but I does hope that somebody has a stop-watch handy ef I'm goin' by no cemetery again an' somepin'—even ef it aint nuffin' but nuffin'—goes sc-r-atch, sc-r-atch! in dat air grave-place, fer I'm jest as certain as *b—l* I could bust all recuhsds den, fer all distances and bust 'em all at de same time. I shore hopes I has flat ground an' no obstructions."

"You don't look like a feller that would scare easy," observed the merchant.

"My looks has fooled a lot o' people, boss, fer what I is above is different from what I is below. From my neck up I is bravern any lion. From my neck down—you'd be surprised. Some folks says de brain controls de body. Like *b—l* it do! When my laigs says, 'Let's git out of here,' my brains jes' hol' on tight an' gits a big ride."

"Black Death" he spoke, the Bubonic Plague which, about the middle of the 14th century, raged throughout Asia, Africa, Europe, and, possibly, the Western hemisphere also, although, at the time, that part of the world had not yet been discovered and so no records now exist of what the Black Death there may have accomplished. In Europe it raged from A. D. 1348 to 1369, destroying half the then population of that entire continent (25 million out of 50 million persons). Many of those who did not die lived only to regret they had not died. The sufferings which, as a rule, preceded death are recorded as indescribable. In Asia, where the plague raged first, the mortality has been variously estimated at from 200,000,000 to 300,000,000. What happened in Africa is almost as unknown as what took place in North and South America. In Asia how was the plague combatted? By the burning of paper slips whereon prayers had been inscribed. In Europe, how? By exorcists (priests who were specialists in casting out devils). And so this world, from the very beginning of life upon it, has been cursed almost unlimitedly by the most appalling ignorance (as to the causes of disease) and by the most appalling superstition—the greater part of which has grown up out of or been somehow connected with our ignorance as to disease causation.

"But now, Son, there begins to shine the dawn of a new day. As a consequence of the birth and development of bacteriology, with its God-given offsprings—the germ-theory of disease, antiseptic surgery and so on—this world is to be no longer a hell, but, by comparison at least, a heaven—a heaven upon earth! You will live to see it. And not you alone and your generation, but I too and mine will largely live to see it. The new medicine will, necessarily, transform all the other sciences, purify even religion by purging it of its grosser superstitions. Human beings will live, on the average, no longer a paltry twenty-five to thirty years, but seventy-five, or a hundred—yes, even a hundred and fifty. And those years, too, will no longer be years, very largely, of dreadful sickness, of intolerable suffering, of shameful inefficiency, but years of speedy progress, of happiness, of joy. If Daddy should die soon, remember what he told you." I have indeed remembered, but he himself

lived long enough to witness (though it came more slowly than he had expected) the fulfilment of his dreams—the partial fulfilment, perhaps I ought to say, a fulfilment which, but for the entrustment by the peoples of the complete war-making power into the hands of their governments, would have been far more complete.

There was one more occurrence on that memorable Sunday which, likewise, I clearly remember—our attendance at the services in a little country church. (‘Nothing ever happens in the country.’)

When Father and I went into the building the singing was already on, and, as was generally the case in country churches of that day, the house was crowded. So we had to take a back seat—something which, a few minutes later, was a distinct desideratum.

On the platform behind the lectern stood three stately chairs. The middle of these was filled—filled literally—by a large fat preacher. The others were occupied—of all persons!—by Messrs. Harfield and Mocksinger. When the singing and the prayers had been completed, the minister arose and began speaking. And seldom, I think, in all my life have I heard a richer, sweeter, more organ-like voice. I had often heard about this minister and his eloquence, and now I was glad I had come. Why so excellent a speaker was out here in the backwoods, preaching, I could not then understand. The disagreeable thought came over me that, perhaps, in years gone by, this highly educated man had occupied a city pulpit, but that then, having become involved in some or another form of—ungoodness, he had had to accept a more obscure position. But, as the man kept talking, I began to realize his absolute sincerity. This man believed in every word he said.

Having read from the Bible, he, first of all, drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior—his unfair trial, his *via dolorosa*, his ascent up rugged calvary, his torturous crucifixion and death. Then came the glorious resurrection. I was deeply touched, never before so deeply, I think.

But then I thought I detected a departure from his text. All at once in fact he was declaring that many in this day no longer appreciated the Savior and his sacrifice for others,

but, instead, in the name of science, sowed throughout the whole community seeds of disbelief, especially in the miracles of our Savior whereby he had cast out devils in order to heal all human sickness and suffering.

"These pretended scientists," he went on, "inculcate the infamous doctrine of evolution, the doctrine that man was not created by God but, in some mysterious way, by a pair of monkeys. Who is there here that can believe that the first man and woman were begotten by the seed of a lower animal?" At this wholly unfair presentation of the doctrine of evolution I was so incensed that I would surely, had I not been merely a boy, have arisen and answered him—most unfortunately too.

"And now," added this divinely voiced minister, "these same evolutionists are inculcating even a far more nefarious doctrine—a doctrine that diseases are not produced by devils—emissaries which that detestable creature, Satan, sends to take possession of human bodies, and which even our Savior himself cast out and conversed with, but that diseases are caused by bugs—yes, actually bugs, and bugs so small they can only be seen by a microscope. Does anybody believe that a solitary bug, a hundred million of which can stand on a single square inch without over-lapping one another, could ever do the slightest harm to anybody? You know that it could not. But there are those among us who—" And so on.

He did not go so far as to say that my father and his kind should be burned at the stake, but he did imply that they would burn hereafter, and he said outright that all such persons ought to be driven from the community and never allowed to return into it.

My father once or twice made a little sudden movement as if about to arise and explain the real nature of the germ theory, but, fortunately of course, he thought better of his intention.

They took communion that day, but, before the wine (grape-juice) was passed round, the preacher, in a low, husky voice and with a glance toward my father, observed: "There are those among us this day who would pollute and degrade this holy communion of which we now shall drink the chiefest part—the sacrificial blood of God—by declaring

that, whatever is drunk by many from one single cup, even here in the house of our Lord and Savior, is capable of spreading foul disease and death from one person unto another."

So they drank from one single cup that day, as they had done on many days before and would on many days thereafter—the tuberculous, the syphilitic, the pus-mouthed, even the very healthy, everybody.

When the cup came to me I drank, but my father, hesitating for a moment, passed the cup on without touching it to his lips.

After the conclusion of the rite the preacher continued talking about the sins of scientists (all sermons were long in those days) and, after a while, the whole house resounded with the mingled groans and sobs, hisses and shrieks of the congregation. (Emotions were emotions in those days, especially in the country, and more especially still, in country churches.) It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit the preacher to proceed. Then he finished his sermon on quite a different topic, and, when the congregation arose for the final singing and prayer, my father touched my arm and we left the building while yet the attitude toward us which the preacher had produced could not make itself too manifest.

Back in the buggy my father remarked, "I came near rising and telling that preacher he had better have preached on the text, 'Neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.' "But," he answered himself, "had I done so, the minister would probably have taken the position that that text meant that he would be casting pearls before swine in case *he* ever attempted to teach *us* anything about the causes of disease.

"And, had I then answered that, I should merely have angered some of my best-loved friends, and, in addition, have made my enemies more angry.

"There is no use trying to speak the truth to people where their religions are concerned. No argument in that region of thought avails in the least. People cannot be argued out of religious superstitions, they have to *grow* out of them. So—

well, we'll just keep on doing our best to cure patients."

But, after a time of silence, he spoke again, "My son, I'll turn prophet again. You, at least, will live to see the time when the germ theory will be accepted gladly even by the most religious. Preachers themselves and their families will gladly avail themselves of its beneficent results. It is in fact the truth, and the highest religion I know is the truth about God's universe as revealed by investigation. Let us, however, always propagate this truth rightly—i.e., at times when and in places where truth has a chance to be received."¹

"Poor Jesus!" cried my father. "Blessed tramp doctor and tramp preacher combined! How badly he fared at the hands of those who, many years after his death, wrote books about him. How they mingled the superstitions of their narrow day with his eternal truths!"

THE RELIGION OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR

My father loved life so whole-heartedly that merely to be in his presence was uplifting. And, unlike myself, he did not too much fear to die, to drop this incredibly joyous gift called life. To him, indeed, the continuance of that gift indefinitely, after so-called death, was axiomatic, a self-evident certainty. To me it was only a probability, one of

¹ And, thanks to the maker of the universe whose truth my father so much loved, not only I, but indeed my father himself—he died not until 1912—lived to see that truth received with full delight and even ministers of the gospel accepting antitoxin, immunizing sera, and so forth, and accepting them all gladly, in order to kill the bacteria which, otherwise, would have slain the preachers themselves and their loved ones. And, incidentally, they—exorcised no more conversational disease-producing devils.

"Conversational," I say, because so many persons even at the present time declare that the "devils" which Jesus cast out *were in fact bacteria*, which bacteria, however, he called "devils," because the term "bacteria" would not at that time have been understood. Utterly inconsistent, however, with that view, are the plainly conversational, even argumentative, faculties of the "bacteria" said to have been cast out by Jesus. Bacteria do not speak. Cannot: they have no vocal cords. They cannot make the slightest sounds of any sort, even the inferior sorts such for example as certain species of insects can produce by rubbing a wing or a leg on some other part of the body.

As proof of the conversational, even argumentative, faculties of the New Testament writer's "bacteria," I quote for just two examples, the following (see any concordance for others): "And he healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew him" (Mark, I, 34). "Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on everyone of them, and healed them. And devils also came out of many, crying out, and saying, 'Thou art Christ the Son of God.' And he rebuking them suffered them not to speak: for they knew that he was Christ." (Luke, IV, 40-41.) The quotations are from the "Authorized Version" of King James, of England, 1611, the version in use in the days of which I write and which is still preferred by some persons.

high or low degree according I suppose to the state of the weather or my digestion. I was, by nature, more or less of a doubting Tommie, he, by just as great necessity, a believing Thomas.

Take, for example, his views on religion. Every normal human being, he thought, is born with a religious instinct, a wholly unacquired reverence for the great Intelligence that pervades the universe, perhaps *is* the universe—not its Creator, but its Be-er. This Intelligence, this Great Mind which probably *is* All Things, manifests itself now as matter now as energy—two things which are not set apart from each other, contrary to what many ministers suppose, but which are simply *two phases* of the One Great Thing, the Eternal Existence, the Eternal Intelligence. “You cannot even imagine a Creator, my son. Not really. Either the universe does not exist at all, but is merely an illusion (and how can there be an illusion without any being, human or other, existing to be illuded) or else it has existed always and will always continue to exist. And you and I, being parts of the whole, are therefore parts of the Great Intelligence, of the Indestructible.

“When I said a moment ago that every normal human being is born with the religious instinct, I meant with the *germ* of that instinct. The newborn babe, of course, has no religious feeling any more than it has any sexual feeling. It has what, in the normal child, develops into that. (Some instincts are active at birth, some become active later. But both are present, either already unfolded or yet to unfold, at birth—are *inborn*.)

“This is the *beginning of all* religion, this *natural* religion. Some ministers make the mistake of telling the people to read the Bible so as to ‘get’ religion. But they already have religion. It is *inborn* in them.

“Now this natural religion, like all other human emotions, seeks to express itself, to communicate itself to others. This expression, like all other expression, is ordinarily very inadequate. But, here and there, once in several centuries—just as, in the case of other emotions, a Homer, a Horace, a Chaucer, a Shakespeare, is seldom born—so there appears at long intervals a human being with some special gift for the expression of religious feeling and thought. These men

of special religious gifts have, contrary to the usual impression, not been confined to just one race or nationality. They have appeared in China, in India, very outstandingly in Persia, not with much success in Arabia, with somewhat more in Egypt, Greece and Rome. But in Palestine and in the Jewish race there have appeared humanity's chief exponents, or Shakespeares, of religion—Moses, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah and so on—culminating, of course, in Jesus of Nazareth. In this incomparable man—not writer at all, but speaker only: others than himself recorded his expressions—the religious part of mankind has found its highest—though not its infallible—expression, an expression indeed that is truly sublime, incomparable.

“And yet Jesus also made mistakes—either he or those who wrote his utterances down long years after his death and transmitted them to us. Ministers commit a very great error when they say that the Bible is ‘an infallible book,’ ‘from cover to cover a volume without a single mistake.’

“What we ordinarily employ in reading is just an English translation of the Bible. Soon we are to have a new and more correct English translation,¹ just because our present translation does contain literally thousands of errors.² Some of our Pittsfield ministers cry out against the new ‘version,’ or translation, saying that the ‘authorized’ version (authorized by King James of England) is the translation ‘authorized by God.’ But no English Bible can possibly be *the* Bible. *The* Bible is, for the Old Testament, the Hebrew and Aramaic originals; for the New Testament, the Aramaic (now all lost) and Greek originals—‘originals,’ of course, meaning original *manuscripts*, as there were no ways of printing known in the days when the Greek, Aramaic and Hebrew manuscripts were written.

“Now, if the ministers will only turn to the very Bible out of which they preach (the ‘Authorized Translation’) they will see in the margins thereof such revealing comments by the translators themselves as, for example, Luke, XVII, 36: ‘This 36th verse is wanting in most of the Greek copies.’

¹ In progress for about fifteen years, it was completed in 1885.

² According to the Revisers, about one hundred and fifty thousand errors, only some of which, as they themselves declared, were corrected even in the Revised Version—the idea being not to shock the general public by too many changes, especially too many of those which were “non-essential.”

And so in hundreds and hundreds of places—positive admissions that the ancient manuscripts themselves do vary from one another. You see, son, we have not one single word of either the Old Testament or the New in the handwriting of any of the original authors, but only copies that date back at the farthest—the New Testament merely to the fourth century A. D. and the Old Testament (astonishingly) only to the tenth century A. D.—in other words, the oldest copies that we have of either the Old Testament or the New are merely copies that stand at the end of an exceedingly long chain of now non-existent copies—no doubt hundreds in number—and which no doubt include practically every one of the many mistakes that must have crept into them—otherwise how explain the almost innumerable variations which even the oldest thirty or forty copies of, say, the New Testament, exhibit when these are compared with one another?

“And do not forget that there are even passages like that about the woman taken in adultery, John, VIII, 3 to 11 incl., which do not appear in the earlier manuscripts at all and which, therefore, is simply an addition by some late copyist. The new, ‘Revised,’ edition, I predict, will not contain it, or, if it does, will truly state its nature.¹

“Nor is that all. What about the Germ Theory and the New Testament? (“Theory,” by the way, is merely the Greek word, *Theoría*, meaning *explanation*; the restriction of its meaning by the uneducated to *fantastic, or unproved, explanation*, is unjustifiable.) Jesus, again and again, is represented by the sacred writers, or else by their copyists, as confirming the devil-possession theory of the production of all diseases. Now Pasteur and Lister and Weigert and Koch, yes and many others, have demonstrated beyond all chance of error that at least very many diseases are produced by microscopic germs. Yet, says the sacred writer, or by his long chain of copyists is made to seem to say it (Matthew, VIII, 16): ‘. . . . he cast out the spirits with his word and healed ALL that were sick.’ Similarly too in various other passages.

¹ The Revised edition gives only a half-revealing hint about it. Yet the revisers, correcting, as they did, thirty-six thousand out of the hundred and fifty thousand errors that they admit having found in the New Testament alone, surely deserve our thanks for their courage—as far as it went.

“Now, my son [my father gazed at me very earnestly] do not make the mistake of supposing that, because there are errors in the Bible there is no truth in it. St. Peter was right when he said to Jesus (John, VI, 68): ‘Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.’ No mistakes by any of the sacred writers themselves or by their long chains of copyists clear on down even to those who penned the oldest copies that have come down to our day, can in the very least obscure that fact. Jesus, more than any other person who has lived, has given expression to natural religion, the inborn religious instincts of mankind. And, my son, when too much inclined to be depressed by thoughts of death—by the shadow of your ‘little white house’—remember—do *not* forget it, but remember—that Jesus, the incomparable, has told us, ‘I go to prepare a place for you that where I am, there ye may be also.’ Even were Jesus mistaken, that is as to himself in connection with the preparation of this place, he was nevertheless correct as to a place being, or having been, prepared for us. The universal presence of the religious instinct in the mind and soul of mankind as necessarily implies the existence of such a place for us hereafter as the existence of thirst in the human body implies the existence of water.

“And when I say ‘a place for us,’ I do not mean a place for us *minus* our respective individualities, but (contrary to the beliefs of many good persons) a place for *us*: *we* would not be ‘*us*’ without our respective individualities.”

My father had finished speaking. We were just approaching the summit of a very high hill, and, as is the way of the human mind generally, I thought of the scene before us as if it would necessarily be somehow connected with the subject of the solemn discourse I had just been hearing from my father, in some way be symbolical of it. Sunset was coming on, and, from the crest of our hill, we overlooked a vast extent of territory as if the discourse of my father could have given us a more comprehensive view of things terrestrial and in a far more beautiful, even more heavenly, light, than ever before. Far away, toward “the ends of the earth,” mighty ramparts of cloud had builded themselves, wherefrom now and then came thundering voices—voices as of eternal archangels.

"Fantastic indeed!" will say some readers. At all events, as I declared at the beginning of this section, my father "loved life so whole-heartedly that merely to be in his presence was uplifting." I was certainly uplifted as we came to a full stop on the crest of the great hill beside the old Metzgar place.¹

MR. STETTENHAUSEN'S TRAGEDY—AND OURS

At supper that night my father was deeply depressed and said little. When supper was over, I, at his request, started up town with him—my head and shoulders not only under his shawl but under his arm besides. It was the fashion in those days for men, especially the middle-aged and elderly, to wear a dark-gray shawl around their shoulders and arms. One such shawl was nearly always worn, as I have already indicated, by Abraham Lincoln when out of doors, except in hot weather.

Father and I wound up the evening in Hyde's or Harder's drug store, then in the post office waiting for the mail to be distributed.

When we got back to the house I saw lantern-light ashine through the crevices in the barn walls. A soft rain was falling, and, as Father went into the house, I walked down to the barn, looked over the hatch, then went in to assist my brother Willie to hitch up Old Yellow—a splendid night horse. A few minutes later my father was off into the country and I into bed and dreamland.

I even dreamed I was taking a trip with Father.

First I was in the vacant block east of the schoolhouse, known to all as "the show grounds," playing with Fritz and Gus, my brother Jon, Johnnie Lovitt and a number of other boys in the sawdust of the ring left by the last circus. Each of us was in ordinary school clothing. I called attention to this impropriety and presto an old clown appeared in the ring—big scarlet circles on his white, flappy one-piece suit; green crescents all over his white, thickly-powdered countenance; the whole surmounted by a clown's regulation conical tan cap. "Tights and spangles?" he shouted.

¹ Years afterwards this "great hill" became particularly precious to me because it lay on a lovely road which ran out past the little childhood home of Fannie Fidelia English—later "The Companion."

"Yes," we boys tornadoed. "Tights and spangles!"

But just as the celestial garments had suddenly flashed upon our flesh—behold! a wild bull rushed into the ring and I out of it—over to the road north of the grounds where my father somehow was seated in his buggy, awaiting me.

As we started to drive away, the mad bull suddenly darted round in front of our horse, the clown after him, drawing as he ran a slender, bright sword. Bull turned. Clown thrust. Bull fell. Clown came round to the side of the buggy, and looking at me with eyes the saddest of all I had ever seen, he sorrowed: "This is not your father, son, but his ghost. Long years ago did he die, and you yourself are now a very aged man."

I tried to tell the man how foolish and mistaken he was, but, as my father's form grew dimmer and dimmer, it shouted more and more loudly, "Tommy! Tommy! *Tommy!*"

And I, awaking in my bed at home, heard my mother's voice coming up from the foot of the stair and calling, "Tommy, *Tommy!* If you don't get up and eat, your father will go to the country without you."

I cried, "I'll be there in a minute!" but, in spite of myself, fell once again asleep.

And once again I dreamed.

I dreamed that I was seated, all alone, on the front doorstep of our old home—the very house in which I then was dreaming.

And I dreamed that I had just come in from a long and difficult journey, after a long and very melancholy absence from the old place. I knocked and I rang at the door, each time without response. Then said I to myself, "Do you not remember that all who once lived in this house are dead save only yourself? It is even so. Also the few who are passing in the streets do not in anywise know you, or you them. And you yourself are very aged and must soon eternally depart."

So I sat down on the doorstep and, meditating on the past, began noticing soon that a melancholy horn somewhere on the Courthouse Square, a block or more away, about in the direction of Bush's Hall, was playing a solemn figure. Over and over, over and over again, as if it were the voice of the mournful past, striving in vain to produce some tender message from those who were gone forever.

I arose in agony, went to beating on the door.

I beat so hard that my knuckles awakened me—awakened me to that fact that I was standing in my bed beating my childish fists violently against the unyielding wall.

A curious thing I have noticed about my dreams is that many of those which have most impressed me, have recurred again and again throughout my life. This dream in particular has done so. And, in these later years, having in reality grown old, I have sat in reality upon those front steps of our house—ours then of course no longer—and, strangely, remembered that dream of a melancholy horn recalling to me as an aged man a mournful past. And behold, as it happened, there was an actual melancholy horn so blowing!

But, as to that particular early morning. I leaped out of the bed and to my room's front window. (It opened directly over the front doorstep I had just been dreaming about.) I threw up the sash, looked into the street, saw my father seated in the buggy, waiting for me.

"Take your time to dress and eat," he cried. "I'll wait."

In the buggy I did not tell him of the dream, for I feared that a dream he was dead might darken his pleasure. But I remember very accurately the ride we made that morning, its various strange events, and the outcome of the whole.

We had hardly got started when he asked, "You walked back from the barn to the house with Willie last night?" "Yes, he took me underneath his arm as you often do: it was raining." "Good for Willie. Did he say anything about wanting to become a doctor?" "No." "Do not tell him I asked. He will in time get over his mania for athletics, and, when he does, he will make a great surgeon. He will, in fact, I think, do more in that line than you would ever do, for, in fields intellectual, you are far too much a wanderer. Perhaps we shall have to make a professor of philology out of you. Not much chance for anything else." And so we chatted along until, indeed, we had come into a far wilder country in the south part of the county, a country wherein my father and I had long applied our own private appellations to various features of the landscape. "Mount Olym-

pus," for example, was a name Father had given to a range of great hills, on the highest of which he had affected at times to behold the bright forms of ancient gods, ascending and descending. "The Valley of Seclusion" was a name which I myself had conferred upon an extensive hollow, covered in most part by thick hazel brush and traversed by several quite narrow, almost undiscoverable, wagon ways.

That day later became so momentous for us that, to this minute, I can recall with the sharpness almost of a steel engraving even the tiniest details of its tiniest events.

We, for example, met that comical old fellow, Mr. Vomer, a skinny man with a large Adam's apple and a squeaky voice. That Adam's apple indeed used to possess the name of being the liveliest (that is, the up-and-downingest) thing in Pike County. Those who had carefully employed a tape-measure to determine the truth, sometimes swore that the amplitude of its excursions was fully five inches while it went up and down at least four times per second. As he drove up that day, he swallowed once or twice rapidly, as if to demonstrate again his attainments in his most important specialty, then enquired, "Doc, goin' see Stett?"

"Wrong direction now," responded my father. "Going on south farther to see young Mr. and Mrs. Mildew's new baby, then on to visit Mr. and Mrs. Date (both typhoid). After that, come back and go north to John Stettenhausen's."

"They say John ain't so good."

"Isn't?"

"Nope. But he'll get along all right, Doc, with *you*." The emphasis sounded a bit sarcastic.

Father waved an acknowledgment of the good word, and drove on.

And, as on and on we drove we looked suddenly down on a wild, deep valley, full of motionless thick vegetation. All about us, as we wound and twisted our way into that valley's dense and lofty hazel brush, we seemed to feel the presence of some ineffable and friendly spirit. Father, having said as much, stopped tired old Dick to rest. Then all was deep silence. I recall, while we sat unspeaking, the soft warming of my limbs in the solemn light, the ancient peace that lay about us—the soundless cathedral hush there in

God's Valley of Seclusion, which was like the tranquillity in some one's own prayerful heart.

Then, all of a jump, with a rush and a clatter and a yell at his blooded bay horse, there hove in sight the spectacular Dr. Dublin. And straightway he stopped in the narrow roadway, barely wide enough for two to pass in.

"So here you—" he shouted, but got no further, because of his coughing. How he heaved and harrumped and hallooed and wildly gesticulated while attempting to get up the phlegm. At last it came, Hibernian dynamite behind it. He spurted and spat, spat and spurted again.

"Ha-w-w!" he cried, at last, very well satisfied that that at least was over. "And now I've a little to say to you, Shastid. First a little about the Bug Theory. But just a little, and then I want to speak to you no more.—If ever you lay for me again in a solitary place like this, I'll—"

"Why!" shouted my father, a bit of angry warning in his voice, "I did not even know that you were coming this way."

"Never mind the things you did not know—I haven't time to listen to them."

"But, Doctor—"

"Listen to *me*. If ever you lie in wait for me again, or even so much as pass me on a public highway, I'll—now listen—I'll blow your brains out, help me God."

He put his hand in his pocket.

My father for a moment sat in unspeakable astonishment. Then he spoke, and his voice, though soft and calm and slow, was full of steady determination. "You know I'm unarmed, Dublin," he said. "But, if nothing will do you but fight, then lay aside your weapon and step out of your buggy."

"I said nothing of a fight. I said I'd kill you if— You can remember what I said. You even, by the 'Mighty, sent your tiny son to church, the other day, in a scarlet vest, there to advertise yourself and your skill to the natives."

Then a veritable miracle, for that one time at least, did surely happen. My father, to my utmost astonishment, horror and terror, burst into laughter—loud, rib-splitting, far-away-echoing, laughter. Several resounding, absolutely rejoicingful peals of it!

Doctor Dublin's sudden descent from the Great Germ (he had called it Bug) Theory of Disease and its world-wide consequences, to little Tommy's red vest in church one Sunday was simply too much for him.

All at once the scandalized doctor went crestfallen, shamefaced. He actually appeared chagrined. Removing his hand from his pocket, he slapped up the horse, sped away.

When we reached the Mildew's home, Bob Mildew informed us, "Man came by while ago, Doctor, said his name was Bilbo and he was to have us tell you when you come that old Mr. Stettenhausen was dead."

My father put his hand to his face as if he had been struck by a bullet. "So this was the reason why that fellow, Vomer—" I knew all that he would say: that Dublin had been one of the first to hear, and that, having heard, he had taken advantage of what, to my father, would prove to be a great professional misfortune, and so had acted as insolently and as threateningly toward him as he chose. Father said no more to me then, but finished with the baby, and, later, at the still farther house, with Mr. and Mrs. Jo Date, and, then, as he wheeled his horse, we headed north.

Not till we had passed back north through the Valley of Seclusion did the measure of our loss settle down on my soul with its full weight and oppression. For in the north I could see that heavy rain was falling—as if the skies themselves could be weeping for our good old friend. We were passing through a great maize country, and, mile after mile, the plumed corn kept nodding, nodding, a stately, an eternal, farewell.

As always when something dreadful occurs, this death of John Stettenhausen seemed to be impossible, therefore not at all to have happened. But, as I grew accustomed to the idea, it began to look inevitable, therefore to have happened beyond all manner of doubt—yes, to have happened long years ago which years until now had been saddened and made shameful for me and my father—for us who had been so carelessly trying new-fangled notions on one of our best friends. Why had my father used irrigations and carbolic acid? Why should he not have stuck to the old and tried,

the uncriticisable? Then if the man had died he would at least have done so with the distinct approval of the entire neighborhood, yes and of the medical profession of the county—at least so far as concerned the scientific propriety of the treatment.

I tried to condole with my father, to offer him at least the slender encouragement of "Better luck next time, Father." But he only kept on looking into the distance—looking, looking.

At length I ceased to speak, and, my thoughts led upward by the death of our old friend, I saw in the sky, as it happened—and I remember the occurrence vividly to this day—a giant bright cloud, much like the form of a human being, which, having already detached itself from the shapeless mass of dark cloud-bank lying along the horizon, and now appearing to disdain the earth—the earth and all conceivable earthly matters—slowly was bending its face upward, upward, until at length it disappeared—ecstatically I thought—into the holy heights of an invisible heaven.

This cloud, I somehow knew, could easily be taken for a symbol of the righteous human soul, which, mounting and turning its face away from earth and toward heaven, mingles its being with the Infinite. But, somehow, the symbol failed to satisfy me. I knew its instruction was mighty and unquestionable, and yet I could not dodge the fact that old Mr. Stettenhausen was gone, dead. I never should see him any more in all my life—which, as I still was very young, bade fair to be a long one.

I began to bethink me, in spite of myself, of yet another symbol, the Little White House, a symbol which, some time before, had come into my life with terrific meaning and effect.

After a while my father put his arm around me. "Of what are you thinking, son? You are solemn and silent."

I could not answer, so full I was of the meaning, the terror of death.

"Are you thinking of that little white house again?"

"Yes."

"And are you filled with horror about it even yet?"

"Yes."

Once more he asked.

I threw off my share of the dust-robe, started to rise.

"Don't jump out here. See that muddy ditch?" He laid a restraining hand on my knee. Then—

"Son, before Father himself had come into the world, there were certain implied conditions which attended his coming. One was that many friends in this world would prove quite treacherous to him. Another was that money would be hard to acquire, even harder to save, and, being saved, harder still to keep from flying away in unfortunate investments. Yet another condition was that he should take his chances on serious sickness in his own person; that, in addition, and even with the best of care, he should age and wither, and, eventually—perhaps late, perhaps early—he should die.

"With you the conditions of the coming are exactly the same. We must always remember that the great Creator knoweth his own plans—what is best for us all, his own entire program, in a word a program concerning which we pygmies know so little. Besides, *being* here, as we are, let us live each passing minute beautifully, let us enjoy *everything*—in a rightful way of course—and trust fully that by the grace of the great Artificer we shall live eternally hereafter."

"But," I shouted, "if a man dies, I can *see* he is dead. If he lives after death, I cannot *see*—I cannot *see*!" And I kept on shouting as if some demon of doubt had possessed me, "I cannot *see*! I cannot *see*!"

My Father halted his horse. "Son," he commanded, "be quiet.—Do you remember that immense three-volume Knight's 'American Mechanical Dictionary,' which you have asked me for so often and which is so very expensive?"

"Yes."

"I sent for it yesterday. It should be here soon."

I gasped through my tears an almost inarticulate "thank you." Then, as he turned the horse's head into a road I recognized too well, I cried out, "But this goes past Mr. Stettenhausen's house."

"Yes, I know it."

"But we don't *have* to go that road this day."

Father leaned over and kissed me. "Listen, my son," he said in a low, very melancholy voice, "I—your Daddy—fear death almost as much as you do. I believe in the resurrection, in the life eternal. Even for reasons—and they are very many

—outside the Holy Scriptures, I believe it. The promise of eternal life is written in the form of an instinct in every human heart. (No lower animal has even the slightest trace of it in him.) And yet I do fear death almost as much as you do. *For that very reason* I am going to drive past Mr. Stettenhausen's. All my life long I have done first and specially the thing I most dreaded to do. I will be no slave to adverse circumstances.—How desolate the Stettenhausen place looks now! The leaves of the trees droop too and the corn-rows whisper sadly that our old friend Stettenhausen has gone away and will return no more.

‘And what a friend he was! How kind and true he has always been to me! When, before my birth, one of the conditions I just now spoke of as having been placed upon my coming, was, as I put it, ‘that many friends in this world would prove quite treacherous,’ I ought to have added that there were beautiful promises made too, as well as hard conditions, and that one of those promises was that I should also find in this world staunch friends—friends I should love and who in return would love and stand by me.’

In time I saw we were actually drawing near the Stettenhausen neighborhood. I asked my father if he thought it best to drive by the place where, in the last few hours, we had lost a patient.

‘It probably is not best,’ he said. ‘Yet, somehow, I cannot keep from driving by.’

So, as we approached the place, he pulled the horse down to a very slow walk, then to one even slower, so that, as we approached the Stettenhausen gate, the horse actually stopped and Father had to cluck him up again.

Whereupon Mrs. Stettenhausen stepped suddenly from the doorway, shouting joyfully, ‘Ain’t forgotten, Tock, where you’re pound for, are you? Chon’s a whole lot pedder to-day.’

And behold! the report that our patient was dead, was just somebody’s ridiculous misunderstanding, and Father, entering the cottage, cried in a great access of joy, ‘He’s not dead? He’s not dead?’

And old Mr. Donovan (he would) made him the first answer, ‘He’s tickled to death to be alive.’

But Stett came back at him gayly, "Yes, ven I kot a room-made dot's alretty a gorpse lighk you, I *am* dickled to de't' to be alife alretty even eef I vos de't' too soon—Sdill, Tock und Dommy, he's a priddy goot fellow. Tond plame 'im for whad he gand hellup—bein' funny." He turned to me. "So you vos afrait I vos going to tie."

"Yes."

"Vosn't dot silly?"

"But men do die," I said.

"Sure dey do. Dey all do if dey live long enough. But me—I dond tink I kot time to do it yet."

And with these merry words upon his lips I saw him last.

NEAR TO TAKING THE VEIL

In the morning my supersolemn father said that, in the night, he'd been called out to see Mr. Stettenhausen and that this time he *was* dead. "Yes, he *was* dead, Son, dead indeed and in truth. Embolism, of course. Sudden—very sudden. Dead? Yes, dead."

"Are you sure, Father?" I cried with a wail. "Wasn't it just a mistake once again?"

"No. They had already straightened him for the grave before I got to see him. Now, Son, you must be a man."

A few days afterward, as Father and I were driving in a different part of the county from the Stettenhausen neighborhood, we came about noon to a little town where there were two small general stores, keen rivals to each other. There was a vacant space about twenty feet in width between the two stores, and each store boasted a side-door opening on the vacant space.

Having gone into the smaller of the two stores and supplied ourselves with cheese and crackers as well as with bottles of pop, we came out of the side door and sat down on its steps, munching and gurgling.

And, as we were doing these things instead of talking, we naturally overheard the loud voices which, in the store opposite, were engaged in vociferous argument. Presently we caught the shouted name, "Doc Shastid." Next we heard such scraps as "She heard Doc Shasteen say they

wuzn't bugs but dust." Another: "my wife was there too and heard him say they wuzn't dust but bugs." A deep bass voice: "Prob'bly what he really meant wuz *bug-dust*." Then came stamping and laughter, after which a shrill, angry woman's voice: "He's only a bug-doctor, I tell you—believes bugs are the cause of all diseases. That's the way he came to kill John Stettenhausen. Tried to kill the bugs and killed John instead."

There had been tragedy breeding in the atmosphere for a very long time. That tragedy now was here, not something dreaded or merely dreamed of, but here—an actuality.

And now my grief for my old friend, Mr. Stettenhausen, commingled with an equally distressing fear for my father. The man Dublin was so completely ensnared by what he conceived to be the Code of Ethics, so thoroughly unbalanced by it, so utterly unreasonable, as if indeed possessed by a veritable demon of the subject, that he might do almost anything—even perhaps the thing that he had threatened to do. At all events the death of Mr. Stettenhausen had supplied the arch enemy of my father with the very weapon that he wished.

My father, as we drove away from the village, was, I noticed, nervous and apprehensive in the extreme—something quite unusual with him in all his professional relations. I tried to divert his attention to pleasanter things, but to no avail. Towards us drove a man standing on a load of hay, leaning strongly backward while supported by the lines. To get some friendly answer I shouted, "Howdy, Stranger!" He did not know me or reply. Finding big Dick in a lather, my father, under a cooling shade, pulled the old fellow to a halt. A little crook-leg bull-dog trotted out of a fence-corner and began snuffing at the horse's hocks. My father, perturbed by the occurrence, drove on. A few moments later, a heavy shot slapped against hills and rocked back across the flats. He halted the horse once again and looked all about. It was getting to be the hunting season of the year, and, of course, the woods and fields were filling with game seekers. Yet, at each distant rolling thunder of a shot-gun or whip-like crack of a rifle, my father would pull up the horse suddenly, look about, and listen, listen, as if he had

been some bloody criminal for whom the whole world was seeking.

And the stories about my father grew steadily worse. Some were altogether incredible, yet were continually being repeated. One of them was so bad I was nearly distracted about it. Mr. and Mrs. John Connett, true friends of my father in Pittsfield, came round to his office one day and repeated it to him sympathetically and with the assurance that they and *their* friends were going to do the best they could to "nail that lie."

With such a story circulating—i.e., that Father was going demented and, under the delusion that insects were crawling around in everybody's wounds or inwards, was poisoning and killing his patients wholesale in the endeavor to poison and kill out the cockroaches, tumble-bugs, etc., was it any wonder that my father's practice suffered? "Don't you believe it?" the teller would ask the listener. "What about John Stettenhausen? He killed *him*, plainly admits that he did—in the name of science."

With such a story circulating was it any wonder that we saw all about us staring eyes, unfriendly eyes, eyes of contempt, derision? Occasionally, behind us, as we walked along some village plank sidewalk, I heard smothered laughter behind us. Turning suddenly, on one such occasion, I saw two or three half-grown bumpkins imitating my father's grave gait. Another time, before a country store and a little laughing group around its doorway, a big young fellow ran out before my father with a tumble-bug in his left hand. Extending it toward him, he cried, "Hey, Doc, when a man's got a wound and you find a thing like this inside of it, do you give him a pill like this?" And, extending his other hand, now open, he displayed a tumble-bug's dung-ball.

My father's eyes flashed fire. For a moment I thought he intended to give the ignoramus the punishment he deserved. But better than that happened. The clown's father, a whale of a fellow and owner of the store, stepped from the group and administered such a clout to his over-assuming son that the latter put hand to ear and set up a horrible racket.

"Haven't I told you a dozen times," asked the father in a very soft tone, which, as I thought, promised still more blows, in case occasion called for them, "Haven't I told you a dozen times that Doc ain't never said nothing about insects getting into peoples' wounds or bodies, but only that little, microscopic vegetable things get into wounds and people and plays hob with 'em by makin' poisons in their systems? An' haven't I told you he takes matter out of wounds, lays it under a microscope and there *proves what he says?*" Then to the whole crowd, "I got a brother that practices medicine in Chicago and teaches in a medical college, and *he* says Doc Shastid's right."

That ended that. And, in fact, my father did not always meet in other places with ignorance and blind opposition to his advocacy of the germ theory and Listerism. In some neighborhoods almost all the people actually shared his view. In others, of course, the matter stood just the other way around.

In some parts of the country no such excitement ever arose amongst the laity. In other parts it never arose amongst either the laity or the profession. In still others, however, it arose amongst both doctors and general population and raged with an intensity which my father and I had never had to witness. Thus, over in Missouri somewhere, as we heard—one doctor had shot another, although without killing him, as the result of a quarrel, pro and con, about the germ theory. In one or two county medical societies, as my father had heard or read, some of the members were expelled because of their sincere belief in "disease germs" and Listerism—the ground for the expulsions being that no educated physician could sincerely rely upon such doctrines, so that all who were professing to do so, were merely pretending to believe in the harmfulness of bacteria, etc., as a means of advertising and so of prying practice away from their fellow practitioners.

Even in the larger centers of this country the long-continued battle was waged, here with a certain amount of mildness and indifference there with raucous and long-enduring hatred. In the medical centres of Europe it was some-

what the same, and there, as here, some of the very greatest surgeons were opposed to the "new-fangled theories."

In one case—I had nearly forgotten this matter—a great elephant of a man and a small, slender fellow got into a fight over the "Dublin view" and the "Shastid view" and before our very eyes. It occurred in the wide space lying between a certain farmhouse and the tiny private burial ground thereunto appertaining. That fight raged to and fro over all those three broad acres, owing chiefly to the fact that, as the big one advanced the little one retreated. The big fellow—the one I have called an elephant—was indeed a hulking giant of a man, with shoulders like slabs of knotted oak, arms like the forelegs of a work-horse, and great hands and feet. Spite of his lack of pretense to all things intellectual, he was the ardent champion of the "Shastid view." He believed in the "bugs." His opponent on the contrary was a delicate, wedge-faced man with narrow shoulders and—at least until this time—an apologetic manner, the sort of person exactly that one would expect to be eternally pushed out of some one else's way. Just now, however, he was all "het up" over science—both natural and fisticutionary. He did *not* believe in bugs or evolution, but, stoutly, in the Dublin theory of disease causation. His views on the nature of infectious diseases were, as now each one of us knows, exactly all to the bad; his theory, however, of the proper way in which to fight was excellent in the extreme—assuming of course that there is any excellent way in which to conduct such matters. His technique was, continually, so to deviate from the line elephantine that, when the large antagonist arrived at where you seemed to be, you were always quite somewhere else.

At length Clem, the elephantine, blinded by blows, was seeking vainly for the whereabouts of his small, hornet-like antagonist, Jim. At last Jim "rushed" Clem, and—crash! both of them went through the well-rotted fence into the graveyard. After that, the task for Jim was easy. In and out he danced among the gravestones, hitting with frightful accuracy and fiendish frequency his perfectly helpless antagonist—who, more often than not, was simply bruising his helpless fists upon the mossy stones.

Such a foolish affair would be unthinkable to-day. In those near-pioneer times, however, men still fought for what they believed and fought for it often.

At length Jim, the little, struck his hard, small fist straight upon the point of big Clem's chin. Clem went down like a barrel full of dead beef, and, for a time, lay across a grave motionless. Blood was all over his face, saturated his clothing. Yet he was not long "out." Warily he turned his head. His frame stiffened. "Let this be a lesson to you," he murmured. He sat up, uttered something incoherent, indecent, waved his shattered hand in sign he understood the thing that had occurred.

My father went up to him, offered his services. Clem flew into a towering rage. Volubly he cursed my father. "Get away you, d. . . . you. Hadn't been for you and your bug-sick theory—" He looked his hatred and contempt.

"Dublin's up to *my* house," suggested a bystander. "Go and bring him at once," cried my father, meaning to have *him* treat the vanquished.

But Clem responded, "Get out, *both* o' you! And *all* the G. . . d. . . d doctors too get out. I want none o' you."

The same old situation: "A plague o' both your houses!"

In the buggy my father: "Dublin put him up to it, that Jim. I happen to have been warned. Jim was to have whipped *me*, but, having taken a drink, got into a quarrel with Clem instead. I'll never trust a doctor again."

"Not even a Hodgen?"

"No— Who? A Hodgen? O yes, of course, I'd trust a Hodgen or even a McDowell to the end of time."

Later we learned that the "warning" to Father was absolutely false, so far at least as Dr. Dublin was concerned. But Father, for months, was in deepest gloom because of what he thought the "hidden machinations" of his former friend. He minded not so much the threat that the Doctor had made him if this or that should happen. That threat had come direct from Dublin, as man to man, and was itself a fair and proper warning. But, to hire a low down pup, a man of no standing whatever, to beat him up, perhaps to stab him (the scoundrel, Jim, had stabbed three men already, across the Missouri line, and got off scot free) was something

that undermined his confidence, almost, in the medical profession as a whole.

I regret that, even so late as at the present time, I cannot narrate the fortunate circumstances under which my father came to know that Dr. Dublin's alleged instigation of Jim in the above-mentioned fracas was wholly a fiction. Those, however, still live who would be most deeply hurt and shamed by the narrative, even if all the participants in the matter were mentioned only by fictitious names—the practice I have followed with few exceptions in this part of my book.¹

And we were yet to have more meetings with his royal highness, the Duke of Dublin, at least one of which, whether pleasant or unpleasant, was to be big with destiny.

A DOCTOR'S APPRENTICE AND A COMING MAN

But now, having run considerably ahead of another part of my story, I must go back in time for a number of years, in order to face forward again.

Jon and I used to practice walking the top stringer of our north-alley fence by moonlight, sometimes even by daylight. We called it "cat walking," and thought it fun. One day, as we were cat walking, we all at once caught the multitudinous sounds of a great drove of cattle hoofing to the west of us. It was always an event in our lives to watch such milling animals, to hear their discontented bawlings while, close behind, rode dust-covered men on excited horses, shouting "Hey! Hey there!" and cracking great, loud whips with a hearty good will.

Before the long procession has moved half way past us, Jon and I, looking townward, see our father, seated in his buggy, staring first in one direction then in another, waiting, it is true, for the bawling cattle herd to get out of his way,

¹ Once again, lest the reader may suppose that I exaggerate the extreme combativeness of men, yes and sometimes of women, in the days of which I write, I quote from "History of Pike County, Illinois" (Chicago: Chas. C. Chapman & Co., 1880) page 234: "Horses were 'swapped,' difficulties settled and free fights indulged in Indeed, fights on Saturday in the village and settlement centers were so customary that when a Saturday passed with no fight in the neighborhood, it was the occasion of considerable remark for weeks." This passage was written concerning a period of time somewhat prior to my birth, but, even in my boyhood and youth, quarrels and fights were still among the commonest occurrences.

but yet, quite as obviously, looking for somebody to ride with him.

"Come on with me," I cry at Jon, "and go with Father and me into the country." Away dash we on our little bare but tireless feet. Round the house into the street. Up to the rear of the buggy. But then, "I can't go with you," explains Jon. "I have to take my music lesson." So he starts on another run for his music teacher's, George B. Crawford's, office on the Square.

When I had mounted to the seat beside my father, yet while we were still waiting for the last stragglers of the long-horn cattle to pass, my father asked, "What makes that big lump there in your pocket?" Placing a hand in the side-pocket of my coat, he moved the hand round a little, then removed it. "About time for somebody's tenth birthday,¹ isn't it?" he asked. "In two or three days," I answered, meaning with iron will to put off the viewing of my present until we had got back home.

We drove that day our gentle, easy-going old sorrel, Dick. The "equine devil" and Old Yellow were each, for certain reasons to appear herein hereafter, becoming day by day, less and less available. For that reason it was that, as we passed a certain farmhouse and a great mastiff in the doorway set up a challenging bellow, our horse turned sharply round and would have galloped toward home, only that the mastiff—seeing what he thought an easy fight before him, leaped the fence and seized Mr. pacifist horse by the throat. Whereupon my father, despite his usual attitude toward dogs, vaulted over the wheels and, taking the dog by the throat, cast him—actually—into a deserted dry well. Farther on he informed the owner where the dog could be found.

¹ I am not *perfectly* certain whether the birthday mentioned was my tenth or a later one. On our way out to the country that day my father indeed, as I remember, spoke at length about Custer's recent battle with Sitting Bull and the Sioux Indians, something which occurred in June, 1876. (My tenth birthday was July 19 of that year.) We also talked of a lecture which, I believe, had been recently given by Robert J. Burdette, the humorist. There were also, however, certain occurrences on that day which make it entirely possible that it was in fact a slightly later, instead of my tenth, anniversary.

The question can have importance only as it bears upon the total length of time during which I have been engaged, as apprentice and full-fledged physician, in the practice of medicine.

When on our way again, I asked, "Have you never loved any dogs, Father, besides the big one that you loved in your childhood, and that bit you—thus making you fear all dogs?"

"Yes," he replied. "Not many years ago I was called at midnight to go out to Madison Chapman's. Just as I was putting the pill-bags into the buggy, I heard, in the silence of the sleeping town, a pad-pad-pad between the jail and the Methodist Church. I, that night, was somehow apprehensive, so—for no reason that I could think of—I stood and watched.

"And soon there hove into view Old Lion, a big dog I had often seen on the Public Square, but to which I had never paid any attention. Now he came right up to me, though never in his life had he noticed me before, stood there for a moment looking straight into my eyes, then turned and walked to the back of the buggy, where he stood alert and tense, head down and hair up.

"I knew not just what to do. He was, I understood, quite harmless, yet I did not want to take him with me into the country merely for that reason. I said to him, 'Go home, Lion. Go on home. I'm all right, old man.' But stir he would not. I begged him to go. He wagged his tail and gave me a look of the utmost friendship and fidelity. Yet stir he would not.

"Now I, as you know, am no believer at all in the so-called mystical powers of animals, especially dogs. Nor am I superstitious. Yet I admit that, after such persistence on Mr. Lion's part, I had a feeling, a mere feeling, that perhaps he did have a reason for his unusual conduct, though one I could not understand.

"I got into the buggy and drove off, Lion at the back of the buggy each foot of the way. 'Could someone really be wishing to hurt me?' I asked myself, then answered, naturally, 'Nonsense.' We passed both Doctor Doss and Doctor Casal, and later a veterinary, but all these were friends, good friends, of mine: no question at all about that. No other persons did we pass.

"When I entered the Chapman house, Lion went and stood guard at the horse's head. All through my work in the house, I heard, on several occasions, Lion's loud, discordant

yells of rage and defiance to the world—all these, no doubt, directed toward drunken farmers going home from town.

“When I returned to the buggy, Lion moved behind it again and followed me silently to town. When, at home, I got out of the buggy, he came and stood before me once more, begged shrilly for something though still in vain, and, lifting up a giant paw from time to time as if wishing to shake hands, away he went, head and tail ends both down, pad-padding back to the Public Square.”

My father wound up: “Well, after all, I just don’t know what he wanted.”

Then put in I: “That’s easy enough. He had a hard bellyache and wanted a doctor—a good one.”

Father, ignoring the flippancy, went on: “Always, after that night, I somehow loved old Lion—though he never again would notice me.—And then there was another dog I loved, the first dog of all—a little yellow boyhood’s cur named Monk. (And with this dog comes a moral.) I loved him so much I, a mere child, simply could not sleep without him. I loved him so much it sometimes seemed I could not have lived without him. All through the brilliant summer days—ye gods what brilliant days we then did have—we played together and together and together.

“One day there were visitors at our house, and, after the dinner, we were all seated—all at least but me—in the yard before the house, the same little white house (not the red one) that you see to-day near the schoolyard. I, for my part, instead of sitting idly in a chair chattering, was engaged in turning handsprings and somersets for the delectation of the visitors—who, however, seemed undelectedated.

“Still I wanted my share of attention.

“Still I did not get it.

“So ambitious then I grew, so desirous for the attentions of others, that I said to myself, ‘By the shades of the mighty Golly’ (the only oath I knew then) *I will* have my share of attention.

“Poor little Monk was, of course, frolicking by me, pausing from time to time to lick my hand or shoe, but *his* attention was not enough. I was ambitious.

"So, picking up a hammer that happened to be near, I struck him—struck him on the dear little head that had loved me so long and so well. But Monk, instead of yelping and capering about, and so of attracting to both of us the attention I thought we deserved, he—merely fell over and was dead.

"I tried to bring him back to life. I poured water over him. I shouted to him. All to no purpose. He was dead.

"The visitors tried to revive him, but to no purpose. He was dead.

"And again and again I saw Monk in my dreams. And then he was *living*. So, all the brilliant days, I would spend wishing for sleep. Therein I could see Monk, see him again outside my window. And he would be barking to get in.

"And soon, out of that Monk occurrence, there grew up in our family a saying, a very useful warning, for those who are too ambitious, too anxious for the plaudits of others—Be careful you do not kill Monk.¹

"And this leads me to say to you something that I long have been wanting to say. You are probably so ambitious you never could be content to become just a doctor—a country doctor; and, anyway, I never would really advise anyone to become a doctor of any sort—although, if I had my life to live again, I would be just what I am."

At this I began to see his drift. And it seemed all at once as if time itself stood still, all previous hours having existed merely to lead up to this one supreme moment—but then, alas: to stop. He was no longer speaking. With eyes fixed on the distance, he appeared to be lost in contemplation. I knew, at least I felt, that, even yet, he feared I lacked the constancy, the persistence, yes even the dignity, to become a physician. Would he never start talking again? But, if he did, would he, even then, suggest I become his "apprentice"—the first step, in those days, toward becoming a doctor? No, he had not sufficient confidence in me.

¹ This warning and this story my father placed before me again and again. Once in connection with a family, the Vandermoorens, whose doctor he long had been but whose practice he had lost by being too ambitious—i.e., proving that his arms were longer than Mr. Vandermoorens'. (See my story of the Vandermoorens, *Bulletin of the Am. Acad. of Medicine*, Vol. VIII (1907) pp. 290-1.)

And when, once more, he did start talking, I found that his thinking had taken a different tack. "I too," he admitted, "have had my illusions—my beautiful but wholly idle dreams. I too have thought to become an author: yet see how carelessly I write. To be a successful business man: yet see how badly I manage investments. To be a city surgeon, a great and famous operator. Hodgen has told me—But then you know what he said. He would make me ambitious. Great man as he is, he would tempt me away from—from what I am cut out for, from my moral, my religious, duty, yes from the thing that most of all I love.

"You must decide for yourself, Thomas. Remember that, when I took the veil (decided to practice in Pike County) I had no doctor-daddy here to help me in my choice and, later, in my difficult work. You would have one by your side.

"John Hay used to call Pike County, although he loved it too, 'Barbaria,' the old Greek word for 'land of the barbarians'—i.e., people who continually gibber 'bar, bar, bar,' instead of speaking Greek. To me this county has never seemed a land like that. Our people, though primitive, are of most excellent stocks. They are stronger than the average in both body and mind. Once rid of their superstitions, they will advance rapidly. Over and above that, you will at all times love them for their essential kindness and good-heartedness."

"Father," I said, "I will take the veil."

My father put an arm around me and gave me a little squeeze. "You will be Daddy's 'apprentice,' he your 'preceptor.' He will like it very much, even after your graduation in medicine, when you shall have become a full-fledged doctor, a surgeon, perhaps—provided only you would always practice by his side—by which I mean occupy the same office with him, talk cases over with him, and, now and then (not too seldom, either) ride out to see cases with him, and then, each time we are back in the buggy, discuss patients, medicine, languages, philosophy and the eternal beauty of field and sky."

"Just about what we are doing now?"

"Yes, only then you would have patients of your own, patients whom—sometimes but not too often—you would go to see without me, and a home of your own, but not more than one block away from the house in which you were born."

They say it is only youth that dreams, or at least that dreams of the future. But here was my father constructing castles in the air to a greater extent and with even a greater speculativeness than youthful I was doing. How, when that future at length arrived, I myself tore down his beautiful aerial constructions will appear hereafter.

It was late midsummer. From the cloth-netted windows of shack after shack, cabin after cabin, yes and fine house after fine house, came the continual wail of babies sickening with cholera infantum—the greatest cause of infant mortality in that day.

A child would be seized first with purging then with vomiting. These acts would be frequent and violent in the extreme. After the contents of the stomach and bowels had been completely expelled, the evacuations would consist of the serum of the blood which had been secreted or transuded from the blood vessels into the stomach and intestines. Owing to the abstraction of so much fluid from the blood, the child would be almost crazed by thirst. Yet, when water was administered by the mouth, it would be rejected immediately. Convulsions and coma (dense stupidity) would ensue, then death.

My father, experimenting a good deal in the cases, had worked out a number of helpful measures for himself. Among these perhaps the most useful was the injection under the skin of a weak solution of ordinary table salt in boiled water. This replaced in the blood the highly valuable water and the most essential salt which it had lost by the vomiting and diarrhoea. My father also taught that cholera infantum, whatsoever its form, was the result of infection by disease germs—something not at all admitted at the time, or for many years afterward, even by the foremost writers.¹

¹ Thus, for example, Austin Flint's "Principles and Practice of Medicine" (1886), chief textbook of its day, says not a word on the subject. Neither does Stevens in "Manual of

On the day in question, the more deeply we drove into the country the more cholera infantum we found and the more severe. Indeed on one occasion—this occurred in a large, fine house too—the child had lost so much water and salt from its blood that it was actually dehydrated, dried up, till it looked like an old wrinkled mummy. My father had just given orders for boiled water and some table salt, and, advancing toward the child, was about to administer a stimulant, when, suddenly, the baby passed into “the shadow of the little white house”—a term which, from that sad experience in my earlier childhood, I had come to use for “dissolution.”

Back in the buggy I cried out to my father, “Maybe, Father, if I practice by your side, I shall be able some day to discover a cure, or, better, a preventive, of cholera infantum.”¹

He encouraged me in the thought, and, as we drove back through the mysterious dark, joy pulsed at my throat. Even in spite of the death I had just then witnessed, it pulsed there. A thousand dreams had come or would come, true!

the Practice of Medicine” (1901). Flint in fact says, *op. cit.*, p. 540, “The causation has relation to a high temperature, the affections [the various affections which he believed came under the head of “cholera infantum”] prevailing almost exclusively during the months of June, July, August and September. Something more than temperature, however, is concerned in their production, for they are almost limited to cities and large towns, and are more prevalent in the Northern and Middle than in the Southern States.” Just how erroneous that last statement is, particularly with reference to cholera infantum being “almost limited to cities and large towns,” can be seen from what I’ve said above with respect to my father’s country practice. Austin Flint, great man as he was, knew nothing of the practice of medicine outside the city of New York. The “something more than temperature” which was “concerned in its production” was generally thought to be not disease germs but too much or too little food, too much fruit, or, most important matter of all at that time, exposures to the “night air” after exposure to the hot air of the day.

Cholera infantum is now known to be produced not only by heat and improper diet but also by various kinds of bacteria—not just one specific kind.

¹ Preventives were, in fact, discovered, though not at all by me. Clean milk, clean bottles, clean nipples, and, above all else, metal door and window screens, performed the miracle—did away with the germs. The metal screens, it has to be confessed, were by no means introduced as a method for preventing cholera infantum, but only as a better means of keeping out flies and other annoying insects than the old-fashioned mosquito net. As an Irishman might put it, incidentally they performed their chief purpose.

But alas! as I look through all the histories of medicine that are now available to me, I find not one which even so much as mentions the effect of metal screens in the prophylaxis of cholera infantum, malaria, yellow fever, and many other germ-borne diseases. Well, what space could we expect to be devoted to the topic of metal screens only, when even to Listerism itself and to the germ theory there have, as a rule, been assigned only three or four pages—out of many hundreds!

When we had arrived at home, we halted in front of the office, my father saying, "Come in here—where now you'll be my apprentice."

His apprentice!

We went in, and it seemed like a new place to me. There were still the same brief rows of bottles—tinctures, extracts, ointments, powders, pills. The two overfull bookcases. The little white-sacked skeleton, the microscope and the box of old bones. All the other little features too of the small place—they were there, all there. And yet they seemed somehow to have expanded from what they had been before until the room was more like a glorious cathedral in some vast city than an insignificant medical office in a tiny town.

Father stood beside me in front of his big, framed diploma—read me all those well-loved names upon it—then stood me in front of his almost equally large framed picture of John T. Hodgen, his idol, and, looking down at me with the friendliest eyes that ever I have known, asked God to bless me as a doctor's apprentice and always afterwards as a doctor.

And he further talked to me until far into that night, but the words that he uttered—so fondly happy were they—I believe that I, although I clearly remember the most of them, will keep always in my heart and to myself.

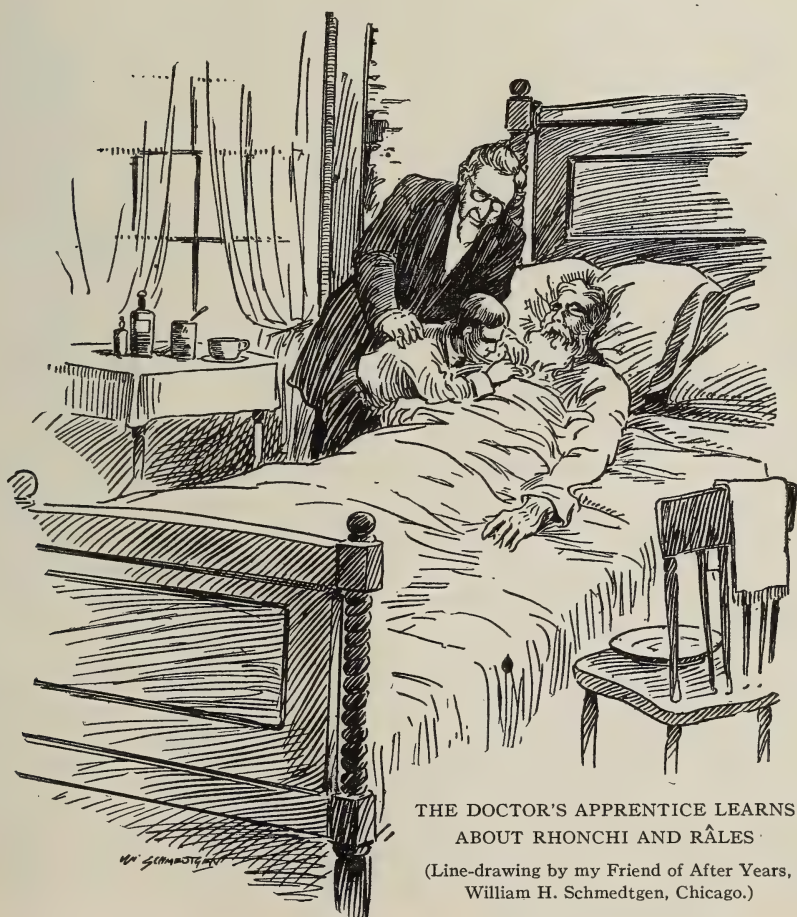
A PHYSICIAN IN EMBRYO

So I had become a doctor's apprentice, the germ and unmistakable beginning of a true Hippocratides. I was sometimes in a kind of trance. At all times I was fluttering wings and trailing clouds of glory. Even in a crowd I seemed to be listening to muted music.

On the very day I started, our good neighbor across the street to the west of us, Mrs. Purkitt, came in to "have a look" at me. She had heard about the great apprenticeship. She it was, I recall again, who had been the sweet foster mother of John G. Nicolay, and—for a short year only—almost a foster mother to John's excellent chum, that mischief-making little rascal, John Hay. At first she came half laughing, but, seeing my tired and hurt face—I had been up half the night at helping Father—she took me in her good old motherly arms and burst out crying. "Tom, you've al-

ways seemed just like—" "I know," I said. "I love you too, mother Purkitt." Then my mother came in, and both the women burst out crying. At this I was so ashamed, so ashamed. They would not have cried over any manly-looking student. They cried about in the way that both of them had already done when my little brother Jon had forever lost his curls.

Later, some of my boy friends prophesied, for example: "All that there fine feelin's about him bein' helper to a doctor'll vanish like mist before the sunrise. For one thing, it'll take a lot o' real work to make a real doctor." It did take a lot o' work, but the fine feelin's have never vanished. I am as



THE DOCTOR'S APPRENTICE LEARNS
ABOUT RHONCHI AND RÂLES

(Line-drawing by my Friend of After Years,
William H. Schmedtgen, Chicago.)

proud to-day to be a doctor as I was to think of being one between sixty and seventy years ago.

Much as I stayed now in the office, I did not altogether quit riding in the country with my father.

One day we drove out west and north and, the first thing I knew, we were in the Stettenhausen neighborhood, and, as I thought of old Mr. Stettenhausen again, behold! the plumes of the aging corn again were waving after us a sad farewell and all the ripening world was sad. So always, I thought, we see in nature the echo of our own thoughts and feelings.

"What's become of old Mr. Donovan?" I asked. "I hear he is very much better," my father replied.

Then, all at once, a shout behind us, a whole chorus of shouts then, and behold! Around our buggy the same rejoiceful bevy of children that, a good while back, had followed us from school one day, to show us the road to the new Stettenhausen place. But, this time, they wanted to show us a new game they had just learned. So we stopped, and there, under big, shady trees at an unfenced creek some hundred feet away, they put on their play—so proud, so proud, that the doctor and his boy, who had come from the great, far county-seat with all its magnificence and mystery, were kind enough to watch their acting. "Early Days" it was called.

The girls had got lost in a forest. Chased by Indians (the smaller boys), the women (all the girls there were) pretended to tear off bits of their dresses for "trails." After a time the Indians caught up with the girls. But the white men (larger boys) following the trails, destroyed the captors and rescued the grateful sweethearts.

Anon the boys, as husbands, and the girls, as wives, were "keeping house," each pair at its own bush or log or stump. But each pair of eyes of each pair of housekeepers was glancing from time to time askant to see whether or not the doctor and his son were looking. For our benefit indeed it was they were still acting out the little play, which, without the children knowing it at all, was symbolical of all their tiny lives—even the parts thereof that yet were to be.

Father and I applauded till, all at once, out came old Mr. Donovan.

I turned for a last glimpse at the children. They were huddled together in the road, gazing after us longingly.

Mr. Donovan was looking better than I had ever seen him before. He coughed, though, rather badly, told us a little joke and went back into the house.

Next day we heard that, in the night, he had died.

TALES OUT OF TIME

A good while back, perhaps, I should have told the following three stories in order to have kept their time-order true, but, somehow, I could not find a proper place in which to put them. Even now I tell them merely because they are needed to round out my picture of a long gone time and scene.

NUBBIN

He received that name not merely because he was exceedingly small, both of stature and of mind, but because of an incident which, aside from its producing the critical change in his cognomen, was relatively unimportant. The incident: My father and I had gone to the home of his very much larger brother—a brother for whom he was working. The brother, very sick indeed and exceedingly delirious, could of course not answer a question. So to the sick man's wife my father turned and inquired, "Have the bowels moved?" The lady, embarrassed, tried to answer, could not, blushed violently, and, at length, merely nodded her head and looked down.

Said then my father, "How large was the movement?"

She could not answer.

He turned to some of the neighbors who, sympathetically and solemnly, were sitting around in the room. All of these could speak easily and did, but none knew the answer to the question.

At length, however, the subject of this sketch—his rightful name was Saul Simmons—began pursing up his mouth, then made gurgling sounds, and, finally—poor fellow—ejaculated, "I c-c-c-can answer. It's just b-b-behind the

house where all the rest of his'n is. An' it's exac'ly the s-s-size of a nubbin.' "

The thoughtless audience broke into guffaws, and behold! for several years thereafter Mr. Saul Simmons had a new and more distinctive appellation—Nubbin.

After a time poor little Nubbin broke with his big fine brother, Henry, and moved into a different neighborhood—"One three-quarters of a mile beyond the end of the world."

But everything he tried to do "went to Pot Holler."

Honest he was, as shown by the fact that, once, after a rather trying illness which he went through in his shanty all alone, save for the occasional ministrations of kindly neighbors, after, I say, his recovery from this illness, he offered as payment to my father his span of old mules—all the draught animals he had.

My father, of course, refused to take the mules, deferring the time of payment till Nubbin might be more prosperous.

Nubbin, however, never did become more prosperous. He bought a farm, it is true, owed for it mostly, and, finally, we heard he had lost it, "roof, fence and acreage," by mortgage foreclosure.

It was quite a wretched conclusion to a little weakling's enterprise.

A few days later we met him driving his span of aged mules from the jouncing seat of a spring wagon. All the farming and household paraphernalia in the wagon combined would not have sold for fifty dollars.

As we passed him, he, obviously ashamed, volunteered, "Drivin' th-th-this outfit to Missouri to help m-move my b-b-brother over there."

But he wasn't. His brother in fact never did leave Pike County, and Nubbin himself was the actual mover to Missouri. "Of course he would not do well there," Father and I together speculated, "or anywhere else."

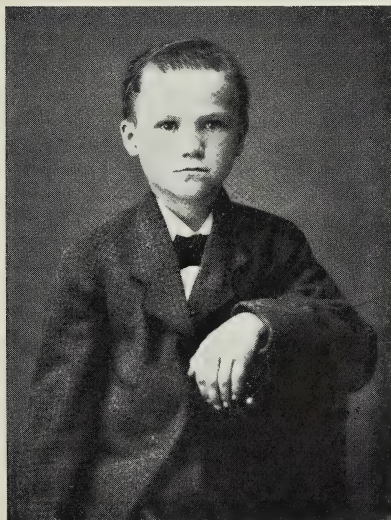
And he didn't. We saw in a paper one day that Mr. Saul X. Simmons, over in Missouri, had forged somebody's note for thirty-five dollars and in consequence had gone to the penitentiary.

And he was just as good, or as bad, after that, as dead, both to Father and to me. We never heard of him again.



MY FATHER'S APPRENTICE (1876)

Big suit, little boy. Small boys in those days were generally supplied with clothing which fitted them not so much "like the paper on the wall" as like the circus tent on the center-hole. REASON: Cloth then was exceedingly durable, so that boys' suits were selected to fit in the faraway future instead of the acutely conscious present. Should then the boy's increase in size exceed the expectation of his parents, he might get along pretty well. Otherwise—well, he kept on looking like a pint-cup in a tub.



MY FATHER'S APPRENTICE (1877)

Showing what about one year of medical apprenticeship can do for "a regular guy."

As he himself used often to say, "A n-n-nubbin ain't never had no chance—except to get et up."

And then, by contrast with this little fellow, there was—

THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS

On a day, riding with Father, I glimpsed one of the largest and most beautiful country homes I had ever beheld. A great rarity it was in Pike County, Illinois. Two stories and a half! A beautiful lawn about it too, and many resplendent flowers. In the yard near the gate played a pretty, very neatly dressed little girl whom I had seen only a time or two before.

"Who lives there?" I asked.

"Cyril Catesby, together with his wife and little daughter, Clarissa, also Martha, his sister-in-law. They're newcomers, rather, from away down east."

I began at once to dream that the house was an enchanted castle and Clarissa a lovely Princess confined to the castle and its purlieus by means of wicked enchantment. Perhaps, some day, I might be able, with my good stout arm, to deliver her.

The opportunity came soon. My father, that very day, drove up to a shanty about one-eighth mile farther on, and, as I got out of the buggy, he remarked, "Sorry, but here you can't go in. As I'll be a good while busy, you'd better take some exercise walking up and down the road."

I started to take the exercise in the direction of the enchanted castle.

And behold the fairy Princess, standing in all her beauty just inside the yard, near the gate!

"Hello!" cried she, and motioned me to come in.

I went up to the gate much embarrassed. Here was indeed a beautiful princess making unmistakable advances in my unmistakable direction. Perhaps she would expect me to propose to her. How should I go about that? My ordinarily only too ready tongue seemed frozen at its base. My childish countenance too, I could tell, had already hung out not the white but the red banner of cowardice.

However, as I say, I went up to the gate. She motioned me in and I entered, as it seemed, the gate of heaven.

"You are Doctor Shastid's son," said she, saving me the trouble of introducing myself. "We like Doctor Shastid and believe in him."

"Yes, and you're Clarissa Catesby," I added. I wanted to go much farther than that, but, when I tried to formulate a sentence it refused to take shape. In fact I was almost paralysed with fear.

"I like you very much," said she, "and I love you too."

That made the going perfectly clear. I was no longer embarrassed. She was about to get her man.

I reached up and kissed her, and she kissed me in return. It was not difficult at all, in fact it seemed as if I had known her always.

"Don't you think we had better go look at our hollyhocks?" she questioned. "We're said to have the finest hollyhocks in all this county." And indeed they were beautiful. I have always loved hollyhocks, especially those in Pike County. And hardly a log cabin or a shanty in all that rather large area but was, each summer, illumined, made inexpressibly glorious by at least a row of hollyhocks on one side of the house. But *these* hollyhocks, so close to the wall of this fine two-story castle that they nodded and tapped familiarly at some of its unopened windows—one of them perhaps hers—were incomparable. Single and double! Yellow, pink-and-red, maroon colored, ebony black and ivory white—and each and every one of them, in a word, incomparable.

Suddenly I caught raspy syllables from inside the house, uttered, as it seemed, near one of the windows which was open though protected against insects by a closely woven "mosquito-bar" screen.

"Where can that Clarissa be now?" demanded the voice, a woman's. And the response, also in feminine accents, was, "Heaven only knows. If she isn't the wild one!"

"Wilder and wilder every day, Aunt Martha."

"I'll go and bring her in."

At that I caught Clarissa by the hand and we ran quickly through an open gate and into the big flower garden. There we hid in masses of sweetness and bloom amid happy, happy sounds of burling bees delirious with inexhaustible honey.

I remember too that, among those flowers, still holding her little hand, I at least thought that I would tell her how, ever since I had ridden with my father past this home of hers one day, I had fancied her to be a fairy princess confined by some wicked enchanter within the limits of this beautiful castle and its environs. And I thought, too, as I remember, that I would tell her that, some time when I was fully grown up—even bigger than then I was—I would come and break the spell that bound her by taking her away and marrying her.

Further than that, strangely, I do not remember anything at all about that gloriously romantic day. I do not even recall my return to Father and his buggy, although of course I must have returned to them.

I do, however, remember very distinctly that when, in later years, I had returned from New York to Pittsfield, on vacation after my freshman term in medicine, I rode out into the country with Father, just as in former times, to see the sick and to renew old acquaintances. The first thing I knew, we had gone in to see Mrs. Catesby. But I did not glimpse Clarissa, who, of course, by that time, should have become almost a grown woman.

When we were driving away from the house I asked my father what had become of her. "Oh! Died about five years ago," he responded, "while you were off at Inveni college. Consumption."

CONFUSION OF VOICES

Then there were the old couple who called us into their home in the country one day, complaining that their voices had been "switched." Asked what they meant by that, they said that some witch or other had "hexed" them, giving the husband the wife's voice and the wife the husband's.

And, sure enough, the wife was playing bull fiddle in the family orchestra, while the husband was piping a very shrill piccolo indeed. It was all merely an exaggerated case of what oftentimes happens as a couple grows old. "She," generally the junior but past the turn of life, dons the bass voice, as well as the outside pants and all physical activity,

while "he," devoid of authority and in a listless corner chair, "pipes and whistles in his sound."

My father did not attempt to unhex these most excellent people.

ONCE MORE THE APPRENTICESHIP

But forward again to the early days of my apprenticeship. For a long time neither my father nor I had seen old Dr. Dublin, that is to speak to him. On a number of occasions, it is true, as we passed along the north side of the Public Square (that nearest to our house) we heard the old fellow on the south side coughing with all his old-time energy—garrumphing and hallooing and hi-highing, and, finally, swooshing his copious sputum into the street. Once indeed I, passing along the Square's south side, almost ran into him as he came debouching from his stairway onto the sidewalk. He gave me an indignant look, then, commandingly, cried, "Get out!" I replied, impudently, "I wasn't even intending to go in."

Then, one day, as my father and I were driving along in the Stettenhausen neighborhood, here, all at once, like the very personification of aristocracy and energy, appeared—Dr. Dublin. A great shudder passed over my frame and my heart jumped into my throat. Be it remembered that this was the very determined individual who had notified my father that he would shoot him "on sight" the very next time that my father should have the temerity to cross his path.

Was my father armed? I did not know, and I confess I do not know now.

Both men halted their rigs. Neither made a move toward his pocket.

Then I noted Dublin's eyes. A flame was in them—a flame fierce and yet strangely soft. All at once the man laughed—laughed low and happily, like a man that has just found something for which he had searched far and wide.

(Does "nothing" ever happen "in the country"?)

Then he laughed again, went into a vortex of struggles with his bronchitis, spat copiously and accurately onto a little bush—which at once went to bowing and scraping as if

it bore no malice. Finally, the paroxysm over, Dublin cried, laughing heartily: "Well, it's funny how things turn out—if you wait long enough.

"I had an interesting case lately—one you'll want to hear of, I'm sure. Preacher Wrenshaw, up in Adams County, he got a fracture of the right humerus—pounding his d...d pulpit too hard, maybe—a compound, yes a compound. Well, as I say, it was a compound fracture. His horse ran away with him, tore up the buggy, gave Wrenshaw a terrible fracture. A compound, yes a mighty bad compound. Dirt rubbed into the fragment-ends and all that.

"I advised immediate amputation. Why not? Justification ample. Compound, dirty, all that. I advised immediate amputation.

"Preacher refused. Said he'd read in the magazines about the treatment of Lister— (It'll be Lord Lister some time.¹) Said some excellent surgeons were backing his treatment mightily, got far better life-results than ever had been had by amputation—and then the patients kept their arms and legs besides. I was firm, but he was stubborn. At last he had his way. 'All right,' says I. 'Lister's treatment if you want it, but you yourself accept the responsibility for the outcome in your case.'

" 'I accept,' says he.

"I cleaned, disinfected, reduced, sewed up, put in drainage, and—ahem! He—I never saw a wound get well so fast. A good arm in three weeks—pounds the pulpit all he wants to.

"Yes and, Dr. Shastid, the Reverend's wife has just this day informed me that Mr. Stettenhausen's widow told her last week that she never had liked you since, many years ago, you had refused to take her advice about your treatment in the case of one of her neighbors. Therefore, each and every day, after you had treated Stett's arm, re-dressed it and gone away—why, this same Mrs. Stett had *undressed* it and put some of her own commixtures into it—something compounded of floor sweepings, dog's dung and horse's urine. Then, each time, just before you were due to call again, she would wash and clean the wound (as you had

¹Dr. Dublin's prophecy was literally fulfilled. Lister became Sir Joseph (a baronet) in 1883, and, in 1897, Lord Lister, "the first medical man to be raised to the peerage."

asked her to do) also apply the carbolic acid as you had told her, and so it always appeared to you as if your wishes had been precisely carried out. Stett never told you about his wife's misdoings because he didn't know but that his wife was following your directions. Donovan didn't either, because he was so chicken-hearted he always shut his eyes and turned his head away whenever Mrs. Stettenhausen redressed the wound.

"And that," concluded Dr. Dublin, "is precisely the reason why Mr. Stettenhausen died. It was not because he had had antiseptic treatment at all, but because he hadn't had it.—I'm sorry, Doctor Shastid, that I've said the things that I have said to you in this matter. I believe in anti-sepsis; I do now—in the germ theory. I am thoroughly convinced. I ought to have known earlier than this that when Hodgen—"

But I, as a doctor's apprentice, wanted some slight participation in this matter myself. I said in a tight little voice which I tried to make big, "You see, Dr. Dublin, my father—well, wrong as he was he was right."

Dublin shouted contemptuously, "Who asked *you* to squirt in?"

He cut his big blood-bay with the whip and sped into the distance.

Dr. Dublin, till the end of his life, never forgave me that one bit of a boy's—a little smart Aleck's—triumph over him.

Years after, when I had become a physician and was practising in Pittsfield, he would have none of me.

After I had left Pittsfield, gone to Harvard College and there had taken the degree of bachelor of arts (belatedly, I should have received it before my M.D.), I was called to a professorship in St. Louis. Arrived in that city, however, I was at once taken sick and lay at death's door for about six months. Thereafter, temporarily recovered, I returned to Pittsfield and my parents for a rest-up prior to going to New York for an operation by McBurney. One day I thought that, after all these many years and especially after all my recent sufferings, it would be a most excellent time to make my peace with Dr. Dublin.

Up, therefore, I went to see him at his office, and, incidentally, to ask his opinion about the trouble in my side, especially about the cons and pros of an operation therefor.

He happened to be standing on the sidewalk, just in front of the stairway leading to his office.

I approached, spoke, stated my mission—all as politely as I knew how to do.

The man turned purple with rage. With swelling cheeks he cried, "Don't you ever dare speak to me again, sir, unless I speak to you first."

Was I crushed? I certainly was. There, before me, towered the same mountainous man of mountainous energy, there were the same hard-blue eyes wherewith he had gazed upon me and my father in the early days of the Germ Theory and Listerism—eyes that might have made a Louis the Fourteenth flinch and turn away. Then, characteristically, I re-acted. I started to say to him, "As wrong as I was that time, long ago, Doctor Dublin, I was right," but checked myself with the reflection that this old-time physician who stood so high in the estimation of many town and country people of Pike County, and not undeservedly either, was, spite of his most unworthy grudge against myself for a very trifling matter, a true-blue friend of both my father and my brother, Dr. Will—with, I say, that one simple reflection, I held my peace, consenting to be crushed.

A short time afterward—in May, 1896, to be exact—this same old Dr. Dublin, standing on the sidewalk before his office stairway, and coughing with his usual vehemence and excessive energy to relieve his bronchial tubes of sputum, in characteristic manner produced an oblique fracture of a rib, so that the point of one of the fragments penetrated the lung.

Summoning my brother William to his assistance, he went home and to bed, but very shortly afterward he died. Before passing he expressed himself as having been greatly pleased with the ethical treatment he had always had at the hands of Dr. William and my father. But of me he spoke no word.

Once upon a time I had triumphed over him—not in the arrogant, over-bearing way in which he had triumphed, on every possible occasion and with every possible excuse, over

everybody else, but, on the contrary, very gently, very gently indeed.

Still—I had triumphed, and he had never forgotten the fact.

But back to the days of my boyhood.

No sooner had Dr. Dublin cut his blood-bay horse with the whip and departed, than my father began reproving me. "Son! son!" he admonished. "Do you not understand how much the friendship of Dr. Dublin means to us both? Can you not see that, when he acknowledged his error about the very foundations of medicine and surgery—the Germ Theory of Disease and Antisepsis—with all that such an acknowledgment must have meant to him in the way of humiliation and chagrin—can you not, I say, see that, in such circumstances, you and I should have welcomed him back to the fold of mutual co-operation and helpfulness—with all that that meant to the patients of both of us—and never have given him even a word of reproof, a single sign of vindictiveness? I am greatly surprised that you have so little knowledge of human nature as to do what you did. And I suggest that, hereafter, you stick to your work in the office more closely, your work there as physician's apprentice and student of medicine."¹

¹My father would no doubt have reprehended me far more severely than he did had he known that, only a few days earlier, while I waited in the road by his buggy and he was busy in the farmhouse prescribing for a farm-hand, the master of the premises—himself a smart-Aleck—came out to me and with a supercilious manner, asked, "Well, so you're now a doctor's apprentice?"

"Yes, I am."

"You don't look like one, and, what's more, I don't believe you ever can look anything like a doctor."

"I can only tell by trying," I rejoined politely.

Then he set my blood boiling.

"The only job I believe you're fit for is one I have here on the place for somebody."

"What's that?"

"Feedin' grasshoppers. We've got a good many grasshoppers on our place an' nobody else seems to want to feed 'em. Suppose you quit lazin' around and go to feedin' my grasshoppers. Give you ten cents a week if you do."

"All right." I said. "I'll go to work on your grasshoppers as soon as I have my father's permission."

The man went into the house.

I was wild with anger but kept my feelings to myself.

Back in the buggy, when we had not gone more than a dozen rods I asked my father to let me walk a while—a request I had not infrequently made before. When I had walked behind the buggy for a short distance I slipped back to the dwelling place of Mr. Smart Aleck and calmly went to work pulling up all his asparagus and throwing it hither and

But, spite of my own saucy intervention at the time when Dr. Dublin had acknowledged his conversion to the Germ Theory and to Listerism, my father and Dr. Dublin, working together, had little trouble in quieting the antagonism which had grown up against these doctrines and, especially to their chief expounder and advocate in Pike County, my father. I cannot say that the people had really been converted to those doctrines—to which so many very shortly owed their lives—but they did appear promptly and contentedly to have forgotten all about the matter.

As to my father's advice to me to stick to the office more closely and to the work of a physician's apprentice, I did in fact, from that time on, more closely stick—though not to the exclusion of absolutely all else.¹ In the office I made him

thither. The lord of the manor seeing which, came out in a rage, demanding, "What're you doing there, you d. . . . d little idiot?"

"Just what you told me to do—feeding your grasshoppers. They seem to be almost starved."

He looked at me in blank amazement for a moment, then, after all, took it like a man. "Well, all right, Tommy. Guess you got me there. How much was I to pay you—ah, ten cents a week? Here's your money."

He tossed a coin. I caught it and threw it back at him. "All I want," I said, "is courteous treatment, the kind I give you."

I hastened to join my father at his next stopping place.

The man never told my father on me, but, a few days later, as we passed his place, I noticed Dr. Doss getting out of his buggy and going into the house with his medicine case.

Long years later, however, when I was a practicing physician at Pittsfield, this same man's wife had an immense goitre which several of the older physicians (other than my father, who had not been called in the case) had failed to cure. Under galvanism and iodine externally, with sodium iodide in large doses internally—the then accepted treatment—that great, disfiguring mass quite promptly disappeared.

The man and his wife, one day, came into the office when they knew my father would be there, and showed him the marvellous result. The wife then also told my father (the very first time he had heard of it) about my white-hot pulling up of their asparagus crop and feeding it to the grasshoppers.

¹I cannot refrain from quoting here a passage from a letter to me by a former Pittsfield boy, Mr. Grant Criswell, of Manhattan Beach, California—a passage which shows the intense interest which my father's office in those old days, especially its gleaming, ring-suspended skeleton, possessed for the children of Pittsfield: "You know, Tom, I remember your family so well and for so many reasons, but particularly because on our march to the old East school building it took us past your old brick house just across from the Methodist church. I remember one thing that your father had in connection with his buggy that always interested me in the good old horse and buggy days, was a gadget that in case the hoss started to run away all one had to do was pull a string and immediately you were in neutral gear and the hoss just run. I think this was just after your father had suffered from a runaway. I never saw it again but in those days it was good. [See *infra*, "My Father's Contraption and Dr. Dublin's Green Tie."]

"Another thing that stands out in my memory as a kid was the northwest room, first floor, of that old brick home of yours—your father's office. We kids used to go to the window in that office door, flatten our noses against it and wonder what in the name of time you could always keep so busy about in there among all those books and drugs. We always tiptoed up the three steps from the sidewalk to that door, almost holding our breaths,

thousands of powders, tens of thousands of pills, rolled bandages, scrubbed and polished corks and bottles, renewed labels on the stock jars, etc. Then, too, inasmuch as telephones although they had been invented in 1875 were not in general use at that time, a doctor's apprentice was supposed to be a kind of telephone in pants—in other words a messenger capable of conveying his preceptor's written or oral communications about town in a minimum of time. Most of the messages I carried were oral, and therefore in addition to the requirement of speed there was also needful the ability to deliver every message to its right place and with absolutely literal accuracy. It would not do, for example, to deliver to an old maid who had been suffering from malaria and whom my father wanted to quit taking the brown powders as soon as her fever had left off—it would not, I say, be considered ethical or advisable to instruct such a patient to begin now adding the new chalk mixture to her baby's bottle-milk.

Which reminds me that, very early on a certain morning, I was instructed to apprise a well-to-do, middle-aged couple that, in the night, their married daughter had become the recipient of a bouncing ten-pound baby. My father had not taken the trouble to inform humble *me* that this ordinarily quite happy event had taken place only about one month subsequent to the daughter's marriage. So, ignorant little I, with only the best intentions in the world, I still am certain, added to the message with which I had been entrusted a few rejoiceful frills. Said I, as soon as admitted to the house, "Well, I have glad news for you—something I'm sure you'll be more than rejoiced to hear. Your daughter, Mrs. Thus-and-so, was delivered about three o'clock this morning, of a bouncing fine baby."

And then I got "bounced" myself. "Get out!" groused the grandfather. The grandmother showed me to the door, wherethrough she gave me a forceful push.

we stood in such awe of the place. But the greatest thing of all was to catch one glimpse of the skeleton, which stood in a dark corner just to the right of the door. That event, the sight of the skeleton, which now and then happened, I think I remember more vividly than anything else which occurred to me at Pittsfield, especially when solemn-sounding music roared from your brother Jon's piano in the room adjoining. I often thought the skeleton's eyes sparkled with an unearthly fire whenever that piano played.

"At all events when it did play we children all unflattened our noses, streaked it away from your office-door window and ran down street shrieking. Sometimes I even promised God to be a good boy."

Crestfallen but not in the least understanding, I delivered my tale of grievance to the first person at home whom I met—my mother. She led me to my father in the office, where I repeated my report on the unceremonious way in which I had just been treated.

"Why! I don't understand," protested my father, laying his medical journal down.

"Don't you remember," inquired my mother, "What I told you about that couple having been married so short a time?"

"I'd forgotten all about it," my father confessed, "otherwise I'd not have sent the news at all."

However, from that time onward I was careful, very careful, to deliver all messages without additions or subtractions, and the only troubles I then experienced in relation to the messages were the frequent beatings up I received from some of the larger schoolboys who intercepted me on my way to deliver messages. Ofttimes, too, I was not only out to deliver my father's messages, but also to deliver at a restaurant and a hotel the milk from my two Durham cows. Ofttimes not only was I beaten up but my milk was spilled too.

SERENADE IN PRAISE OF DEATH

Another case of my maladroitness and lack of good taste actually got my preceptor-father into a serious predicament. I, of course, had acted only with the best of intentions—as usual.

It all came about from my being too musical. Serenading, in those days, was, among boys, and, in some towns and villages, even among grown people, a veritable craze. I was one of a little group of such boys. I had no better voice than a tree toad's, but I could play a little on a mournful flute and somewhat more on a dime "harmonica." Others among our musical night-disturbers were more divinely gifted. My brother Jon, for example, sang like a dozen cherubim. He really did. One lean, lank, cross-eyed fellow sang almost as well. Yet another beat a triangle, wherewith he was never flat or sharp but occasionally kept poor time. And there were others too in our heavenly band.

Well, on the evening in question I suggested that we go and serenade one of my father's patients there in Pittsfield, a Mr. Lightgoody. Mr. Lightgoody was very sick: perhaps a serenade would do him good.

When we all had got properly arranged in Mr. Lightgoody's front yard, brother Jon gave the signal and we all played, not so very badly, "Swanee River." That having roused our emotions to a delectable pitch on the subject of rivers, we proceeded forthwith to sing about another river, the title of whose song now escapes me but whose chorus ran much like—

"I hope to die in the glory of the Lord,
The glory of the Lord,
The glory of the Lord
I hope to die in the glory of the Lord
When I pass over Jordan."

The song was even more suggestive of dissolution than that.

Presently the sound of a window-sash running in its frame!

To the other minstrels I whispered that the people in the house were about to thank us for our serenade.

But suddenly we all perceived that the sash had gone not up but down, also that feminine figures behind it were motioning us to go away. Yes, it was indeed a fact. They were telling us to be gone. Not a word of thanks, either.

"Maybe that there song," moaned one of our group, as we got out of hearing, "did run a *leetle* too strong on death."

"Well, it ought to 'a' made death seem quite nice to anybody," suggested another.

Next day at the breakfast table my father took me severely to task for having serenaded one of his dying patients. "Especially," concluded he, "why did you suggest that that dying patient should even wish to die?"

Paralyzed with chagrin, I could not speak. I left the table, went to the barn, and, there, beside my two old cows, I cried.

Well, about one wretched week later, Father called me from the office into the sitting-room. There, as big as life, and he actually was alive, sat old Mr. Lightgoody. My

father laughed in a sickly way then said, "Mr. Lightgoody wants to thank you very much for something."

"Yes, *sir*," confirmed the erstwhile patient, "I want to thank you and the rest of you serenaders for the lovely song you sang to me a week ago yesterday. It just picked me up out of my melancholy and made me think how wonderful it would be if I could really die in the glory of the Lord. So I repented and accepted that glory. And then I felt so much better that I just didn't die."

"Boys, I do indeed thank you."

No wonder my father was chagrined. The apprentice had beaten his preceptor.

A FIGHTING PENITENT

"This same old Mr. Lightgoody, despite his restoration and at least apparent reformation, later became involved in one of the ugliest and nastiest fights which Pike County had ever experienced and which was largely of Mr. Lightgoody's own production. I cannot, however, now set forth the details, because so to do would cause great pain to some of Mr. Lightgoody's still surviving, because much younger, friends, and also to his most excellent descendants.

These matters about belligerent Pike County are here stated not because of any importance in themselves, but because they form an essential part of the picture which I am giving of that far-gone place and time—in some respects a brutal time and place indeed, though not perhaps so brutal as were most other places in the country. Indeed a few miles to the west of us the "West" was still "wild" as a wilderness. Men there still wore six-shooters strapped to their sides and shot one another without ceremony and on little or no provocation.

Even in Pike County, Illinois, there was much hard fighting, not infrequently on the Courthouse Square itself. Hardly an "Old Settlers' Day," a "Soldiers' Re-union," a "Fourth-of-July," or a Democratic or Republican rally could come off on the Public Square without a few fights of a serious nature sandwiching in between the more peaceful numbers of the printed program.

One of the most celebrated of these fights was that which occurred some time before my birth—a fight in which the victor was my father's half-brother, Captain George Travis Edwards, either at the time or a little later founder and proprietor of the Pittsfield House. My Uncle Travis, though tall and long-armed, weighed but 135 pounds. His antagonist, whose name I forget, weighed almost 200 pounds, and had been for years the bully and terror of Pike County. My father, who saw the fight, oftentimes related it to me with great and enthusiastic detail.

The battle occurred in the northwest corner of the Pittsfield Courtyard and every available space in the Square and at the windows of the near-by buildings was occupied. The disparity in size and, to all appearances, in the strength, of the combatants put all the betting on the big man's side and all the sympathy on the small man's.

The fight began at one o'clock p. m. and did not close till after nine—in other words, it endured more than eight hours. In the course of that time the small man knocked the big man down more than one hundred and fifty times and was not knocked down once himself—a fact which made this struggle a close parallel to the Thomas Sayers and John C. Heenan fight of 1860, the most celebrated in all the annals of the prize ring.

At last my uncle knocked the big man out, whereby he became the pet of masculine Pike County until his removal to Texas—something which occurred in my own day.¹

Many of the bitter fights of those days, oftentimes carried on with firearms, resulted in injuries which brought one or another of the participants, or as it might be an innocent bystander, down to my father's office and within the range of my experience.

¹ Even before the removal of my grandfather, John Greene Shastid, with his family to Pittsfield—in other words before their removal from near Lincoln's New Salem—my father's half-brother, seventeen years older than my father, was known as a terrific fighter. One of his best known combats was with Jack Armstrong, the Clary Grove bully whom Abraham Lincoln whipped later. As in the fight above recorded, this one too was long drawn out. Again and again I have heard the entire affair detailed with the utmost enthusiasm by "Uncle" Billy Greene, my grandfather's first cousin hereinbefore mentioned.

"Uncle" Billy, who had witnessed the fight, several times declared to me that he would rather have been Travis Edwards, the magnificent fist-fighter, than to have been Abraham Lincoln himself. Which gives some slight idea of the esteem in which good fist-fighters were held in those pioneer days.

One of the most noted of these combats was that between Elliott Baker, who lived south of Pittsfield, and Eli Simpkins, chief of the Pittsfield police. Just how the quarrel started I do not remember, but it occurred on the north side of the Pittsfield Public Square (little over a block from our house) and I heard the revolver shots rock against the glass fronts of the store buildings and rattle down our street like quick-running stones. Baker killed Simpkins, but was completely exonerated by the jury and by all true Republicans. Simpkins, it is only fair to add, was exonerated by all true Democrats—save those on the jury.

An innocent bystander and witness of the fight was a Mr. James Lowe, who lived in the Lowe (Sunny Hill Church) neighborhood northeast of Pittsfield. One of Mr. Baker's shots took him in the calf of a leg, as a result of which Mr. Lowe lay at death's door for weeks, pyemia having set in. Often I went with my father to see this fine man, who bore his frightful sufferings like a true hero.

At length he got well. Then Mr. Baker, who of course was not legally responsible for the payment of Mr. Lowe's bill, came down to our little office one day, wholly unasked by anyone, and paid the bill in full. An offered reduction he would not accept. "This," he said, "is a debt of honor." In general, the great fighters of those days were quite honorable in all other ways than that of fighting, and, in those times, fighting itself was regarded as highly honorable—if the fighter won.

My study of medicine proceeded apace.

My father was very insistent that, in the office, I read especially on anatomy and physiology. Diagnosis and treatment I could pick up easily in the country by the patient's side, also, back in the buggy, from the words of my father's mouth. But, in the office, I must master the *elements* of medicine. Gray's "Anatomy," he used to say, "not just anatomy but *Gray's* great book on the subject, is the most important branch of all medicine, and the part of anatomy which treats of the bones is the most important part of that part." Hence he had me commit to memory all that Gray's "Anatomy, Descriptive and Surgical" contained about the bones. And, to this day, it is a curious fact that I,

when in a quandary about any subject whatsoever, find myself unconsciously mumbling, for example, "The temporal bones are situated at the side and base of the skull, and present for examination a squamous, mastoid, and petrous portion." I learned by heart easily, and it was great fun, of a summer evening, when my father returned from the country, to surprise him with the large additions I had made to my word-for-word knowledge. He would sometimes say (merely happy-father talk, of course) that he had in fact the best of all apprentices.¹

¹The use of the term, "doctor's apprentice," to express the idea of a person, almost always a young person, who studied medicine under a practising physician, called the "preceptor," was common indeed in the 18th century, somewhat less common in the first three-quarters of the 19th, and, after 1880, decidedly on its way to the discard. McMaster, in his "History of the People of the United States," Vol. I, p. 27, says concerning this now extinct and almost forgotten functionary: "In general [he is speaking of the latter part of the 18th century and the early 19th] the medical education of a doctor was such as he could pick up while serving an apprenticeship to some noted practitioner in Boston or New York [later, to any practitioner anywhere] during which he combined the duties of a student with many of the menial offices of a servant. He ground the powders, mixed the pills, rode with the doctor on his rounds, held the basin when the patient was bled, helped to adjust plasters, to sew wounds, and ran with vials of medicine from one end of the town to the other. In the moments snatched from duties such as these he swept out the office, cleansed the bottles and jars, tended the night-bell, and, when a feast was given, stood in the hall to announce the guests."

My father at other times had other apprentices than myself. My half-brother, Will, though older than I, did not make up his mind to become a doctor till years after I did, but, when he did, he became a very efficient apprentice to my father.

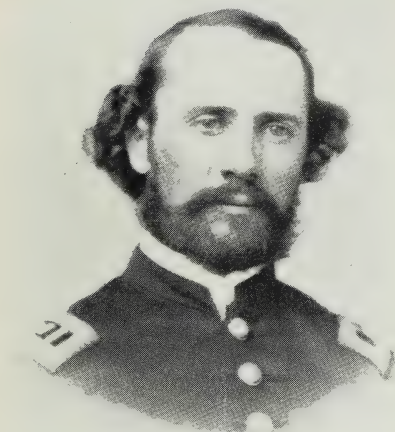
Then, even before my time, there were other apprentices to my father of whom I have knowledge. Clearest in my memory stands Harvey Quinby, a tall, impressive, lithe-looking man, with a vivid Sherlock Holmes countenance. He, for all his unquestioned brilliancy, decided that he never could stand to be around sick people. His intellectual curiosity, even after he had started a grocery store, was immense. He used to discourse very learnedly and accurately to customers on everything he had for sale—pineapples from this part of the globe, coffee from that part. He knew how coffee was raised, where and how it was planted, when it had been discovered, by whom, and so on.

He would have made an excellent physician (would easily have become inured to sights of suffering) for he loved both learning and mankind.

Before his time there was yet another apprentice to my father—Alfred Post Burbank, a man who later became quite famous but not at all as a doctor. He was apprentice to my father at a time so early I cannot remember it. He was in those days a grade teacher in the Pittsfield School, but spent his evenings in my father's office. He, too, was a brilliant student but, after often fainting at the sight of blood, he would no longer study medicine.

Years later, when he lived in New York and had become famous, I heard him in some of his marvelous recitations. His voice seemed to me like that of an archangel, at least of a heavenly bell. Again and again he returned from New York to Pittsfield just to recite for us. Best of all he recited, from Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," "Gabriel Grub, the Story of the Goblins Who Stole a Sexton." Each time that the chief Goblin demanded of the invisible chorus an answer to the horrible questions he was asking them about Gabriel, Burbank's voice, in a scarce-heard, far-away tone would start the reply, then steadily increase it in horror and volume till it seemed that our big Bush's Hall was filled to the bursting point with rolling Satanic thunder and vociferations.

Alfred Post Burbank, a truly great speaker and actor, was born in Chicago in 1846; received his college education at the (old, not present) University of Chicago, but never



MY FATHER'S MOST BRILLIANT APPRENTICE—

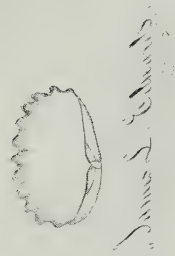
DR. JAMES LAFAYETTE EDWARDS, HIS HALF NEPHEW

Mild looking as Dr. Edwards, in this miniature, appears, he was really impressive to the highest degree both in face and in speech and in carriage. He was, indeed, the only human being I have ever known who could look Dr. Dublin down—then keep him looking down and all the while obedient. In fact, despite his Napoleonic undersize, Doctor Edwards could look all other Pike Countians down too, doctors and laymen alike—yes and knock them down, in case they really “asked” for it. Where, in so small a case, he kept so large a “punch” I do not know. Perhaps the shades of Tug Wilson could inform us.

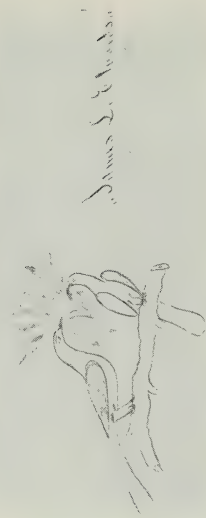
The smallness yet very great strength of Dr. Edwards' hands was always a marvel to Dr. John T. Hodgen, and not only the rapidity which came out of that strength but even the “sheer beauty” of his operative work was a matter for constant comment by the master, who, in fact, not infrequently referred to Edwards as “a Paganini in surgery.”

Some of the fineness of Dr. Edwards' work has happily been preserved in his pen-drawings (see overleaf).

James L. Edwards



PEN DRAWINGS
SHOWING DR. EDWARDS'
FINENESS OF TOUCH



that, which hung for many years in our parlor at home, I inherited. Four of the cards I here present, actual size, merely as specimens of his skill. So fine are the separate lines in the shadings that only the sharpest of eyes can perceive them as separate. Hodgen used bitterly to deplore the fact that Edwards would neither write nor lecture. "For those two reasons," he would murmur sadly, "this man with so much magic in his fingers and such fine ideas in his brain will soon be permanently forgotten."

Dr. Edwards, when conversing and at his ease, was almost always, characteristically, either whitening new kinds of splints or putting the points of two sewing pins together (while keeping their shafts in the same straight line, of course) or writing and drawing with a fine-point pen on a visiting card. A number of such cards, so ornamented, he not infrequently tacked on a back-board, then framed and gave to some friend. Such an exhibit of his skill, consisting of ten cards, he presented to my father, and

They were great days, those days, especially for me, when what I called "the paymasters" came in. I kept a little book wherein I entered all the payments accurately, and never a word of doubt or of misunderstanding arose between my father and me at any time upon this head.

DOCTORS DON'T TELL

The most astonishing paymaster that ever I knew was a one-legged man from an adjoining county, who had roomed at the Pittsfield House while my father was treating him. Much pleased with the result, the old fellow came in to pay. I mentioned the full amount of the bill—tentatively.

He then at once bent over, unscrewed his wooden leg and—lo and behold there appeared within it a kind of First National Bank or United States Sub-treasury. He promptly removed from the leg the full amount of the charge, paid it and screwed back the leg.

graduated anywhere; for a time was teacher in the grades at Pittsfield but later, in Chicago, was principal of the old Dearborn and Douglas schools. One famous reading tour he made in this country with Mark Twain and several both in this country and in England with Bill Nye. He played Fennel in Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," dramatized Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," played the leading role in Mark Twain's "The Claimant," and so on. He died at New York, June 22, 1894.

He was specially fine in the rendition of humor, but "Alas, poor Yorick!" For years his book, "Burbank's Recitations and Readings," a copy of which I still possess, was the leading work of its kind throughout America. Every Friday afternoon for years children in thousands of public schools spoke pieces from this famous book. Now, the very name of Alfred Post Burbank has been forgotten. May these few lines from an old-time physician serve to refresh the memories of some of the older readers concerning Burbank, the actor, even if not concerning Burbank, the frequently fainting apprentice to a country doctor.

Even before the time of Burbank my father had had a brilliant apprentice. That was his half brother's son, later Dr. James Lafayette Edwards. If ever a man had been born to be a surgeon, that man was James Lafayette Edwards. He had the surgeon's brain, eye, hand. (See hereinbefore, specimens of his pen-work, attesting the extreme delicacy and almost unparalleled accuracy of his fingers.) Soon after his graduation from Jefferson Medical College he entered the Northern Army as surgeon, and, for a long time, wrote voluminous letters to his former preceptor on his Civil War medical and surgical experiences, all intensely interesting. These, in my childhood, filled one great trunk to overflowing. After the war Dr. Edwards practiced for a few years at Pittsfield, then removed to Ennis, Texas, later still to Florence, Colorado, where on July 8, 1906, he died, aged 66. I had always intended at some time to collate and edit those Civil War letters by a man who was not only an unusual surgeon but who, in addition, possessed the great gift of excellent literary style. But time went unheeded by. After my mother's death the old home was for a long time unoccupied. When, at length, I went to inspect its contents, some vandal or other had destroyed all trace of the Edwards letters excepting only about a half dozen envelopes from which the postage stamps had been scissored and one very short note from John G. Nicolay to my Uncle Jon Shastid. The vandal had stolen those early-day stamps, which, no doubt, possessed a considerable monetary value, and, fearing to leave evidence that might direct attention to the vandalism, had destroyed all the letters but one and even all the envelopes save those six or seven destamped ones, which, somehow, he had overlooked, being perhaps in a hurry.

"I feel," said I, "as if I had pulled your leg." That joke was inevitable. "No, sir," said he. "Pulled it myself. Buhsides, the work was worth the hull of what I got in there." He tapped his wooden member long and lovingly.

I asked, "National Bank?"

"Nope. Safer."

"Not if anybody finds out where *that* bank is."

He rose, looked at me steadily for a moment before starting to stump off, then explained, "Doctors don't tell things. Outside o' *them* I don't even tell my wife."

Which seemed at least to imply that I was a doctor.

A COLT'S FOOT OR MONEY

Mike McCarthy, my good blacksmith friend, came in one day just after a large number of new medical books had come and been piled up in the office, to settle his account. We got to talking about his very wonderful trade—that of horse-shoeing. Said Mike, "When a colt is born, Thomas, it has a soft, cushiony, narrow little hoof, which soon falls off. Then comes on each of its little fe-e-e-t (God bless each wan av thim) a tough, horny hoof. Only a few weeks after that the little colt should be brought to a good blacksmith—that's me." He was right, the good blacksmith *was* he. "Because, at *that* time, the f-o-o-t needs proper trimmin'. As the colt runs hard on the pasture, or, later, goes to pullin' loads, his hoofs wear down much faster than nature supplies new hoof material. Therefore, the smith must put on shoes and fit them right—which is a great art and a great science, and an art and a science that I will not by anny means tache yez lest ye should steal it all away from me out of me business, ye too bright spalpeen ye— Say, can ye remember to count one hundred in Irish? Can ye do it?"

I counted it all for him, and he left me a piece of a new kind of smithing coal to show his enthusiasm.

Then away went Mike, and we both had forgotten the bill.

Later, on the Public Square, Mike met my father and asked him the amount of the bill. "O just nothing. Didn't you fight for me?" "Dochter, I owe you a lot extra for the

excuse you gave me to lick that excuse of a man." And nothing would do Mike but that he should pay that bill.

"And then," he concluded, "I saw all those wonderful new books of yours in your office. They must have cost a lot of money." He was one of the few who could ever understand that it costs money and plenty of it to run a doctor's office.

But this reminds me of my father's library—concerning which a word or two.

HOW THE LIBRARY BEGAN

Mike Donovan, one day long before the death of his employer and friend, John Stettenhausen, said to me in that roguish way he had, "Has yer pappy ever towld yez about his first acquaintance wid the zodiac man?"

"The zodiac man? No, I think not. I haven't even heard of 'the zodiac man' before."

"Well, he ought to have towld yez. Him with that fine, big library there in his office and house and yit niver to have towld yez of the zodiac man! What is the white-headed world a-comin' to annyways?"

"Well, tell me about the zodiac man. I'm afraid my father's keeping something from me."

"Musha! he is that. And now he's pretindin' he doesn't hear us shpake."

I looked at my father. He was calmly folding powders and stacking them. How impeccably calm he was! How always steady, accurate, self-controlled, self-possessed! I nearly forgot to look at Donovan again! But Donovan would have his little joke on Father, so he said—

"I'll tell yez about the zodiac man. He's the naked felly that's always standin' on the front page (not countin' the bindin') av all the drug store almanacs, wid his white belly always cut wide open, and a dozen little animals (the 'signs av the zodiac' they calls thim) standin' all round 'im in every direction, ready to jump inside of his guts. And the whole combination has medicinal value. Is that not so, me dear Doctor Zodiac?"

"O yes, it's quite true," replied my father. "And that zodiac almanac was the very first medical book that ever I owned. I got it in my childhood. I have the precious relic

still. 'Twas that that made me want to study medicine, and it formed the beginning of my medical library."

"Docter, ye've beat me to the clap o' the tale."

A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S LIBRARY

My father's medical library, housed in several bookcases, stood mostly in his office—an indirectly heated room of his house, no stove. It boasted a separate street entrance with a bright (but not too bright, that would have been unethical) creaking sheet-iron sign swinging over it. A great many patients or messengers from patients, however, came always to the sitting-room door and were there admitted.

My father's general library was in that "sitting-room," a cross between a reception hall and a scholar's study. The apartment boasted a Starlight stove. Behind that stood a huge wood-box, filled mostly with hickory sticks. How the hickory in that stove would snapple and spark! On the north wall was a large blackboard with a lounge under it. On the lounge my father would sometimes sleep for ten or fifteen minutes between visits to the country. On the blackboard he used to write simple sentences in Latin and Greek, under which, before we went to school, Willie and I were supposed to write the correct translations. One day a minister came in to report on the condition of his sick wife. Seeing on the blackboard what he called "profane" sentences from Caesar and Xenophon, he remonstrated: "Why not write verses from the New Testament? Let us say, 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned' (Luke XVI: 16). That," he went on, "is about the most important passage in all Holy Scripture. But your profane sentences from Caesar and Xenophon—pshaw!"

Now my father bridled up. He did not at all like to hear two of his favorite authors condemned as "profane," even though he knew quite well that the sense in which his minister had used the word meant merely "not inspired." So he spoke somewhat sharply. The minister replied more sharply still. Said he, "You believe, I suppose, Doctor Shastid, that not all diseases are really caused by devil possession of the human body." "Correct," replied my father.

Vincio - vincere - vinsi - vinotum = I won = to find

Victor, victor, victi, victum $\nu\iota\kappa\acute{\alpha}\omega, \kappa\rho\alpha\tau\epsilon\omega$

Public's, state, pipe

Ita, adverb (is) Itic iste, hic, istic AUTOCL

Later or Hister, = Danubius

Pruma (*Brevissimus* (dies) Winter solstice = midwinter

Fenulum or penum = hay, ¹⁰⁰ female sc. stathulum = hay loft.

Dies, pl. always masculine. ~~Ci~~ uses fem. only fixed or appointed day or length of time or dating a letter.

C-acumen for *acumen* = top, summit, κορυφή, ὄψος

Cadus (os) parto ~~contine~~ wine

Caēco-av, το φλόω τι blinw caēco= τυφλός = blind

Bura²¹⁰ (beam of plough) (Bois oŭpà)

Bulla bubble, πονφόρλες (Bull or bulls to bubble & βράζω

lead - κελω, κελω + πλῖνω falls, is sacrificed, offend -

Desino-παύωαι = desist, cease

Nequiter (*nequam*) badly, prodigally.

Quorum reus/quot versutum (quot, πῶς)

Digno (are) = to deem worthy, to design

^{adjective} Dignor (äris)äri, to think or esteem worthy a: co'a

Cognatus-a-um) generate along with, connate,

συνφύης, συγγενής ὁμοφύης, relative blood,

close, allied, nearly akin,

Ποσοφισμοσφ. γενώσκω

stixor frequentative from intor = to string, rest upon -

Лотен, 7200 (-02000)

Nomen is strictly the name of the gens or clan, praenomen

the name of the individual + Cognomen that of the family

Marcius Tullius Cicero-family
Praenomen nomen cognomen (his brother was Tullius Cicero)

Præmonitionen kommen

Cognomen / his brother's cognomen is also

A FEW OF MY FATHER'S ANNOTATIONS

(Much reduced in size)

One of hundreds of annotated sheets in my father's handwriting which, after his death, I found between the leaves of the books in his libraries, medical and general. Seldom did he mark the pages themselves of his beloved volumes. He had too often and too rapturously kissed them.

"Many diseases have indeed recently been demonstrated to be due to other causes, while, on the other hand, not one single disease that has ever been investigated carefully has been found to have been produced by devil-possession." "*You—to say that!*" cried the minister. "Then you are a disbeliever and a violator of God's holy word." My father's voice became still shriller. "If you don't believe that medicine teaches the correct causation of many diseases, then why do you—why have you—what on earth do you have your wife take my medicines for?" "Why indeed?" shouted the minister. "Why don't you exorcise the devils instead?" cried my father. "The very next verse after the one you've just quoted, runs: 'And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils.'—Do you believe?" "Yes, of course I believe." "And do you cast out devils?"

The man looked at my father with glassy eyes, white-faced, speechless. Then he set the bottle of my father's medicine down carefully on the stand, turned without a word, stepped out of the room and away.

"See what you've done!" cried my mother, as soon as the minister was out of hearing. "You've lost one of your best friends."

My father was in fact so downcast that he did not answer. Instead he kept pacing the floor in an agony of grief, for the minister was really a kind and companionable man and many had been the nights when he and my father had talked about Greek grammar together.

But all at once there were footsteps. Incredible as it seems, the minister had returned. Walking promptly to the bottle of medicine, which still was standing where he had left it, he picked it up and started away. But, at the door, he paused and explained, "My wife is very much addicted to human remedies. We shall have to make concessions in her case. It is absolutely necessary to do this." And my father was overjoyed.

But to get back to the country doctor's library. My father had, in that sitting-room which was half reception-room for patients, two large bookcases. The overflow from these was packed in the lowest drawer of my mother's

bureau—which also stood in that room. In the cases there were books on books and books behind books. There were eight or ten Greek grammars and as many Latin. There were Greek texts and Latin texts. There were polyglot medical dictionaries, particularly that of Billings. There was the “New American Cyclopedic,” from A—ARA to V—ZWI, also the “Annual Cyclopedic,” vast affair, every volume of it, and “Dick’s Works” and “Chambers’s Information for the People,” “American Eloquence” and the great “Cyclopedic of Wit and Humor.” There were also books about the Bible and poets galore, almost every one of them bound in calf—Shakespeare, Hemans, Crabbe-Heber-and-Pollock, the Divine Comedy of Dante, Tennyson’s Complete Works, those of Longfellow and the encyclopedic “Poets and Poetry of America.” Historical works without end. And many of his books he had given to one or another of his sons. These they kept upstairs in their own rooms.

Was my father’s book equipment anything unusual among country doctors? Not at all. Dr. Casal’s, for instance, was fully the equal of it. Dr. Dublin’s I never had a chance to see, but I understood it to be excellent. Dr. Doss’s I never beheld but I have good reason to know that, in the field of natural science, particularly veterinary science, it was quite extensive and well selected. As to the earlier doctors in Pittsfield, Doctor Worthington, earliest of them all, was a man of enormous general reading and a well-known authority on geology. Doctors of the present day have far better medical training, it is true, but I doubt if, in the field of general learning, they, even those in the larger cities, can begin to compare with our old-time country doctors. On this I lay particular stress because, in some of the recent volumes written for lay readers, the impression is plainly given that doctors of the 1870’s and 1880’s were a group of ignorant asses. Some ignorant asses in the medical profession we did indeed have then. Nearly all the Y. of P. men belonged in that class. But show me the doctor of to-day who carries in his pockets not only an *Agricola* in Latin and an *Iliad* in Greek—as both my father and Dr. Casal did—or even possesses such books in his library!

· PAUL BUNYAN, M.D., HOMO UNIUS LIBRI

Of course there were other kinds of doctors, and some of these were not merely ignorant asses; they were braggarts in addition. One in particular we termed, but long decades later, "Paul Bunyan." He lived in a county adjacent to ours, had received his degree from a diploma mill in Iowa, was big-bodied, cross-eyed, always appraising himself quite highly, yet eternally, if unintentionally, revealing his sordidness, his drunkenness, his gross philandering, and so on.

We often met him on our rounds. On these meetings he would oftentimes stop us in the road and give us the benefit of his great range of knowledge—about himself. In fact he would generally start about like this. "Yes, sir, Shastid [me he always ignored] I got all the things I know out o' jest one book." "What book is that?" "The great big hunderd-volume book of personal knowledge and self-reliance. All that I learned in medical college don't count fer nothin'."

"No," my father would agree, "I don't suppose it does."

Misunderstanding, Homo Unius Libri would continue, elated, describing perhaps some operation he was supposed (by himself) to have performed. "I took an' I cut an' I cut. Finally I cut to his heart. Then I cut some *of* his heart. Then I cut *more* of his heart. Then I fastened his spring-thorn to his thumbagoozleum.¹ An', sir, he got well. Yes, sir, he got plumb well. Done him lots o' good too. He got well. He got well, an' then he got sick again an' hadn't paid me. Sent fer *me*—quick, I wouldn't go. I wouldn't go. Well I was drunk, fer *one* thing. Said he'd give me ever'thing he had—a dollar an' a quarter. I wouldn't go. Another day said he'd give me *ever*'thing he had—a ten dollar bill. I said 'No,' but was weakenin'. Said he'd give me a cow, a calf, an' a Duroc-Jersey pig—'sides the ten dollars. I said, 'Hand 'em over first.' Sent word he was dyin'. Says I, 'Hand 'em first, er die.' He handed 'em over an' I saved him. But 'twasn't *such* a very big job I done. Pshaw! I done them big things mighty easy.

"Ever tell ye about the time a feller over in Menard County lost his right hand an' sent for *me*? No? *Not* about

¹Terms he actually employed again and again—terms he had no doubt been using on many an occasion when bamboozling the laity and which he employed, when talking to my father, from sheer force of habit.

the time I went to a graveyard an' got a dead man's hand an' the life hadn't yet gone plumb out of it?" Etc.

Another time he said, "Yessir, I done a good operation on him. I took out his liver an' his lights. Ask Hodgen. He can tell you. So can Jo Nash McDowell. They *both* can tell you what I done to him."

"Y-e-es," replied my father, on one such occasion, "they no doubt could tell what you done to him—if they held a post-mortem."

For a moment the man looked as if he did not wholly comprehend. Then a look of disgust commingled with utter astonishment came into his face. "What! You don't *believe* me, Doc? Well, I'll tell you. You go up to Bloomington some day and see for yourself that I'm tellin' the truth. *The man still lives, Doc.* The man still *lives*. Yes, an' I could tell you many other cases of great things I've done, but you know our rule, Doc. Doctors musn't tell things. It'd be against our code of ethics."

NO, DOCTORS DO NOT TELL

There is great beauty often in very simple things, for example the prints of men's and of animal's feet in the humble dust of the highway, even beauty in many things ordinarily called ugly—a gnarled tree or the frost-bitten features of extreme old age.

As to prints in the dust. Once, standing by my father's buggy waiting his return from a farmhouse, I saw, in the roadway dust, two simple foot-prints—one that of the bare foot of a man, the other—a companion print—that of the small round end of a wooden leg. A moment later I noted also, amid these human traces, the hoofprints of a cow and that the two kinds of man-prints had followed the cow-prints, for they had occasionally been impressed into them and on top of them.

Filled with curiosity I followed the three-print trail. Half a mile or so farther (in the direction my father was next to drive in) the prints went up to a road-gate which opened into a barn-lot. The wooden-leg man had here preceded the cow, opened the gate, swung it wide, let the cow pass into the lot and then had closed the gate from the inside.

Returning on the trail, I, having met my father and mounted to the seat beside him, called his attention to the three-fold trail I had been following.

"O yes," he murmured, "I know who that was you were just now following—one of the finest men that ever I have known." And here he told me a beautiful story (because, as a doctor's apprentice, I would shortly need to know about it) of that unattractive peg-leg person, a man who had undergone great punishment without complaint for a crime that had been committed not by himself at all but by his daughter. "Now," Father wound up, "you are never to mention this tale to anybody—not even when you shall have lived to be as old as I am now should you mention it."

I promised and, though I am now much older than he was then, I will not relate the rest of the story.

"Doctors do not tell"—that is, tell the things that might give others misery.

Nevertheless, there is sometimes beauty in footprints—frail beauty and foul sordidness and grim tragedy and death.

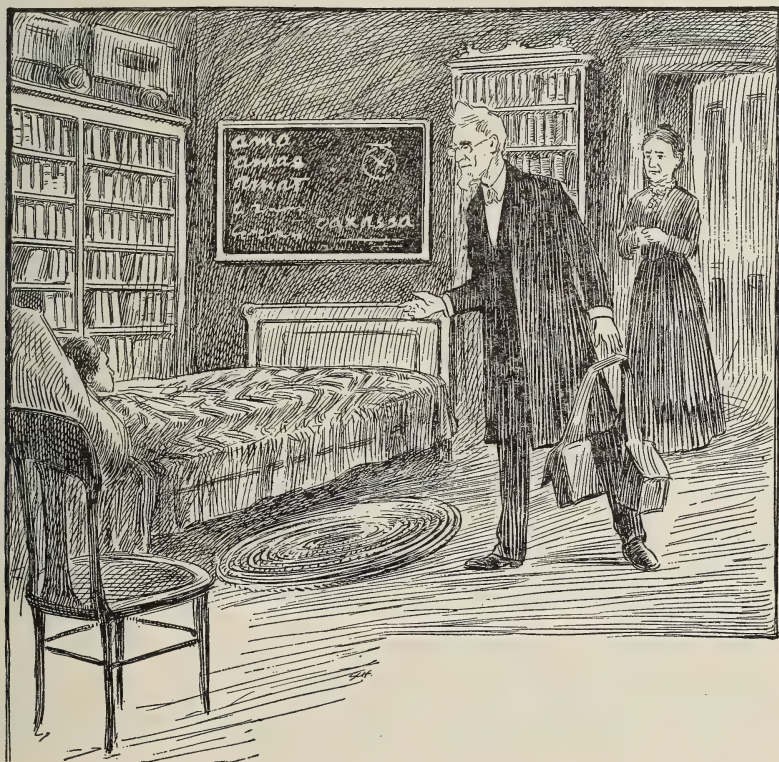
A DOCTOR'S APPRENTICE, BUT FATHER'S LITTLE CHILD

I have spoken frequently, both in this volume and in another, of my father's manner in the sick-room. I have said how calm he was, how firm, how prompt, how steady, how accurate; how self-controlled, self-conquered, self-commanded, self-possessed; how not to be moved for a moment from his presence of mind, how not to be diverted by anything or anybody from adopting what he thought to be the right and proper measure for his patient. "You could tell," I said, "by the compression of his lips, that he meant to save; and you could tell by the calm of his eye that his sympathy had not perverted his judgment." And what I told you about his calmness and his judgment perhaps I did not even sufficiently insist upon. When, however, the sick one happened to be a member of his own family, instead of someone else's, then it was an altogether different matter. His judgment failed him then—failed him utterly, completely, instantaneously. That you could tell by every feature in his countenance.

How well I remember the way he acted when the sick one was myself! The trouble might be no more than a cold, or the mumps, or one of those ephemeral fevers so common in childhood—but, no matter how slight the difficulty, so soon as my father knew that I was sick, his eyes grew wild.

Comes before me vividly the morning when I, waking hot and feverish, and finding on my breast a bright glow, called loudly for my father. My father happened to be in the country; but my mother, running in from the kitchen and observing the glow, at once pronounced my difficulty "rose-rash," and moved me, bed and all, to the sitting-room, where she could the better observe me till my father came. When she heard him, she went to the door, and, opening it only a particle, said, supplicatingly: "Now, father! *Do* try, *do* try, *do* try."

My father dropped his pill-bags, and ran in. "Is Daddy's baby sick?" he cried.



Baby! I was—gracious, how old! And an apprentice too!

He examined me. Hastily ran off. Hastily came back. Hastily ran off again, returning with books and with pills. Taking a pill from the bottle, he started to give it. Hesitating, he dropped it back into the bottle. Then he said he believed he preferred the form of powders. Reflecting again, though, he again said "pills." "However," he qualified, "the pills must be fresh made." Back to the office he went, returning with ingredients, with scales, with weights, with boxes, with bottles, with pestle, with mortar, with graduates, with plaques. When the pills were half made, he stopped. Looking over at me, he asked whether the sight of the pill-rolling affected me unpleasantly. Thinking he saw some strange, new symptom, he dropped the pills, and, stepping to the bedside, examined me anew. Pulling up the covers to my chin, he tucked them in tightly, though I told him that I felt too warm.

"Better be on the safe side!"

He went to pacing the floor.

Now and then stopping before my mother, he would ask her: "What do you think?"

"What do I think?"

"Yes, what do you think I'd better give him?"

"O pshaw! precisely what you'd give anybody else's boy."

"Do you think so?"—staring at her blankly—"and what's that?"

"Oh you go and get Dr. Dublin. You don't know what you're doing."

And Dr. Dublin he at last went for and brought back with him.

I can see the consultant now, as he smiled down at me with round blue eyes from a large, pock-marked countenance. He seemed to have forgiven me, for the duration of my sickness at least. The features gave a terrible contortion. "What shall we do with him, Tommy? Shall we put him in a straight-jacket?"

Still laughing, he took my father away by the arm, and the two talked outside for a minute.

When my father returned, I could see that the consultation had done him good. Still, he did not appear to be

satisfied. The most of the time he sat on the lounge, with his feet on a chair, his legs piled over with books, and huge stacks of books lying on the lounge beside him. When my mother spoke, he answered absently.

After awhile, he grew more calm. Coming and sitting on the side of the bed, he talked to me for a long time of some clouds he had seen the day before. "The finest I ever saw!" he exclaimed. "You might have been along, as well as not—don't suppose you learned anything at school. Piled-up masses! torn and heaped up wrecks of other worlds floating into earth's atmosphere! unclaimed continents left over from creation, wandering idly in void space!" etc. etc.

After awhile he added: "I got to naming some of the peaks. One of them I called 'Mount Desire;' another, 'Expectation;' yet another, 'Absolute Certitude;' still another, 'Exaltation;' and then the last, the very highest of all, 'The Pinnacle of Extreme Upliftedness;' and suddenly—why goodness! I was looking down the precipice of 'Disillusion.' You know what I mean?"

"Oh, yes," I said, smiling, for I knew he referred to his unsuccessful experiments with certain drugs.

"It does a person good to have a laugh when he's sick, doesn't it?"

I admitted the fact.

Then he added, cautiously, and, I knew, without further thought of the experiments: "Don't laugh too much, though. You might bring up your fever."

In the afternoon a man by the name of Delacrosse came in to have my father go and see his little girl, who, he said, was very sick with the rash.

"Rash!" ejaculated my father, not thinking; "my son is exceedingly sick, sir. I cannot possibly leave him merely to attend on a case of the rash."

"Is he sick?" asked the man, advancing sympathetically to the side of the bed, and looking at me. "What's the matter?"

At this, my mother began laughing.

The joke dawned on my poor, anxious-stricken father, very slowly. "Why he—why he—I—guess he has only the rash, too. Nevertheless, I can't leave him."

"Oh yes you can," said my mother. "I'll take good care of him till you get back."

"But you can't *spare* Daddy, can you?" He asked, in a wild appeal to me.

"Yes, for awhile," I answered.

"Well, *Daddy* can't spare *you*," he replied, "even for a minute. And he isn't going to, either."

Had the man been an orator, he would have lost his point. But, not being an orator, he merely held his hat out in front of him and said in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Oh Doc, Doc!"

The gesture and the trembling voice touched the father in the doctor and the doctor in the father. My father looked up, touched. Still he said, firmly:

"I can't go."

The man appealed again, "Doc, Doc!"

"It's no use," insisted my father, nevertheless as though it might be well enough for the man to try once more.

"Doc, *Doc*!" said the man.

That settled it.

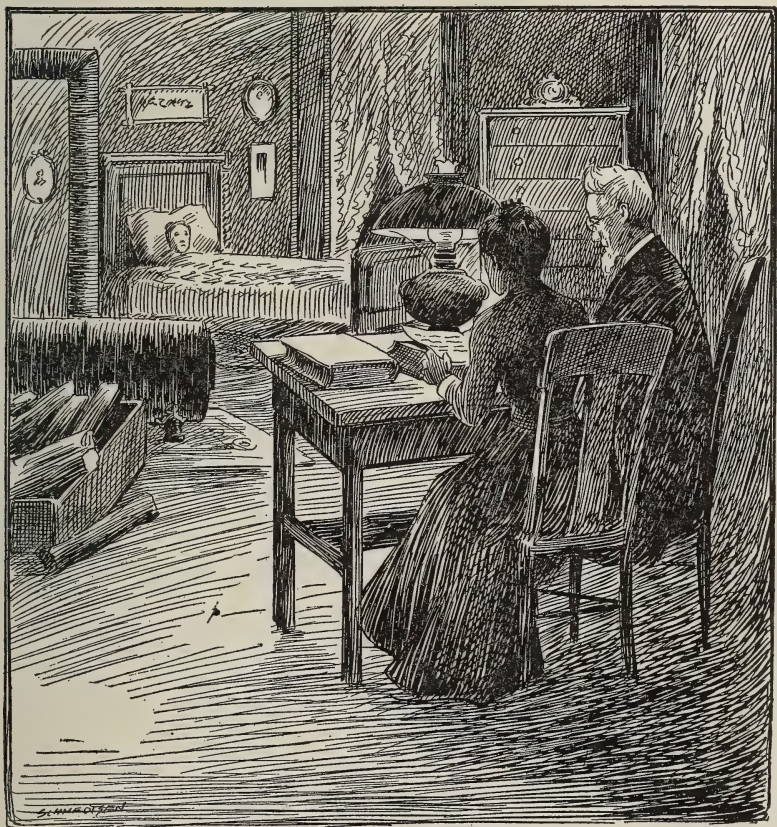
My father rose. "All right," he said, "I'll go."

When I awoke, it was late at night—the old clock told me it was almost twelve. Outside, the wind was rising, and a steady rain was pattering on the roof, now and then making a sort of splashing sound. A feeling of coziness and comfort came over me. Stretching out deliciously between the warm blankets, I watched, through the damper of the stove, the flickering of the wood fire. Now and then I pushed my hand up under the pillow, and counted my dimes. How pleasant it all was—everything silent, except the clock; everything, too, night-changed and lamp-changed. The room, presently it seemed to me, was overbright for an hour so late. Looking around, there, at the stand, in the full glow of the lamp, I saw my father and my mother, sitting together and reading from a single book.

That book I knew to be "Fromartin on Diseases of Children;" so they were reading up my case. Their faces wore a look of such comical anxiety that, like the boy I was, I nearly laughed. Placing my hand across my mouth, though, I held in. There they sat, at twelve o'clock at night, reading up as seriously as though it were a matter of life and death,

a case of—the rose-rash. I had no fever; I had no pain; besides, there was nothing at all the matter with me, except—the rose-rash. Nevertheless, there they sat, and pored away, and pored away.

Sometimes they raised their eyes to each other with looks of subtle inquiry, forming with their hushed lips words that I could not understand. Sometimes, as they turned their eyes to the book again, my father's gaunt forefinger would trace for my mother some unusually significant passage. As I kept looking, the scene grew less funny to me. Presently it seemed rather pretty. Suddenly, with a kind of pang, came to me the thought that my father and my mother were very good to me. I looked all round once more, listening to the wind and the rain. I noted every detail of the little room: the slant,





blue-covered almanac; the blackboard, with its Latin and its Greek; the glazed bookcases, full of books; the old, kindly-looking clock, talking to itself on its mantle; the big nigger-head stove, shining out in a spot on my bed; the wall-paper, figured with red clover-blossoms and yellow vases; the bright pictures, in their deep, old-fashioned frames; and, lastly, there by the stand, in the full glow of the lamp, my father and my mother reading up the subject of the rose-rash as though it were a fine romance of mystery, or war, or love.

Sometimes my father turned a leaf, and then turned it back. Once, as he turned it back, he did so a little too hurriedly and it softly rustled. Up he glanced to see if he had awakened me. But, of course, I "possumed." When I opened my eyes again, he was once more reading.

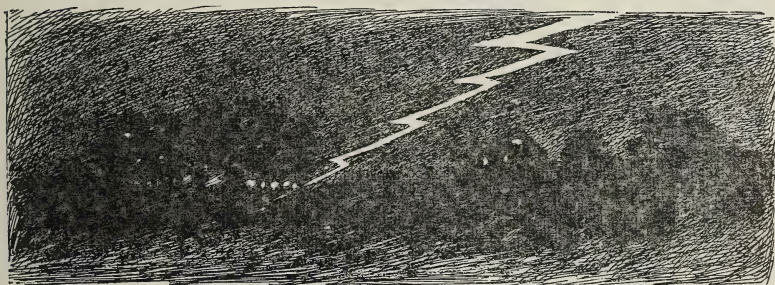
In the midst of the hush came a click at the gate; a quick step; a knock at the door. My father rose, closed the book, laid it down; and went cat-footed across the room and opened the door so softly that I could scarcely tell the moment when the knob turned. The messenger started to speak aloud, but my father quickly hushed him. The two talked low then for some time—the messenger insistently, my father sternly and obstinately. Still they kept talking. Presently the messenger's voice grew very tender, and I heard him speak of his "only child." My father said something to my mother. She rose and went to the door.

"Oh, yes!" I heard her whisper, "I can take good care of him."

"All right, then," said my father. "I'll go."

Closing the door, he came and stood by the side of the bed, looking down at me. Of course, I "possumed" again.

Then he went and got his buggy-lantern. My mother helped him light it, and then helped him on with his overcoat and raincoat. Taking up his lantern and saddle-bags, he went out. My mother turned the lamp down, and went and laid herself on the lounge. Presently, I heard my father's step in the barn. Again, I heard him speak to his horse, as he drove from the sidewalk. His lantern flung a group of sliding, yellow panes across the ceiling, as he turned eastward—in the very face of the wind; the slow, suction-like sounds of his horse's hoofs in the deep mud came to me more and more indistinctly, and then more and more indistinctly still, and at last I heard no sound at all except the low sighing of the wind and the splashing of the rain.



BIG WORDS AND THE LAITY

One day I was reading aloud from Gray's "Anatomy." This was a habit I had picked up by ascertaining that, when I read any passage aloud, I could get it by heart in far less time than when I read it by vision alone. The secret of course was simply that, when I read aloud, the words went into my brain by *two* routes, instead of one only—by the ears as well as the eyes. In fact, I might have said by three routes, instead of by two, because, when my vocal organs were acting on the passage, the sense of touch in those organs conveyed the messages to me, as surely as did the eyes and the ears. By way of slight addition there was the muscle sense also.

One day, when I was reading aloud from Gray about the "iter a tertio ad quartum ventriculum" and so forth, there walked into the office an old farmer who, once or twice, had spoken to me contemptuously about my efforts to be a doctor's apprentice, also about "book learnin'" generally. But now he stood as if transfixed with wonder—hands hanging loose, jaw down, eyes wide, all the possible marks of respect and even awe standing out over him.

Big words from a little man! It was surely something to remember, to tell to people away back in the hills! So he seemed to be saying to his ego.

I kept on reading for a while longer. "Well, what is it, Mr. Pokeberry?" I questioned, at last.

"You—Tommy—you—read like that? Excuse me, Thomas."

"Like what?" I replied.

"Like that—the way you *wuz* readin'?"

"Yes, I was reading like the way I was reading. Sit down, Mr. Pokeberry."

He sat down like a pauper in the palace of a king—had come to pay his bill.

I told him the exact full amount that he owed, whereupon he paid that exact full amount, although, almost invariably (he was such a skinflint) my father had had to make him a large reduction.

After that, boy-like, and for two or three years, I took great pains, you may be certain, whenever I heard steps coming up to our office door, to be reading (I confess it) some or

another big-word volume, thereby to produce the better impression on all such people as cannot otherwise understand that smallness of stature does not necessarily mean total absence of brains. And, incidentally, but importantly, it made me a better collector of cash. And bad collecting, by the bye, makes for poorness of service necessarily.

To-day, however, no such procedure would ever increase a caller's respect in the slightest for an apprentice, small or large (if apprentices still existed) or result in better collections. Education, no matter how excellent and desirable, to-day is entirely too common to be impressive. However, it is the *then*, not the *now*, I am trying to reveal.

MORE PEOPLE OF THEN

I had, in that little office, far more experiences than those just related. There was, for example—well it was on a day when a heavy, but tranquil, snow was falling and I felt in consequence a strange, cool sense of peace. All at once a voice—a cry like a shriek from the grave! Then entered, together with the voice, one of the strangest figures that ever I had seen. A man in middle life, tall and gaunt almost beyond belief! One of his eyes looked like a fried egg, and of nose he had almost nothing. A disease of some sort had fearfully ravished almost his entire countenance. As he talked he ran about the office flinging his long arms aimlessly about, as once, in a frightful storm, I had seen a wind-torn scarecrow doing. Now and then he stopped, wringing his hands and moaning, “O I am the forgotten of God! I am the forgotten of God!”

Frightened, I attempted to talk with him, but he grew worse, cursed himself in biblical language from Genesis to Revelation, declared that, although he had been resurrected, he still was forgotten of God. Of God? Yea, of God, of the Father and also of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. At this moment my father, covered with mountains of snow, stepped into the office.

The wild man for a moment stopped pacing and shouting, then, putting his hands before his eyes, he screamed to my father, “Thou art the promised archangel, but thy heavenly presence can do no grain of good to a sin-bowed

man like me." He whispered then to persons who to me were invisible. I thought of course that he was crazy.

My father, during all this, had remained standing near the doorway, inspecting the curious patient with calm, carefully appraising eyes. Then he shook off his snow, and, saying to me that he had had a hard night and needed a solace of some sort for his nerves, he dissolved in a glass of water a good-sized dose of the perfectly harmless sodium bromide, drank about a third of it, and pill-bags in hand, went out of the room at its inner door—intending, as I supposed, to pass through his bed-room into the sitting-room, there as usual to deposit his pill-bags by the little iron safe. This time, however, he was too long gone for merely that, and I thought he had probably sent some one out for a policeman.

The mentally affected patient went up to the tumbler of bromide solution, looked at it, smelled of it, murmured "solace"—the word my father had used for it. He picked it up and sniffed at it. "Solace! If it's good for thee it's good for me."

He swigged it all down, smacking his lips lustily.

At this moment, in the adjoining room to the south, our "parlor," there began to arise the softest possible suggestion of music—whereby I knew that my brother Jon had begun playing the piano. More and more sweetly it sounded, more and more seductive—a veritable nepenthe. The man, silent, slipped into a reclining chair. Slowly his eyes closed, his limbs and torso relaxed. "Give me forgetfulness," he prayed, "of sin, of pain, of sorrow." God granted his request—through the instrumentality of the bromide and the piano.

The worn man slept and slept. I turned to my Gray's "Anatomy Descriptive and Surgical." After a time the beleaguered of the Devil awoke, looked round and asked calmly, "What time is it?"

My father, coming into the office at that moment, answered him, then examined and prescribed for him, sent him away with a cracking good horse story.

I can see my father now as he turned and faced me—a lecture plainly on his lips. He was dressed in black from toe to collar, the coat a Prince Albert with unusually long tails

—the kind affected by all physicians of the day. His shirt and collar were white, but his tie, a bow, was as black as was his suit. This was the customary attire in fact for all physicians until about 1899—long after the time of which I write.

“Tom,” he said, looking at his enormous hands reflectively, “that man was not crazy: he was just about to be.”

“Did *you* have Jon play for him?”

“Yes. And the man is cured. He was simply a religious enthusiast—a man with an ingrown religion. His religious difficulties had kept him out of his sleep for a very long time, as you could see. Had I asked him to take medicine, he would have refused. Therefore I gave him a chance to take it on his own initiative. The piano did the rest. If that patient takes his medicine for a week he will entirely have forgotten that he had ever been forgotten. But the start of it all will have been a good big dose of the bromide of piano.

“Remember, always, the whole man, Tom. Study, diagnose and treat the entire personality—not the mere body alone. Remember this other typical example also: I was treating old Hi Henderson for typhoid fever. He was doing pretty well, only his heart was slowly giving out. If that heart could be kept going for a few more days he would surely recover, but the heart was giving out. I had tried the whole list of my resources—whiskey, caffeine, strychnine, everything. Nothing would bring that heart one step toward normal. Faster and faster, each day, I found that heart—faster and weaker.

“At last, one day, I sat beside him, wondering what his little family would do when he was gone—what *I* would do too, for always I had liked Hi Henderson.

“All at once something occurred to me—two things, rather. Why hadn’t I thought of them before? I said to Hi, ‘Hi, wheat’s gone up, just in the last week alone, more than ten cents a bushel.’

“Hi turned his utterly discouraged eyeballs toward me and muttered in such a way it sounded like a curse, ‘It’ll go down again.’

“Then I played my last card. I sadly mumbled, ‘Hi, Hen Skillet passed in his checks last night.’

“ ‘Who?—Say that again.’

“ ‘Hen Skillet. He died at two o’clock this morning.’

“ ‘Naw. You’re tryin’ to cheer me up.’

“ ‘No. He really did die this morning.’

“ ‘How’d *you* know?’

“ ‘I saw him, even closed his eyes.’

“ ‘You ain’t never lied to me *yit*, Doc.—Well, the old ornery son of a what is it. Doc, I’m a goin’ to git well.’

“And get well he did. His heart was better from that minute. Skillet was his worst enemy, had grossly mistreated him, in fact. Henderson had lain there hating the fellow hour after hour, hour after hour, giving his own heart no chance to get well. The information I supplied him was, under the circumstances, the best of all heart tonics, yes ten times over the best. I had *treated the whole man*.”

STILL IN THE OFFICE

Whenever anyone came into the office and wanted a vaccination, I—as my father himself would have done—took down a vaccination scab, which had been carefully enclosed of course in a ring of beeswax resting on a glass plate, the whole then covered over with another plate of glass. Removing the upper glass plate, I with a lancet scraped off a little of the epidermis from the subject’s upper arm, about at the insertion of the deltoid muscle. Into the scraped place I would rub a minute particle of the scab.

There was in those days, as in fact there still is, no little opposition from many medically ignorant persons to vaccination against smallpox. Over and over people used to inform me that they knew of a great many cases in which people had died just as the result of this very thing, vaccination.

The following conversation would then, in substance, follow:

I: “You know of many persons, you say, who have died as the result of vaccination?”

Objector: “I sure do—lots of ’em.”

I: “Give me the name and address of just one.”

Objector, after much squirming and unsuccessful attempts to change the subject: “Well, I can *get* you *lots* of such names and addresses. But I’ll have to ask my wife’s sister first. *She* knows ’em. I’ve heard her say so.”

I: "Don't forget to bring them in."

Objector: "I won't."

But he never did in fact bring them in.

That was sixty-five or more years ago, and, in all the many years that have elapsed since then—almost two-thirds of a century—I have never been able to secure the name and address of even one single person who had died from vaccination.

Of probably several hundred I have heard who had died in that way. But the name and address of just one, I repeat, I have not yet been able to procure.

There may, it is true, actually have been such a case. Almost anything *can* happen.

THE APPRENTICE, IGNORED, LOOKS ON THE INSIDE

One day there came into the office and into the presence of my father and me one of the more prominent citizens of the little city accompanied by his wife. One word brought on another and soon the two consorts were quarreling, there in the presence of me, a mere youth, and caring not at all, so angry were both, what they said or how they said it. My father begged them to desist. There was always a chance that some one might, going by on the public sidewalk, overhear them.

"Overhear and be damned," said Mr. Man, "I'm not responsible for that child, and I'm not going to father it."

At this the lady placed him in the lie. He rushed at her. My father restrained him. ("Nothing ever happens in the country.")

"Into a chair my father forced that husband. "Now," said he, "I'm a friend of both of you, and I'm going to settle this matter and settle it right. Mrs. Wife, you speak first and state the whole case. You, Mr. Husband, merely listen till she finishes. If you interrupt her inside of five minutes, I'll beat the blazing daylights out of you. After five minutes, you, Mrs. Wife, should yield your husband five minutes without interruption."

The woman began speaking, and, presently, had stated her case so clearly, so consecutively, so fairly that the man, when she had finished speaking, flatly declared, "That's all

there is of it. I couldn't put the question more plainly myself."

Well, "all there was of it" was simply this question, whether or not a woman, in her first pregnancy, could or could not carry her child for almost ten months before she gave birth to it.

My father repeated the question to make sure he understood it. Both agreed that he had understood. Then he delivered his opinion. "The answer is, Yes. A woman can, in her first pregnancy, 'carry' a child for ten full months, even a month or two longer than that, before she gives birth to it. Not only so, but a great many do it—in first pregnancies and in later pregnancies too."

"You don't mean that, Doctor!" cried the man, seizing both of Father's hands in ecstasy.

"I certainly do."

"Word of a Mason?"

"Word of a Mason."

A very happy couple soon had left the office. Then my father, looking at me in astonishment, almost shouted, "Were you—were you here— Were you here all the time those people—?"

"O yes. I was here."

"Well. I didn't notice you at all. You ought not to have staid!"

"But I'm your apprentice now." So I justified.

"Well, all right. Yes, of course, you will have to get into the harness some time."

I was pretty young for the "harness." But all these things were training for me, either in medicine or in human nature.

And, shortly after, when a young and very poor woman in town was seized in "a killing childbirth" and I, in the office, was appealed to as "the only resort," all the other doctors being at the time out in the country, I, mere youth though I was, went to the house of the afflicted lady and found her not exactly in childbirth, but in the middle of a miscarriage—and, by the bye, bleeding almost fatally.

For a moment I thought I would send them for my mother: she had read far more than I about *these* matters.

But would there be time for that? If the patient died—I knew what I should do, so I did it. In other words I rolled the patient onto her side and tamponed. Then she was safe. When my father arrived, there was a neat little embryo on the cotton waiting to be removed.

Father, I soon learned, had been kicked by his horse while repairing the harness out in the country (the same old "equine devil," Black Jim, had done the work) and was covered from top to toe with mud. He managed to ask, "You washed and disinfected your hands?" "Yes." "Carbolized your tampons?" "Of course," I spoke like an old obstetrician. (No rubber gloves had we in those days.) "Help me onto the lounge."

MOTHER, THE TACTICIAN

Though I now was doing the most of my father's office-collecting of accounts, my mother too, as will be noted in detail hereafter, collected bills quite frequently—i.e. from all who came not to the office but, by our southside doorway, into the sitting-room. She was an excellent collector indeed, Mother, but, even better by far than that, a born tactician and friend-maker. A special instance of her patience and long-suffering in the matter of making, or keeping, friendships, comes back to me vividly. A man and his wife for a period of almost three months drove in from another town to our house almost daily in order to leave their baby in my mother's care while they, forsooth, went up to the Public Square and to the office of another doctor, there to have the woman treated. Was my mother kind and courteous to them? She certainly was. And she cooed to and petted that baby, no matter how long a time the baby was left with her. Several years later this couple actually fell out with their Public Square physician and began to employ my father. In fact they continued then to employ him for many years and also referred to him many other patients.

BLUE GLASS

In the second or third year of my apprenticeship I was greatly troubled by people who came to our office unnecessarily and only for argument. The argument was generally

for the purpose of showing me, and, through me, my father, possibly, what the callers alleged to be the very great value of a pane of blue glass somewhere in a window of the house, preferably one on the first floor.

This belief in the health-giving properties of blue glass had become an obsession, a veritable craze, not only among the most of the laity but even among some doctors. My father was one of those who would not endorse the nonsense. What! Approve that perfectly baseless proceeding? He would just as soon repudiate science altogether and back the devil-possession theory of disease-production. After a time he became angry whenever anyone sought his support for the blue-glass prevention of disease. "What, Doc! You who teach that vaccination with cowpox prevents smallpox—that one disease can actually prevent another—you, who teach *that*, refuse to teach that blue glass in a house keeps *all* disease out of it! You must be a little bit teched—I mean in the pocket-book." So some of them would say, whereupon my father, though a man of great patience ordinarily, would lose his patience altogether.

So the "augurers" came to me as to one who would be more patient with them. I was, but I seethed inwardly and said little to my father about the matter.

Every doctor in Pittsfield, so far as I remember, refused to back the nonsense. But there were doctors in other places who did back it and who even sold special kinds of blue glass at specially high prices. The laity took to it, most of them, as if they were crazy. Books on the subject of blue-glass treatment and prevention of disease were sold by thousands. Some of these books were of very large size and printed on blue paper. Journals, likewise on azure paper, were published expounding the merits of the blue-glass window-pane. Of all such literature I now possess, I am sorry to say, not one single copy. Still, only a few years ago, an old Pike Countian wrote me (for use in this volume) that an old neighbor of hers still kept a pane of blue glass in its same old place.

THE LITTLE ANGEL OF THE DARK

There raged, for a very short time, another superstition I must mention—one which, unlike the blue-glass craze, al-

ways seemed to me very beautiful. This one grew up about the framed picture of a child angel flying in the darkness, and, presumably, toward this world of sorrow and sin. The picture, without creating the slightest excitement, had long hung on the sitting-room wall of my Uncle Billy Hall's house at Toll Gate, not very far from my Grandfather Hall's old homestead.

How the curious belief arose that there was something religiously magical about that picture, I do not certainly know. But all at once there it was—a myth fully formed and believed in! The story, as once I heard it, ran about as follows:

Some farmer, I think, living farther south in the county than my Uncle Billy, perhaps down Milton way, had a very sick wife. In fact she was going to die. So said all the doctors.

But, one day, the farmer chanced to drop in for a moment at my Uncle Billy's, and there he beheld that striking picture on the wall—The Little Angel in the Darkness. He jumped up, crying, "I have had an inspiration! I have had an inspiration! A voice from on high has come to me and it says, 'Bring her to see the picture. Then she will live.'"

Well, he brought her to see the picture and she did in fact live.

After that, many sick folk were brought to see the picture. And they too lived—so many people said.

Then all at once the myth died. Why, I do not know. It was a beautiful myth, quite helpful, too, probably, for some of the firmest believers in the mystic powers of the little child-angel in the dark.

A few years later my uncle decided to move with his family to the north part of the state, so his household goods were for sale. "The Little Angel of the Dark" I had always loved, even years before it had started to become an object of superstitious reverence. It had in fact become closely associated in my mind with the many happy days I had spent at my Uncle's home, especially in the company of his only child, "Little Willie." My cousin and my uncle, in short, gave me the picture.

Shortly after that, in the north of the state, my former playmate, Little Willie, died.

The picture I have still. For years upon years it has hung in my bedroom, high above the mantel, where it still serves a health-preserving purpose—not, indeed, as it did for those old-time pioneers—that is as a talisman—but as a gentle reminder of things once loved and now forever gone. In that way it has assisted me through more than one terrible illness.

Whosoever has had a happy childhood should always keep in some conspicuous place in his home some or another concrete reminder thereof, lest he forget and so allow hatred and worry to destroy the health of his heart.

THROUGH THE OFFICE WINDOW

Even in those very early years, by helping my father in the office I gave my mother more time for her housewifely duties. Often, as I sat at my father's office desk folding powders or rolling innumerable pills or endless bandages, I would hear my mother's voice out in the north yard singing underneath the clothes-line—

“Bird of beauty whose bright plumage
Sparkles with a thousand dyes!
Gay thy notes and gay thy carols
When thy song doth fill the skies!”

As she reached the last words of the uplifting old refrain, her sweet mezzo-soprano, with its ever-increasing ecstasy and volume, would seem well-nigh itself to touch heaven's dome.

Often, as I looked out from my apprentice tasks and saw her with the big baskets of clothing standing by her side, I determined that, as soon as I was through with the work in the office, I would slip quietly out and help her at her labors. I cannot now recall, however, that I ever really did that. More often than not, I forgot her altogether and, repairing to the barn, mounted the ladder into Hayloft University.

TRAMPS AND MEDICINE

The financial depression of 1873 was the very worst this country has ever known, and it continued without intermission even till the close of 1878. The hordes of tramps that passed through Pittsfield the very summer I became my father's apprentice were, indeed, almost incredible as to size and again as to the depredations they committed. And each and every year the tramps were more numerous and committed more and worse depredations. Often when I slipped away to Hayloft University, there to "linger with my soul," behold, a dirty-faced, husky-looking tramp enthroned on the hay before me! Sometimes there were two or three of these unfortunates. Many of them were sick, and no wonder. All of them were hungry or, worse, thirsty for liquor. They would come up to the house and beg. Mother was afraid of them, but always fed them bountifully and gave them too a little hand-lunch to carry away to wherever they were going. Father would always treat their sicknesses and try to answer their questions as to when the "hard times" would be over. But he never tolerated any "monkey business." Once, after feeding and treating a tramp he pulled out his purse and gave the man a silver quarter. The man attempted to grab the purse, and the next moment was on the ground with a bloody nose and a black eye.

Father pointed to the gate. The man obeyed.

Cases, cases, cases! In the rich and in the poor, and most of the people were poor in that depression. 1873 to 1878!

I could fill a large volume with just reports of the cases of those days, and each and every case quite different from all the others. Would you say there was nothing but monotony in "life behind the veil"?

One of the chief solaces of my father in those days was his horses, his friendship with his horses.

FATHER'S HORSES

I have already told of the kick my father once received from Black Jim away out in the country and then of his arrival at home all covered with mud. From that kick he was sick for several days. All the while he denounced "that

equine devil," and yet I could see that he loved him too. Perhaps there was mutual admiration between that horse and the master for the untiring energy which each of them possessed.

At all events I want to speak of some of my father's horses in greater detail than yet I have done, also of some of the other accessories of a country medical practice in those days. Of "Old Dick," the sorrel, I have already spoken. He was old indeed, gentle and kind, and possessed the softest and most engaging whinney that ever I have heard. He was, however, as far back as I remember, really too slow for a doctor's use, but my father kept him for years after all his speed had oozed out of him—though he was yet in fact very strong. Father kept him for so many years because Grandfather Shastid had loved him, and, after Grandfather, we three children too. At last my father sold him to a Pittsfield teamster with the understanding that "Old Dick" was, whenever possible, to be used for teaming along Monroe Street between the depot and the Public Square—in other words where, daily, we three boys could repeatedly mount the fence and cry "Hello" and "Good-bye" to him.

One day we missed him, inquired the reason. He had been sent to the country. What happened to him later still I have already related herein in a footnote.

Peter Cooper was a tall white horse, who was sold to my father with his appellation on him. His former owner, a farmer and member of the "Greenback" party, had, of course, named the horse for that strange party's founder, Peter Cooper, aforetime candidate for the U. S. Presidency. The horse, however, could "run" but little better on a hurry call than his namesake had done for President. Sometimes indeed he seemed to fall into a kind of dream and then would stand for long minutes, not really sleeping but unable to stir.

My father was beginning to think that he had been pretty badly "stuck," was quite in the dump about it; could not resell the horse; when all at once, one day, here along the road plodded toward us Peter's former owner.

Peter gave a challenging neigh, started for his old pal, the pal at the same time starting toward *him*.

"Doc, what'll you take for your bargain?"

"Ten Dollars."

"Done."

The man paid the original price plus ten dollars, came that night and got Peter at the barn, almost crying over him.

All of which shows that, as in matters concerning women, it is very well indeed that not all men want the same.

Quinine, a bay with a sprinkling so to speak of white powder on his hips, was a first class trotter but a very poor walker, and, when he trotted, he made no effort to avoid anything that lay before him. Rocks, chuck holes, logs, thank-you-ma'ams, a lost sack of farmer's wheat, anything in fact was just the same to him as nothing. He was an excellent night horse, yet, after all, he kept the four wheels of my father's buggy so much of the time in the air that my father had to sell him in order to get set down again on *terra firma*.

And then there was "the Halpin mare," really named for her former owner but oftentimes called, gently, "Fannie," otherwise "Tang." She was a mustang, a sorrel with a yellow mane, the smallest horse my father ever drove, but tireless absolutely. So hardy she was that she minded neither hottest heat nor coldest cold! No rain was ever too wet for her, lightning too bright or thunder too loud, nor mud or snow too deep or drives too long.

The only thing she ever appeared to dislike much was a too long wait at a farmhouse. After a few minutes of standing at a hitching-post, she would begin to stamp. A very few minutes more, and she would start neighing remonstrantly. When at last my father came out, she would always give a little whicker of recognition and delight. So soft, so low, it nearly always was that you could not be certain you had heard it.

But my father heard it invariably. A layman never could have known what a country doctor's horse meant to him. On the lonely roads at night, his horse was his companion, his affectionate comrade, his friend. How my father used to talk to his horses at night! And some of them talked back in the best way they could. I used to laugh at him occasionally for discussing medical cases with his horses.

Years later, myself a country doctor—out in the wilderness of a night, the wilderness of a night without stars, and perhaps the buggy lanterns extinguished and frigid winds tossing the buggy from one side to the other—I, appalled at the conditions of some of my patients, have talked long—I am not ashamed to own the fact—to both my horses and my God.

Almost as well as he loved the mustang, Fannie, my father loved his "Palomino." A palomino is what some call a "circus horse." It is a beautiful animal, always, cream-colored or golden with white or ivory mane and tail and a big broad "blaze" down the whole length of its face. So gentle and intelligent and highly moral it is that even the lovely ladies in the circus trust it implicitly.

Where we got our palomino I do not remember, but I think it was from a horse dealer who was shipping southwestern horses into Pike County. (The palominos, as I remember, were from an old Spanish stock.) Even as his individual name we called our palomino "Palomino," and he was just as sweet and beautiful as was his name. Wise and trustworthy in the extreme, he was loved by the children of every neighborhood, who fed him fresh grasses, sugar lumps, cookies and candies. On the road he was speedy and enduring, never went lame on any kind of road and was always comradely—especially on those lonely, soul-harrowing nights. My mother always felt easier of a night, if Father was only driving Palomino.

Then came the thunderbolt. "Palomino must go." "What!" I cried to my father, "Why! Palomino is our friend!"

"And still he must go."

It seemed, then, that the public had somehow got to thinking it funny that so serious a man as my father was driving a "circus horse." In fact I had been with him on several occasions when someone on the Public Square had called out, facetiously, "When you goin' to have that there circus, Doc?" A boy once shouted, "Give me and my brother some free tickets, Doctor." And there had been even further jocularities about that splendid gentleman of a horse, whose stock showed plainly in his every step.



"THE LITTLE ANGEL OF THE DARK"

This Picture was said to Have Healed Many Sick Persons



A PART OF THE OLD DAYS

Mr. Grant Criswell, Manhattan Beach, California, writes: "I wish when writing about your father you would speak of a trait that might possibly escape you, I mean his fondness for cats. I remember he told me once people generally disliked cats, but because they did not understand them.

"I recall that he had usually a number of cats and that any stray cat that came to his place immediately found a happy home. He had a way too when greatly disturbed about a case, of sitting with a tom or a pussy in a chair beside him, and talking to it as if it understood him, and often the cat would really seem to understand for it would open and close its eyes with magnificent happiness, or 'make bread,' and, of course, sing like an Aeolian harp. This trait of your father's seemed a part of his general love of life, of all living things, except perhaps dogs—and that was owing to an unfortunate occurrence in his childhood.

"One of his cats was known as 'Puss Tat' all over Pittsfield. Brutal boys, and even some brutal men, would generally kick a cat as far as they could send her. But nobody, so far as I know, ever kicked Puss Tat. They did not even want to. Everybody loved her, even those who generally hated felines. Many, I remember, used to beg for her kittens, and children all over the city would brag that their kitties' mother or grandmother was Doctor Shastid's Puss Tat. (Masculine genealogy, I believe, is somewhat ignored in the feline tribe.)"

The picture above presented is that of Puss Tat. She was not only very prolific but also long-evous. In fact she came to us before I became my father's apprentice (1876) and lived for about twenty years—which, I think, is about the limit for *Felis domestica*. She always knew me on my home returnings, even when on my come-back from Vienna I had been absent for nearly two years. In fact she met me with the very plainest expressions of delight and promptly conducted me into our smoke house, where, looking first at me and then at her latest family, she curved and sang proudly.

So true are Mr. Criswell's words about my father that, in the Hemmenway cartoon reproduced elsewhere in this volume, my father's "leit motif" appears as a cat—in contrast to Dr. Barber's, which is a dog. Dr. Barber was another physician with an affection for all life.

At last the merriment, as oftentimes happens in a country town (in any case fostered by one of my father's enemies) showed signs of undue increase. "The Palomino must go," was the final judgment in the matter. He went.

I said to my father, "You loved Palomino better than any other of your horses."

"No," he said. "I loved him indeed, but better than any other horse I ever have had I love that 'equine devil,' Black Jim." Then I remembered, and I knew that that was true. But note the sequel.

My father, but not on the time I have already mentioned, on a very muddy day drove into the country in his two-wheeled sulky. (A sulky was much easier pulling in mud than any buggy could have been.) He drove to the sulky that best loved and strongest of his horses, "the equine devil." Coming back into town from the long trip, the horse seemed strangely tired, and so my father permitted him to walk along leisurely. All at once, just as they were opposite the Kespohl brickyard, the horse gave a forward jump, my father went backward out of the sulky, striking head and shoulders on the ground.

The horse ran home to our barn, where I, coming home from school, found him standing quietly, sulky still attached but no driver in sight.

One or two hours later we found Father, unconscious, in the home of the Kespohl family, where, I believe, Dr. Doss was quite properly administering to him.

Father soon recovered consciousness, was gently brought home, lay in bed for two days, and then was up and at his work again.

But soon he began to suffer from various paresthesias (abnormal sensations) in the neck, shoulders and arms. These settled down in time to just one—the sensation of coldness. That one sensation, however, remained in the neck, shoulders and back to the end of his life—which occurred many years later.

But the love affair between my father and the "equine devil," did that still go on? It certainly did. Whenever Father wanted speed he drove that "equine devil." One day, in the country, my father got out to gather ground

cherries, of which my mother was exceedingly fond. Returned to the buggy, he said, "Getup"—nothing about that to be regarded as a serious insult, surely. But Black Jim, instead of getting up, started to lie down—right there in the highway and hitched to the buggy. So Father cut him with the whip. Whereupon the devil arose, but arose in wrath. And he kicked that buggy all to pieces. Even while my father was getting out of the buggy, that devil destroyed he it. Then came home the devil to the barn with pieces of the wreck still clinging about his rapid limbs.

So came the divorce—at last. Father, quite literally, sold Black Jim "down the river," at least as far down as the town of Louisiana, Missouri.¹

After that Father bought many other horses, some weak some strong, some sweet some sour—but none greatly gifted with speed or high-tempered. The sensations of extreme cold in his neck, shoulders and arms were continual reminders to him of what might happen along with the speed.

So, for many years thereafter, he contented himself with horses which, instead of granting him great speed, would, as he left a farmhouse to come back to the buggy, give him a soft, low nicker of welcome. He really loved that characteristic most of all anyway.

DOCTORS AND FLOODS

Father and I were just coming home from Harder's Drug Store and his pockets were bulged with bottles of quinine sulphate, for it had been a malarious spring and now, at the beginning of summer, every other farmer in the county, as

¹ My father had already offered the horse at a low price and with full disclosure of the "devil's" bad qualities. The prospective buyer, quite surprisingly said that he most desired just such a horse as that—one worthy of his own tough metal. He, however, requested the privilege of trying the horse out for a day.

The request granted, the prospect took the horse at once to a professional horse buyer who happened to be in the city from Louisiana and offered to sell him the horse. Thereupon the professional buyer discovered and expatiated upon so many alleged physical defects in the horse and made so low an offer for him that the prospect, frightened, returned the horse to my father.

The very day of the return, there came to my father to buy the horse the self-same Louisiana professional. Not to my father did he cry down the horse. But "How much will you take for him?" My father, giving the gentleman a pair of cool eyes, just doubled the price he had made to the other party.

"Take him," said Mr. Professional and handed over the money.

Jim went cheap at that—if you don't like horses gentle.

it seemed, had not only chills and fever but in addition a choice variety of ague cake. One of my own little pockets contained a box of curious, light-weight, little transparent cylinders with a tiny cap on each. These dainty containers were denominated "capsules," the first, I believe, that ever I had seen.¹

Even as we neared our house we saw my mother limping out of our front door (she still was crippled with the milk-leg after bearing Joseph) and heard her crying, "Hurry, hurry, hurry! Old Mr. Woodlot has fallen and broken his right thigh bone. It's gone through the flesh and he wants you immediately." Back went she into the house.

My father, for one short moment, looked blank. I knew precisely what he was thinking about. The ride was long, the heat intense, the dust almost intolerable. Old Mr. Woodlot, moreover, was a farmer whose wife did the most of the farming. She, very much his junior, even plowed and chopped the wood and, incidentally, bore all the children. The part that old Mr. Woodlot himself performed in all these numerous functions was comparatively small. He, in addition to being, or to having been, a farmer, had also been many other things. He had been, for example, a school-teacher—who had never taught school. A minister—who had never preached. A great fighter—who had never fired a gun except at little squirrels. He had been (to hear him tell it) even many other useful and even brilliant personages, for, in fact, was he not as versatile as Julius Caesar himself?

To cap the climax. His physical appearance was quite in keeping with his entire character. He was tall, lean, skinny, half-starved looking; with weak blue, watery eyes,

¹ Gelatin capsules, according to a letter I have from Professor Urdang, of the University of Wisconsin, were invented by a French pharmacist called Mothes, in 1833. But these consisted of one single piece. The modern, two-piece capsule was invented by James Murdock, of London, in 1865. Even these, however, did not come into general use, at least in America, for twelve or fifteen years.

There is an old story to the effect that, when gelatine capsules first came into use, some of the patients who had been prescribed medicine in them, afterwards complained to the doctor that they had had great difficulty in getting the medicine out of "them air tiny bottles without first breakin' the bottles and so, maybe, gettin' glass into the medicine." This story I can fully confirm, as I heard not one but many of my father's patients register that very complaint. Some of them indeed brought "the little bottles" back to the doctor, thinking he could use them again. In fact, in those old days, even before the introduction of capsules, patients, as a rule, after the close of an illness, would return all corks and bottles to the doctor. It was just a piece of the great thrift and carefulness of the times—a piece that shows quite clearly how far we have advanced to-day in the science of *uneconomics*.

a thin, pale nose, and a skin that was forever colored like bronze by many a brave, wild, and enduring bout with Mr. Bacchus. Once before, I recalled, he, in his cups, had fallen on his face—a possession which could never have been much damaged—and broken his *left* thigh bone—for all the bones in him were brittle, as brittle as ever had been his promises to pay doctors.

Nor could my father ever collect anything from Mr. Woodlot, even when crops had been unusually good, in opposition to that gentleman's wishes, for the simple reason that Mr. Woodlot never possessed anything whatever that was not fully subject to the statute of exemptions; nor from his really good little wife, for she, in addition to being forever much overworked, never did sit for one single moment "at the receipt of custom."

My father looked all round at the brazen sky again. "Terribly hot day," he remarked, unnecessarily. "It's going to be cooler, though," he added, and then I knew that the doctor within him had, as usual, conquered the collector. He looked at the sky again. "Want to go along?"

"Well, of course."

"I'll go into the office and get the extension apparatus and so forth, while you go down to the barn and saddle the horses." But then he changed his mind and went with me to the barn to see that the horses did not kick me—something which surely was reasonable enough but which, two days later, was found to have had dynamitic repercussions. If only he had gone to the office in the first place!

As we rode out of the barn on those reluctant horses and down the broad street, the yellow, thick, suffocating air seemed to strike us with the impact of an irrespirable wave. Then, as we rode past the calaboose and the jail, we both observed that the merry-go-round which, for many days, had spun round and spun round and spouted its loud, coarse, intolerable music, was now as silent and utterly moveless as could have been an afternoon gone by. Even the owner and manager of the contraption, sprawled out in one of the cars thereof, had pulled his hat down over his eyes and now appeared to be comatose. Not a human form was visible on the Square nor even one horse at the hitching-rail thereof.

All at once my father cried, "I've forgotten the extension apparatus, the pill-bags and so forth." Back drove we, not indeed to the house-door, but to the outer door of the office. Not a soul was in the office as we gathered together the equipment that we needed in the country—a seemingly unimportant fact but one which, later, as already suggested, was found to have had great consequences.

And, already, once more, as we drove this second time in the direction of the Square, we met an obstruction. In the street and in front of the calaboose, or town prison, had gathered, in the few minutes since we had passed the place before, a large crowd of gesticulating people. Policeman Saylor, I believe it was, was trying to land a prisoner in the tiny jail and the crowd was madly declaring that he must promptly give up the attempt to do so.

Policeman Saylor, giving yet one more twist to the come-along which he had fastened on the prisoner's wrist, shouted to my father, "Doctor Shastid, come on and help me control this mob. The law declares that any officer of the law may call upon any able-bodied citizen to aid him in resistance to a mob. I call upon *you*."

"I have a patient who may be dying," shouted back my father. "And, anyway, physicians are exempt from posse duty." And, strange as it may seem, we were at last upon our way—although it seemed a century before we were truly clear of the small town.

The heat of the day built up into a flaming, blistering dance. The sky turned from blue to a hot white, to a simmering brass. I sat on my big blood bay like a sun-struck flea on an ambling elephant. "Rain soon," encouraged my father from his small sorrel mare, about six feet ahead of me. I paid no attention. "It never will rain again," thought I.

At the shallow Honey Creek ford we stopped to breathe our lathered horses and let them drink. A quarter mile to the west, and again we forded Honey Creek—this time a mere rock-slabbed, altogether dried-up Honey Creek. On south we went, up Hodgen Hill, then past the boyhood home of the great surgeon and so into Sundance Valley. But to-day the sun did not dance there: it just baked and blistered there. And what about the usual mirth of people in that valley? We did not on that day see any people there at all, mirthful

or unmirthful. O yes, we did indeed behold one man—a solitary, sunburned and sun-resistant being who slowly and dejectedly guided a cultivator along his corn-rows. All of a sudden the horses stopped, their heads lolling. The man gradually turned his utterly discouraged countenance full upon us, and said—nothing, although my father had already cried to him cheerfully, “Howdy!”

Why! this was the very man who, once upon a time, as we drove through Sundance Valley, had, in response to one of my father’s witticisms, “hailed off and let go with both lungs.”

“Howdy!” called out my father again, fearing that Mr. Dejection had not heard him the first time.

“Howdy!” came a cry from behind us.

Turning, we saw an old-time moving-wagon which, unobserved, had crawled up near us, and from which yet another dejected man, one with bright red, quite hot-looking whiskers was beckoning us to approach.

Inside the wagon we found a woman on a straw bed suffering from malarial fever. Father gave her medicine, left more medicine with the husband—who had already told him he could not pay for it, and then said my father, “All she needs now is rest.”

“Rest? Rest! *What* rest?”

It was not my father’s possible function to provide people with rest. Besides, a very old man with perhaps a mortal fracture of the femur was awaiting his help. However, all at once a voice said, “You two may rest for a week in my house, if you’ll just come in.”

The man from the corn-rows! The man who had not granted us a laugh!

Seated atop my horse, I, the cooked flea on the giant elephant, had many curious experiences—that day whereon arrived experiences innumerable. Again and again I beheld not only many things that were but also many things that were not. Once I thought I saw by the roadside horse-mint and ox-eyed daisies. Well, I *had* seen them. Then again, I thought I saw a blacksmith working at his anvil in the middle of the road before me. Well, I had *not* seen him. Then again, I thought I saw a band of Indians coming over a hill at

my right, and then, at my left, a black cloud, raining. Well, I had seen neither. After a time I departed into deep oblivion and saw and heard nothing. All at once I was wide awake and furiously galloping, *though* leaning horizontally out from my saddle, the way Apaches ride. Straightening up, I passed once more into oblivion—only to fall wide wake overside and land in a pillow of dust. Back in the saddle for a moment, I awoke once more to find myself sliding, sliding, down over my horse's neck, then over his head to a hard fall.

Father came riding back, placed me on my horse again, said, "In yonder house, thank Destiny, is the compound fracture man." Dismounting a few moments later at the door, we entered, found no one at home. The place was inhabited, but the furniture was good, and my father remarked, "Old Mr. Woodlot and his family most assuredly do not live *here*."

All at once a dull, reverberating *boom* roared out across the dry world. "Thunder!" cried Father, and we did not pass the doorway. A nameless fear seized me. The sound was not thunder, I was sure.

Father slowly opened the door. All at once the world rocked with thunder, gun thunder. There were rifle shots and pistol shots and heavy double-barrelled shot-gun shots. Sometimes I thought that I heard the even heavier shots of anvils—anvils such as were fired at sunrise each Fourth of July.

There came into the public highway, despite the soft cushioning of dust there, the far but swiftly approaching clatter of a horse's hoofs. Rider and horse, around a great hill, hove into view. "Ball Wirey!" shouted Father in excitement.

"What does that mean?"

"Be quiet." He seemed to be trying to puzzle something out. "They may be after him. Yes, they may be after him. Perhaps they have evidence this time."

"Evidence of what?"

"Be still."

It was late in the afternoon. We mounted and gave rein again. All at once there were shrieks in a wood near by and many loud voices of greatly excited persons. "I wonder,"

my father murmured, "if that's Ball, and they've got him. Perhaps that shooting just a while ago was in his direction. I wonder. They may have been shooting for rain and for something else too."

Suddenly a very excited man on a very tired horse rode toward us, holding up a hand. We stopped. "Whom were those people shooting at?" demanded my father.

"Who? What? O, they wa'n't shootin' at nobody. Jest shootin' to make some water come down. But Doc, my father's awful sick—you know, Mr. Pole Platter. You cured him of the typhoid years ago."

"Just now I'm bound for the Woodlots—can't find the house."

Second house on your left, Doc. He moved lately. And the very *next* house on your left is our house. Get there soon, please, Doctor."

AT LAST THE WOODLOT HOME

So at last, after many adventures, we had reached the place we had started for. But there was something very strange about that Woodlot home. The big black dog that should have been there did not come barking out at us, or at all. The loud-crying guinea-fowls, almost invariably the careful guardians of any Pike County farmhouse, were silent—if present at all. Nothing stirred in the bushes or on the trees, but all seemed as if dreaming of a siesta gone by. No kitchen smoke. No cow bawling for her calf. No katydids, no crickets. No anything.

We pushed in the front door. The house was vacant everywhere, except that, on one front window-ledge, there stood an empty whiskey bottle, and, on the mantle, a broken-to-pieces corn-cob pipe.

At the barn, the granary, the woodshed—everywhere the same story. Mr. Nobody lived here.

"Old Mr. Woodlot seems to be pretty well mobilized," quoth my father, "for a man with a compound fracture of the thigh. He—"

There was a clatter in the road, the slide of a horse, the shout of a man: "Doc, they need you up at Mrs. Pendleton's. Right away quick, Doc!" He was gone, and we were on the

road to the Pendleton home—the place where old Mrs. Pendleton lived (in a way), moved (in a way), and (in a way again) had her being. And all of her ways were very nervous ways indeed.

Before we reached her house, however and thank goodness, here, once again, came a messenger, with the word that we must come and see Pole Platter. Pole's got a injured hand, Doc, its all black and blistery, and, now and then, he talks nonsense."

To Pole's at once we went. Father thought him far sicker than Mrs. Pendleton. Now, it happened that my father, wheresoever he went and on whatsoever mission, invariably had with him a good-sized operation case. No Catlin knives in it at all, but plenty of others, and artery forceps galore. He had also cotton and carbolic acid.

But my father had been watching the northwestern sky from time to time throughout the long afternoon. He sensed, he said, something wrong in the air, had a definite feeling of oppression all over plus something like a tight band around his forehead, pressing in, cutting off the blood. Just before we reached Pole Platter's place, we saw what Father had been looking for all afternoon—to the northwest a white thunder-head building up, rolling over the horizon with incredible speed. The clouds were of an unusual whiteness—a sickly, threatening shade, white tinged and darkened by yellow here and there, darkened still further by a deadly blackness just above a fiery horizon.

The storm came on apace, but silently. There was no sound but the bawling, here and there, in farmyards, of cattle and the dull, steady clap, clap, clap of their hoofs on the hard ground.

Then we began to hear the dull, heavy rumble of distant thunder. A cool breeze sprang up. Lightning flashed from the cloud bank. Again! Again and yet again! The sun went out of view. Father lighted his lantern.

Bang! came an explosion, worse than that of all the anvils of the afternoon. The great battle of the elements was on.

The rain came down in sheets, in torrents, in floods. Amid the uproar of the thunder we heard at times the hoarse laughter of the roadside deluge. "The streams will

all be over their banks in less than an hour." Thus Father, and at length we reached the Pole Platter place, bathed all over with water and thin mud.

Having stalled our horses in the barn, we held our saddle blankets, umbrella-like, over our heads and started for the house.

But, of all the surprises of that surprising day, this was the most surprising. My father indeed had suspected that old Mr. Platter might have a gangrenous hand so that he would, just possibly, have to have it amputated. But he was certainly not prepared to see the old gentleman die just as we entered the room. Yet that was what old Mr. Platter did. Like a candle that has burned to its socket, he guttered out. "So glad, Doc!" This he said with some animation. Then he was dead.

The wife and daughter were already with him, and, a moment later, the messenger who had told us to come here, arrived, and, at the request of the women, left at once for Pittsfield to get a funeral director.

"God bless you both," gently breathed my father. "May I leave Thomas here?"

"In a storm like this we wouldn't *let* him go."

To me Father said, "I'll be back in the morning."

I was full of horror. To sleep—actually to sleep and practically alone in a house with a dead man in it! But the storm was terrific. I was both hungry and wornout. I ate ravenously and slept soundly—yes soundly, even there in the house of the dead.

After breakfast—the rain was falling gently then—my father arrived—he had eaten elsewhere—and he and I left just as the undertaker, with a minister, came in.

I am full of confusion as I try to remember the places where my father said he had been that night, the things he had tried to do. But where he had been in that gehenna of a storm and what he had really done at various farmhouses while it continued was a story well-nigh incredible.

THE FIRST TELEPHONE IN PIKE COUNTY

Still, there was just a touch of fun amid the horrors of those two days and one night.

When we got to Mrs. Pendleton's, which we did by swimming our horses across a swollen stream, the cabin was entirely empty, at least of human beings. We shouted here, there, everywhere. No response. We hunted for matches on the mantel. Found them. (Another storm was making all things dark again.) Father reached up and lighted the coal-oil lamp. We searched for some piece of paper with writing on it—anything to explain the patient's absence, hers and all her people's. Father began to worry. "Old Mrs. Pendleton has always been my friend, helped me to build a practice when practice-building was not easy for me. And now, because of my delay, she may have gone to town to consult another doctor."

"But you couldn't help going to Mr. Pole Platter's first. What's *that*?"

"Yes, what *is* it?"

Listening, we both perceived a faint sound—a mere ghost of a dog-cry coming through the storm. Then it died out. Then it began again, grew louder—became a crescendo of rapid-fire yells, and a "hound dog," as Pike County people called such "critters," dashed into the room, leaped on the table then off it. Ran to me. Ran to Father. All the while he was yelping for help. Eventually he leaped on the table again and stayed there, turning his posterior first toward one of us then toward the other of us, directing also pitiful eyes upon us alternately and whimpering for assistance.

Then Father and I simultaneously observed that there were two things closely associated with the suffering tail—a split stick and a piece of oil cloth. The piece of oil cloth was fastened to the split stick, and the split stick was clamped to the tail close up to the body—where it could not easily be wagged off.

The rough side of the oil cloth read: "Doc, I'm dine. Come to wunst. Bring Anty Dotes. Wuz at Marys. Now at Elmers. P. S. i took pizen."

We both "forked leather" as we never had forked it before. Choppity-clop went we to Elmer's house.

And there we found Gran'ma just about "dine" indeed, from a pretty bad case of "compound poisoning." She, it appeared, had gone some days before to Mary's (her daughter's) house for a brief visit, and, while there, in a closet had found a number of bottles, each partly filled with medicine which my father had left for members of Mary's family on various occasions. Gran'ma, finding the bottles and being a thrifty soul, had declared she would by no means see so much excellent medicine go to waste. "But you don't know at all what's in them bottles," the rest had objected. "Don't need to know," responded Gran'ma, "I'm ailin', ain't I? An' medicine's medicine, ain't it? An' old Doc's fixin's *allus* good fer whatever ails you. All this here fine medicine goin' to plumb waste! I declare I won't stand fer it." And she took a large part of the medicine, became instantly ill.

"Lord God, anyhow save me, whether I'm plumb fool or part one." Thus prayed Gran'ma.

And Gran'ma was saved. Father gave her an emetic and up came everything to light, whether it was good or whether it was evil—just as if it had all been evacuated on Judgment Day.

How apologetic was Gran'ma then, and how explicitly explanatory! "You see, Doc," she said, "we had to get that there writin' down to *my* place in short order. We haint got none of these here telephones yet, even ef any sech things has really been invented. So I thought real quick-like of Clip's tail. Says I to my daughter, says I, 'Bring me Clip.' She brought me Clip. That's the dog. An' I took an' I made me a writin', as you seen how I done on a piece of old oil cloth. An' I took an' I split me a stick, as you seen how I done. An' I took an' I fastened the writin' to the stick, as you seen how I done. And then I spread open the stick, as you seen how I done, and let it clamp tight to the tail, as you seen how I done. An' Clip did the rest—er him an' you together.

"I tell you, Doc and Tommy," she continued, as Father and I began leaving, "it takes brains to do things like that—that is, to beat a telephone—an' I very much doubt ef there is any sech a thing as a telephone. It takes brains to

do what I do. It shore does take brains. Well, I *got* the brains."¹

"And now for home at last," cried Father, as we forked our mounts once again. But here came Elmer out of the house shouting, "I plumb forgot to tell you, Doc, that ol' Mrs. Pole Platter is jest about to foller her husband. They want ye down there quick. You see, on account o' my mother bein' so bad—" But we stayed no longer to listen to explanations—and promptly found that the worst trial of our perilous trip was now upon our schedule. In other words we had come to a stream which, only the night before, a good strong bridge had spanned. Now, however, the bridge was gone, and dangerous mud-filled water was rolling and roaring across the creek's wide banks. Said my father: "You ride back by the old west road to the Summer Hill road and so get into Pittsfield. Now, go on. *I* can make it. You *never* can."

Father, drawing up his legs, sent his horse straight into the stream. The little horse swam with the greatest of ease. My big bay, all at once, despite my efforts to control him, followed suit. I, always afraid of water, vented a yell for help. But the myriad voices of the water drowned every syllable. Then, in a trice, I had a delightful feeling of security. My big horse swam as smoothly as a Pullman car could have run. On the other side, however, my father was far ahead of me.

Then, pleasure of pleasures, there was another swollen stream before us. Once more the pleasure, the unspeakable delight, of guiding and controlling my huge, unconquerable friend over an inimical flood! How vainly the voices of the deep shouted after us, demanding our lives! But, all at once—a greater terror!

Upstream a mighty, uprooted tree was bearing down toward us.

¹ Gran'ma's suspicion that there were no such things as telephones was, of course, incorrect. Telephones, however, came quite slowly into favor and use. Doctors, especially, were at first reluctant to instal them. They said again and again, "No, sir, I'll have no such thing as a telephone in house or office. People would pester me to death, calling me up every minute of day and night to talk to me about the latest kind of ache or pain they'd had." A few doctors said even, "Everybody would be asking me *what to do*, instead of asking me *to come right out*."

Closer it came and closer still. A wild scream came out of my former savior.

Now it seemed the tree would miss us. Again that it would get us. All at once I lost consciousness. Whether I had fainted or had been submerged by tree or horse I do not know, or how long I had lain upon the bank. But, all at once, I awakened and my father was bending over me and gently rolling me to and fro.

My horse, he quickly told me, had reached the creek-shore, then wildly galloped toward him and passed him—riderless, of course. Father, recognizing the horse, had sped back to where I lay. His own theory was that I had fainted while still on the horse, but safe beyond the stream, and that then, on the bank, the horse, still terrified, had thrown me. He took me up behind him on the sorrel and we sped away to see Mrs. Pole Platter—who, by the bye, was merely suffering prostration from her husband's death.

We two, then, wishing to return to Pittsfield and riding the one horse, now actually did ride across to "the west road," as my father had earlier advised me to do, and, bearing north, would soon have turned east toward Pittsfield. But now, to make this abstract of a two-day history complete, at least in its main essentials, it is necessary to digress for a moment and to relate an episode of this, the second, day of our journey, which, excursive as it really may be, is nevertheless, even of itself, illustrative of both the great good and the great bad which exist in human nature as well as of the sunshine and the shadow which fill the country doctor's life.

All at once, some distance away, my father and I espied Ball Wirey, actually bare-headed and clad only in a full suit of red underwear, coming toward us from the south—lickety-split, lickety-split, and scattering clay mud in every direction.

"Whoa!" cried my father, "I believe I was right."

A horde of horsemen, just as he spoke, dashed into view not far behind Wirey.

"Right about what?" I demanded.

"Never mind!"

And, at that, Wirey and his horse went over a fence and behind a hill, so that we saw them no more.

My childish curiosity was piqued to the highest point. "But you *must* tell me, Father. What has this man done?"

"Be quiet."

"But am not I a doctor—at least very soon to be one? Tell me."

"Son—" He breathed a long sigh. "Son, there are things a doctor does not tell, even—" He was looking down into my eyes. "There are things a doctor does not tell even to another doctor—yes, even though the other doctor be his son. And you, if you want to form the habit of keeping professional secrets—something you ought to begin immediately—will now and forever forget that you have even seen Ball Wirey on this day.—Look at that little old stable a-burning over yonder. Somebody must have dropped his pipe in the hay."

Three or four years later, about 1880 I believe, there broke out in Pittsfield a series of fires so long, also so destructive, as to seem almost incredible.

These fires always occurred at night. I remember how I would be awakened by the fire bell and confused cries of "Fire," then jump into my clothes and, taking my already dressed brother Jon by the hand, rush up to the Square. How we watched the lithe tongues of flame leap from basement to first floor, from first floor to second, into the attic, out through the roof, whooping and roaring as if striving to reach the sky.

Night after night! _____

One night the arsonist attempted to burn the Pittsfield House, the town's largest and finest hotel. It had been built and was still managed by my father's half brother, Captain George Travis Edwards. Uncle Trav., happening to go into the attic of his building on that particular night, caught the culprit—and it was Ball Wirey!

Father did not speak at all to me, that night of the capture, about Ball Wirey, but, after Ball had been tried, had pleaded guilty and was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, he said to me in our barn—a good, quiet place for talking: "You ought to know, I think, at least this much about Ball Wirey. Long, long before you and I saw those farmers chasing him (three or four years back of that

time, in fact) Ball, visiting in the country, suffered a serious accident. A tree, falling, struck the top of his head. I did not attend him, but I know the details of the injury. Always after that accident, Ball seemed to me to have suffered certain alterations of his mind—not such indeed as would be perceptible to laymen but such as almost any doctor who had known him before the injury would have been certain to take note of.

“Tom, I do not believe Ball Wirey was responsible when he started those fires.”

“And you—you,” I almost shouted. “You did not go up and tell the court so?”

“No, I did not.”

“Why? And why did you not elevate the depressed portion of his skull?”

“Because, for one thing, I had never been requested to do so. Doctors can’t just throw people down in the street and operate on them, willy-nilly, saying perhaps, ‘Lie still, I know what’s good for you.’ Another doctor in Pittsfield, Ball’s ordinary attendant, did in fact propose one day to operate on Ball and Ball in consequence came near to adding homicide to arson. Nor would Ball’s nearest of kin so much as consider an inquisition of lunacy in his case. And that isn’t all. I offered both to Ball himself and to his lawyer to testify on the trial that Ball was mentally unsound. And both refused to let me testify. There was another point in the matter, Tom. Ball pleaded guilty, would have no trial. You see, no trial could, under all the circumstances, have taken place at all without an incidental revelation to the world of what seemed like moral turpitude on the part of two perfectly innocent women. This necessary consequence of a trial Ball saw clearly enough, for all his mental confusion, so he would not hear to having any trial. Even with doctors ready to clear him he would not have one. Well, even Dublin and I, when we had learned of all the danger that any trial whatsoever would have brought to the reputation of those fine women, told Ball Wirey he was right.”

And Ball was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary—for burning sixteen buildings, or half the Public Square.

Later still, when I was practising medicine myself in Pike County, there came to me even further evidence of the



HODGEN HILL

This hill was really much longer and far more steep than it seems in this picture to be. At the top of the hill and to the right stood the boyhood home of Dr. John T. Hodgen, later world-renowned surgeon. The humble structure

was, long years ago, completely demolished and removed. Few seemed to care, even to remember. This poor picture is merely a tramp's tribute. (Photograph by the Tramp in 1897.)



SUNDANCE VALLEY

This valley was really much deeper and more beautiful than it seems in this picture to be. You should have seen it on a sunny day! Nowhere else in Pike County, I thought, as a child, not even around the old home at Pittsfield, did the sunlight dance on the leaves or on the snow-drifts quite so gladly as it did in this valley. Hence, indeed, I had named the hollow "Sundance Valley."

And the people of this valley, I thought, were more kindly, more mirthful, and even more appreciative of the ministrations of my father than any others could possibly have been in other places, even other places in Pike County. God bless the joking, hospitable, merry-making people of Sundance Valley, them—rather their descendants now, wheresoever these may be.

innocence of those women, thus proving completely that Father and Dublin and even Ball himself, despite his mental confusion, had acted wisely.

But back to the two-day adventure of long ago and its curious anti-climax. Through the deep mud we plodded and into Pittsfield, where the merry-go-round was going round merrily again (the weather being now so much cooler) and, raucously as ever, the horses were biting the hitch-rails, and the drunkards were stumbling along the plank sidewalks, some in dull anger and some in hideous delight.

When we had arrived before the old home, Miss Sarah Spann, good helper to Mother since the birth of Joseph, came running out to us, and, seeing my wan and tuckered-out appearance, pulled me off the horse and into her arms and went to crying over me audibly. "We thought we would never see either of you two again," she murmured.

Then came Mother complaining, "Why did you two run away from home just as I'd informed you that old Mr. Woodlot was in the office with a broken bone?"

"In the office! Why you said nothing at all about his being in the office, but only that old Mr. Woodlot had received a compound thigh-fracture and that he wanted me to come immediately to see him."

"I declare I don't believe that I did say once 'in the office.' "

"And, after you had told us about him, Tommy and I did go into the office to get the extension apparatus and all the other necessities for a fracture of the femur."

"O yes, there was no place to lay him in the office, so, as soon as I had spoken to you, I took him into the sitting-room and there made him a pallet on the floor. This morning, though, so many people were passing through the sitting-room that Sarah and I got him back into the office and fixed his pallet there. You can go there now, both of you, and not be able to miss him."

In the office Father asked Mr. Woodlot where he was living now, adding, "We went to two houses to look for you down Pleasant Hill way and you were not in either one of them."

"O me and the family moved over into Scott County last month. But, jist yestiday, I come back into Pike to buy a horse, an', ridin' him, was throwed, and so I got this compound fracture."

A careful examination, however, of Mr. Woodlot's thigh, revealed that he had received no fracture of any sort or kind. He had simply scratched the thigh rather deeply.

But back to my apprenticeship.

I benefited by it you'll be glad to know not many busy doctors would spend the time in the evening with his boys as ^{your father} ~~he~~ used to do in front of the old black board in the sitting room helping them in problems in math, and english and sometimes in the midst of it all he would have a call to drive miles out into the country where the patient would never pay him for the call.

Your book "Tramping to failure" I understand is a biography it reminded me of something that happened in your childhood. You had reached the ripe old age of eleven yrs. and started to write your memoirs. and read what you had written to me one thing you said, and I'm sure it's true—as a child was a good student reading many books of history such as Cortez Conquest of Peru.

Extract from a letter to T. H. S., August 14, 1942, by Mrs. Frederick E. Stryker (formerly Miss Sarah Spann) Chicago. In 1877, when my brother Joseph was born and for some time thereafter she was a most efficient helper to my ailing mother. The somewhat premature "autobiography" which she mentions my being engaged upon (at the ripe age of eleven) is still in existence (in my chicken-track handwriting) and is quite copious and detailed about many events and people in the medical practice of my father—to whom I had even then been medical apprentice for nearly one year.

Always in my heart there was a lovely little glow because I had become really a physician's apprentice. Moreover, my father was pleased with my work, especially my progress in the classical languages but also because of my almost equal advance in anatomy, physiology and pathology. With Latin and Greek in my head, the anatomical terms (almost always Latin, like *iter a tertio ad quartum ventriculum* which had so astonished and overawed the natives) also the terms in pathology (almost always Greek) became quite simple. I knew, of course, that this, my apprenticeship, had begun somewhat prematurely, inasmuch as admission to medical colleges in that day could not occur till the attainment of the nineteenth year of life, also inasmuch as the apprenticeship need not have endured for longer than only two years. In other words, no apprenticeship need ever have begun until the aspirant for a medical degree had become seventeen years of age. Moreover, I was meaning to attend, before entering a school of medicine, some college of liberal arts and sciences, there to attain my bachelor's degree—although, in those days, no applicant for medical matriculation was required to present evidence of any preparation whatsoever saving and excepting a signed certificate from his preceptor that the applicant was not less than nineteen years of age, that he was of good moral character, and that he had been the said preceptor's apprentice for not less than two years. A medical apprenticeship, by the way, could be running simultaneously with school and college study, or with banking, preaching, school-teaching, clerking, soliciting as book-agent, carrying on at manual labor—or whatsoever else do you make your living by? Time was, of course, deducted for hours or days spent on these non-medical occupations.

I, however, meant to be a doctor of the better sort—one like my father, or—God willing—John T. Hodgen himself. Hence, if I should have an apprenticeship of four, five, or even six or nine years, what of it? And even if I went to a school of liberal arts, as I surely intended to do, well what of that also? All these things would only the better prepare me.

I took my work seriously.

My mates, however, at school, by no means took it so. My apprenticeship, to them, was merely a huge joke. I be

a doctor? Get out! No midget who bore the sobriquets of Chipmunk, Tom Thumb, Minus Quantity, and so forth, could really, by them, be thought of as a doctor. Already, because of my size, I had oftentimes had hard beatings—beatings by boys much bigger than I, beatings cruel and prolonged.

One day there had shown up in my room at school a sturdy new comer, Fritz Niebuhr by name. Born in Germany, he had come to this country at the age of seven, settled with his parents at Quincy, Illinois, and, lately, with still a German accent in his speech, removed to Pittsfield. Fritz was not at all a "minus quantity." In fact, by the fistic code he was infinity plus. Blows, to him, were as nothing. And, anyway, he did not have to take many of them, the adversary being too soon out. Fritz was just the opposite of a bully; he was looking for some one to protect. So he "picked on" me, and I was more than willing to be picked on in that sense. The cruelty I had been experiencing, and which had developed in my character about the quickest and nastiest temper this world had ever known (a temper which still stays with me) that cruelty, I say, disappeared like frost before the sun.

Then, all at once, Fritz left school to enter his half-brother's shoe-store.

The cruelty re-began. I bought dumb-bells, Indian clubs, spring-exercisers and so on—used them in my all-alone gymnasium at Hayloft University. My muscles really grew somewhat. Proud of them, I, one night at the post office while awaiting the distribution, as so often I did await it, of the mail, threw up my shirt-sleeves gallantly and displayed my little "jay-birds." A ringing chorus of laughter and jeers was the only response. Then said a boy of twice my size, "I'm going to lick you—Doctor." And he stepped forward.

But Fritz Niebuhr vaulted in between, at the same time imparting the information, "Tom's got these muscles too."

So there was no fight that night.

But I went home, proud of Fritz yet utterly miserable because I, a doctor's apprentice and a boy who could clearly outlearn almost all the others in his class, could not protect

myself against the jeers of those much younger than I. There was no use trying to be a doctor or anything else. Nothing and nobody here on earth could ever help me help myself—the only help really desirable!

But I had forgotten the great magician, Puberty, him who produces so silently yet so effectually the dramatic *peripeteia* in so many lives—the great crisis, or sudden reversal in human organisms and in what they may be and become.

He came to me exactly on my fifteenth birthday, waved his wand—if so I may speak—and, without one bit of trouble on my part, I began to be covered with the loveliest lumps of indisputable muscle I thought I ever had seen. I also, in a few months, grew several inches in height. I never got really big, but I did get big enough, big enough that is to whip the worst of my tormentors, Jo Pawling. When I had got through with him he looked like something the cat had brought in and taken out again several times.

If anyone thinks that these matters have nothing to do with the practice of medicine in the Mississippi Valley in the days of which I write, he has thus far learned little from my depiction of the place and time. A man in those days and in that Valley had to look like a doctor to be a doctor, had to look like a doctor and to act like one. For this reason it was—the necessity for acting like a doctor—that my father had been obliged to part with the horse he had loved the most of all next to Black Jim. To have kept on driving “Palomino,” a “circus horse,” would have killed his usefulness as a doctor completely. He might quite as well have attempted to practice medicine in an old clown’s suit of clothing—wide pants, red spots, cone-shaped cap and everything. And, beyond doubt, my father’s height, combined with his superb activity and easy strength, had much to do with impressing the Pike County public with his ability as a doctor.¹

¹ Even in the sophisticated East, it was better, far better, that a doctor be able to “fill the eye,” as witness the sad case of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Holmes, one of the greatest of all the world’s physicians—famous poet and discoverer, in fact, of the cause of and the means for preventing child-bed fever (1842)—suffered greatly in his practice because of his diminutive stature. Over and over, this, together with his boyish face, caused him to be mistaken for only a small boy. Holmes himself, to his friends, oftentimes bitterly bewailed

WHAT LITTLE THINGS CAN DEDOCTORIZE

It did not in those days take anything like so much as a clown's suit to dedoctorize, or undignify, a physician. Just a little steel and cotton could do the work.

It was indeed a very general custom in those days to use an umbrella at times when and in places where no umbrella to-day would be employed. For example a large, strong umbrella would be mounted in a universal socket both on sulkeys and on open-top buggies. Country doctors frequently rode in their pleasant shade or rain-protection. So, too, did sewing-machine agents, agents for pianos and organs, and, indeed, nearly all town people. Farmer folk, it is true, but they alone, abhorred such things as emblems of pride and decadence and wealth and ostentation and utter effeminization.

In the towns, too, there were large, very large, umbrellas to be carried by hand. The largest of these were called "family umbrellas." Under them *all* the members of any given family would march to church with very becoming pride and humility. We had no polygamists, but a widow I knew who, under such a spreading, six-foot affair, was accustomed to chaperone, rather to *Biddy*, her huddling large brood to and from the Congregational Sunday School and Church, Sunday after Sunday. Only of clear nights did they fail to employ the umbrella.

Father bought one of these cover-all contraptions and he, Mother, and the rest of us, all sticking close together under the "circus tent," would march sedately through the two full blocks to the Christian Church or Bush's Hall, there to stand the contraption, tabernacle rather, in a corner behind the stove at the back of the auditorium. Then we would solemnly advance in single file to the Shastid seat or pew.

the fate which made him appear before the world—even at the world's very "hub," Boston—*as something insignificant indeed.*

As to his great discovery that child-bed fever (puerperal fever) is due to contagion and can easily be prevented by the obstetrician's donning clean clothes and disinfecting his hands, that great event was published, please to note, in 1842-43 (*N. Eng. Quart. Jour. Med. and Surgery*, Boston, I, pp. 503-530). It has been sometimes asserted that the honor for this discovery is due to Ignaz Semmelweis, of Vienna and Budapest, but Semmelweis did not publish his work till 1847 ("Höchst wichtige Erfahrungen über die Actiologie der in Gebäranstalten epidemischen Puerperal fieber," *Ztschr. d. k. k. Gesellsch. d. Aerzte in Wien*, 1847-48, IV, pt. 2, 242; 1849, V, 64). But Holmes in fact antedated Semmelweis by full five years.

Marching under such an umbrella was like perambulating under a tent, only this tent was accommodating enough to march in the same direction as we marched and at the same rate of speed.

Many of the women in those days carried gaily-colored sun-shades, which touchingly matched the gay tints of their head-gear and gowns. Even some of the men carried colored umbrellas—most commonly, I believe, green, but sometimes red. The older gentlemen, who made no bones of sporting a Lincoln shawl on week-days, could perceive no impropriety in carrying a green or red umbrella to church on the Lord's day. *They* were not Puritans: no indeed. (Well, some of them weren't.)

One day Father purchased a red, white and blue umbrella: first a red segment, running from spire-top clean to rib-tip, then a white segment running the same way and distance, and then a blue segment. Then the whole series began again, the entire cadoodle ending where so many human arrangements have always ended—right where it started.

Well, one day, Father and Mother were off in the country together to see a bad case, and we three boys had had strictest orders to take that umbrella (the sun was very hot) and not to fail to go to church under it.

Well, we started for church with very good intentions, but, from the mouth of the alley near Dr. Doss's home, some big rough boys began stoning our red, white and blue contraption. These young ruffians, however, had not counted on the presence of Brother Willie. Willie, promptly furling the red, white and blue, not out of any sort or kind of disloyalty to the country, but merely as a means for the quick production of war material, engaged the enemy and so becudgelled the ring-leaders with the flaming doodad—it had a heavy stick inside it—that loud were the yells and prompt the retreat as Willie, although with his colors furled, chased on to victory.

Father, after that, was a good deal guyed by his friends around town for disporting *so* elegant and colorful an affair as a red, white and blue umbrella. The objection, you understand, was not to the carrying of an umbrella, or to carrying a red, white and blue umbrella, but to carrying

quite so bright a red, white and blue umbrella. So Father gave up the umbrella, what was left of it, and bought him an even larger one, but all of a very dead black, explaining to the merchant as he took it that he had only acquired the Joseph's coat affair in the first place so that umbrella stealers would never dare to borrow it. It would always be identifiable. *As if* to confirm his unassailed statement, he took some white house-paint and with it displayed his name on one of the black umbrella segments in letters that even blind Samson could have beheld while the temple was going down and raising impenetrable dust all about him, and then started to carrying it around the Public Square. So much excitement, however, was caused in the little town by this big umbrella, this seemingly radical departure from conventionality, that Father abandoned that do-dingus also, and Mother gave it away—to a person who never carried it and who seemed quite ungrateful about the gift.

Anyway, after my father had parted with the freak umbrella, his medical dignity, just as after the palomino passed into oblivion, was completely restored.

AH!

But now I myself was beginning to look more like a doctor. Moreover, I was learning more easily than ever before. Besides my school studies, which did not specially interest me, I had already learned Spanish and something of some other lingo from a language teacher in the town (Dr. Hiller); Syriac from Uhlemann's grammar; some of the Indian dialects from various volumes; Latin and Greek—with joy—from my father; and, with almost equal gusto, German from Fritz Niebuhr. Night after night, in the kitchen, when I had helped my mother wash and wipe the dishes, here, at the back door, would come the secret tapping of the F. S. S. (our boyhood's secret society), and when I opened the door, in would stride Fritz. And let nobody suppose he did not teach me good German. I had already been placed by my father for one whole summer in the exclusive custody of an old German lady, a Mrs. Mason, with whom, so long as I stayed with her, I was to speak, read and write nothing at all but German. So now, under Fritz, I made further progress even more easily.

I never can forget the linguistic ecstasy of those nights—or Fritz.

As I became older, I also grew, as I thought, more dignified. I did nothing again, no matter what, for the legal tender of our Boyville—pins, not even whole papers full of them. The lighted-candle processions, which formerly I had taken much part in, I forswore altogether now.¹

Neither did I participate in the more adult and respectable parades on the Courthouse Square, though again and again I stood near by and watched them after hours and hours of confinement in the office.

My chief recreation on the Public Square was in watching the old-fashioned medicine shows—of which we had many, all now buried in the far-away past. There would generally be cowboy singers, two or three war-dancing Indians, then last, and really “least” too, in importance (though you never could have convinced those old-fashioned Pittsfieldians of the fact) the so-called “doctor.” He was always a great bullock of a man, swarthy of hide, black of eye and hair. The latter fell down his neck and shoulders in a glorious cascade. It was surely not much proof of medical knowledge in the head it seemed to grow from, for, after the show, I actually saw the “doctor” on a number of occasions remove his great cataract of a wig and lay it carefully away in a box. After all it was not much more of a “fake” than the long-tailed coats which “regular” doctors wore daily and the equally removable play hats they went to church in.

¹ As kerosene lamps came into use, the old-fashioned tallow candles passed out. That left on my mother's hands a very large quantity of useless tallow candles. So, when grown men on the Public Square got to parading in water-proof caps and capes, while carrying lighted kerosene torches mounted on painted wooden sticks—all this to exhibit their choice of candidate for president of the United States—we boys, imitating, had had our own political parades up and down the streets that ran by my father's house. After awhile the supply of those otherwise useless candles began to give out. Then, one day, said my mother: “Tom, do you want to make some more candles with me? You children seem so very happy, playing. I so love too, as I sit a-sewing, to hear you all at play!”

We made the candles—scores of them, hundreds of them. And, after that, as we boys marched, counter-marched, formed echelons and so forth, I whispered from time to time to Fritz Niebuhr, Gus Heck, George Heck, Car Hesley, George and Herman Robinson, Johnny Lovitt, and many others of the long, long list of those now mostly dead, “Shout louder, boys! Shout louder! She *likes* to hear us play!”

Yes, “mostly dead.” But the world goes on. And, even as I write these lines, I hear in the street beneath my window, the shouts of other, then long unborn, children playing on their homeward road from school. And I too, much to the astonishment of those present-day children, sometimes up with my window and then cry, “Shout louder, children! Shout louder! I like to hear you play.”

When the banjoing and the singing and the war-dancing had brought together a large enough crowd, the doctor, promising more music *after* his "medical lecture" (of course to keep the crowd from scattering) would begin the lecture, which, of course, was merely a sales talk. At the close of the lecture, the sales themselves would begin—the real objective of the evening.

A "come-on man" in the crowd would step up promptly in response to the invitation, "Who'll be the first lucky man to buy a bottle?" Then a come-on woman, perhaps saying, "Cured my son-in-law's rheumatism, livin' over in Missouri."

And then the fun was on.

Sales would rise sometimes to a hundred, even two hundred, bottles. At a dollar a piece, and little cost to the "doctor" excepting for bottles and labels, the "clean-up" was immense.

And it was all for cash. Again and again I saw people who, for years, had paid my father not a cent for medical and surgical services, rendered oftentimes in the middle of the night, step up eagerly to pay out cash for the worthless nostrums of a cowboy "doctor."

But this I will say in favor of the cowboy doctor. Never, I believe, in any of his harangues, did he stoop so low as to hold that diseases are produced by devil possession. Indeed, on one occasion, one of this gentry even declared that the germ theory was, as to most diseases "the absolutely correct explanation"—adding, of course, that the particular nostrum which he sold was "death to all germs" and "life to all people."

Thereby I understood, of course, that the germ theory of disease was becoming so widely accepted that even he, the street doctor, could cash in on it.

Yes, I learned a great deal from the long-haired, long-pursed cowboy doctors—especially about human psychology.

And, incidentally, about regular M.D's. For, one day, here, down to my father's office, while Father and I were sitting in it, came old Dr. Dublin to complain to my father about my "hanging around" that quack cowboy doctor's "outfit." "A mere child," defended my father, "and curious about everything."

"But isn't he *now* a physician's apprentice?" So Dublin.

"Yes."

"Well, then. It seems to me you might be teaching him at least a little about the code of ethics."

"Very true," I put in, trying to trap the irate Irishman.

"Very true. And even that cowboy doctor favors that code, has in fact spoken out strongly in its favor almost every night he's been here."

"That's a lie!" cried Dublin hotly. "That's an absolute lie! Each and every night he's spoken I've been on the outskirts of his crowd and heard everything. And—"

"Oho!" I put in. "So each and every night he's spoken you've been on the outskirts of the crowd and heard everything. Well, it seems to me that, if a physician's apprentice has no ethical right to listen to a quack doctor, a full fledged physician himself has still less right to do so."

The irate physician was now so terribly enraged that he could not talk at all. "What—when—why the devil—why, Doctor Shastid—a boy like that—"

I was just on the point of remarking "You see, Doctor Dublin, wrong as I was I was right," when up jumps the Doctor, claps my father on the shoulder, and, laughingly, declares, "Well, he ain't so bad a spalpeen after all: he should be Irish."

And off he flew.

But he had not forgiven me for trapping him.

As I grew, I had to take on other fighters, and bigger, than Jo Pawling. In my unspectacular body there was a muscular power almost as great as that in the largest students in the school. Moreover, my brother Willie, a born genius in the art of boxing if ever there has been one, had taught me something of pugilistic technique. Nevertheless I was sad and depressed.

The recollection of the little white house, of which I have already spoken, and the image of which, bright and shining though it seemed, was continuously present like a funeral pall to me—a constant reminder of the inevitability of dissolution, the ultimate destruction of all that anyone could ever construct—that recollection, I say, depressed me and kept me depressed beyond the power of words to utter.

Then, too, I had, during an experiment on the eyes of my pet pigeon, Billie, done a foolish, a most ignorant, thing which had promptly even if unintentionally killed him. And, finally, there were frequent headaches, due, as years later I learned, to eye-strain, which could not be relieved except by daily rest of the eyes and long, lonely walks in the country.

Noting all which things, my father, some months after my sixteenth birthday, took me out driving with him into the country. I had a strange feeling that all was not to be well with me that day, and I remember distinctly that, as we passed through the Public Square, a dog from somewhere down the alleys, barked with a weird anger and strange fretfulness. It made me almost superstitious, as if the barking of a dog could have had some bearing on my destiny. After we had driven a few miles south of town, my father whispered with an odd gentleness: "This is going to be a somewhat different trip with me from any you have taken before."

We were in the sleigh and driving the ever-rejoiceful Nightshade, but even her continual animation, oft-repeated whinnies and semi-caprioles at the constantly stimulating air, conjoined with the ever-social jingling of the sleigh-bells did not remove my curious fear of what was coming.

After a few calls made, Father drove to the place where, in summer, he had occasionally stopped for both of us to drink from a spring, at which times he had frequently repeated Coleridge's "Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath." But to-day, after halting his horse, and looking over the miles and miles of frigid snowscape, he asked, "Have I ever repeated to you Percival's 'The Coral Grove?'" and, on my answering that he had not, he repeated it all, sometimes speaking in a rather quavering voice.¹ Then he cried, "It's cold. Let's hitch and walk awhile."

¹ Inasmuch as the poem in question, many years ago, used to appear in all school readers and, beautiful as it is, is difficult to come by now-a-days, I here repeat it. The younger readers may possibly also be interested.

THE CORAL GROVE

1. Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

So we walked for a mile or more, and I could see he was greatly excited. At last he said, "I may as well come to the point. Our lives, yours and mine, can never be quite the same again, Thomas."

"No, sir."

His words were simple, but they seemed to reach out and wrap me up in tenderness and protection—yet also in fear. All at once I understood. I was about to go to Inveni College. "Maybe you can learn something there," said my father, trying to look severe. Then all at once a flood of joy swept over me. But, in the twinkling of an eye, came a horrifying change! My father's words were ringing through my brain like the tolling of a great death bell. No, life could never be the same for me again. Said my father. "Just what is the matter, Tom? Aren't you happy about going?" I said, "Yes, of course I am. But I am homesick already."

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2. The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, when the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
 3. There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter.
 4. There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
 5. And life in rare and beautiful forms
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.
 6. And when the ship from his fury flies,
When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
 7. Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

—James G. Percival.

THE DOCTOR WHO FATHERED A TRAMP

PART II—IN MY YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD

My father went with me to Inveni. The place was *more than a hundred miles* from Pittsfield—just think of that!—and, besides, one changed cars on that trip four times. On one of the railway trains and, later, at a junction-point, (Peoria), and on the train after that, my father began to remember a certain weakness in my make up. “Son,” he said, “for years I have noticed that, in all the affairs of the intellect, you display a striking disposition to wander, to be a mere vagabond, a tramp. Sometimes I find you with a crude Nick Carter or a Frank Reid, again with last year’s seed-catalogue, once more with a Syriac grammar (which your too indulgent mother bought you, to no purpose that I can see) next with a comparative vocabulary of the North American Indian languages. Next still, with something else—Blackstone’s Commentaries or Gray’s Anatomy. Once I think I caught you reading the Bible.

“As I say, you are an intellectual tramp, and—”

I burst out laughing. My father to lecture me for being a mental tramp! My father! He who, on our rides together over the hills to see the sick, had talked to me on almost every subject that the mind of man had ever turned to—from Abraham Lincoln’s best holds in wrestling to “the neuter plural always ends in *a*”!

Again I laughed.

And then I was sorry. Tears were standing in his China-blue eyes.

He swallowed once or twice very hard, blinked, and continued: “I’m sending you to Inveni at a great financial sacrifice to your mother and me. Your brother Willie, furthermore, has been at that institution for almost three years, and he’s stuck to the business and made a fine success of it. I want you to beat that record—if you can.”

If I could! Why I could of course (I thought) and I would.

I was not able, however, to refrain from inveighing bitterly at the rigid curriculums of the colleges of those days, especially of Inveni. I alleged there were different types of mind, that my own (assuming, of course, that I had a mind)

was not by nature one that took very kindly to a hard-and-fast program laid down for its operations by any other minds—minds which, perchance, did not understand its needs and uses—if any. Especially in mathematics, I could not—

“Pah!” cried Father. “Such talk! Now you just forget your wandering ways. If you don’t, if you keep on at Inveni in the way you have done at Pittsfield, you will, I predict, to the end of your life, amount to little—just be a tramp, a vagrant in the fields of intellect. And, if you do, you’ll meander into failure.

“Make no mistake about it, my son. Either you will march in the straight and narrow path of the established learning, or else you’ll tramp to failure.

I did not then foresee that, some day, I would write a book about my life and name it “Tramping to Failure” just because of the expression which my Father had now used about me and my many sorts of doings that led to nowhere.

“Now let’s see,” continued Father, “Which road will you take—the broad and pleasant and crooked one?

“Answer me, my son. Do you mean to keep on tramping and tramping to failure?”

“No,” I assured him. “By all the——”

“Don’t swear, just say.”¹

I just said, and he took my word.

A few minutes later we reached the drab little town, Inveni, wherein the college of that name was situated, the Procrustean college wherein my mental bones were shortly after to be taxed and pulled on, wracked and wrenched, stretched out of shape and made over into something else than what God had plainly wanted them to be.

¹ The habit of swearing, as a rule unconsciously, quite, I had contracted even as a very small child at the Pittsfield Public Schools where there was more profanity and obscenity, even among the very youngest pupils, than I have ever heard afterward or elsewhere, even to the time in which I write.

And, to this day, although I have shed obscenity, and struggle still against profanity (as a rule am wholly victor in the strife) yet—sometimes—I—

It always happens so quickly! That early, that childish, environment returns so like a streak of lightning, and speaks through my mechanical old lips. And then I am ashamed and ashamed.

My father, so strict about most other matters, was always rather lenient about my profanity—not condonative at all, but lenient, because he knew the frightful temper which tyranny at those schools had developed in me as well as the floods and cascades of profanity which constantly assailed my ears.

But I never forgot my father's expression, his prediction that, if I did not change my ways materially, I would surely go "tramping to failure."

HECTIC CAREER

"Nothing ever happens in a country practice," say some medical students and doctors. These same persons no doubt would also allege that nothing ever happens in a country college, especially one that is very largely theological, whereby too they would be mistaken. I formed at once an enmity with the President of Inveni, partly because of the rigid curriculum at that institution, with never an elective or optional subject in it, and partly because of certain inconsistencies which I found in that high dignitary's principles and actions. Thus, he would tolerate no use of tobacco on the part of any student, and yet he would go about the village, even the college grounds themselves spouting tobacco ambler over very much of the landscape. Some of his other teachings, though quite right in themselves, were absolutely inconsistent with certain financial transactions in which he had been engaged—to the very great loss of both my father and myself.¹ But, to my father, this man could do no wrong. He was, in a way, the head, in our state, of the church to which our family belonged and to which Grandfather and Grandmother Shastid, Grandfather and Grandmother Hall, had likewise been adherents. My father, though like any other scientist he was a man of liberal views on religion, yet, even when all his reservations had been deducted from his credo, he was still enamored of the family's church—could not under any circumstances have given it up or admitted a serious wrong in it. I, therefore, had to remain at Inveni College: so much was certain—although

¹ Detailed information about these curious manipulations can be found in "Tramping to Failure," pages 40, 43 and 49 (photographic reproductions of stock certificates), and 94 to 97 inclusive.

A great deal of stock in "The Original Fourth of July Mining Company" was sold throughout the state of Illinois, whereby bitter disappointment had come to many members of our denomination.

I still have many of the papers and letters concerning the sale to us of this stock, as well as a fairly detailed and well-documented record of the company. It was finally dissolved for failure to file in the office of the Secretary of State its legally required report, the suit having been brought in the Circuit Court of Sangamon County by the Attorney General. See People of the State of Illinois *ex rel* Attorney General *vs.* Original Fourth of July Mining Co.—No. 38517.

at times I rejoiced to recollect the words of Charles William Eliot, President of Harvard: “. . . . education does not consist in following dogmatic courses of study, memorizing little understood statements, or mastering set tasks, but rather the joyous and free exercise of all the human powers in the search for truth.” How I longed to go to Harvard College, to meet Charles William Eliot, to engage at Harvard in “the joyous and free exercise of all my human powers in a search for truth.”

I still possess the letters¹ which, in those days, I wrote to my father about my attempt to engage in “the joyous and free exercise of all my human powers in the search for truth” at Inveni—especially the reactions I was experiencing there among the theological students [there were many of these at Inveni, although it was a general as well as a theological institution] with respect to the truth about the causes of disease.²

One day in the spring I had got to talking with some of these embryo ministers on the campus, when, all at once and quite unintentionally, I happened to say something about the “germ theory” of disease—something in favor of it, of course. I have just stated that this was in the spring, and, on that day, there was the old-time vernal magic, the soft, blossomy wonder of the new-old miracle stirring in the

¹ In fact all the hundreds of letters and other communications which, in the course of more than forty years, I received from my father and mother, as well as all those which I, in turn, transmitted to them, I still possess. I possess to this day even all the letters that have ever been written to me by my former college mates, “Mushmouth” for example, and by practically all other persons. Inasmuch as I used to report to my parents almost everything that happened to me, giving often the exact words of important or interesting conversations, I am able now, easily, even at this distant day, to reproduce the colloquies and other events of those long-gone periods with great accuracy indeed. This fact I declare not by way of excuse for any prolix method of narration, for that I shall seek to avoid, but merely in order to explain the positive manner in which, even after all these intervening years, I still can write of that curious institution herein called “Inveni.”

I will add, because of its bearing on certain important matters to appear in later portions of this book, that I have always kept quite accurate *copies* of all the letters I have ever written—commercial, professional and social—to my parents and to everybody else. “Over-particular,” do you remark? It is one of the best of all habits to preserve such things.

I may add for the benefit of several persons who will necessarily be specially interested in this portion of my book that the letters and documents from its Inveni period were (after being mislaid and believed for a number of years to have been lost) strangely and almost miraculously rescued just as they were about to be committed to the flames in a stove.

² I should at this point make clear that the name “Inveni,” as well as all the names of all the persons whom I met at that curious institution, excepting of course that of my brother Willie, are absolutely fictitious.

earth. I ought, perhaps, to have been content to enjoy that warming and blossoming miracle, but, somehow, the thought of my father was in my mind, and so, quite unintentionally, I stirred up controversy.

All of a jump I was in the middle of an excited debate, soon feeling very young, very callow and utterly ridiculous—largely of course because so nearly alone in my opinion.

“Just what do you mean by ‘the germ theory’?” inquired one of the group of embryo preachers that had gathered so suddenly and excitedly around me. “The theory that all diseases are produced by bugs, of course. Yes, that’s what you mean.”

“Gentlemen, as to this confabulation, include me out,” said the biggest and rosiest-cheeked, likewise the most diplomatic. And off went he to join a group who were pitching and catching ball.

The rest remained, and instructive, as well as interesting and exciting, it was to me then and is now to note the great variety of opinions, or reactions, on the part of these embryo preachers and self-sufficient scientists.

“I do *not*,” said I, “by the ‘germ theory’ mean that all diseases or any of them are produced by bugs. Bugs, or beetles, are Coleoptera (a fairly high order of animals) and have nothing at all to do with the matter. But bacteria—the lowest forms perhaps of all earthly life—purely vegetable too, as Cohn, of Germany, has demonstrated, extremely simple, and, some of them, though not all, extremely dangerous to human life. Neither do I say, nor does any germ theorist say, that *all* diseases are due to them. The over-use of alcohol, for example, is the cause of delirium tremens.”

“Speculation!” piped a little fellow, superciliously. “Of course not as to the alcohol.”

“Not at all. Many diseases have been absolutely demonstrated to be produced each by its own specific bacterium and by nothing else.”

“How do you know such a thing?”

“In the same way, precisely, as that in which, in the case of each disease, the *discoverer* of that disease’s causes, knew that *he* was right. Here are the requirements that must be fulfilled before any given disease may be assigned to any given bacterium as that bacterium’s result. The require-

ments, I may say, are those laid down by Koch of Berlin himself."

"An atheist!" shouted the little fellow, contemptuously. "That's what he is," confirmed another; "I've heard about him."

"I'm not discussing, gentlemen," said I, "at the present moment, the religion of any of bacteriology's chief founders, but bacteriology—rather these particular bacteria which have been discovered to be productive of disease. Not all bacteria produce disease. Many, as Cohn of Berlin—to mention his name another time—conclusively showed in his little book, a few years ago, many bacteria produce, instead of disease, the rancidity of butter, some the putrefaction of cheese, some the bitterness and ropiness which occur in bad wine, some the putrefaction of nitrogenous substances—the so-called 'decay' of dead bodies. Still others, it is fairly well proved, are of great value in the improvement of soil. The kind we are chiefly concerned about just now, however, are the pathogenic—which as you know means 'disease-producing' bacteria."

"Be kind enough to tell us, Dr. Shastid," [the degree was granted me ironically of course] "be kind enough to tell us where bacteria, pathogenic and non-pathogenic alike, come from—your imagination?"

"No indeed. They are omnipresent."

"Ever see one?"

"Yes, and many more than just one.—They are omnipresent, found in air, water, soil, in the mouths of men, in their noses, on their hair, all over their bodies, in their urine and their stools, in privy piles, in the manure from livery stables, all over the sidewalks and in the roadways. In fact a very great many bacteria can be found in the air, constituting a considerable proportion of the atmospheric dust."

"Snow, snow everywhere—on the ground and *in* the air," chanted yet another miniature reverend.

One ministerial student, a lean fellow with a hacking cough but a calm, careful and thoughtful eye, stepped from the periphery of the circle nearer to the place whereon I stood. "I am very much interested, Shastid," he declared, "in what you were just about to say concerning the 'requirements' of which you have just spoken and which, as you say, must be

fulfilled in the case of any bacterium before that bacterium can properly be assigned as the certain cause of a given disease. What are those requirements?"

"Those requirements," I replied, "which are well called 'Koch's postulates,' for first of all he laid them down,¹ are these: *First*, the micro-organism in question must be demonstrably present in every case of the disease in question. *Second*, it must be cultivatable in pure culture. That means that one of the germs must be found able, under proper laboratory conditions, to colonize (reproduce its kind) not only indefinitely but *purely*—i.e., without producing any other kind of germ than just its own kind."

"And how is that done, pray?" It was the little fellow, once again, who was sneering and snaring—or attempting to snare.

"In this way. At first, Koch cultured (colonized or reproduced) his germs in plates of liquid soup. Other germs than those he had introduced into the soup would sometimes get into the soup here and there from the atmosphere. At first these germs—the one introduced intentionally and the others which had got in accidentally—were fairly well separated, but, as they reproduced, the different colonies of the different kinds of germs got all mixed together. Then what the man had, of course, was an impure culture—a culture consisting of various kinds of germs. Through an accident he found that the solid raw surface of a bisected potato would also grow germs abundantly. Accidentally again, of course, other germs than the one he had intentionally placed on the potato would sometimes fall on the potato from the atmosphere, and, once again, each germ would produce a little island, or colony of its own offspring. But—and here was the great point—the different colonies, or kinds, of bacteria did not get mixed up with one another, but each 'staid put'—remained on the spot whereon it had grown, because the potato, unlike soup, was solid. Koch then had a pure culture—a culture consisting of one kind of bacterium only. Moreover, he could then take bacteria from that pure colony of germs he had intentionally cultivated, and, placing them in

¹ Koch did so in 1882. *Berl. klin. Wochenschr.* XXI, 221-230.

Those postulates are beautifully termed by Victor Robinson "The Four Pillars of Bacteriology." ("The Story of Medicine," p. 405.)

a tube filled with sterile gelatin or gelatin mixed with beef broth (the gelatin, mixed or unmixed, having been sterilized by boiling) he soon would have his culture tube absolutely filled with another pure culture of *the same germ*. Placing germs from this tube into yet another tube of sterile gelatin, he soon would have yet another colony filling another tube, and so on indefinitely.

"In other words, any given germ produced always its own kind, just as a rat does not produce, ever, a camel or a whale, but, always, more rats.

"Now, as to the next requirement: *Third*, inoculation with a given pure culture must produce the disease in question in all the kinds of animals that are susceptible to that disease. Thus, frogs, eels and turtles do not have tuberculosis. Guinea pigs and many other species of animals do. The third requirement, then, is not that a pure culture in question shall produce the disease in question in animals that are unsusceptible to that disease, but that it shall produce such disease in such species, and those only, as are capable of having that disease.

"*Fourth*, the germ in question must be capable, when given in sufficient dosage, of producing the disease in question in healthy individuals that are of any susceptible species and that have not been rendered immune."

The crowd was for some time silent. At length the man with the hacking cough and the clear, steady eyes, queried once more—slowly and with care in the use of his words, as if he felt that some great discovery which he himself was about to make, in case he were careful, might be terribly missed by him in case he were not so. "The microscope," he said, "the compound microscope was discovered by the Jansens, was it not, very late in the 16th century?"

"Yes, that is true. And then, late—"

"And then, late in the next century Anthony van Leeuwenhoek, laying aside the compound instrument because he had found that he could see into the world of smallness better through single lenses than through the compounds then in use, in case the single lenses were made with the care which he was accustomed to giving them, he, I say, with such simple instruments, first saw bacteria. Is not that right?"

Here very plainly was a man of unusual character, not an ignoramus at all but a man that loved God's truth. "Yes," I said, "That's all correct."

"I've been reading about these things," he went on, in the same cautious, never-make-a-mistake manner, "and, as I understand them, a man named Pasteur, over in France, absolutely disproved the theory of spontaneous generation."

"Yes," I agreed, "that he did."

And that, then, appeared to prove to him that different diseases, inasmuch as they were decidedly different from one another, and therefore must be due to distinctly different causes, set him thinking that diseases, many of them at all events, must be due to living causes, and each disease to its own one specific cause."

"Correct."

"Then he discovered the microscopic germs that caused sickness in wines and beer, and, by mildly heating the wines and the beer ('pasteurization' we now call it) he prevented the development of those diseases?"

"Yes again."

"And later he cured the two diseases of silk worms, also cured and then prevented anthrax in sheep."

"Perfectly true."

"And next he prevented or cured anthrax and several other diseases in human beings."

"Yes, he did."

"And then came onto the scene this fellow at Berlin—what's his name?"

"Koch, Robert Koch."

"Yes. Yes, of course. And he's discovered the causes of several other diseases of human beings."

"Yes indeed he has. Even tuberculosis."

"Yes."

"Gentlemen," he almost whispered, looking round the crowd. "My sweetheart died of tuberculosis." After a very long silence, he repeated, "Died—of—tuberculosis."

Then, after a silence still longer, the same cautious, triply earnest man began talking again: A wild delirium of joy seemed to grip him, "Man," he almost shouted, "will, if what you, Shastid, say is the truth, be on a plane of equality with the gods—for a very long time at least. Endless life!

Endless life, without having to go through death to reach it."

But a man with a red nose and a shiny bald head came up closer, and, facing round the crowd, began throwing chilly water upon his brother preacher's veins. "Immortality on earth," he declared, "would be of no value. Only in heaven could it have worth. In a world like this, with its damnable treachery and its sin and so on, would anyone wish to live forever? And don't you suppose that if anything like this immortality from mere bugs had been on God's program, He would not have prophesied about it, prophesied repeatedly in his holy word?"

"Perhaps He has," said the cautious theologian. "There are so many prophesies whose meaning we have not yet discovered."

"That doctrine which Shastid so emphatically advocates," rejoined the bald one, "is more exhilarating than liquor, more soothing than tobacco, more deceptive than both put together. Yet hell awaits sinners just the same—hell and eternal suffering. There is only one gate into life, and that is the gate called death. Thank God for that gate."

Turning to me, he started to "rip me up" quite thoroughly, but some non-, or perhaps anti-, theologian, or it may have been a mere buffoon, cried out, "Let Shastid have his say; he knows all about bugs. He thinks bugs, eats bugs. Maybe he even sleeps with bugs—don't you, Shastid?"

"You ask my landlord," I countered. "He knows what he gives me."

"At all events," went on bald-pate, "the causes of diseases, all diseases, are clearly stated in the scripture. *Luke IV, 40-41*: 'And when the sun was setting, all they that had ANY sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them.' I do not believe that any of your bacteria, as you call them, or all of them together could ever experimentally produce a single case of a single disease. I simply do not believe it."

I replied, "It is not far to Chicago. Suppose we go up there to a bacteriological laboratory, any one of your choosing, and there test the matter out. All you have to do is take up some anthrax bacteria into a hypodermic syringe and then inject them under your skin. That would not be

painful, and if, as you say, bacteria are harmless, you would suffer no ill consequences. More than that, you would be rendering the greatest service not only to science but to the truth of the scriptures on the particular point in question."

"I would gladly go," said my opponent, "but I have not the money."

"I will pay your way, there and back, and your hotel bills."

"But I should have to miss attendance at the college."

"We can leave Friday night, make the experiment Saturday morning, be back here at Inveni a little after noon."

"But I ought to be busy studying, even on Saturday."

"Nothing to prevent your reading your textbooks on the train."

He drew a deep breath. "Besides," he evaded, "we might not get back on Saturday and then I should have to miss church."

"Wherever we are on Sunday morning, we can go to church. Churches are everywhere in the land."

He looked from one to another of the surrounding future ecclesiastics. Finally, "What do you think?" he said to them as a group.

One, a little, nervous fidgety fellow, piped up, "I think the test would not be worth an infinitesimal snap. Why? Because we are all creatures of the imagination. If you shot yourself with what are merely *called* anthrax germs, your imagination might very easily produce anthrax in you just because you would imagine yourself into having the symptoms."

"Yes, that's it," rejoicefully confirmed my chief opponent. "That's it. I might just imagine that I had the symptoms."

"No way out in that," I persisted. "You have said that none of the bacteria can produce a disease. I will, with your permission, select a tube of germs whose very name you shall not know. I will then write the name of the disease which those germs are known to produce and mail it to Dr., here in Inveni. He is an opponent of the germ theory, so you can trust him. He is an honest man, so I can trust him too. When you get sick, which you will, and have been sick for some time, Dr.,

living here in Inveni, will open the sealed envelope containing the name of your disease, and, if you do not have that very disease (which you could not possibly have imagined yourself into having, because you did not know the name of the disease or any of its symptoms) I will confess my great mistake and in public."

But the good fellow was obstinate. "Even so," he persisted, "I might imagine myself into some other disease than the one named in the envelope, and I do not want to get sick at all."

Then I had him, at least I thought that I had. Asked I, "Can dogs imagine themselves into having a disease of any sort or kind whatever?"

"Why no, I suppose not."

"Very well. Let us, not even in the presence of the dog, select our bacteria, say those producing anthrax, load our hypodermic syringe with it, then go into the animal room and inject the dog—without even telling him what is going on. If that dog does not have anthrax I will confess myself mistaken and both science and holy writ will be the gainers. All you theological students too can preach the result of the experiment to all of the world so long as you may live.

"Remember. A dog could not possibly understand what anthrax is, therefore imagine that he had it, even if you *told* him he was expected to have anthrax. And we, it is agreed, would not even tell him. And yet he would have anthrax. I will stand all the expenses of the trip."

The theologian looked afar for a long time, and I knew precisely what was passing in his mind. He was not really considering how it could best be determined whether or not certain bacteria are the causes of many diseases. What he was doing was—considering how he could find a way out of the consequences of what he knew would be a scientific demonstration of the truth. At last he breathed hard again, and the most of the group breathed hard in sympathy with him. That meant that he thought he had thought of a way out while the others were glad he had thought of it.

"I would gladly accept your offer, Shastid," he finally said, "only for one thing. A dog has a right to its life. That dog would have a right to live, and yet we should be killing it."

"How should we be killing it?" I pursued relentlessly. "You have just declared that bacteria do not produce any disease, that in fact they are perfectly harmless. Now you say it would not be right to kill the dog, that that dog has a right to live."

"It does have a right, and I would fight to keep him his life as long as I myself had life to fight with."

"Very fine words," said I, beginning to get nettled. "Very fine indeed. But are you aware that the dogs which are used in the laboratories are simply dogs that have been picked up by the pound-master, and, not being wanted by their owners, are condemned to die in any case, laboratory or no laboratory? No dog ever dies of experimentation that was not going to die soon anyway. Now you say, 'That dog has a right to live and I would fight to keep him his life as long as I myself have life to fight with.' Very well, that dog, dozens of him, are parting with their lives in medical colleges everywhere. Have you been doing any fighting for any one of him? Do you really intend to do any? If so, then do you, to be consistent, intend also to fight as long as you have life to fight with for the lives of those fifty or a hundred times as many other dogs who are going to die at the pound-master's hands? If so, just how will you do the fighting? By interfering with the duties of a public officer and going to jail? Even while you were in the jail, the officer would keep on killing the dogs. The only effective way of saving the dogs would be for you to pay the dog tax—on all of them. And where would you get the money? And, having saved all those dogs, you would have to keep housing and feeding them indefinitely—yes, even although their numbers ran into the thousands and the tens of thousands. Could you do it?"

"I would turn the dogs back to their owners."

"After you had paid the pound-master's fees for every one of them, plus the dog tax for every one of them, plus transportation costs on every one of them—and only to find, even then, that their owners did not want them which was the very reason why they themselves had not paid the tax in the first place, preferring to let the pound-master take them away—which gets them (and us) back to the very place at which we started."

The man, caught, was turning white around the mouth with anger. He shouted, "I do not believe in dogs' dying for damnable experimental purposes."

"Which is precisely the same as saying," I added, "that you think it better for dogs to die without benefit to science—and, through science, to humanity and even other animals, including dogs—than to die *with* benefit to science, humanity, dogs and other animals."

"But let us get back to the point. If we go to Chicago and conduct our experiment on a dog instead of on yourself, we should—if I am right—be merely slaying a dog that was going to be slain anyhow; but, if you are right—as you still no doubt believe you are—then no harm whatever would come to the dog from the experiment."

"I submit, gentlemen, to all of you, that I have won my case. If not, it is truly the fault of my opponent, who will not submit the matter to a test. I will add that, if he likes, I would use, or have used, on the dog, not indeed a germ that would be necessarily fatal, but some other germ, the nature of the sickness produced by which would be plainly determinable and yet would not, with any probability, destroy the animal's life. I will go still further and say that, in case the animal does *not* die, I will personally redeem him from the pound-master, bring him home to Inveni and make him my dog and keep him in comfort so long as he can live. Thus, I shall be not taking but saving the life of a dog. Or, if the experimented dog should die, then I would redeem some other dog out of the dog-pound, bring *him* home and keep *him* indefinitely, so that, even in *that* case, I would have saved one dog.—And [I wound up with not a little bravado] I have here—I pulled out a bank-book and some promissory notes containing the most of what my Fourth of July mining investment [already mentioned herein] had left me of my milk-money—I have here the proof that I am able to do as I say."

There was one preacher who had not yet spoken or given any sign. He was a suave man, and, I believe, an honest, fair-minded one. "I have been very much interested," he said, "in what Shastid has been saying in defense of the germ theory. Nevertheless I believe there are one or two

flaws in it. I, for one, do believe that germs have been plainly demonstrated to be the causative agents of very many diseases. Yet I do also believe that Jesus, in performing his miracles for the sick, and in attributing his cures to the casting out of devils from the sick peoples' bodies, was, in fact, not condemning, but really confirming and ratifying in advance (that is, prophetically) the present-day germ theory of the causation of disease. Is not in fact a 'germ' a 'devil,' a (1) living thing which is (2) unseen (that is, except by means of the microscope, a purely modern affair) and which (3) is inimical to human beings, even as the Hater of Humanity, even Satan himself, is inimical to humanity?"

Then I said, "Let me understand you. You mean that Jesus was really casting out disease-producing bacteria—no more and no less than exactly the kind of bacteria that physicians are fighting to-day and with so great success?"

"Precisely. I do mean that."

"Then," I declared, "your argument certainly fails. For, mark you, the 'devils' that Jesus cast out could talk, even argue with him. All the bacteria that to this minute have ever been discovered have been entirely devoid of speech, without vocal apparatus, without even the ability to make a sound. Many insects exist which, though devoid of vocal organs, yet, by friction of one part on another, can make certain noises, certain mating signals. But no bacterium can do that. The 'devils,' on the other hand, which Jesus cast out, could talk, even argue. They were certainly not bacteria. Thus *Luke, IV*, 'And devils also came out from many, crying out, and saying, Thou art the Son of God.' Thus, moreover, *Matthew, VIII, 29-31*: 'What have we to do with thee, thou Son of God? art thou come hither to torment us before the time? If thou cast us out, send us away into the herd of swine.'"

And then, as he fell silent, I began to become, like my father before me, wildly enthusiastic. I started to tell that group that the discovery of the microbic origin of many diseases and of putrefaction [suppuration] in wounds would soon result in the establishment of a new heaven and a new earth—not indeed a perfect earth but a very much improved one, while our views of the very nature of heaven itself,

like all the other views of humankind, had been enormously altered for the better. No longer, as to earth, were night-pots emptied into the alleys behind houses, or in the streets in front of them, even then. And what was yet to come! I tried to picture—if they would listen—if they would listen—

I began to note that they were walking away from me, that the chapel bell was ringing the commencement of another class hour.

I also began to realize that many of the faces to which I had been talking would be the faces of my bitter enemies forevermore.

A fool there was!

THE PROCRUSTEANS

A few days later I was walking through the campus with the same theological student who, when I had been holding forth to a group of such students, had taken so much interest in my remarks—the man with the hacking cough and so on. “Almost,” said he, “thou persuadest me to be a germ theorist. Yet here is another point.

“Not all diseases have as yet had their causes ferreted out. May it not, then, be that, among those whose causes have not been found there are some whose causes are possession by devils?”

“What you suppose,” I replied, “must be treated for precisely what it is—a supposition. Moreover, the causes of a considerable number of diseases have been found and demonstrated beyond doubt or cavil, and in not one single instance of any kind of sickness was devil possession discovered to be the cause of it. And yet we are told by the sacred writers that Jesus healed ALL that were sick by casting out devils, not just those that were sick with certain diseases. Thus *Luke, IV, 41*: ‘And when the sun was setting all they that had ANY sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them.’ Also *Matthew, VIII, 16*: ‘And he cast out the spirits with a word, and healed ALL that were sick.’”

Without a word, this man turned and walked back over the way we had come, and never again would he give me even a word of kindly greeting but only a stiff nod.

It might even have been that what I had said to the theological students at Inveni so early in my career there was largely the cause of the troubles which I had with the faculty at that institution about three years later. But probably not. There were other and more active causes, for, indeed, the faculty there, with only two or three exceptions, were as rigidly shut-minded as was the curriculum itself. They wanted all their students to study the same subjects in the same books in the same way and arrive at precisely the same conclusions concerning the same said subjects. All of which I found abhorrent.

I was, as my father had oftentimes pointed out, an intellectual tramp, a person interested in too many things. Always there rang in my ears his words of caution, "Tramping to failure! Tramping to failure!" Yet never could I quit my tramping. It was a part of my being. And, indeed, after the passage of all those many years, even to the snowy-headed moment in which I write, I am still a mental tramp. But now I realize that this tramphood of mine has been and still is the better part of me by far. It has kept me open-minded, not only in the matter of history and linguistics and chemistry, physics and the Choctaw language, but, through the liberalizing influence of such studies, also open-minded in medicine. Yea, though I walk in the valley of the shadow of one single specialty—the eye—I fear no evil of shut-mindedness.

Even my leisurely conversations with my patients have shown me, often, what I should do for their afflictions.

Meantime, as to Inveni. I—to myself, I never did use the expressions to any other person so long as I remained in the college—termed each professor the "Procrustes" of this or of that subject. The President of the college I called "The Grand Procrustes."

With him, the G. P., I took the more elementary work in Latin—Caesar and Virgil. Concerning my work at this time the G. P. wrote to my mother: "Sister Shastid. Yours of recent date came to hand in due time. I am glad you took

the liberty of writing to me concerning Tommie. He has not spoken to me about his troubles, and I did not know that he was being worried in any way about his studies. He recites to me only in Latin (Caesar) and in this he is doing nicely. There is no better linguist in the class. I learn from the other professors that he is doing well in his recitations to them. I do not hear of his giving trouble in any way. He is sometimes absent from his classes in consequence of headache or other indisposition, as he reports. I suppose he is sometimes a little homesick.

In mathematics all was not so well. I have always been a dullard in that subject—except quite recently. In natural science, the Procrustes made glowing reports concerning me. It was, however, with the Procrustes of ancient languages, the man who taught Greek and all the Latin authors above Caesar and Virgil that I formed my strongest friendship and from whom I received my highest praise. To my father he wrote, "Tommie is the best linguist who has ever attended this college." How I loved him! He seemed indeed, to an extent, to take the place in my affections of my father himself. Of this incomparable Procrustes—more, but of evil, hereafter.

OTHER PAINS THAN THOSE FROM GERMS

From medicine man to man of medicine—that, to the truly scientific doctor, *is* a long, an age-long, journey, filled too with many pitfalls and beset with devious by-paths wherein lurk the wild beasts of numerous superstitions. One of the greatest discoveries, as many know by now, is the fact that numerous diseases are caused by germs—microscopic forms of life. But germs are not alone the cause of pain, incapacity, disease. There is, for example, a whole group of troubles that are known collectively as "eye-strain." The central part of an eye, from the convex (bulging) glassy, watch-crystal-like front thereof clean back to the deeps of the eyeball (where lie the optic nerve and its expansion, the retina) is transparent. The light, therefore, which is reflected to the eye from all illuminated objects in the outer world, passes through these transparent structures to the fibres of the retina (which is really a sheet of inter-lacing nerve fibres). The fibres of the retina are, in the back

of the eye, gathered together into a cable called "the optic nerve," and in that cable the fibres run to the back part of the brain, where the "seeing" takes place. Now the light from the outer world, in order to make pictures of the objects in that world, upon the retina (outspread sheet of nerve-fibres) in the back of the eye must be "refracted"—i.e., the light rays must be, as it were, "woven" into images.

For those images to be correctly woven, the surfaces of all the transparent substances which the light has to pass through to get to the retina, must be correctly curved. If they are not correctly curved, the situation is much as if the various parts of the compound lens in a photographic camera had not been ground with its curves correct. But there is this difference. The grinder who makes the various parts of the lens for the camera knows that he *must* grind the surfaces of those parts correctly—or lose his job. But Nature, when making the parts of the compound lenses of our eyes, is not always careful. The consequence is that the compound lenses in our eyes are oftentimes very defective. Nature, by way of partial compensation in advance of the delivery of her job (the child's birth) supplies in all the eyes she makes certain tiny muscles which, by contracting, can act on one or more of the parts of our compound lenses in such a way as to *bend* them, thus correcting more or less their faulty surfaces.

But this is hard work for the little muscles—more, oftentimes, than they are able to bear. The result is "eyestrain."

Mark you, eyestrain is of various sorts, and, therefore, here is a whole string of diseases, not one of which, as a rule, is produced by a germ. Yet, mark you well once again, not one of these diseases is produced by a "devil" either. Grinding a spectacle lens in such a way that it exactly corrects the defects in Nature's lenses in the eye, relieves the distress—makes in fact of these imperfect eyes perfect eyes.

Now my father, open-minded as he was in the matter of germ-produced diseases, was not at all open-minded in the matter of eyestrain and the remedy therefor. In that respect, of course, he was like thousands of other well educated physicians. I remember quite well how, one day—well, it was the time when Dr. Dublin had come down to Father's

office, there to complain that I had been hanging around the street-doctor's wild west show. And Dr. Dublin and my father had both declared that a Dr. Arthur Prince at Jacksonville, fine physician though they did indeed esteem him, was nevertheless making himself ridiculous by fitting spectacles to young people. "As if," they both shouted and with great laughter, "a disease with headache as its chief symptom, any other disease for that matter, could be relieved by placing bits of glass before the eyes!"

I had eyestrain at Inveni, not the really moderate distress which I had felt at Pittsfield but strain of a hellish, well-nigh intolerable character.

It seems impossible now, that strange reluctance of the scientific medical profession to give relief for eyestrain by the one and only method whereby, even to this moment, it can possibly be given.

Each and every time the headaches came, I "cut" my classes, went off on a long, lonesome walk, and returned refreshed. But ever, in a few more days, came the cephalalgia again.

I consulted the village doctors. They, thinking I had malaria, gave me medicines which merely made me sick. Said Willie Botson, my room-mate, on a day of inspiration, "Go up to such and such a jeweler. He'll give you a pair of glasses that will put an end to your headaches." To that jeweler went I, passed through what was called an examination, wore away his glasses on approval,¹ got full and adequate relief, and wrote to my father about the magical bits of glass.

Father replied, "Take those glasses back instanter to that jeweler. If you don't, they'll ruin your eyes."

I became exceedingly melancholy. I thought myself about to die of some mysterious disorder, and, once more, I recalled the little white house, back in Pike County, and its long black shadow.

In one of those terrible fits of head-pains I met the Grand Procrustes and had with him a discussion as to whether or

¹ The idea of having lenses ground, each to fit an individual eye precisely, had scarcely been thought of, even by the best qualified M.D. eye specialists (of whom there were very few) at that time.

not the soul of each and every one of us is just a portion of the All-soul, and whether the beasts and the trees, even the rocks and the clouds, do or do not have souls. It seems ridiculous now, but we both, as we argued, became bitter and more bitter still.¹

RELIGIO PLANI

In 1866, on the 19th of July, there was born to T. W. Shastid and his wife a man-child, and lo it turned out to be I! I have oftentimes pondered why and how that particular child turned out to be I. Often indeed, while still a boy, I questioned my father and mother on the perplexing point. Of all the babies that had been born of human stock from Adam on down and that were still to be born until "borning" itself should be no more, why, *why* should that particular man-child turn out to be I or me or the first person singular or whatever else anyone might wish to call it.

My mother used to answer, "It turned out to be you because your father and your mother were its parents." But, even small-boy as I was, I could see that this was taking for granted the matter to be proved, because, when she said "your father and your mother" that was of course assuming that the baby in question was already I, for otherwise the parents would not have been "your" (my) father and "your" (my) mother.

I also oftentimes pointed out that my brother Jon had likewise had my selfsame parents and yet that he had not turned out to be I or I to be he. How so?

Then my father would oftentimes try to help my mother with her answer, putting in: "The baby that turned out to be you, turned out to be you not merely because it had your parents but also because it had your birthday." But then, of course, I would point out that my father, in saying what he had said, was just twice as illogical as my mother had been, inasmuch as he had not merely, like her, assumed the very matter called in question when he had said "your" father and "your" mother, but, in addition, when he had said "your" birthday also.

¹ This same subject we argued again, more than two years later, and that argument contributed in some measure to my final severance of all relations with the school.

Why had the child that had been born (of T. W. S. and L. M. S.) on July 19, 1866, turned out to be I, in that way *making* that day my birthday?

They could not answer. Neither has anyone else ever answered—minister, philosopher, metaphysician, physiologist, embryologist, or any other person, even the politicians who so clearly understand everybody else's business to the uttermost detail and so very much better than do the persons engaged in the business itself can understand it for themselves—neither, I say, has any other person of all the scores I have consulted on this subject been able to inform me why that bit of human tissue, enclosing the particle of life it was later to love so well and that was born to such and such parents on July 19, 1866, turned out to be I.

And, by the bye, this very fact has done a great deal to convince me, although the church does not believe in pre-existence, that, for beginningless ages before my birth, I was already I, and that, likewise, for endless ages after my so-called death, I shall still be I. In other words, the I's have always had it (existence) and always shall.

May it please God that, after my body's dissolution, I shall turn out to have been correct—for, of all the I's that have had life, not one has enjoyed it more or more nearly appreciated it to the full than have I.¹

¹ True it is that modern psychologists inform us "every person makes his own mind," makes it "out of the sensations he receives and the relations which he then notes as existing among those sensations." But that very answer, precisely like those of my father and my mother, *assumes* the truth of the very point at issue—the pre-existence of the maker of the mind. For, if "every person" (the ego, the I) "makes his own mind," there then must assuredly be an ego already in existence when the mind-making begins—unless, indeed, Professor Psychologist means that the ego comes into existence either after it makes the mind or simultaneously with the mind it makes—which is absurd.

Nor is the confusion of thought of which these thinkers are guilty in the very least lessened by declaring, as some do, that the ego and the mind are identical, for, even so, you have the maker and the thing it makes coming into existence at the same time. "The mind is made out of the sensations received," say these people. But they never condescend to tell us what there is in existence to perceive, to be conscious of, the very first sensation of all. Without that pre-existent ego there never could be a first sensation, therefore any later sensation, therefore any mind.

That pre-existent ego is, in my belief, just a part of the universal, eternally existent, ego, the indestructible all-consciousness which pervades the universe—rather, which is, which constitutes, the universe, and which, therefore, is God.

This is not the old-man-sitting-on-a-throne-and-flourishing-a-long-white-beard sort of God, but it is at least a God that is perfectly consistent with the modern view of the uni-

Now this religion of mine, which I had held for a long time and which, partly, I had from my father, was naturally a source of very great comfort to me—at least it would have been but for the constant eyestrain. That, from time to time, drove me almost into the darkness of despair.

Then, one day, there came to me a stunning experience.

I had heard from other students that, down at the Christian Church, there was holding forth an evangelist by the side of whom all other preachers in the world faded into nothing. I had heard extravagant eulogies before, especially about quack doctors, and I knew very well that, almost always, upon investigation, the eulogy itself, rather the man that had been so eulogized, had faded into nothing. Nevertheless, after innumerable urgings by many other students, I decided at length to go down one evening and listen to this John the Baptist of a modern world.

I went early, and yet the house was already crowded. Even the sidewalk before the building was packed and jammed. Slipping round to the side of the building, I there, together with some of the other boys, looked in at an open window and suddenly—it was as if a door had opened before me into heaven!

No other voice like that had I in all my few years heard. It had in it that rousing suggestion of the infinite which we all receive from a mighty pipe-organ, a sound that comports with a great cathedral rather than a small church in a tiny town. All the recesses of my soul seemed in that one moment to be searched fully out, to be mastered as if by the voice of God's own viceregent on earth and then turned over to the Almighty for his sole purpose and use.

Sometimes there was in that glorious voice [I shudder to recall it now] an actual tremolo stop pulled out, and then there arose in my heart, my soul, an answering sweet tremulosity. It was as if an actual organ or a great *de Gesu*

verse—namely, that matter and energy (conscious mind is just energy in one form) are not two things but two phases, or manifestations, one of which is fundamental to the other.

And that one fundamental thing, to me, is Conscious Mind, or God.

I realize as clearly as anyone can do that this conception of the universe does not explain how anything which is eternally existent can exist, or could ever have come into existence. But how, for that matter, could there ever have been a time when there was total *non-existence*? Non-existence, eternal existence for anything, these are fundamental secrets of the Most High, secrets before which the human being can merely stand appalled—and worship the only Mind for whom there are no secrets.

violin, playing *vibrato* in one room, all at once awakened in some weaker instrument, in a room adjoining, the chord of corresponding notes, bringing that dead thing into life.

A minor matter in this curious experience was that the speaker, a large, fleshy man, but with angelic countenance and archangelic eyes, from time to time enforced his argument and appeal by poetic etymologies. Thus, he proved, or attempted to prove, the truth and divine origin of the Scriptures by showing that Adam's name is simply the Hebrew word (ad-aw-maw) which means both "earth" and "red," thus supporting the view that the Lord had actually created the man, Adam, from the earth of Eden, or Mesopotamia, an earth which is truly red.

And many other things he showed us by etymology from a dozen or more languages—Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, Chaldee, Sanskrit—and I knew just enough about some of these languages to understand that here before me stood a really great scholar, this W. F. White, this man my father would have been so glad to know, this man who could actually teach the most difficult of derivations to all sorts and conditions of men yet fill them all with a kind of joyous ecstasy about it.

Next morning I found the theological students in an ecstasy about the preacher too. One of them would have "given anything in the world" if he could only have been fat like White.

As for me, I was in a kind of craze both night and day. I had had so many difficulties with the Bible, and I wanted the truth, all of it! Not dodgings but the truth. The Scriptures I firmly believed (and I do believe this still) contain some of the greatest truths in all the world about Divinity. But were not there other matters in the Bible that were *not* truth? Was not Biblical ore both gold and dross?

A number of times on the street, when I saw this stately man, I decided, as I went up toward him, to accost him and ask him for an appointment whereat I might ask him innumerable things about the Bible. But, each time, my heart

failed me. I was thoroughly abashed in the presence of so much greatness. Besides he might refuse to see me. I would therefore just go to his house, the house wherein he was staying, and see him without first asking permission.

Thus I went.

I said to him, as soon as I had been shown to the parlor wherein he sat, "I am troubled by very many things in the Bible." Then, abruptly, "Do you believe in the Ten Commandments?"

"That is simple enough. Of course I believe in them—and keep them."

"But which *form* of them do you believe in and keep?"

"Which form? There is only one form of the Ten Commandments."

"Sorry I am, sir," said I. "But will you let me have your Bible?"

He handed the book over to me.

I turned to *Exodus*, XX and *Deuteronomy*, V, read and then commented: These two statements of the Commandments are identical except as to one or two words. The second, then, is merely repetition, and so say all the commentaries that I have consulted.

"But," I continued, "in *Exodus*, XXXII, the statement is made that Moses, as he went down out of Sinai with the two stone tables containing these commandments, and approached the camp of the Israelites, beheld them engaged in idolatrous orgies. And then says the Book, 'he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount.'¹

"So Moses, it appears, did not even deliver to the Israelites the Ten Commandments in that, their first, or provisional, form, for we are told, Chapter 34, verse 1, of the same book, *Exodus*: 'And the Lord said unto Moses, Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first: and I will write upon these tables the words that were on the first tables, which thou brakest.'

"But then the Lord proceeded to write on that second set of 'tables' of stone not at all 'the words that there were on the first tables,' but in actuality an almost entirely new set

¹ The Revised Version was the one from which I quoted throughout this section, but the Version "authorized" by King James of England reads practically the same.

of Commandments. The first two and the fourth are indeed substantially the same (no other gods—no graven image—remember the Sabbath day), but all the seven other Commandments are remarkably different. Thus, in the second set, these fail to re-appear (take not God's name in vain, honor father and mother, don't murder, don't commit adultery, don't steal, don't bear false witness, don't covet). In their places we have, for example (as tenth Commandment) not 'thou shalt not covet,' but 'thou shalt not seethe [boil] a kid in its mother's milk'—something quite different, I think."

"Young man, are you troubled by a merely apparent discrepancy like that?"

"I admit," said I, "that I am. Nor is it merely 'a' discrepancy I am talking about. It is seven different discrepancies, every one of them not 'apparent' but real and total, and, besides, you yourself just now said that you yourself observe all the Ten Commandments. Which of the two sets, or forms, of the Commandments do you observe, the first, or provisional, which was never even delivered to the Israelites or any other body of men for their observance, or the second, the definitive, final, set—the set which omits to mention those seven important Commandments I have just mentioned, and which, instead, commands us: to keep the feast of unleavened bread; to refrain from labor not only on the seventh day but on all days 'in earing time and in harvest,' to observe the feast of weeks, of the firstfruits of wheat harvest and of ingathering; to have one's male children all appear three times a year before the Lord; to avoid the offering of the blood of God's sacrifice with leaven; to refrain from leaving the sacrifice of the feast of the passover until morning; to bring always the firstfruits of one's land unto the house of God; to refrain from boiling a kid (young goat) in its mother's milk?"

The great man with the voice like that of a heavenly organ rose to his feet.

"Young man!" he cried harshly, "Do you not understand that Jesus, in all his teachings, ratified not that last form of the Commandments, but the first one?"

"How," I cried, "could he have 'ratified' the form that had never gone into effect, but which had merely been

written on the stones that Moses broke into pieces before he had delivered them, and when, afterward, the Lord gave Moses the Second Set, which *was* delivered, and which *did* go into effect, and which all the Israelites *were* supposed to have been living under all the centuries from then up to and including even Jesus' own years?

"Besides," I added, "Jesus, when referring to 'The Commandments,' oftentimes, as he is quoted in the New Testament, throws matters into still greater confusion by quoting one or more Commandments as they do not stand in *either* set—the provisional, which were never adopted, or the final, which were. Thus, *Matthew, XXII, 36-39*, 'Master, which is the great commandment in the law?

" 'And he said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

" 'This is the great and first Commandment.

" 'And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

"Now it is perfectly obvious that the first Commandment, as quoted here by Jesus, only partly resembles the first Commandment as that is stated in the Old Bible, either in the provisional form or the final, while the second Commandment, as quoted by Jesus, not only bears no resemblance whatever to the second Commandment as given in the Old Testament (the first form *or* the final) but it does not even resemble any of the Ten Commandments in any form whatsoever."

The reverend gentleman thereupon turned purple in the face and cried, "You are an atheist!" I shouted, "I am not." "But you are," he rejoined. "You are: get out."

I stared at him for a moment, unable to believe my ears and eyes. This—this man—this mighty one who had spoken in church with the voice of a very archangel, who had seemed so all-wise, so understanding, so learned, so extremely accurate—so—so—to treat me like this!

I was amazed, astonished, outraged.

I could not for a moment even get away from the spot. I was too weak to move.

A preacher in Pittsfield might have said that. Yes. I had expected such treatment there. But here, at Inveni! In a college, where people were supposed to investigate abundantly, to inquire, to search freely for the truth and without reference to preconceptions! A place where people were supposed to be like Hodgen and like my father—and like Pasteur, Lister, Weigert, Koch!

I was not only amazed but I was much abashed and embarrassed. Instead of leaving at once, I merely mumbled, "But I had intended to ask you too what you thought of the Germ Theory of Disease, but—but—now—"

Then, to my further amazement, he handed me my hat, and, smiling with O so sweet a countenance, began leading me gently by the hand to the doorway. But all at once there came to me the recollection of a man and a dog I had seen in a store at Pittsfield. The man had spoken to the dog about as the Reverend White was speaking to me now, "Good doggie! Good, sweet little doggie! Come this way, little doggie." And, having got the doggie to the door, he suddenly gave him the toe of his boot—kuh-rack in his ribs. And ki-yi went the doggie into the echoing distance.

I did not want the toe of that big fellow's boot, because, although, in those days I could have whipped him thoroughly and easily, I realized only too well that I could not possibly afford to have a set-to with the Vice-president of the College.

So—I admit that I ran.

To this day I am glad that I ran. It is always so much easier to fight than to run. The big fellow, say, leads almost always with his right at your face. You lean your head just a little leftward, stepping a trifle forward on your toes for reach, and sock him O so easily, so very, very safely too, on the jaw or temple. He throws of course both hands upwards, and you send him a hearty greeting on his solar plexus, murmuring at the same time pleasantly, "Excuse me if I seem too rude."

And how foolish you appear to yourself then! And, anyway, you must not fight a preacher, even should the latter be angry and want to kick you.

But—a curious thing. (It took me years and years to remove my mind entirely from that strange man's influence. So authoritative he was, so large, so impressive, so deeply and richly spoken, so azurely, so heavenly-eyed, so masterful, that, although I knew him to be utterly mistaken in his views that I heard him later express, that Biblical investigation is always wrong and that only authority (the authoritarian's own particular authority of course) can be right, I felt—even in my dreams I *felt*—that his way must be correct, the way of the unquestionable Giver of Being itself.

I would not be bothering the reader with my above-written experience—something which can easily appear to him as an incident of no special consequence—except that it illustrates clearly and very forcibly just what the great regenerative principle of the world—the Germ Theory and all its incalculable implications—had to contend with in that not so very distant day and age. I had no room for the tale in my “Tramping to Failure,” which was mainly the story of *me*, but this present volume, though also largely an autobiography, is in addition the biography of an Old World and an Old Human Race in the very process of changing into a new and entirely different race and world. This, as stated before, is a story which can only be properly told by putting together innumerable bits of tiny facts, each in itself quite insignificant no doubt, yet all of which, taken together, shall present a multitudinous mosaic of marvellous, of unparalleled, meaning not only for the present but also for the future.

Would that the writer had more strength and skill with which to present these things.

NOSTALGIA MALIGNANS

Even when first I had arrived at Inveni I was very homesick. On the second night I could not sleep because of the dark nostalgia, and so slipped out of my rooming house and walked to the Public Square. There, beholding in a druggist's window a pestle and mortar much like those of my father at home, I had a great spasm of homesick sorrow,

crossed the Square to the Presbyterian Church, and, there, seated in the bitter cold, wrote a sonnet on my sad condition—watching from time to time the southing moon on my left, and winding up by returning to my room half frozen.

Various events, from time to time, sufficed to allay the bitter pangs of homesickness, but only for short intervals. Then would come the grief again. Always I could see vividly once more the pluméd corn, nodding stately farewell as my father and I drove by in the darkness, or hear the meadow larks in the sunlight carolling across the endless seas of billowing wheat. Or I could see the Public Square, with the wagon-rutted road all about it, and the hitch-rail chewed deeply by generations of horses. Or, turning the Shadel corner of the Square, I could view, one block away, the old Shastid homestead from the angle at which I had always liked best to behold it.

Or, once again, I was seated in the old sitting-room at home alone, while in the distant “kitchen” the rest of the family were finishing their suppers. By the dim rays of the Starlight stove, I would be looking over all the old familiar objects—on the walls the colored prints of Currier and Ives. Over yonder the iron safe (nothing in particular but receipts inside of it) the two big book-cases, a bureau; then, on the north wall, the long lounge and, above its cushions, the great blackboard covered with etymologies in Latin and in Greek. Grandfather Shastid’s big clock; my mother’s few flowers and her many big baskets of things to be mended!

Always she wrote me to “Write! Write! Write!” I wrote to her daily, yet always she replied as if I never had written. (How I loved her for that inconsistency.) And my father! What wonderful letters he penned! What marvellous descriptions of the little room he had written about so often, but always in a different way, the very room he sat in, writing, and the clock ticked away, and, perhaps, a snow-storm howled outside and he must hurry and close and get away into the country. “So you see us, Tom, and good-bye.” It was characteristic of him that, though invariably calm and placid before a patient, whatsoever the outlook might be, he was eternally worrying about his children. Especially my brother Joseph, who had come upon the scene a little over five years before, was an object of extreme solicitude

and anxiety to him. So-called "Letters" from Joseph to me (letters I have still) he invariably enclosed, despite their illegibility.

Always in my fits of homesickness I remembered the first letter Father had written me after leaving me at Inveni and getting back home. He had tried to make himself believe, he said, for a very long time, that I was a little child again upstairs and, as long ago, hiding behind a door so that I might rush out and surprise him as of old. But, though he had gone upstairs each hour for many hours for the first few days, and had looked in every nook and hiding place, he of course never had found me. So he had written me as soon as a badly burned hand would let him write.

*Afternoon. Well the mail is in
again and no letter from Tommy
Why don't you write. I feel so
worried write write write
From loving Mother
L. H. S.*

*Made Elio capsules last night
the same a few nights ago and so
on*

A Characteristic Letter-Ending from my Mother—Characteristic too, no doubt, of Country Doctors' Helpmeets Everywhere who Have Sons Off at College.

And now I was about to return to Pittsfield, the umbilicus of the world, the place at least where my own umbilical cord had been properly tied and severed, and consciousness of life on earth and all that it ever could mean to me had become mine.

How glad I was when, on the train, I saw the little town of Inveni moving off into the distance!

One hundred and thirty-five miles to old Pittsfield—how long a distance! Four or five changes of cars too—how unnecessarily many! And how the minutes lengthened out the

nearer I got to Pittsfield—longest of all were they on the last little “leg” of the trip—the mere six-mile ride from Pittsfield Junction into Pittsfield.

THE UMBILICUS AGAIN

My getting back to Pittsfield from my first term at college seemed to be quite an event in the Shastid family. My brother William had already gone to the northeast part of the state to visit the best of his girls, but my Father and Joseph and Jon, as I saw from the car window, had come to the depot to meet me. As the train slowed down, they rushed to the front end of my car. I ducked to the rear end and, head down, slid out. In the dark I could see them in the bright interior of the coach dolefully peeking between each seat and the next and then, finally, getting off and crying to one another, “He didn’t come!”

Then I gave them the loud laugh and let Father, who *would* do it, carry my satchel. And so—I leading the five-year-old Joseph by the hand—we paraded up the darkening street.

At home the house was all lighted up like a church on Christmas Eve. Even the “hired girl’s room” had a burning lamp in it (we had gone off candles long before) and both rooms of the cellar and the “big kitchen” and the “little kitchen.” A paper lantern was hanging over the front doorway—wherein stood my mother, crying.

How easily people cried in those days!

Hardly had I got into the house when a messenger came from the country—from a long way out in the country—a badly contagious case, lightning too in the air and near-approaching thunder. Father responded to the call, despite his pride in his son’s triumphant return from Inveni college. Doctors must respond, or sons not go to college and people not recover their health.

Next morning, whatever I said the others all agreed to (the guest, especially a guest triumphant, is always right, his old jokes things to be freshly laughed at).

Father had already arisen, when I awoke next morning, and he had breakfasted and hitched up the new horse, “Spook,” with a view to taking me into the country on

some of our old drives. "The patient, last night," said he, "when I at last reached him through one of the terriblest storms I have ever experienced, was——"

"Dead already," said I—using the old joke.

But he would have no joke like that, and would laugh not at all. Instead he said, "Before we start for the country—There isn't any practice now worth speaking of; you know how such things are: for a time no practice whatever, then all of sudden so much you can't attend to it. So now let us go round town again and meet the folks. Therefore, leaving the rig at the hitching-post, to the Public Square went we. Here, there, everywhere, we met "the folks." And with how much pride he introduced me to them all. "My son Thomas, Mr. Farmer; my second son. He's my apprentice in the medical line, but he's going to college also and now he's back for his first vacation. Thomas, this is Mr. Farmer."

One of the Mr. Farmers, when so introduced, as I remember distinctly, said straight out, "Well, he ain't much to look at, anyway not like you air, Doctor. But then you can't always tell from a mule's ears, just how fur he can jump."

"Thomas, in his books, can jump long distances," replied my father with dignity.

"In his books can jump? O you mean he skips a who' lot."

"Not he. But he makes long strides in his studies easily."

And we both strode on our way toward other people. All the store-keepers (as merchants then were called) had to be re-introduced—they might have forgotten me. Well, they had. All the officials in the Courthouse too. But mostly we spent our time with the druggists, the lawyers and one or two doctors. But not with Dr. Dublin. He saw us not at all as, before his office entry, he stood cough-coughing and hoo-hooing and, later, passed us by on the sidewalk hurriedly—nose in the loftier layers of the atmosphere.

Back at home we ate hurriedly, rushed then once more up town for more introductions, and not back home until shut of day.

Next morning, after breakfast, lo and behold! there stood poor Spook at the hitching-post, precisely where my father had tied her the morning before.

Just so distracting it is to have a wonderful son!

Father put the good old girl back into the barn and hitched up Pinto instead.

As we drove along the northeast road from town and passed the schoolhouse, I suddenly inquired, "Father, do you remember the place there, back of the schoolhouse, the 'show grounds,' and what happened there a few years back?"

"Many things have happened there."

"This was not many years after I had become your apprentice. The woman doctor—don't you remember?" Women doctors were curiosities then and oftentimes objects of great hilarity. But I—I certainly had my reasons for not even smiling. So I went on to remind my father that, in what I most presumptuously termed "the old days," he and I together had attended a circus, there behind the schoolhouse. What a day we had had—the peanuts, the lemonade, the popcorn; the bright lights, the music, the incredible fairyland of tights and gleaming spangles!

"Yes," added Father, "and, in the midst of all the beauty and music, out runs a hideous clown, leaps on a tri-colored barrel, and shouts, as if some one were wanting a doctor for an emergency. 'Is Dr. Shastid present? Is Dr. Shastid present?'"

"And you," I went on with the story, "a few years before that, when similarly called for in a circus, had arisen and cried, 'Here I am.' And the clown had shouted back, 'All right, Doc, sit down and we'll show you the dangedest best circus you ever did see.'"

"So, on this particular occasion, you would not at first rise and answer, but, when the clown shouted again and even more seriously than before, 'Dr. Shastid present? The little equestrienne has broken a bone,' you arose and, taking me with you, went into the dressing-room."

"And there I found she had dislocated her shoulder."

"Yes, and that you had known her years before, that she had studied medicine, and, making a failure of her medical practice, had gone back into circussing."

"Before we left, she implored you: 'Don't tell. Please never tell that I have been a doctor.'"

"Yes, I remember," said Father.

"Well, I have more to tell you about her—something that happened before I left Inveni, but I never have written you about it, because it always made me sad to try to write it.

"Remember when I went over with the boys one day to a circus in (mentioning a large town)?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, at the first part of that circus, I was happier than a lark. The peanuts and the popcorn, the monkeys and the elephants and the lions, and so on!

"But all at once I espied a man I thought I had seen before—the man that was in the dressing-room when we went to see Lolita. I spoke to him, asked what had become of the little equestrienne.

"'Ho!' he cried, 'You're that doctor's boy. O—Lolita? She didn't last long after she'd got back to us. Broke and died. She was a nut too. Tell you a secret. That nut was a doctor. Yes, she was. She was really. She'd actually studied medicine. Fancy—a good lookin' fool like that studyin' medicine. Well, she's just as well dead, no more sense than that.'"

My father told me then of a woman doctor who, some years before my birth, had come to a Pike County town for a visit. Everybody was scandalized at her mere presence in the county. Back in Missouri too, where she lived and practised, rough men with nothing at all the matter, had gone to consult her professionally, and, brazen with liquor, had made obscene remarks and exhibitions concerning their states.

And he told me too of the first woman doctor in Germany, Dorothea Erxleben, and the first in the United States, Elizabeth Blackwell.¹

¹ Even to the present day these two pathfinders in medicine are treated with scant courtesy. Thus, in my second edition of Garrison's "History of Medicine," Elizabeth Blackwell is accorded less than half a sentence of five lines, and Dorothea Erxleben one whole sentence of one and one-half lines on the same page (772)—but only as a footnote! Most of the histories of medicine ignore these women completely. I will therefore now endeavor to make them a little better known.

Dorothea Erxleben (born Leporin) was daughter of the physician, Polycarp Leporin. She received her medical degree at Halle University in 1754, engaged in successful practice

NURSES, SCHOOLTEACHERS AND PHILANTHROPISTS

Nurses, too, in those days, were a different order of beings from what they are now. Especially was this true in

at Quedlinburg, and died in 1762. The celebrated professor of veterinary medicine at the University of Göttingen, Johann C. P. Erxleben, was her son.

Elizabeth Blackwell, a sister-in-law of Lucy Stone, the famed 19th-century feminist, and the first woman to receive a medical degree in America, was born at Bristol, England, February 3, 1821. Her father was a sugar refiner who, in 1832, settled with his family in New York City. Elizabeth, having been refused admission by almost all the other medical colleges in the United States, was, finally, matriculated by the Geneva Medical College, at Geneva, N. Y., the medical department of Geneva College, in 1847. The medical college later disappeared and the name, Geneva College, was changed to Hobart College. She died at her home in Hastings, England, May 31, 1910, aged eighty-nine.

For the following account of Miss Blackwell's curious entrance into the Geneva Medical College, the strange reactions it produced there, and some of the later achievements of Miss Blackwell in the field of medicine, I am deeply indebted to Mr. Clifford E. Orr, the present secretary at Hobart College. I regret that I have here no space in which to recount the origin and development of the various women's hospitals, women's medical colleges, etc., in the United States. The following story, however, of Miss Blackwell's matriculation, course of study, graduation, and subsequent career is quite in line with my endeavor in this volume to picture the old-time medicine in contrast with the new. Whether or not the admission of women to medical practice was part and parcel of the liberalizing effect produced by the admission into the world of the truth about disease production may be to some extent a debatable question. I, however, believe that it was simply a part of that liberalization, that enfranchisement of the human intellect, that seismic upheaval and complete re-orientation of everything human.

Sketch by Mr. Clifford E. Orr: "Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell (M.D. Hobart, 1849).

"In 1847, a young girl, a sweet-faced, blue-eyed blonde, Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, applied for permission to enter the medical school of Hobart College. Somewhat to her surprise she found her request agreed to by the student body. She did not inquire what lay behind this unusual liberality of mind, but 'with a sigh of relief and an inspiration of gratitude,' prepared for her journey to Geneva, New York.

"Time has explained the cordiality of that group of medical students. Some of them thought the application a hoax practiced on them by a neighboring college. Most of them were moved by that desire to embarrass the faculty which has not died out of the student heart today. A contemporary . . . a member of the class . . . has left us an account of the incident. He describes the class of 150 young men as 'rude, boisterous and riotous beyond comparison.' Into this class the Dean came one day with a letter from a physician in Philadelphia asking the faculty to admit a young lady. The dean explained that the faculty had decided to leave the decision to the students, and . . . we may imagine him pausing to make his point clear . . . if one student voted no, a negative reply would be returned.

"The whole affair assumed the most ludicrous aspect for the class, and the announcement was received with the most uproarious demonstrations of favor. A meeting was called for the evening, which was attended by every member. The resolution approving the admission of the young lady was sustained by the most extravagant speeches, which were enthusiastically cheered. The vote was finally taken with what seemed to be one unanimous yell, 'Yes.' When the negative vote was called, a single voice was heard uttering a timid 'No.' A general rush was made to the corner which emitted the voice, and the recalcitrant member was only too glad to acknowledge his error and record his vote in the affirmative.

"Thus accepted, Miss Blackwell arrived and took her place calmly. Fortunately she was a calm young woman, for she had her troubles. A doctor's wife at the boarding house table pointedly avoided any contact with her. Ladies stopped to stare at her in the street as if she were 'a curious wild animal.' She was not allowed to attend an operation in the

the country and small towns. In the days whereof I write, there was not, I believe, one trained nurse in all Pike and Calhoun counties. There may have been a few in Adams

course, described in her diary as 'delicate.' She records that this prohibition 'annoyed' her. Little folded notes dropped on her arms in lecture rooms. She shook them off. It must be said, however, that few of her troubles seemed to come from the rude, boisterous and riotous young men. She reports their conduct as admirable . . . that of true Christian gentlemen.

"In her summer vacation she took a position, not without entreaty at the Blockley Almshouse in Pennsylvania, where a violent epidemic of typhus excited her interest and she chose this dark and dangerous disease as the subject of her thesis. The head doctor was kind, but the young internes walked out of every ward as she entered, taking with them the written record of diagnosis and treatment from the bed of each patient . . . a form of spite more destructive to their patients than to the competitor.

"The next year she received her medical degree from Hobart. She actually walked up to the platform before all eyes and said: 'Sir, I thank you. It shall be the effort of my life, with the help of the Most High, to shed honor on this diploma.' She was touched and surprised that as she came down the graduates made room for her and insisted on her sitting among them. How much more surprised would she have been, could she have known at that instant that some day her portrait would be hanging in foreign medical schools, that Hobart would request the honor of calling its first dormitory for women after her, and that the Woman's Medical Society of Rochester would change its name to the Blackwell Medical School.

"We have some amusing contemporary comment. She was described in a medical paper as a pretty little specimen of the feminine gender. Another told how she came into class 'with composure, took off her bonnet and put it under the seat, displaying a fine phrenology.' 'The Baltimore Sun' observed that she should confine her practise to diseases of the heart. Even 'Punch' noticed the event and wrote her a poem too long to quote in full:

"They talk about the gentler sex
Mankind in sickness tending
And o'er the patient couch their necks
Solicitously bending;
But what avails solicitude
In fever or in phthisic
If lovely woman's not imbued
With one idea of physic?

"Young ladies all of every clime,
Especially of Britain,
Who wholly occupy your time
In novels or in knitting,
Whose highest skill is but to play
Sing, dance or French to clack well,
Reflect on the example, pray,
Of excellent Miss Blackwell.

"A few years later, her sister, Emily, followed in her foot-steps. Both women studied abroad for some years, and on their return decided with the help of a third woman, Dr. Maria Zackreuska, to establish a hospital where women could be trained in the practical work of their science. They met with great discouragements. They were told that no one would rent a house for such a purpose, that female doctors were looked on with such suspicion that the police would interfere, that if an accident should happen the trustees would be held criminally responsible, and that it would be utterly impossible to raise one cent of money.

"Undiscouraged they took a house in Bleecker Street and opened two tiny wards. Instantly the hospital was overcrowded; instantly it began its long career of education and service.

"The New York Infirmary for Women and Children, thus started, has always been listed by the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and by the American Medical Association

County or across the Illinois or Mississippi rivers, but I doubt it.¹

Among the nurses that we had in those days were doctors' wives, who now and then went out for a day or two at a time, without cost to anyone but themselves, and merely to assist their husbands in pulling their patient through. This practice, from the nature of things, was decidedly insufficient, for doctors' wives had much to do at home in addition to the customary house work, such for example as receiving and instructing messengers. Besides, many a doctor's consort simply would not nurse for anybody. "Nurse for one and not for others, and all those others hate you."

The great majority of nurses were "neighbor nurses"—women, sometimes men, who left duties at home unperformed in order, without money and without price, to be of service to suffering humanity. The women among these were oftentimes termed "granny nurses." God bless those friendly neighbors, all of them. They soon learned to count the pulse, to take the temperature, to give enemas, to help with the urinal or bed-pan, to give medicines regularly, to bathe the patient, to change the bed linen without forcing the sick one to get up or causing him other distress or inconvenience. To this day, the most highly trained nurse can do but little more in the great majority of cases. In addition, neighbor nurses, when the sick one was the wife and mother, swept and scrubbed floors, dusted furniture, cooked for both the well and the sick, washed and ironed the family's linen, dressed and otherwise looked after all the children. She worked, too, both by day and by night, picking up sleep for herself in any odd intervals.

One of her duties, in case she was nursing for a patient of my father's, was so to get the household quiet that my father, ensconced in an easy chair and with feet on the seat of a straight-back, could get a few "nods" for himself.

as a grade 'A' hospital. It has an excellent site for a hospital, on a sunny square in a crowded east side district. It is entirely staffed by women. . . . 45 of the most prominent women physicians in New York . . . with a consulting board of both sexes."

¹ At Quincy, county seat of Adams County, the county adjoining Pike on the north, St. Mary's Hospital had been founded in 1866, and Blessing Hospital in 1872, but these were still primitive affairs, and we had no ambulance to take patients to them.

PICKING UP SLEEP

My father indeed had the strangest faculty of "picking up" sleep. (I, of course, would always have had more sleep at home than he.) He could settle down either on an easy chair, as above mentioned or on a straw-stuffed lounge, or even on a hard, dirty floor with a pillow beneath his head. And then he would sleep as if Gabriel could never waken him. And he went to sleep immediately too. No mere Morpheus wooing. No tryings to sleep, and then, all of a sudden, with a resounding snort—so many people do that way, you know—to jump up out of it, and then try once again to sleep. But off he would go instanter, and then stay gone. Nor did he ever need Gabriel to help him wake up, or even an alarm clock—things we did not have in those days. Having noticed the time by the farmhouse time-piece, and decided just when he'd awaken, he'd awaken at that time. "How do you do it, Father?" I would ask. "O, every man has a clock in his brain." "Supposing he has a brain, of course." (Unimportant and very saucy comment from the son.)

In very pleasant weather Father preferred to "make up" sleep out of doors—in his buggy. All of a sudden he'd say to me, "Tom, I believe I'm behind," settle himself back in his corner of the buggy, and, with the wild bees buzzing in the roadside flowers and the hot sun pouring down over the dazzling landscape, he would pass into a dream like lightning.

Even when driving Black Jim, he would oftentimes tie Jim up to a roadside tree, then sit down in a fence-corner while I took a walk.

"The sweetest sleeps I've ever had," he frequently told me, "have been those half-hour naps in a stake-and-ridered bed—with the ever-busy birds unconsciously chirping away for me—the best of all *somnifera* (hushababies)."

"There's one of the Pittsfield doctors," quoth I, once, "that would not dare to sleep either in a buggy or, especially, in a fence corner, in the daytime. People might think that he had done the thing that he has so often done."

But my father would not share in my laughter, even against the very man who had so often used laughter against

him. "Too often," he protested, "when called up of a night to see some patient in Pittsfield, I have noticed the doctor you allude to, walking and walking the streets, hour after hour, to keep himself from drinking. He has even implored me to walk with him, to hold him away from his house, from his office, to keep him from ringing up a saloon-keeper.

"He is, you see, in some sort a hero. At all events he does endeavor to be good."

But back to our excellent neighbor nurses.

These good women looked to me like saints. And perhaps they were. Every one of them now, I suppose, is, like my good father himself, sleeping the sleep that precedeth the resurrection. Sleep, sleep, sleep! How strange that we all wake for so short a time, and then sleep and sleep and sleep! So long, so long!

Or is it our body alone that goes to sleep at death, while our ego really, at death, awakens to a mental life far more powerful, far more rejoicing and in every way intense—a life which it owned before it ever passed into a mortal body and learned to call its dull residence therein "life"?

PROFESSIONAL NURSES

And then there were professional nurses, widows for the most part. These had had no hospital training, but were simply neighbor nurses, who for one reason or another, had decided to make nursing a business, whereby to earn their bread. They were mostly excellent women, but, unlike neighbor nurses, they talked a great deal about the proper hours for nurses, the proper wages for nurses, the way in which nurses should be treated, and the things which they had positively not undertaken to do.

SCHOOLTEACHERS

I should be remiss if I neglected to say how helpful were the old-time schoolteachers to the doctor and his work. In an unenlightened community the helpfulness of a class of people who read good books and journals and who, in addition, were superior intellectually, can hardly be exaggerated in a medical sense. Always these kind people co-

operated with the doctor, tried to rid country-people of their superstitions, to teach them how to think. Earliest of all, among the lay people, were, I believe, the schoolteachers in realizing the immense value to the world of the germ theory and of Listerism. On this head I could relate a number of interesting incidents, but must forbear.

PHILANTHROPISTS

Schoolteachers were almost always too poor to administer relief to the needy sick in a financial way. Yet philanthropists we did have in our small-scale fashion. Chief of all these helpers and probably the richest was a Mrs. Lucy Wills—a sister, by the way, of Mrs. Purkitt, foster mother of John G. Nicolay. Ever and again my father and I would meet her in the cottages of the poor—helping here, helping there. And always she gave with wisdom and real helpfulness. She was something of a philosopher, but always in a practical way. And her religion was never of the melancholy kind, nor of the exuberant either, but soft and quiet and very sweetly helpful, so that all fear went out of the hearts of my father's people as soon as they heard her speaking.

Even as to those who were not poor she would drive long miles to take them delicious foods, encouraging news, entertaining stories.

There were other philanthropists whom doctors met on their rounds in those days, but no others like unto Lucy Wills.

DOCTOR DRUGGISTS

It was, indeed, very difficult for the average layman to catch the distinction between the selling of drugs and the rendering of services by a physician. This was mainly due to the fact that, in those days, physicians very largely dispensed their own drugs. Over and over again, as "apprentice" in my father's office, I (attempting to engage a waiting messenger in so delightful a conversation that he would take no note of the passage of time until my father, getting back from the country, could respond to the call) would have to listen to something like this: "I been to Wrexham and bought medicine off of him fer my wife, an' it ain't

done 'er no good. I been to Casal and bought medicine off of *him* an' it ain't done no good. An' then I been to Dublin, that high an' mighty feller, an' he sold me some pills all done up in silver leaf and gold packages, an' *they* ain't done 'er no good. Now I'm goin' to buy some medicine off of your pappy—ef he don't keep stayin' away too long, an' ef he thinks he kin sell me better medicine than them air other doctors kin—there he comes now."

And the carefulest kind of examination and diagnosis could never convince such a man that he *wasn't* just "buyin' medicine." Medical skill, in fact, was something that many of their minds could not conceive of.

So true was this that, indeed, some doctors never made other than an "armchair diagnosis"—which means they never left any comfortable seat for the mere purpose of examining a patient honestly. "Why bother," they would ask, these armchair doctors, "to work and worry and fret and stew and boil over and contrive, when the patient doesn't know the difference, but merely after all believes he is buying some medicine?"

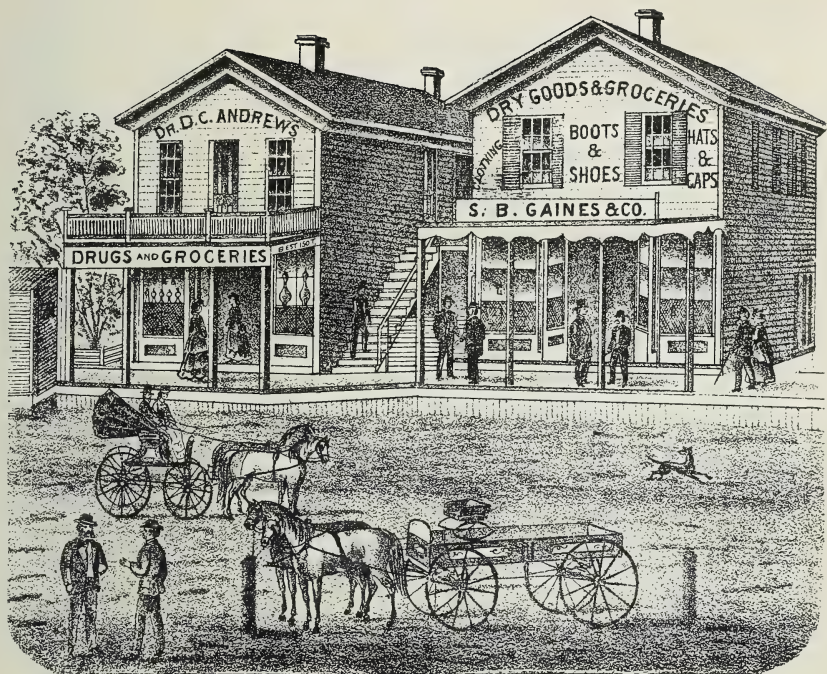
Then there was another reason why doctors were so often taken to be mere sellers of drugs. Large numbers of doctors *were in fact* druggists, or, to put it more properly perhaps, large numbers of druggists had medical licenses and, so, quite incidentally, were doctors.

Just as examples, Dr. R. R. Pollock, of Nebo, and Dr. John M. Smith, of Pleasant Hill, sold drugs as well as practised medicine. The former, in fact, advertised,¹ "The Doctor has, in connection with his practice, a well selected assortment of drugs and medicines, which is found to be a great convenience to the people in that vicinity." The latter: ". where he now resides, engaged in the practice of his profession, and the sale of drugs, medicines, etc., and is doing well."

And the doctor-druggist sold other things besides medicine.

Some people to-day believe that the idea of a drug-store selling other things than drugs is purely modern. Let me,

¹ See, for example, *The Old Flag*, Pittsfield, Illinois, April 13, 1871.



STREET VIEW IN KINDERHOOK PIKE CO. ILLS.

AN OLD-TIME DOCTOR-DRUGGIST'S STORE AND SIGN—DR. ANDREWS'

Dr. Andrews sold in Connection with his Medical Practice Not Only Drugs but Groceries Also. The Windows of the First Floor in His Building Displayed the Usual Insignia of the Old-Time Pharmacies—Large, Ornamental Glass Jars, or Bottles, Filled with Brightly Colored Liquids—Blue, Green and Red Chiefly. At Night, When the Coal-Oil Lamps Behind These Bottles Were Lighted, the Effect was Rather Beautiful, Forecasting as it Did in Lilliputian Manner the Intensely Luminous, Highly Colored Electric Signs of the Present Day.

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois": Andreas Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa: 1872)



VIEW ON MAIN STREET PLEASANT HILL ILLS.

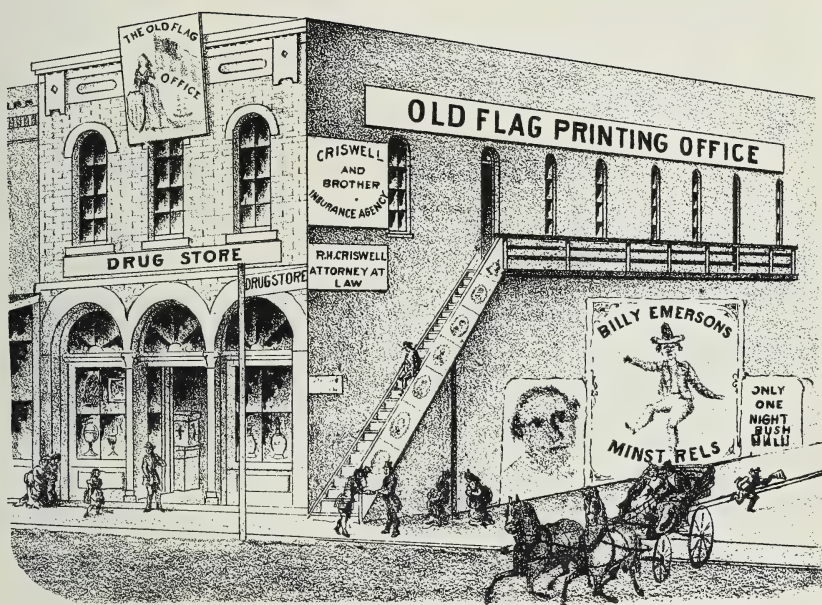
LONG & BOREN DEALERS IN

Stove, Tin & Hollow Ware, also on hand a full supply of Harness, Saddles &c. Repairing promptly attended to in both lines.

DR. J. H. SOUTH has a full supply of American, French, and English Chemicals, Drugs Medicines, Hair Brushes, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines, Perfumery & Stationery.

ANOTHER OLD-TIME DOCTOR-DRUGGIST'S STORE AND SIGN—DR. SOUTH'S
Dr. South too was Rather More Interested in Medicines than in Medicine. Note Again the Large, Ornamental Glass Bottles.

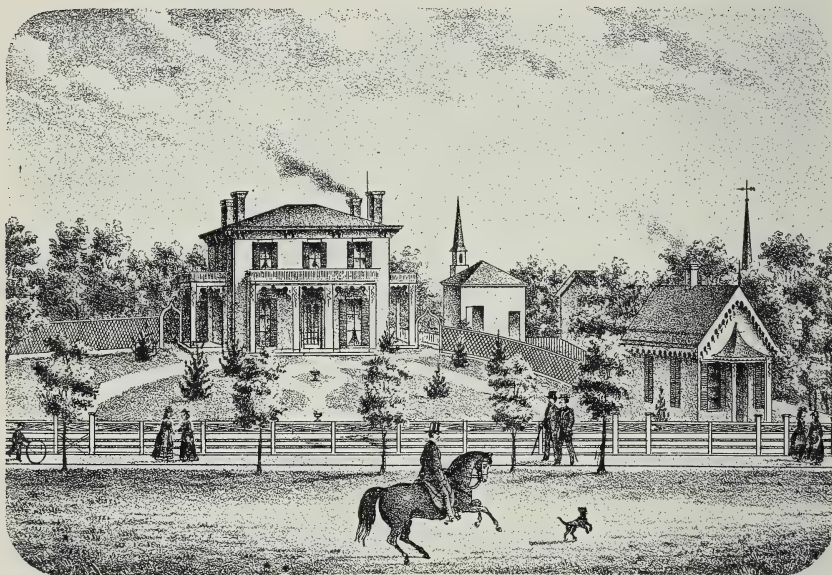
(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois": Andreas, Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa: 1872)



VIEW OF T.H. WILLIAMSON'S DRUG STORE PITTSFIELD ILLS. N.W. CORNER PUEBIC SQUARE.

THE STORE AND SIGN OF AN OLD-TIME DRUGGIST
WHO WAS NOT ALSO A DOCTOR—T. H. WILLIAMSON

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois": Andreas Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa: 1872)



RES. OF DR. F. M. CASAL WASHINGTON ST. PITTSFIELD ILLS.

THE HOUSE AND OFFICE OF A DOCTOR WHO WAS NOT ALSO A DRUGGIST
—DR. F. M. CASAL

Nevertheless, Dr. Casal, like my Father, Dr. Dublin and Dr. Doss, Almost Always Supplied the Medicines He Prescribed for His Patients—No Extra Charge.

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois": Andreas Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa: 1872)

then, reproduce a drug-store advertisement from *The Old Flag* (Pittsfield, Ill., April 13, 1871):¹

The common, in fact the almost universal, belief in those days that a doctor was just a seller of drugs, only that and nothing more, leads me to recall the time when a poor family that had been treated by my father, day or night, storm or sunshine, without money and without price, for a considerable number of years, one day brought in—at least the wife and mother did, a big basket full of bottles (bottles my father had given her, mind you) and asked him to make her a cash offer for them. “Your wife can clean them up,” said she, “till they’re jest as good as new, and then you can sell them *again*.” The italics were hers, for she actually spoke as if my father had already *sold* the bottles to her and been paid money for them.

My father, characteristically, bought and paid cash for the bottles.

THE “UNDERPRIVILEGED”

That incident reminds me that, one winter, there was much concern in the churches, likewise among the municipal office holders, about the poor of Pittsfield. So a mass meeting was held to correct the situation, and I, though still very young, attended.

Speeches were made by a number of ministers and by town councilmen, wherein it was alleged that the little town of Pittsfield was full to running over with what were called—well to-day what would almost certainly be termed “the underprivileged.” (The very word was a horrible piece of dishonesty, for there was plenty of work in Pittsfield for all willing workers, while those too sick to work—the *truly* underprivileged—had been in truth well looked after.

When the speeches were over, there arose and went forward to address the meeting—who but Mrs. Lucy Wills, the philanthropist of whom I have already spoken.

¹My copy of that issue was sent to me by Mr. Grant Criswell, Manhattan Beach, California, a son of the aforetime editor and publisher of the journal in question. To Mr. Grant Criswell, indeed, I am indebted for much other valuable information about old-time patients and doctors in Pike County.

over M...
the goods and prices. n14 2w

Paints, Oils,

Drugs, Glass, Medicines, Dye Stuffs,
Brushes of all kinds, Pure Wine and Lig
uors, Line, Twine, Fish Hooks and Lines,

ARN, MARBLES, VIOLIN STRINGS,

Shoes, Papers, Pens, Inks, Envelops, &c.; Hair
Brushes, Combs, Lead Pencils,

HOES. Pure Bourbon Whisky,

202, California Brandy, Port, Angelica and
Catawba Wines, Lamp Wicks,

10. CHIMNEYS, HORSE BRUSHES,

nds of Pocket Books, Wallets, Cloth Brushes,
Mem Books, Sponges, Trot Lines,

UCKY RT. **FISH POLES,**

And almost everything ever found in a
WHOLESALE, RETAIL & DRUG VARIETY STORE,

MO. All of which I offer at

ON WHOLESALE OR RETAIL,

AT THE

Lowest Living Rates.

Call when you come over and see for
yourselves, at

ve, 217 MAIN STREET,

Y. HANNIBAL, - - MISSOURI,

Order, n12-1y J. B. BROWN.

A TYPICAL DRUG-STORE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE 1870'S

The idea of a drug-store selling many other things than merely drugs is, contrary to present-day opinion, not at all recent. Even in ancient Greece, as far back as the fifth century, B. C., the PHARMACOTRIBAE sold not only drugs but also burning-glasses, cosmetics and groceries. (See Baas, "History of Medicine," page 97.)

(From THE OLD FLAG—Pittsfield, Illinois, newspaper for April 13, 1871)

Said she, "I'll not speak long. All of you know I've labored for years to dispense the wealth that God has given me in the way that God would like me to dispense it—that is, not with tears and maudlin sentimentality, but with justice and reason and actual benefit whenever that is possible.

"A good deal has been made tonight of the fact that many of the poor in this city do not own their homes. Now, as you know, I am perfectly able to make good and I will make good the following offer: (I see a great many of the homeless in the back seats of this room.) To any grown man of this town who has a family and who does not own a home I will present, without money and without price, one good two-story Pittsfield house and its lot, the house well furnished too, on the one sole condition that the recipient never uses either intoxicating liquor or tobacco."

She paused and the whole hall was very quiet.

"Perhaps some of those in the back seats," she continued, "did not understand me. 'To any man,' I said, 'who does not own a home, I will present, without money and without price, one good two-story Pittsfield house and its lot, the house well furnished too, on the one sole condition that he uses neither intoxicating liquor nor tobacco.' If he does have money for things that only harm him and that keep him from supporting his family, why should I present him with a house and lot?"

No one rose to accept the offer.

After a while she went on again: "Now it is true that the families of idle and wasteful husbands and fathers do oftentimes suffer from the indolence and unthriftiness of those who ought to be supporting them. In my investigations, however, I have found that, in most of such instances, the mother, by the help of the older children and by dint of washing and ironing clothes for other families, has managed fairly well. This, in fact, is true in almost all the wasters' families, except where the mother or one of the older children is chronically ill. Now, in such cases, I have personally seen to it, assisted now and then by other women, that such families are provided with fuel, clothing, food and a few other necessary matters. The nursing has also been seen to by willing neighbors, and the doctors of this city

have furnished all the medical care and attention to these unfortunates that even the richest persons could receive—medical care and all sorts of medicines too, even the most expensive.”

It was the simple truth, as I, a doctor's apprentice, knew quite well.

After a few moments, Lucy Wills, as every person in Pittsfield affectionately called her, inquired, “Why! isn't there even one man of family in this town who has no home and who yet is not a waster? Well, perhaps there are some that are not in this court-room tonight. So I will let the offer stand for one whole month, and, besides, I'll put out handbills, telling all about the offer, into the show-windows round the Square. Remember, the offer is good for a month.”

Just at this moment, up jumped a little, dirty-faced man in the back of the house, and, as forward he weaved and thrust through the thick crowd toward the lady speaker, he shouted, “Be 'n no hurry, woman. Be 'n no hurry. I'm comin' fer house an' lot: hain't no drinker!”

And behold it was one of the worst sots in Pittsfield.

Said Mrs. Wills, “Runikin, aren't you ashamed of yourself, to say you haven't been drinking?”

“Not been drinkin' to *say* drinkin',” responded the man with stubbornness. “Ain't had a drink fer a day till jest now when me an' a feller—can't think of a name—but he bought me six drinks just now an' paid fer 'em all himself. Say, talk about being a waster, wouldn't I been a waster if I'd wasted all them drinks?”

Now this may sound a bit funny here on paper, but, on that occasion, the appearance of the little drunkard, whose wife for many years had taken in washing to support herself and her pitiful children, was such an object lesson to the crowd, such a complete optoptic proference, as a lawyer might have put it, that the whole assembly sat hushed.

Mrs. Lucy Wills, then, taking the hand of the drunkard, began leading him out of the room—and, of course, toward his home. He made not the slightest resistance for he was in truth a kindly fellow, and the crowd dribbled slowly away.

The Lucy Wills handbills appeared, in accordance with the promise, in all the windows on the Square, but never

did any grown man with a family and without a home, claim the two-story building, the lot and the furniture which the handbills offered. Mrs. Lucy Wills told me so herself long afterwards in the home of her sister, Mrs. Purkitt, the aforetime foster mother of the famous John G. Nicolay.

The Willses were all "good stock." No one ever had to render any assistance to any of them, or to refer to them apologetically as "underprivileged." They made their own privileges and many other privileges too for many other people. Mrs. Lucy had two fine sons, William and Vine. To Vine, among other children, was born a daughter, Malinda. To Malinda, who married a Walter R. Dilts, was born a son who is indeed a credit to his ancestry—Dr. P. V. Dilts. He practices medicine at Pittsfield now, and, in many ways, is a blessing to his community. Whenever I see his name in the old-town papers, I also see again his great grandmother, whom I knew so well, and whom my father and I so often met when "Practising in Pike."

Not to her was it given, as it had been given to her sister, to salvage for the world a John G. Nicolay—maker of America's greatest diplomat and her greatest president—yet at least to many humble sick folk and to many humble country doctors—those who had "taken the veil"—she was like a ministering angel, for always there was "healing"—I have almost said "in her wings."

QUACK DOCTORS AND QUACK DENTISTS. POLYFORM

There were also those drug-stores that were really drug-stores, drug-stores only. And these were the natural evening rendezvous in Pittsfield for all the doctors—all at least who could assemble without the use of firearms and who were not busy attending the sick.¹ Even these apothecary shops, however, sold quack medicines unblushingly, as many drug-stores still do.

¹ As far back as I can remember there were "honest-to-goodness" drug-stores in Pittsfield. And some of the owners of these were men of unusual character and striking person-

Still more fraudulent, if possible, were the quack doctors, dentists, bonesetters and bleeders with which the countryside abounded. Hardly a single bonesetter had any knowledge of anatomy. Hence he did not often reduce an actual dislocation. But all the sprains, severe bruises and slight arthritides that were brought to him and which he either ignorantly or cunningly diagnosed as "dislocations" he "reduced" with the greatest of ease. A week of immobilization, then, with a splint and many bandages, and presto! there you were quite sound and well.

As to the "neighborhood bleeders," we still had them, though not so many as formerly, in that summer of 1883—the vacation of which I write. A writer in "Transactions of Missouri State Medical Association," St. Louis, for 1883,

ality. One of the straightest, cleanest and most scholarly among them was Charley Harder. Another was D. W. Hyde, whom I knew the best of all. (The others I knew but little.)

Hyde had his store in the first-floor corner room of the Pittsfield Hotel. In this store it was that my father and I, of unbusy evenings, would drop in, take chairs and chat for awhile.

"D.W." was always glad to see us, though sometimes apparently crabby and uncommunicative. He liked best of all to talk to us in his gruff way about French history, French affairs, French people. He loved, too, the French language, and, generally, held in his hand a copy of Fénelon's "Télémaque." I was always greatly interested when, finger in book for a book-mark, he would relate to us how the young Telemachus went in search of his father, undaunted by the greatest of difficulties and dangers. When we applauded he would beam, then ask my father the Latin etymology of some of Fénelon's expressions.

More gruffly even than toward us he would act toward many of his customers—some of whom in fact he appeared to regard as merely afflictions to be tolerated. Rising with finger still in book, he would ask, "What was it you *said* that you wanted?" Even as he weighed out the drugs he would not lay his precious book down.

His chief abhorrence was the person (whose name was truly Legion) that came in asking for so or so much "worth" of so and so. "Ten cents *worth* of quinine?" he would sputter interrogatively and indignantly. "How can I tell how much even a *pound* of quinine would be 'worth' to you? I know nothing about your case—yet. Haven't examined you. Do you have a chill each day?" And so on he would run.

"Well, here's your quinine. It ought to be 'worth' at least ten cents to you—though I can't tell how much you yourself will be 'worth' when you get well again—worth to yourself, to your family, to society.—Quit leaning on that show case."

To another such customer: "Fifteen cents worth of senna leaves? Why don't you ask for *two ounces* of senna leaves, or some similar weight?"

"Because," said a certain little girl on such an occasion and quite logically, "I don't know how much two ounces of the stuff would cost us, and I *do* know just how little money we have." She began crying.

"There, there," comforted the good-hearted old druggist. "Don't you cry, honey. I'm just an old curmudgeon that always makes a fool of himself. Here—take this worm candy, sugar. It's the only kind of candy I have. That's a present from *me*. And the senna's a present to your mother. We never charge for senna the first time a given customer buys it."

"Well, what do *you* want?" (To another customer who had just entered.) "A postage stamp or a good driving horse? Well, why didn't you say so? They're two for a nickel and pretty bad cigars, I'd say."

He was really of a fine poetic nature, D. W., and kept on one of his walls a beautiful picture entitled "The Circling Year." "I'm going to explain that picture to you sometime, Tom," he said to me one day, "if these fool customers quit coming in long enough so I

declares, "This neighborhood bleeder was generally an old gentleman, a married man of respectability and good morals, and his calls were not confined to those ill of acute diseases; but extended to pregnant women, for it was a very general opinion that the abstraction of blood from women in this interesting condition, especially if inclined to plethora, soothed and quieted the brain, eased the aches and pains of the body, and insured a more easy and safe delivery. But these practices like the fashions prevailing at the time, have passed away and given place to more enlightened, rational and health-restoring views." "These practices" may indeed have "passed away" at that time in St. Louis, but they had by no means passed away in the backwoods districts, such

can do so." And then one day, one night rather, when there were no customers of one kind or another, he did interpret the picture to me, and the interpretation was very beautiful indeed. I was touched to tears.

The customers who chiefly offended Mr. Hyde, as I have said already and say again for emphasis, were those who, instead of ordering drugs by quantity, would want them by the quarter's worth, the dime's worth, or—alas even so—the nickel's worth.

To one of these he made no haste to reply, but, instead, questioned, "Ever read Fénelon's 'Télémaque'?"

"Fennel's what?"

"Fénelon's 'Télémaque'?"

"Anything like dog fennel?"

"No." Sighing. "You wouldn't understand. Why don't you measure drugs in apothecaries' weight? Why measure them in 'money's worth'?"

"Well!" the man cried, in amazement, "don't you know how much your drugs are worth in money?"

"Stuff! Different amounts have different values. Don't you know that?"

"But don't *you* know how much value in a given drug a given amount of money has? I know only one of these things—the money end. *You* know *both* ends—at least you ortew."

"And never say 'ortew.'"

"Well, I know damned well you *do* ortew. Gimme that medicine."

"Give me that money."

The man laid down his quarter. "Here's your medicine," said D. W. "And it's twice as much as you'd get for your money at any other place. Don't forget that, if you want to get mad."

There was another class of patients that D. W. heartily disliked, those who called him "Doc." To those who did this low-down thing, he would answer, bitterly, "Don't call me 'Doc.' I'm a respectable citizen." This was a way he had of teasing my father—who, however, never let on.

There was still another class of customers whom D. W. Hyde disliked—those who took him off to a corner and then whispered. Cupping hand to mouth, he would sometimes fairly shout, "Can't—hear—what—you—say."

To one of these whisperers he one day bellowed, "I can't understand whether you said 'liquor' or 'rubber.' And *please* quit leaning on that show-case if it *is* in the back of the room. It's a good show-case."

"What show-case?"

"That show-case you're leaning on. Get off the glass."

"What glass?"

"That show-case glass you're leaning on."

"I ain't leaning on no show-case glass. I'm just restin' one hand on a piece o' news-

as Pike County, although in truth they were in the act of passing even there.

Not passing at all, however, were the travelling "doctors" and "dentists." Again and again we met in the country peddlars of tinware, clocks and the like, with "Also Doctors and Pullers of Teeth" painted in green or crimson on the sides of their gaudy wagons. Country doctors, I here should state, pulled in those days the most of the country peoples' teeth, and my father was oftentimes called in incidentally to render this then supposedly minor service. I held the head and the spit-basin, not infrequently gave the anesthetic too—ether, of course. Doctors then did not fill teeth or make dentures. But, anyway, few people wanted filled teeth or artificial teeth. Gradually these people became toothless—though not necessarily rootless or painless. Many of them,

paper that happens to be lyin' on the glass. If the paper conducts the pressure on to the glass, that ain't *my* fault, is it? I didn't never make no paper—ever."

His hand went suddenly SMASH through the glass.

"I'm truly sorry, Mr. Hyde," apologized the fellow. "I'll pay you for it—right now."

"No you don't," said Hyde. "That glass was already badly cracked—under the paper. That's what I kept that paper on it for. You won't pay *me* for any glass that was already cracked."

"Will you sell me now what I wanted?"

Hyde looked at him quizzically, "You trying to deceive some young woman?"

"No sir-ee. Just to save my wife."

"But God wants all of us to have children."

"Not *my* wife he don't want to have no children. The next baby'd be sure to kill 'er. Ask Doc Shastid there. He *used* to be our family doctor."

My father spoke up. "The man tells the truth. The next child *would* kill her. The last one almost did so."

"I don't want to be accessory to murder," said Mr. Hyde. So he gave the man a little package. "But I'm not going to make any profit on any such transaction. The cost of these things to me was [he mentioned the amount]. And that's the cost to you too. I won't have any money-interest in things like these under any circumstances whatsoever."

I believed him then, and I believe him still.

The rough-seeming old man was strictly honest. He lived his religion, too, in all other ways. He genuinely loved people. With all his heart he loved them.

I am told that, in May, 1894, the good old druggist sold his stock and, because of ill health, retired from business. After that he was never quite the same: he missed too much the pleasant associations of his work, the many fine intimacies, which, under a gruff exterior, he had enjoyed so deeply.

I am also informed that, after he had retired, he, on a Sunday, in his own home, was, by fate, made a witness in broad daylight to a terrible homicide committed in his own front dooryard by a large young man on a very small old one. The big young fellow, in fact (or so it is said) stamped the head of his little old victim out perfectly flat on the ground. After that, D. W., it appeared, could never be happy again. "He seemed much like a tired child," I am told. "He was most unhappy, and his mind, for solace, wandered back to the scenes of his childhood in Vermont, the little town of Derby whence he had come to Pittsfield."

I loved him and I love him still. I oftentimes see him in dreams with his finger for a book-mark still inside his copy of Fénelon's "Télémaque," while he gruffly waits on a customer.



GRANDMA HEATH

FIRST DISCOVERER OF LIVER AS A CURE FOR PERNICIOUS ANEMIA

Mary (Nancy) M. Heath, whose maiden name was Dunbar, was born January 1, 1791 (some say 1785) the first white child born in Cincinnati. She was brought up by Governor McArthur, of Ohio, and in 1813 was married to Wm. Jonathan Heath, physician. Soon after her husband's death in 1825, she rode on horseback from

Marietta, Ohio, to Naples, Illinois, where she taught the first school in that town. In 1834, the year the town of Pittsfield was laid out, she removed to that village, where again she taught the first school. She was also the first teacher of my father and of Dr. Thomas Worthington, the first physician in Pittsfield.

(Cont'd over)

Even when, after years of work, she retired from teaching, Mrs. Heath continued to reside in Pittsfield—at 524 East Perry Street, just north of what is now the East School Building. She was always a great favorite at my father's house, and, whenever she took a notion, would suddenly pop in on us and visit as long as she liked. She used to open my eyes and raise my hair by her stories of the Indian raids on white settlers when she was a young girl in Ohio. The accompanying picture of her, though beyond all doubt authentic, gives only a faint conception of the dramatic character of her narrative and indeed of the vivid, high strung make-up of the woman in general.

A favorite all over Pike County, Mrs. Heath was frequently invited to lead the parades in Pittsfield and some of the outlying towns. When she was not invited, she oftentimes led them anyway. Sometimes she would lead on foot and sometimes astraddle of a big horse. I have seen her marching, uninvited, at the head of circus processions, once using a broomstick as a baton and again a pitchfork. After the music's close, she pretended, on each occasion, to be angry at the "untrained musicians."

After such parade leadings she would sometimes shout to the crowd, "I'm not eccentric; I'm just full of the old Nick." Everybody laughed with her and loved her.

After my father began to practice medicine, she would have nobody else to attend her in her numerous illnesses. Even when she was sick and he was waiting on her, she was a very great tease. Thus, once, when suffering from the flux, she said to my father in my presence and in that of a number of others, "Tommy, do you know why I always want you and never that other Tommy [Dr. Thomas Worthington]?" "No." Because HE always gives me quinine and castor oil, but YOU always give me castor oil and quinine."

Dear old grandmother! She was a very good historian and a fairly well read "doctor"—no backwoods illiterate by any manner of means. She had a number of other remedies too, of her very own, besides that for "littleness of the blood." One of these she called her "Guarantee of Long Life." I forget now what was in it. But

I cannot forget the time when, in 1886, I went with my father, to see "Old Gran'ma Heath" once more, who was again very sick. I listened to the "crepitant râles" and the weak but rapid beatings of her heart. When we thought her almost gone, she suddenly opened her eyes and whispered, "I SAID I'd live to be ninety-five, didn't I? [She had really prophesied that.] My Guarantee did it."

After a time she opened her eyes again, smiled and said, "Remember the time, Doc Tommy, when you got so wicked at school I took down your pants and threshed you there before all the other scholars?"

Father nodded. After a little she opened her eyes again, smiled widely, and whispered, "Heavens and earth, Doc Tommy! The fun I've had in this life!"

Not long afterward she died.

Longevity has been a striking characteristic of Gran'ma Heath's descendants. One of them, a granddaughter, Mrs. Alice Wills Isanogle, reached, actually, the age of 96. And all whom I know of her descendants have been, or still are, very active in their communities, leaders thereof in every sort of intellectual and other high endeavor. These notable traits I do not believe have had anything at all to do with Grandmother's "Guarantee." They are simply due to the fact that she herself, though "a mere wee bit of nothing," as some of our Pittsfield people called her, was a bundle of jovial laughter, of interest in everything that ever happened, such a joy in life as death itself could only fail to quench. Merely five feet high and weighing less than ninety pounds, she was nevertheless, even in her ninety-fifth year, a vigorous market-gardener and one who, though she knew herself to be a doctor, never forgot her limitations.

(For the accompanying photograph of Grandmother Heath, as well as for some of the more important facts in this legend, I am deeply indebted to two of Grandmother's great-granddaughters—Edna Floy Crawford Barcus (Mrs. Geo. Barcus) and her sister, Miss Kate Crawford, both of whom live at Chanute, Kansas.)

of course, died of their unextracted roots, and, as to the toothlessness, most persons in those days did not, subsequent to marriage, care anything at all about their looks. Many indeed believed that personal attractions were "ag'in religion," and "jest only a trappin' contrivance of the devil." As old Uncle Abe Butz, of the Oregon House in Pittsfield, used to say, "Poor old G. . . d . . . d human bein's, they're so afraid God'll damn 'em hereafter, they go straight ahead and damn themselves right now."

But much of the tooth-pulling, as I say, was done by the clock-and-tinware peddlars who were incidentally "Doctors and Pullers of Teeth." Much of the tooth-pulling which my father would otherwise have attended to went to these shysters of the country highways. But he was invariably glad that he had lost that kind of practice. Eventually he refused to pull teeth and referred one and all who needed dentistry to Dentist Carey at Pittsfield or to dentists at Griggsville and Pleasant Hill. And, two or three counties away, at a place called Jacksonville, there was practising a dentist, Dr. G. V. Black, who was rapidly developing dentistry into a scientific profession for the world, rapidly becoming known as the "father" of scientific dentistry, and who, at this time in which I write, is known to many as "the greatest dentist that has ever lived."

It was, verily, a time of great transition, those years, a time wherein the world of almost utter darkness was experiencing the commencement of a sunrise. As my father used to exult, having in mind the people who then were yet to exist, "I see their dear, still unborn, faces shining hereafter in the light of a new, an incredible, day!"

POLYFORM

"Patent" medicines—meaning thereby of course proprietary mixtures—were in almost every kitchen, on almost every clock-shelf, wherever we went. At one old lady's the great cure-all was "Tom Edison's Polyform." It is not generally known that Edison, among his innumerable activities, was also a "quack doctor." In addition to his bottled "Polyform" Edison also "invented" magnetic belts, likewise a "preventive of yellow fever," which "prevented" nothing, I understand, except sobriety. However, it was

declared to be a positive killer of the yellow fever "bug," an "insect" which Tom described as "walking along the ground."

Strange it was that Thomas Edison, though not a money maker, was always trying to make money—and was not always over-scrupulous as to the way in which he made it. Most of the lives of Edison make no mention of these matters, but Mary Nerne's "Thomas A. Edison" goes into them rather fully. In any case I want to go on record as believing that, next to Pasteur, Lister, Weigert and Koch, Thomas Alva Edison was the greatest benefactor the human race has ever known. Thy "polyform" we do forgive thee, Thomas, likewise thy "magnetic belts" and thy "killer of the yellow fever germ," which "walks along the ground"—either on or off stilts, and with or without a black cloak. These things merely make thee a bit more human, Thomas, and I, for one, do like thee all the better for it, ethics or no ethics. Thine invention of the fluoroscope alone should cause the medical profession to forgive thee everything unHippocratic that thou mayest have done, and, if ever thou didst make a dollar by thy quack remedies—a thing I plainly doubt, Thomas—well, thou didst merely invest that dollar in thy laboratory for the benefit of all mankind.

GRANDMA HEATH

Almost every woman of any great age in those days thought herself a doctor. Among those most active in the medical line was Mrs. Mary M. Heath, ordinarily known as "Grandma Heath." She had been the first schoolteacher in Pittsfield, but now was retired. She had a remedy for almost everything she had ever heard of, and as soon as she learned of any new disease, she devised a first-class remedy therefor at once. She had had experience too, a great deal of it, at the bedsides of the sick. She had taught my father from the primer in his childhood, and, after her retirement, had oftentimes brought her knitting or crocheting and stayed at our house for two or three weeks hand-running. Especially I recall her remedy for anemia, or "littleness of blood." That was merely liver, cooked liver or raw; liver of sheep, liver of lamb, liver of cow or chicken or pig—no difference, liver of any sort was good. When all other things had

failed, she found "by actual tryin'," that the best medicine for "littleness of the blood" was liver, especially the liver of beef or of pig. She recited numerous cases wherein doctors had failed to cure anemia and in which her copious liver diet had succeeded to the limit. My father, when I asked him if she really had cured cases of anemia on which actual M. D's had failed would reply, "Well, I've known such cases in her hands to get well, but, more than likely, they would have got well anyway."

Everybody laughed at Grandma Heath and her liver cures. Of course, everybody except the uneducated. The ignorant were ready to believe any sort or kind of nonsense, naturally. My very scientific father indulgently smiled whenever Grandma wanted him just to try her liver diet in "littleness of the blood," or anemia. "The butchers don't charge anything for liver, why not try it?" Again he would only smile.

Alas for poor Grandma Heath, the first discoverer of the greatest of all remedies for pernicious anemia! She was too humble a person by far for any scientific doctor to pay the slightest attention to her discovery and then to report it to a scientific society or journal.

But, long after her death, Drs. Minot, Murphy and Cohn, in Boston, Mass., made the discovery anew, reported it, and—for their great service to mankind received the Nobel prize. They had well deserved the prize, of course. They had put the whole matter on a scientific basis and published it to the world.

After these numerous divagations and explanations, I return to the drive of that day with my father. When we had passed through Griggsville and Perry and then gone westward some eight or ten miles, and eaten our cheese and crackers at a tiny village store, we drove south and east again, and so, after a time, in sight of a weather-beaten little one-room schoolhouse. Here he stopped to rest his horse. "Father," I asked, "was it there that you used to teach school?"

"No." And he mentioned the place in which, for two terms, he had taught a village school—Perry, in the north of our county. "What great advantages," he commented,

still looking at the one-room shack, "the children of this day have over the children of my generation. When I attended school, I went, it is true, to the little brick building, the Ross-Noyes School, there in Pittsfield on East Washington Street, but that was a palace compared with the other country school-buildings of the day. And, even when I was attending the little brick building, unusually warm as it was, neither I nor any of the other children in Pittsfield had shoes to wear, even in the very coldest weather."

"How did you keep your feet from freezing?"

"Simply enough. Mother would take a thick oak board, say about two feet in length, heat it thoroughly at the fireplace, and then I, with my little face wrapped up, taking the hot board under my arm, would dash out of the house door, lickety-split for the schoolhouse.

"As soon as my bare feet got too cold, I would throw the board to the ground, place my feet on it and warm them. When my hands got too cold, I would pick up the board, and, holding it in my hands, start on the run again. Thus, warming hands and feet alternately, I would finally reach my school without having frozen even a finger or a toe. Coming back home I would repeat the process.¹

"The school-buildings in those days throughout the country-side were many of them only log affairs, each with one fireplace and a stick-and-mud chimney. Nearly all had one window only. A few had none at all. Those that had a window got their light through that. Those that had no window were lighted by a home-made tallow candle.²

"School was generally of two 'terms,' a winter term and a summer term. The winter term was generally attended both by the older students and the younger; the summer

¹ Photographs of the house from which he ran and the school which, with his board, he attended—both of which buildings still stand and in the same old spots, will be found *supra*, near the beginning of this section, "The Doctor Who Fathered a Tramp."

² The one-room country schoolhouse is now disappearing in Pike County, as in many other areas of the United States. The tendency is constantly toward amalgamation—centralization and an increasing number of rooms in each school. The cause? Automobiles and hard roads.

The same cause is producing an even profounder alteration in country medical practice. Instead of people being sick in thousands of tiny homes throughout the county, they now are nearly all hurried immediately to a large hospital in the county seat. The old-time country medical practice has in fact now, like so many other important human activities, "moved to town." Of this—more hereafter.

term by the younger students only. You see, in summer the older boys and girls had so much work to do at home they could not bother much about schoolin'. In winter the larger children helped the smaller ones through the snow-drifts. In summer they carried them through the mud, across swollen streams, and so on, to the schoolhouse—returning, however, at once to the farm and its unpostponable work.

"Some of the schoolhouses were built not of logs but of good mill-timber, with sideboards on it, shingles on top of it, and a safe brick chimney inside. Some of the buildings, even in the country, were constructed of bricks—but not many. Occasionally schools were held in churches. One was held for many years in the basement of the Christian Church at Pittsfield. Grandma Heath was once teacher there, later your Uncle Jon Shastid, whose school was called 'The Pittsfield Academy'—not to be confounded however with the John D. Thomson 'Academy.' The Thomson Academy, founded in 1849, taught the higher branches, the Pittsfield Academy, not founded till 1857, taught both lower and higher. There was one brick schoolhouse in the south part of this county which, for years, had only an earth floor—I know not why. Nearly all the log buildings had such floors.

"The teacher's desk was generally a puncheon slab set on two rough-hewn posts. The children sat on backless benches, studying, three or four heads bent together over each and every book. There were few slates, no blackboards. In some schools the children were not merely permitted, they were actually required, to study aloud—the same as down yonder at this moment. After a period of such study together, the entire school—young, old and in-between—recited together. Beginning with the younger children, the recitation moved on up to the oldest, rather the most advanced. Sometimes, as to more important matters, the children all recited in concert. A great deal of attention was given to spelling, and the spelling lesson was very often recited in concert. I, too, when I taught, paid particular attention to spelling, also to pronunciation—getting the pupils to say 'certain' for 'sartin,' 'joints' for 'j'int's,' 'drop' for 'drap,' 'creek' for 'crick,' 'follow' for 'foller.'

I also spoke often on the derivation of words and the necessity for many of those children to become doctors.¹

"In fact schoolteachers, in those days, oftentimes had to function a good deal as doctors—amateur doctors of course and for no extra pay. I, for one, used to pull out the little folks' splinters and bee-stings, stop their nose-bleeds, put cold water or wet leaves on their bumps, sticking-plaster on cuts and scratches, bandages on sprained ankles. Sometimes I sewed up a deep wound, even pulled teeth. My tooth forceps, however, I always took along home with me at night. If I didn't, the rougher boys would steal them and pull the girls' teeth. I even had to teach a few families the use of fine comb and newspaper for ridding the children's heads of 'travelers.'

"As to the discipline—" He broke suddenly off. Then he began again, "Now, when *I* was teaching school—" He paused and listened long to the hum of childish voices coming up from the tiny weather-beaten building down below. "When *I* was teaching— Well, I had but little trouble with discipline. I recall, however, that one day in the study period, I kept hearing amid all the din and hubbub one childish voice saying, 'Our teacher's a gawky, our teacher's a gawky.' I could not find out who the little culprit was. When school had 'let out,' I heard that same voice just outside the window bragging to some other child about the perfectly safe way in which she had said to my very face precisely what she thought of me. It was a tiny sweet girl of about eight years. I ran out, caught her up, and, much to her surprise, kissed her. When I set her down, she cried in great astonishment, 'Ain't you goin' to whip me?' I said, 'No, honey, not for a million worlds.' And I never whipped any of them again. One day I did call up a big strapping fellow for punishment, but he made some comical remark, the whole school laughed—I louder than the rest—and there wasn't any whipping at all any more. I had excellent order too from that time onward.

"Often I went outside with them, played crack-the-whip with the boys, ante-over and ring-around-rosey with the

¹ It was the simple truth. Never did it seem to occur to him that there could be too many doctors.

girls. They studied all the harder for that. When playing-hide-and-go-seek, I oftentimes, after hiding my eyes, counted my hundred in Latin or in Greek. Thus they learned unconsciously, even at play.

"I—I—" He seemed strangely moved. "I thought we might go down to-day to this old schoolhouse and hear the children recite, seeing there's so little sickness. But now I think perhaps we had better get back again to Pittsfield and the old house and barn."

And, at the barn, we exchanged horses—Pinto for Spook.

In leading the rig from the stable my father confessed as to the mare called "Spook": "In addition to her other disagreeable points, she's hard to catch, is bright gray in color, is sway-backed and blind in one eye."

"Yes, and," I added, "Spook is not a good name for a horse—even for a plug."

"That's the very reason why it *is* a good name," he replied, jesting. "It's so bad that it's good. People say to one another, 'See that new horse Doc's a-drivin'? Looks like a ghost. It *is* a ghost—name's 'Spook.' Good name fer a *doctor's* horse, eh?' And then they laugh, prod one another in the ribs, and pass the joke to others."

"Look out for the code of ethics," I admonished. "That's advertising."

"If it is, it's the kind they can't take you up before a medical society for. Besides, there's no medical society in this county."¹

Father halted Spook before our house. I got into the buggy and he followed. Instantly—a transformation! Down

¹ In fact there had been no medical society in Pike County since, in 1856, my father, in Pittsfield, had begun to practice. Neither had there been one there at any time, so far as he knew, since there had even been a Pike County. Indeed there never was established in Pike County a medical society, until, in 1891, my half-brother, William, settling in Pittsfield, had started the movement to found one.

But, in my father's time, such doctors as chanced to be on speaking terms with one another, would stop side by side in a roadway, and, for a long time, discuss the ethicality or unethicality of other physicians. No group of maiden ladies at a sewing-society meet, ever dissected and discussed the virtues and the non-virtues of their absent-sister victims with more thoroughness, emphasis, and, in general, metaphysical inconclusiveness, than did these Academicians of the Pike County Roadside.

Or, if ever they did arrive at some definite conclusion, they never proceeded to put the judgment into effect—except, of course, at long intervals, *via* the fistic code.

Over in Missouri a doctor was actually shot by a brother physician for saying that "the germ theory was *not* unethical."

Still, "nothing ever happens in a country practice."

the street and around the Square went we at lightning speed. I, greatly alarmed, shouted wildly, "Father! Pull the string!"¹

"Whoa, Spook," almost whispered my father.

And Spook came to a gentle stop—nickered softly.

"Now, Spook, get up but not quite so fast." Thus he.

Spook nickered again, softly—I cannot tell you quite how softly, and took up a gait of about five miles per hour.

And the secret of why my father, having tried Spook out, had bought her, was a secret no more. She was half human. A country doctor, in the silence and the dangers of the night, in his exultations at victory over disease, in his cogitations, his frequent self-condemnations at their conclusion, in his oftentimes great bewilderment and grovelling melancholy and despair—needs a friend.

Spook was a friend, somebody to talk with—about all the various things that happen in a "quiet" country practice.

"Ever run away?"

"Yes, several times."

"Pull the string, did you—the contraption?"

"Never yet. You see, Spook runs like a mule. A horse runs away because he is really frightened; a mule because he wants to run. That's why a runaway horse will run off a bridge or over a cliff or into a solid tree. A mule will never do that, but always sticks tight to the road. And, when he's through his gallavanti^g, he stops of himself."

So Spook, you see, was half human and half mule—all the more human perhaps because she *was* half mule.

What finally became of her I do not know. At any rate she did not stay with us long. I think my mother was afraid of her, string or no string, and, perhaps—well, she did not want a repetition of what had taken place near the Kespohl brickyard, when Black Jim had been my father's much too terrible "friend."

So, somewhat beyond the middle of the afternoon, we were driving slowly south out of Pittsfield and by the side of Oakwood Cemetery, my father continually and without

¹ The explanation of the term "string," as above employed, has already appeared in this volume and will appear again hereafter.

uttering a word looking over at the family lot wherein some time he was himself to lie. And so we kept on slowly, slowly southward into the bright hill country, "The Highlands." And when we had reached the top of one of the brightest hills, the gray mare came to a stop of herself. All was as silent as a day gone by.

And, as I watched, there in the utter quiet and effulgence of that incomparable day the hills and the hollows themselves seeming to worship, there came upon me again that greatest ecstasy I had ever known—the ecstasy I'd experienced so often in my childhood.

My father, too, I oftentimes wish to think, was likewise engulfed in that mood of eternity—I can think of nothing else to call it—for at all events he did not speak for a very long time, and, after a while, the mare started of herself.

And again he was wholly silent as we passed through dreaming, dusking Martinsburg and then on even farther southward, until, all at once he turned the nickering mare to the east.

"We haven't had any practice at all this day," commented my father, "but yonder comes a big fee for us just the same."

And behold! the shadows of the night had indeed been closing until now the earth appeared to be lost in them wholly, when all at once, as it seemed, like a gigantic, newly minted coin, the great full moon solemnly pushed above the rim of the world, apparently paused for a tiny second, then rose, rose, rose—mountains and mad magic and memories and what dreams!

An incomparable fee—the moon! Compensation for far more than merely "the taking of the veil"!

We sat together in silence again for a long time, thinking of the hours before I had gone away—in silence golden till the moon had reached her zenith and begun descending into the wakeful west.

From afar came little voices of the night, sweetest, toy-like syllables, noises out of distant fairyland—plaintive sounds from far-gone childhood, which is all there is of fairyland anyway.

I grew sleepy and nodded. Father put his arm about me as he had done so often in former years.

It was good to be at home once more, I thought, as I opened my eyes, and there was Will, waiting in his baseball suit before the big dark barn, the center of the circle he was casting round him with a lantern.

He and Mother had become greatly alarmed about us, the more especially as they both mistrusted Spook.

Will had just been starting to enter the barn, there to hitch up another horse and drive out in search of us.

TRAMPING LITERAL AND MORE OFFICE WORK

It should not be supposed that my vacation from college was spent altogether on riding the rounds with my father. Often, especially of Sunday afternoons, I took long walks with Fritz Niebuhr and Gus Heck to the covered bridge out east on the Gravel Road—on which excursions we, by agreement, talked nothing else than German.

On week days I walked with Henry Bailey or Brother Jon to Maysville, even up to Chambersburg or to the bluffs along the Illinois river. There, amid the honeysuckle, the dog-wood and the wild crab-apple trees, Henry held the book while I recited from Gray's "Anatomy." Sometimes we walked north of Grandfather Hall's old place, and then, joined by my cousin, Thomas Hall, we explored the fields for Indian relics, found oodles of them, or went grave-robbing in the numerous Indian mounds, from which we exhumed gigantic femurs with incredibly protuberant *lineae asperae* on them.

Henry and I even, one clear summer-night, walked clean out to Metzgar Ridge, to see the great skyful of northern stars there—walked out past the little farmhouse where, though I then did not know it, my future Companion lived. She slept peacefully, no doubt, while we passed her cottage, I, at least, wholly unconscious that she existed.

Along the Bobtail Railway too, west of the First and Second Bridges, Henry and I would pick up literally hundreds of stone arrowheads, axes, and celts. This we did the more easily just after moderate rains which washed the soil from the relics and left them gleaming. Now and then

we purposely went out on long tramps in the heaviest of rain accompanied by sharp lightning, and deep rolls of thunder.

One day, like the outdoor lunatics that we were, we set out from my father's house with heads bowed low against the wettest rain that a man ever spit into. Nor did we ever say once, "I wish this rain was over," but always things like, "By the shade of old Hippocrates, this is a dandy wetting—a swim without taking off clothes!"

As we passed through town there were ten or a dozen deafening roars of thunder to each block. As we got out into the farmlands, the road stretched and twisted far ahead of us, beautifully dim and strangely shadowed. That was one of the first of "the electric years" as people then called them—years whose summers were filled with almost incredible displays of electricity. And, as we drew on past Bay Creek and in among the windings of Duff Creek, there came out of the heavens such a plentiful supply of lightning that it seemed the whole world ought to incinerate immediately. Then—a dickens of a detonation! whereat the foundations of the earth shook. The darkness became thicker, the flood-gates of heaven opened, and there fell out onto the roaring hills a flood that was full of wild cries and all manner of uncouthness.

Henry Bailey shouted, "Look there! First farmer to-day."

And behold—Spook, and, behind her, in the sulky, my father!

They were advancing through the swollen waters of Duff Creek, now hoarse with the savagest of watery voices.

We ran toward that rig. Father, seeing, yelled, "My stars! *You* two? Why you're a couple of precious—"

"No!" we protested. "Fun—just fun—*lots* of fun!"

"Well, then, I—suppose you're—two wise men. But come get in—you can't cross that other winding of the creek."

"O can't we?" We started toward the creek but it had already reached us, was mounting round our ankles.

"You'll catch cold and die."

"Better keep warm then by walking," I countered. "We'll keep close behind you to Pittsfield if you drive fast enough."

He spoke to Spook, who responded. And we kept close to the two of them through Stringtown, through Starvation Hollow, and in fact all the way back to town.

Father had been that day to see a consumptive, who had died in his presence. Many years later, Henry Bailey, then at Chicago, or near there, died of the same dread disease.

MORE OFFICE WORK

Though larger grown, that summer, undoubtedly, and more important too, I thought, I was still, as before, among other things, a flesh-and-blood telephone for my father, and I remember well one occasion on which my father, coming in from the country where he had just witnessed the death of a woman in miscarriage, asked me to go to her mother's house there in Pittsfield and break the news to her gently. I went to the house, broke the news with all the gentleness at my command.

The old lady looked at me from her rocking-chair for a moment, straightened her glasses, then inquired, "When did she die?"

"About two hours ago."

"O pshaw!" ejaculated the old lady. "Then she's dead."

"Yes," I agreed, weakly, but knowing not what else to say, "yes—O yes indeed, O pshaw!"

"*You* say 'O pshaw' too?"

"Yes, O yes!" I cried. "I always feel badly about anybody's death."

"Say!" she burst out, with some appearance of indignation, "Whose funeral *is* this?"

I took my departure without offering further consolation.

Mostly I worked in the office—collecting accounts, receiving messengers and seeing that my father, as soon as he came from the country, had ready to his hand a list of all who were needing him, and so arranged that he could make the next round in the most economical manner. Emergency cases, of course, were given precedence, wheresoever the patients might live.

Then I read and read and read. First of all, came anatomy, Gray's Anatomy, which my father still insisted I must learn by heart, now not only the bones but everything. Next

came physiology, chemistry and physics (medical), *materia medica* and therapeutics, the practice of medicine, surgery, obstetrics. Then too Reynaud's "History of Medicine" I must learn almost by heart. In addition, tramp-like, I must fool on my own account with Beadle's "Dime Novels," Uhlemann's "Syriac Grammar," Rödiger's Gesenius' "Hebrew Grammar," two or three books on Spanish and Portuguese, besides certain word-books on the Algonquin languages. My father was quite particular that I should learn the derivations of all technical terms, a subject of which he was master, and a requirement which, although it may seem to have been burdensome, yet made my medical studies far easier for me.

Educative, too, in the highest degree, was my constant association in the office with all sorts and conditions of men. There I learned the importance of laughing at other men's jokes, of taking an interest in Father's clients' families—something quite easy for me to do, for I've always been much interested in humanity—of remembering people's faces. This latter task, for me, was difficult in the extreme. It has always been difficult, not because I do not care about faces, but because, whenever I talk with anyone, I seem to be noting his mind and not his face—more accurately stated, perhaps, to be reading his mind from his words rather than from his looks.

I had little difficulty in collecting money, and, if I do so say myself, I was a better collector by far than was my father. My father, for one thing, had the idea that his people, although he loved them dearly, were all as tight-fisted as they were hard-fisted. Knowing how long and tiresome the work was whereby they made their money, he simply took it for granted that they would part with it unwillingly. What he never thoroughly learned was that the average farmer had always a great pride in his own generosity. If, therefore, at the outset, you simply assumed he'd be hard to deal with, then you deeply offended him at the beginning of the settlement, and, so offended, he would indeed be difficult to deal with. "I'm a stingy cur, am I?" would seem to be his attitude. "Well, then, a stingy cur is what I'll be and that with a vengeance."

Knowing my people, I would, as a rule, running over the ledger and totalling the account, say for example, "O yes, and there's the account for Nellie—how *is* Nellie these days?"

"Perfectly well. Yer paw shore did do a fine job for Nellie."

"And your wife's broken leg?"

"Good as new. We certainly feel kind to your pappy fer all the good things he's gone and done for us."

"The whole bill at the usual rates, Mr. Smilingfield, is one hundred and thirty-eight dollars. But my father, I'm sure, for the sake of his old friendship with you people [no blarney about that, reader: they were almost all his excellent friends] would want a deduction made. Tell you what I'll do: I'll let you set the amount yourself that you think you ought to pay."

The advantage of thus letting the paymaster participate in the fixing of the amount was that it immediately made of the whole situation a glorious appeal to his generosity. It awakened no resistance to a fair and proper settlement, but assumed that we were friends, as we truly were, and that we would always remain such, as we generally did.

"No, *you* say," would oftentimes be the answer.

"I'd hardly want to do that," I would respond, "in the case of old professional friends of my father's. You might name an amount, and, if 'twould seem to be proper then, I might make a suggestion—only a suggestion."

"A hundred thirty-eight, you say? Well, suppose we call it a hundred fifteen." (My father would probably have said ninety, or even fifty.)

I would close at once, write the receipt, and balance the account in the ledger—during all which time Mr. Smilingfield would be peeling greenbacks off his roll. "We've had a pretty hard time lately," he would wind up. "But I shore don't want to scrimp your pappy."

Always I would show to the paymaster his page in the ledger, whereby he could plainly see I had revealed to my "pappy" the actual amount received. That, too, was important. The paymaster, quite naturally, wanted the money to go to the doctor who had done the work, not partly to somebody else. That too made him feel more kindly about

the settlement. Not only *was* everything straight, but he had had a chance to *see* the straightness, and the boy that was straight with his father was likely to have a straight father too.

But now and again, when I asked the paymaster to name an amount he would like to settle his bill for, he would be simply ridiculous. For example, were the bill, say, eighty dollars, he would offer to settle for ten. As that would not pay mere horse-feed and axle-grease, it could not possibly be accepted. I would, however, take the offer kindly, and, knowing the sort of man I had to deal with, I would fix the amount too high—I mean too high considering the paymaster's ability to pay—perhaps at sixty dollars. He, then, would oftentimes say, "Well, I'll pay you fifty dollars." If so, I would take it. If, however, he said twenty, or even stuck to ten, I would conclude, "Well, I'd like to have you settle the way you wish, but I remember my father saying that nearly all those calls he made on your family were made in the night and in storms and that besides, oftentimes, so worn out were his horses that he had to employ livery rigs to go out and see you all, and you know how much things like those do cost. So I think I'd better just let you see Father and settle with him. Whatever he does of course will be right." Oftentimes the man, with a sigh, would then pay the amount I'd suggested.

Some paymasters, however, were almost incredibly mean.

One of them, after selling his wheat (wheat brought money in those days) came down from the Square to our office, and asked the amount of the bill. I read it aloud from the ledger, "Fifty-eight dollars." From an inside pocket he took package after package of money in bills of high denomination. Some he stuffed in other pockets, others he pushed into a leather bag. Finally, he gave me a fifty-cent piece. "All your father's work was worth." (My father had saved his eldest boy's life.) Always a fool when angry, I rose and slammed that coin in the curmudgeon's face.

When my father arrived and I told him what had happened, he first gave me a calm, a very, very calm lecture on the folly of indignation, then, of a sudden, flew all to pieces,

hurried up town and sued the miserly client, made him pay the full bill too, every single cent of it, and with costs.

A similar man came in and offered to pay a hundred dollar account with a five-dollar bill. "You'll pay the whole thing," said I, in anger.

He hawked and spat. Then he extracted the money as if it were an ulcerated tooth, emitting in fact a kind of yell as he brought it out. "Receipt? No. I don't want no receipt. If you ask me for that bill again I'll bust you and your daddy both wide open."

But he afterwards re-employed my father.

THE EXAMINING SURGEON

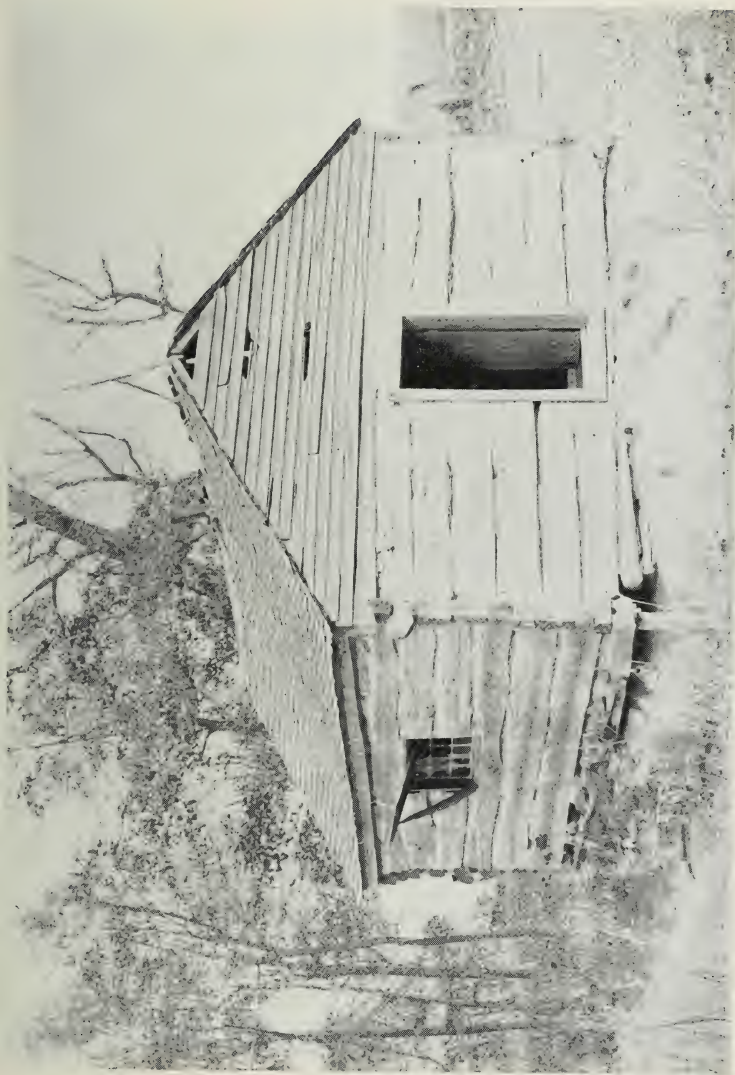
My father was, in those days, "Examining Surgeon for U. S. Pensioners." In that capacity he examined survivors of the Mexican War, of the various Indian wars (but none from the battle of the Little Big Horn) and, chiefly, from the then rather recent Civil War.

Often I helped him with these examinations, which were sometimes very colorful affairs. There was, for example, the man who, led by a boy, came in alleging absolutely total blindness. My father gave me the wink. I went out of the room and, a little later and quite casually, handed the blind man's tiny boy-guide a picture of Abraham Lincoln, at its foot the words, "Our Martyred President." My father already had engaged the supposedly blind man in war-time reminiscences, old jokes and gay laughter. Presently I handed the portrait—a large one—to the boy, saying, "That's a picture of General Grant."

"Let me see it!" cried the blind man, leaning over. "That's no picture of Grant—that's Abraham Lincoln. See! it even *says*, 'Our Martyred President'."

"You read pretty well for an 'absolutely blind' man," commented my father. And the impostor, accompanied by his "guide," went out of the office without a word more.

Almost all the Civil War soldiers came in their war-time uniforms of faded blue. The buttons, as I remember, were brass and ornamental, and over the coat hung a heavy blue cape. The caps had glossy visors, were of stiff material, and



PIGPEN SCHOOLHOUSE

This primitive structure helped to form the characters, as well as to educate otherwise, many fine men and women. It stood in the south part of Pike County, one mile north and four miles east of Pleasant Hill. Built in 1832 by Joseph Hubbard, it was not torn down (by Lawson Turner) till 1896—five years after I had ceased to practice medicine in Pike County.

Mrs. Ellen Turner Cannon, a former pupil at this school, as reported in the PIKE COUNTY REPERTAIEN, February 15, 1929—speaking at the age of 92—said: "The hogs, in those days, ran wild on the mast and fattened on acorns and hickory

nuts and wild roots, and had to be put up and fed corn only for a short time to finish their fattening. The old sows would crawl under the pincheon floor of the schoolhouse and have their litters of pigs there, so the school was called Píppen."

Píppen Schoolhouse was not on any road, but was located in a pasture surrounded by woods, that it might be near a fine, never failing spring. (Original photograph lent by Mrs. Nora Galloway (Alvin A.) Brant, a former pupil of the school.)



CENTER SCHOOLHOUSE

A one-room brick structure about four miles east of Pittsfield on the Florence Road.
(Photograph by the Author in 1897)



TOLL GATE SCHOOLHOUSE, TEACHER AND PUPILS

The earliest photograph to be found of a group of old-time Pike County country-school pupils. Date of this photograph, 1893. The teacher (who stands at the rear on the left) was Mrs. Lottie Davis Ellis. The man who stands at the rear on the right was "a big boy pupil," since deceased.

This building was erected prior to 1852. At first it consisted of one room only, the west (that on the left). For several years Louisa Minerva Hall, who afterwards was my mother, taught in that room—in fact until her marriage, October 1, 1865. Many were the bee-stings and splinters she used to remove from the fingers of her little charges, many the blackened eyes and bloody noses she doctored after strenuous boy-fights, and many the broken hearts too of the little

ones she splinted with kind words and deep, never-failing friendship and sympathy. The room on the right was added in 1883. In 1900 the entire building was replaced by a newer and better one. And so the old-time Toll Gate school slipped into the past.

The lady teacher, however, of this picture, Lottie Davis Ellis, lives, retired, with her husband, Mr. Peter Ellis, at the near-by village of Detroit. For the picture and much of the information in this legend I am indebted to Mrs. June Bradburn, of Pittsfield, and to her father, Mr. Chas. Ellis, who at an advanced age, still lives just across the road from the Toll Gate school, on the very spot indeed where he and his ancestors have resided for more than a hundred years.

PITTSFIELD ACADEMY.

This School will be open for the Reception of Pupils of both sexes, on Monday, Sept. 6th, 1858.

It shall be the constant aim in this School to inculcate sound morals, and to give such instruction as shall be of permanent and practical utility.

The undersigned hopes that his long and successful experience as a teacher will be a sufficient guaranty that his pupils will be well taught. He refers with confidence to the numerous teachers, male and female, who have received instruction in his school. A leading object shall be the thorough preparation of teachers for the duties of their responsible posts.

Pupils from abroad will find Pittsfield a healthy and pleasant place. Good boarding can be had on reasonable terms.

TERMS:

The academic year will consist of forty weeks, and be divided into four quarters of 10 weeks each.

TUITION---For common English branches, per scholar
per quarter, - - - - - \$3 50
Higher Branches, - - - - - 5 00

Each scholar will be charged for the entire quarter in which he enters.
Pittsfield, Ill., Aug. 3d, 1858..

JON SHASTID.

"Free Press" Job Print, Pittsfield, Ill.

PROSPECTUS OF PITTSFIELD ACADEMY (1858)

(Reduced in Size)

In those days there were practically no public high schools in Illinois. The first was, indeed, founded by Newton Bateman at Jacksonville in 1851, but hardly any others were established till late in the 60's. The training in their primitive, privately owned, "academies," such as this one of my uncle, Jon Shastid, had in general about one-third the curriculum value of that in high schools of the present day. And that training was about all that a matriculant in a medical college of the time had ever had—when he had had any.

flattened in front and behind with a lateral ridge separating the two flat areas.

The old soldiers wore their army uniforms on the streets and Public Square of Pittsfield, and not merely for show either or to secure sympathy, for, oftentimes, we saw farmers working in the fields with army uniforms on.

How I wish I had kept even one of the uniforms of those old days! I could have had one for a dollar.¹

One of the pleasantest features of that summer was the way in which the children of the town would hang around the doctor's office, hoping to get a glimpse of the gleaming white, ether-bleached skeleton. In case of a medical examination the window and door would suddenly have to be covered on the inside with a cloth and a coal-oil lamp would have to be lighted. But what the children really wished to see, always, of course, was the skeleton. Once when I had opened the door and invited the crowd of children in and then had dropped the sack from the "little French lady," one tiny girl gave a wild shriek, ran out of the office, and was immediately followed by all the other children.

"All the other"? No. Not quite. There was one who remained beside me.

"Well!" I cried. "Aren't *you* frightened too?"

¹ There used to be in my father's house, in the "lumber room" upstairs, a number of old trunks packed and crammed with old-time letters. Many of these letters had been written before the introduction of postage stamps. There were therefore, almost certainly, in those trunks, letters that were stamped with the very earliest stamps made. Many were from relatives of ours who had fought in the Union army—my cousin, Dr. Lafayette Edwards, for example, and my father's brother, William Shastid, who had died in the war, and from my father's cousin, Harvey Williams. Many of these letters had been written on bloody battlefields. All were full of deepest interest.

There were, I remember, a number of letters to my father from John G. Nicolay, private secretary to President Lincoln, also a few from John Hay, first assistant to Nicolay. Whether any letters from Lincoln to the Shastids were in those trunks I do not know; in fact I do not think I ever examined closely more than one letter in a hundred.

Even at my father's death—years after the time of which I now am writing—I had not thought to take any steps looking toward the preservation of all those important documents. I who had always been so careful to preserve even the slightest trace of anything that might some day have evidential value!

For some time after my mother's death (twelve years later than my father's) I did not think to ask about the letters for a very long time. Then, one day, I thought about those letters and their historical value, asked about them.

Then I was told that, shortly after the death of my mother, nearly all the trunkfuls of letters had suddenly disappeared. Hardly a trace could ever be found of them. The doors, village fashion, had gone unlocked both by day and by night, and then—suddenly the letters had vanished and vanished they remain to the present time, all except a very few envelopes from which the postage stamps had been removed and one very short note from John G. Nicolay to my Uncle Jon Shastid.

"*Who? Me* scared? By the Mighty, there hain't nothin' in all this world that can scare *me*!" He thrust both hands into his pockets, straightened up his shoulders and spat vigorously right there on our floor. He was the half-fed son of humble, downcast parents too.

Some time after that day he died. I think it was probably during my second year at college, but have no record of the matter.

At all events I oftentimes wonder why I, who so terribly fear death, am living and living on still, while he who was so plainly courageous as to death and to all things else, has been sleeping for decades and for decades and for decades.

Peace be to his unscareable soul! He was a fine little boy in every way.

HAIL AGAIN, BRIGHT DAY OF RAIN!

There was yet another day which I spent with my father in the country, concerning which red-letter affair I have abundant and clear notes. This was distinctly *not* a day of no practice, thereby greatly differing from that one in this vacation which I have already described.

We arose and dressed at exactly sunrise—yet not to be shot.

As soon as up, I looked out of my east window, as so often I had done in what then seemed (to my seventeen years) my far distant boyhood. And there beneath me my father was coming out of the side-porch doorway.

All at once he stopped, looked up at me, laid a finger on his lip, then pointed to a cherry tree in the yard. And, sure enough, there, on the very lowest limb, was a little bird of some sort singing for both of us a mighty catchy tune.

After breakfast, behind the new horse, Pinto, away and away! Heaven lies behind us in our infancy, so Mother Earth sang happily in her course, and my father began descanting once more on the recent developments in medicine: Edwin Klebs, of Königsberg, Germany, had not only, perhaps two years back, discovered the typhoid bacillus, but now also, wonder of wonders, the bacillus of diphtheria; Löffler (a world-shaking event) that of glanders; Finlay, of Cuba, seemed to have shown that yellow fever is trans-

mitted by some kind of mosquito; and A. F. A. King¹ that malaria is conveyed by yet another species of the same insect; Koch, the little giant of Berlin, had successfully cultured, stained and demonstrated the bacillus of tuberculosis. "Can you imagine it?" my father asked. "That he did last year [1882], but not until this year have I been convinced that he had really done it. And Pasteur—Pasteur, the leader of them all—he is still marvellously developing his various preventive inoculations.

"And so the germ theory keeps marching on. Dr. Dublin marches with it now. Some of the other doctors, indeed, begin to see—"

My father was a very emotional man. He caught the front rib of the buggy-top for support. The world, quite evidently, was reeling round him.

We were driving south of Pittsfield, past Oakwood Cemetery, now veiled by rain. There, a short distance from the road, lay already Grandfather and Grandmother Shastid and still others of our clan. I said, "There, Father, so far as science can ever demonstrate, lie all of us eventually, and—germ theory or no germ theory—forevermore."

But my father, "By no means." Then, quoting from an ancient writer, "Never look for the ashes of futility beneath the fires of life."

"In other words, forget the little white house."

"In other words, forget the little white house. The little white house, with all the hopelessness and desolation it has always symbolized for you, will itself some time pass into ashes, into nothing; but 'In my Father's house there are many mansions eternal in the heavens.' Think of these houses beyond the Little White House." And so he kept talking and driving, part time south and part time east until, at length, he saw that the house he had wanted to visit first was, as it happened, nothing but a tiny pile of ashes and a few stones.

ASKING OUR WAY IN THE COUNTRY

It is strange and yet true that country doctors then, perhaps as now also, were not infrequently necessitated to ask

¹ Later a favorite teacher of mine at the University of Vermont.

their way about. First of all, we would go to a blacksmith shop for the needed instruction. Blacksmiths in those days knew almost everything, it seemed.

BLACKSMITHING

In the horse-and-buggy days, the shoeing of horses necessarily gave employment to large numbers of men. Every here and there, by the side of the country road, would stand blacksmith shops, not merely the shop of Mike McCarthy, and the smell of burning hoofs together with the ring of hammered horse-shoes on resounding anvils would fill the air. The horse, in nature, does not need shoes, but, when it becomes a burden-carrying or a burden-pulling animal, its hoofs wear off too fast as well as in wrong directions. Hence the coming of the smith—to trim the sole of the hoof to the plane in which it should lie and then to nail the iron shoe to the trimmed sole in order to slow down further hoof-wear and also, through the calks of the shoe, to give the horse a better grip on the ground.

I explain these simple matters because, in these days of "chug-buggies" and criss-crossing airways, so few persons, even those of middle age, have any knowledge of horse-shoes or blacksmithing.

DIRECTIONS

The blacksmith, on the day in question, was greatly surprised. "I thought," said he, "that doctors knew everything, particularly about folks." My father admitted that he knew almost everybody in the county. Nevertheless, people often died, especially when they had not had just the right kind of doctor. And, often, they moved away, especially the shallow-rooted ones. Then too, of course, strangers often moved in. Messengers coming to a doctor's office oftentimes did not know directions well themselves or else could not plainly state them. And so on. Hence the necessity for a doctor's going to the source and fountain-head of all information about people.

After a little further banter like this, the blacksmith deigned to reply: "Mr. Milo—O yes, Mr. Milo, he used to live right there across the road, but, after his fire, he

moved to the Dumplin place out Martinsburg way. Then he went to the Berler place a little nearer Pittsfield.—Say, Doc, I had to ask my own way once a few weeks back, drivin' down by the Mississippi. I says to a fellow, says I, 'Where does Wright Abbott live now?' I says. An' says he, 'The Wright Abbott's the wrong Abbott.' I says, 'Is that so?' I says. An' I takes him by the arms like this, kind o' friendly-like an' embracin'." I saw by the look in my father's eye that the blacksmith's grip was very painful. Grown men, by the bye, in those days had a deal of fun "gripping" each others' arms: it was a common amusement, but the blacksmith did not know my father's grip. My father, as if nothing in particular had happened, reached out both his long arms and fastened upon the blacksmith's biceps muscles. Even with the power of iron vices gripped he them—and held on.

A look of pained surprise came suddenly into the blacksmith's face. Tears jumped into his orbs and ran down his cheeks. Still, he went on with his story much as if nothing were happening.

"'I,' says I, 'I want you to tell me where Wright Abbott lives, because,' I says, 'he's not the wrong Abbott but the right one,' I says, just like that.

"'Well, sir, the feller—ouch!—he's game an' says he, 'take the third turnin' on the left, first to the right, second on the left, third to the right again, and sixteenth on the left, and then wind through that big lot o' hazel brush over by old Mr. What's-his-name's, pass through that moon-shaped field (*half-moon* shape it is), let down the bars on the funder side, cross the crick, cross it t'other way a little funder on, cross it back again in a half or maybe a quarter, an' anybody livin' within two or three miles of the place you're lookin' fur can point it right out.'—O God, Doc, don't squeeze so hard!"

"Tell me where Mr. Milo lives now?"

"Yes."

"All right. Where does he live?"

"I already said he moved from the fire to the Dumplin place, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"An' after that to the Berler place?"

"Yes. And where does he live now?"

"Right over there about ten rod from where his other place burned down."

"You mean to say—"

"Mean to say that after he'd tried the Dumplin place an' the Berler place he come on back to his own little farm an' built him a new home jest a little distance from where his old one burned down."

He pointed a little beyond the pile of ashes and stones, and, sure enough, there beside a group of trees stood a new house.

My father and his son both laughed heartily, bade the blacksmith good-bye, and soon had driven to the new little house.

But behold, when we had arrived at the place, it was only to learn that Mr. Milo, shortly after his fire, had sold his place out to the present incumbent and removed some distance to the east and south. "Just go straight ahead awhile and ask again."

It was the best instruction we had had that day.

MORE ABOUT BLACKSMITHS

There had been no malice in anything the smith had said or done. Everything had been in strict accord with the wit and humor of the time. In fact he knew all about all the people in that and the surrounding neighborhoods, could have given you the genealogy of every family, for behold the blacksmith's shop in those days was the criss-cross center for all the gossip, all the personal information of every sort and variety about everybody and nobody. Let anybody whisper down on Dumb Creek and it passed at once to the nearest blacksmith shop as it would this day to telephone central, and, from thence it would spread on lightning wings to all the countrysides surrounding—including of course a dozen or so more smithies from each of which the news would once more radiate in every direction.¹

¹ A stock joke of, and with, blacksmiths in those days was this. *Customer*: "How's business—shoeing many horses?" *Smith*: "Naw, jest shoooin' flies."

On our way to the Milo place we were called in where we saw a boy whose head had struck the knee of a playmate while playing circus actors. The boy was in a profound stupor and, next day, he was dead.

At another place a little girl had fallen on the sharp edge of a dust-pan, splitting her nose longitudinally and deeply. The father had blamed the mother for the accident, who, thereupon, in anger, although she declared she had not been angry, struck at her husband's nose with the same dust-pan. The pan, however, instead of striking edgewise the length of the nose, hit one eye instead with its corner, opening the eye and allowing the lens and vitreous to escape. So poetic justice once again had failed to be poetic. Hubby, of course, was permanently blind in one eye. "Nothing ever happens in the country."

STILL TOWARD THE MILOS

We came, at length, in a beautiful place, to a creek. In the fields, on one side, waved innumerable banners of corn; on the other boundless oceans, as it seemed, of ripened wheat billowed and billowed again. There was a pretty white house near by with a hedge of yellow roses, and meadow-larks, from slanting rail-tips, cascaded all the world with happy song. From time to time the shadow of a giant cloud would darken the scene—and pass again.

I get out, lift the check-rein from the check-hook and Pinto drinks his fill. The creek purls on and on, its old-time melody. Pinto, satiated, emits a caressful little nicker with his head turned toward the buggy. I am just about to re-attach the check-rein when, all at once, over in the wheat-field, where several men are on the point of starting a reaper into the beautiful grain, a mighty tumult uprises.

Those who believe that Pike County, even in those days, was a kind of Arcadia, a region inhabited by a simple and untroubled folk distinguished only for contentment, rural innocence and happiness, are probably much the same persons as those who believe that, in a country medical practice, "nothing ever happens." John Hay's "Pike County Ballads" gives a much truer picture. So, too, do various reminiscent articles of some years ago in the Pike County newspapers.

In those articles it appears that, oftentimes, male applicants for positions as teachers in Pike County country schools, were, before securing an appointment, obliged to whip each and every competitor in a brutal fist-fight. Even ministers, especially evangelists, sometimes had to fight with their fists in order to secure quiet at a meeting. All except the "Shouting Methodists," who didn't want things quiet.

On this particular occasion, as I have said, a mighty uproar occurred over in the neighboring wheatfield. A town farm-owner, it seemed, was berating his country hand for alleged inefficiency and idleness. How true the charges were I do not know, but, all at once, the "boss" yelled at the hand a terrible and obscene curse. The hand, a much smaller man than the boss, stepped forward—other hands restrained him. The boss then grinned: 'twas not a pleasant sight. As he reached the little fellow, he struck twice with his right, once with his left—hard. My father advanced as though to intervene, but stopped short. He was correct: this was not his fracas. He could have been fighting all the time had he fought small men's battles for them.

The big fellow, again grinning, measured his man without mercy, stepped in and crashed a terrific right to his mouth. The little fellow's arms fell to his side. Blood trickled from his nose, down a crease at the corner of his mouth. Stunned, partly blinded, he turned as if to move from the scene. But the big fellow followed up, struck again—from behind. The hand fell into the wheat as if clubbed.

Into the field went the reaper. Father and I followed the carried-off hand into the house, gave first aid, departed.

Whatever happens in human affairs, nature almost always provides an environment either harmonizing or contrasting with it. Upon this day there was contrast. The red and yellow reaper clicked and clacked around the golden wheat, and meadow-larks, from rail-tips, kept going tweet, tweet, tweet. Bees buzzed in the hedge of yellow roses; sheep called from an adjacent pasture; a dog in a near-by woodland shouted joy at having treed some helpless animal; and, over the entire scene, the genial day-star poured his glorious,

his unparalleled benediction—even until we had reached the Milos.

EATING IN THE COUNTRY

The Milos were all at the gate to welcome us. Not one was missing.

“Why! Who’s sick?” Thus my father.

“They hain’t nary one of us sick. Didn’t the feller tell ye? We didn’t want you for professional services, Doc. We jest sent the feller to tell you an’ Mrs. Shastid and Tommy to come out an’ eat dinner with us—took a sudden notion-like.”

The “feller” had simply said to us that the Milos had wanted Father to go out to their house “as quick as he could git there.” He had, no doubt, forgotten the dinner part of the message altogether, and, supposing that one who needs a doctor must want him to come promptly, delivered the message as he did. Even so, he was fully as accurate as the average messenger. Most messages were delivered quite inaccurately in those days. Sometimes they had been relayed several times before they reached my father. For example, a man living fifteen miles from town whose wife had been taken sick, would shout over the fence to a perfect stranger in the road on horseback, “Be ye goin’ to Pittsfield?” “Goin’ ’bout half way there.” “Well, will ye tell some other feller that’s goin’ on further to tell somebody maybe that’s goin’ plumb *to* to tell Doc Shastid to come out and see Hal Slimkin’s wife—the one that lives out in that thar big bend o’ Spring Crick?” “Do my best—*gid* dup.”

The various adventures of that message may easily be imagined. That’s why, so often, my father, when sent for on a case of chills and fever, would place in his buggy not only a complete obstetrical set, but several splints and extension apparatuses, a bottle of ether, another of chloroform, six or eight pounds of “galenicals,” extra corks, extra bottles, extra pill-boxes, a pocket operating set, various sorts and kinds of ligatures, and an outfit for extracting teeth. In his pockets, of course, he would always keep clinical thermometers, several stethoscopes and the like.

When specially nervous he would include in the buggy box an amputation set—which he hardly ever used.

“At all events,” commented Mr. Milo, when all of us, seated at table, were “cussing and discussing” message carriers generally, “at all events, now that you’ve got here, you ain’t findin’ we ain’t prepared for you no such banquet as that one that Uncle Abe Butz ain’t gone an’ not prepared.”

“No indeed,” laughed my father.

“Who’s that that ain’t done went and prepared nothin’?” Thus Mrs. Milo. “That cussin’ feller that’s always settin’ out in front of the Oregon house cussin’?”

“Seen ’im cussin’ once,” said the older boy. “’Twas terrible.”

“I seen ’im an’ heerd ’im too cussin’,” said Mollie, the daughter. “Didn’t ’mount to much. C’ud beat it myself.”

“You, Mollie!” The father shook an admonitory finger. “You ain’t got no call to cuss none jest because you been an’ hearn rough hands a-cussin’.”

“But this here Abe Butz,” Mrs. Milo persisted, “Who is he anyway? And why didn’t he prepare nothin’ fer Doc—er whatever it was?”

MEET ABRAHAM BUTZ

This Abraham Butz was a “character.” Even in Pike County, Illinois, he was universally acknowledged to be a “character.” He spent the most of his time in a large chair on the Public-Square sidewalk in front of the doorway to his hotel, the Oregon House. He was tall, raw-boned, muscular, not unhandsome, with the strong face and eyes of a fun-loving hawk.

As a story-teller he could out-Abraham Abraham Lincoln. For one thing he never acknowledged the validity of any such laws of propriety as Lincoln now and then imposed upon his own somewhat too exuberant narrational powers. Yet Butz’s stories all had point to them—Rabelaisian point ordinarily, yet always point and point which, like that of a doctor’s lance, went down into the deeps of human nature and exposed all the rottenness therein.

And his laugh! He had the heartiest laugh I’ve ever heard, and seldom did I go to the Public Square without

hearing from one to half a dozen upsurgings of his laughter resounding over all the region round about.

He was also intensely patriotic. Had his own private fife-and-drum corps, and each morning on the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, fair weather or foul, Abe Butz and his corps were out early to celebrate. Even at 4:00 a.m. my brother Will and I would be up, and, without breakfast, be running to the Public Square, there to join the youthful parade which formed the tail to Abe's fife-and-drum kite. There would always, too, be his little six-pound cannon, or else an anvil, in the Courtyard, and this from time to time would racket like the crack o' doom.

Dear Old Uncle Abe! He and his corps had played for General Jackson, and he himself had been a member of the reception committee which had welcomed General Lafayette on his last visit to this country.

Ofttimes we met him in the homes of the sick poor, telling humorous stories and leaving luscious viands from the kitchen of his hotel.

Abe, however, had many enemies, chiefly because he liked whiskey and told such Rabelaisian tales.

Said a prudish old maiden lady to him one day—there in broad daylight and on the public sidewalk in front of his hotel—said she, actually, "Obscene and profane old man that you are, your very name is offensive to me."

There was a large crowd of rough men standing about Abe, as almost always there was, and, to the great embarrassment of the good, if very unwise, old lady, Abe demanded of her, pretending to be deeply incensed, what there was about his name that could possibly be offensive to anyone.

She would not answer, but started to leave. Abe then gave the wink to his onhangers and they made it difficult if not impossible for Miss Prudish to leave the charmed circle. Abe again demanded to know why she, and actually in public, had called "offensive" his name, the name which had been borne by both his dear father and his dear mother before him.

"You don't answer," he commented in a voice that sounded as if full of tears. "Well then I'll tell you why. It's because 'Butz' sounds like the plural of the common abbreviation for 'buttock.' And is there anything wrong about 'buttock'? Listen, mad madam."

He drew from an inner pocket, to the great surprise of everyone—of all things, a Bible! Then he continued: "In Holy Writ I find the word 'buttocks' employed three times. *Second Samuel*, X, 4, 'So Hanun took David's servants, and shaved off the one half of their beards, and cut off their garments in the middle, even to their *buttocks*, and sent them away.' *First Chronicles*, XIX, 4, ' in the midst hard by their *buttocks*.' *Isaiah*, XX, 4, ' so shall the king of Assyria lead away the captives of Egypt, and the exiles of Ethiopia, young and old, naked and barefoot, and with *buttocks* uncovered '

"Madam, there is nothing to be ashamed about in the word 'buttocks,' or in its contraction either, 'butt'—least of all in my own surname, 'Butz.' I assure you that it is a very precious name to me."

And, as he gave the departure signal to his boon companions, the lady in question made good her escape.

The story went the rounds of all Pike County, and no one repeated it more lustily than did Mr. Butz himself.

It was a good lesson to the community too, which was full of the silliest prudery in those days, combined with the most outrageous ruffianism. Neither man nor woman who had the slightest self-respect would ever utter the word "leg" in mixed company. "Foot," it is true, could freely be spoken, but not "toes"—my heavens no, not "toes"!

One day, as I was passing in front of the Oregon House, Abe, as usual, was holding forth to a fair-sized congregation. "To think," he cried, "that women in this very community, women who are wearing bustles a yard wide, a mile high and no mere man can tell how much of thickness—bustles the very purpose of which is to advertise and emphasize the effect of their posteriors, at the very same time object to the use by me of the posterior portion of my own real, wholly unartificial and unmanufactured name."

Now all this prelimination concerning Abe Butz is introductory to the joke (he was an overtime and all-time practical joker) which Abe had played on my father a good many years before and which forms the answer to Mrs. Milo's question which she asked of her husband.

One late wintry afternoon a messenger my father did not know rode up to our house and declared that a Mr. and Mrs. Beachham living out El Dara way had asked him please to invite my father to come on out to a dinner they had prepared that day in his honor. Contrary to custom the directions were specific indeed. A blind man who had gone suddenly deaf and lost his dog could, stumbling through a heavy snow-storm over rough ground and across broken-down bridges, have found his way easily to the cabin with his eyes shut.

Nevertheless my father was in a quandary. "The Beachhams? The Beachhams?" he repeated. "The only Beachhams I have ever done any work for used to live near Barry. After I had practised for them a number of years, they and their two children moved away over into Missouri somewhere."

"Them's the people," confirmed the messenger. "They moved back into Pike some years ago, an' now they're livin' near the spot I've plumb described to you. Chicken an' dumplin's to you, Doc."

So my father and I hitched up and he alone drove out some fifteen miles through one of the worst snow storms in the history of Pike County. Not so bad it was at first perhaps, but, after a little, the snow fell in great, thick, world-muting blankets. Even the earth, that night, had "taken the veil."

My father at last, however, arrived at the spot the messenger had so plainly indicated. There could be no mistake about it. There was the little schoolhouse and there, close by it, was the grove of trees. But, between the two, on the place where the chicken dinner should have been a-waiting—no chicken, no pleasant voices, no happy friends, no house, no barn, no anything whatever but cold and silence and ever-increasing snow.

Father drove to the nearest house that *was* a house, asked about the house that was not one.

"Beachhams? The Beachhams? No, Doc. They ain't no Beachhams in this neighborhood, an' the house you ask about burned down over fifteen years ago. But say, Doc, come in an' have some chicken an' dumplin's." They would take no refusal. Father stayed, and, weeks later, was called to a case in the family—a family it was that had for a long time been old Dr. Dublin's.

"But the next day, after the dinner," my father concluded the narrative, which had mostly been retailed to us by Mr. Milo, "the next day after the dinner, I passed along in front of the Oregon House and old Mr. Abraham Butz, much to my surprise, was grinning in front of the building. He called out, 'O, Doc! How'd you like the chicken dinner I prepared for you yesterday?'"

MORE EATING IN THE COUNTRY

Half the fun of "taking the veil" lay (still I speak of the olden times) in eating in the country. For this reason I want to record a few more facts about the subject, though briefly.

There were houses where we never ate, never were invited to eat. I could tell by the look of the doors which houses these were. The great majority of the homes, however, were "wide-open to the doctor." And that included his voracious apprentice. Often we had taken our luncheon with us—just in case. Occasionally we ate our salmon or our cheese and crackers, together with "egg ice-cream," at a country store. Most of the time, however, we dined luxuriously at the houses of our friends—who, by the bye, were of all sizes, shapes, complexions and nationalities. In two things they almost always agreed: they were highly hospitable and they were good cooks.¹

Take the Enderbins. The man and his father were English, I believe. His wife was Pennsylvania Dutch. Mr. Enderbin's mother, however, had been Pennsylvania Dutch, so he himself understood about all that his good wife had to say—unless indeed he had good reason for not wishing to

¹ The most delightful places, however, at which I ever ate, were my grandfather's house (Thomas Hall's) and the Vandermoolens' and Old Grandpa and Grandma Patchens'. The two latter homes I sketched out briefly in 1908 (*Bulletin, American Academy of Medicine*, Vol. VIII, 278 and 501).

understand it. (She was Amish, strictly religious therefore, and a rigid disciplinarian, so he sometimes had good reasons for not understanding.)

I, on my part, had not had a Dutch mother, so I was oftentimes to be pardoned for my *non comprehensibus*.

"Fress" meant to eat. Inasmuch as, in modern high German, "fressen" means "to devour in the manner of a voracious animal," I had little difficulty in understanding Mrs. Enderbin's application of the shorter term to my own proceedings at her table. Even when she'd say, as oftentimes say she did, "It gives me so much pain in the bauch (belly) whenever I green apples fress (eat)," I understood her with ease. But when she'd say, "Look, Tommy, you've all your milk fershutt," I felt in slight degree embarrassed.¹ For I did have a way, when eating rapidly, of knocking my milk over.

When Father and I had eaten, each, anywhere from a half to a whole apple pie, she, though still hospitable, would remark, regretfully, "And now the apple pie, she is all." Whether she meant that the pie was "all" in or "all" out, she never did specify clearly, so I took it for granted that all the pie was both out (of the pantry) and in (the stomachs of her guests).²

How, tramp-fashion, I did love that Amish (Pennsylvania Dutch) language. The trouble with my study of it was that no one took the lingo seriously. There was nothing at all then printed on the subject, and but little is printed on it now. It was simply a 17th and 18th century dialect of High German, brought during those centuries from Germany into Pennsylvania and there commingled with a great deal of old-time English.

I can still hear Mrs. Enderbin, as Father picks up his pill-bags and we start to leave the house shortly before dinner time, "What does it give to-day for dinner, Mr. Doctor, Mr. Tommy? It gives chicken and apple pie. And what means that? You stay to sit and you fress."

Again we sit and we fress. Again oftentimes, in imagination, I sit and I fress with them still.

¹ Compare with the Modern High German, "verschütten," to spill. Those familiar with Amish will realize at once that I have somewhat altered the word which Mrs. Enderbin did actually employ.

² All, in Amish, does mean "all out."

SKELETONS AT THE FEAST

But it must not be supposed that, hospitable as the great majority of our clients were toward us, there were none that were inhospitable, or that, even among the most hospitable of all, none of our joyous dinners ended unhappily.

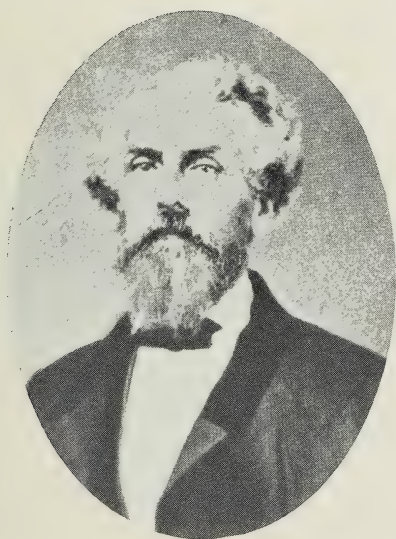
At one place a feast which had been joyous in the extreme turned into a tragedy of darkest hue. We had left the house of merry-making, my father and I, and had driven perhaps ten rods when voices called behind us. Returning, as beckoned to do, we found in the house that the husband and father, just as he had started for the cattle feed-yard, had fallen dead. While my father was carefully determining the fact of death, the wife and mother fainted.

Now it so happened that there was a great deal of fainting in those days. One could scarcely go to church without some one, ordinarily a young woman, fainting. Having attracted sufficient attention to herself to be regarded as "delicate," the patient would recover with certainty and great speed. The cause which was commonly assigned for the frequency of fainting in those days was the overtight corsetting in which women then indulged. Waists, especially on Sundays, must almost absolutely disappear. There was also the fact that, in all the popular novels of that time, the heroine, if a lady indeed and in truth, was ever in delicate health, fainted often and fell hard.

So when, on the day in question, the mother of the family fainted at her husband's death, the remainder of the family—mostly young women and still unmarried—paid little attention to her fall. My father, however, having examined her, gave her a quieting medicine and digitalis, had her put instantly to bed, and absolutely forbade her attendance at her husband's burial.

Later we learned that his instructions in this respect had been disregarded, and so the patient, on her way back from the cemetery, had died in the chair whereon she had ridden in the farm wagon.

As to rank inhospitality toward the doctor, the most unquestionable instance I recall of it was that of Mr. and Mrs. Pennisock, wealthy stock owners. Without, I believe, a single exception, when the medical services had been



ABRAHAM BUTZ, ARCH-JESTER TO THE PUBLIC SQUARE
AND TO ALL PIKE COUNTY

(Original Photograph Lent by Attorney Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago)

rendered and my father and I arose to go, no matter how close it was to meal time or how plainly we smelled the victuals cooking, either Mr. or Mrs. Pennisock, or sometimes the two in unison, would uninvite us thus: "We'd be more than pleased to have you two eat with us, but we always say, 'Doctors make their money too easy anyway, for us to have to feed 'em besides'." Whereupon my father would reply, quite easily: "O we couldn't possibly stay to eat to-day. Maybe some other time."

He always would keep away from the Pennisocks near meal times whenever he could, but, in the practice of medicine, you cannot time things as you will. You may for example be approaching the Pennisock house at 10:15 a.m., when, all at once, a near-by neighbor lady takes a notion to have her baby—which isn't due for two months—at that very moment. You get through at 11:45. You cannot possibly stay and eat at the new-baby place, so what do you think you can do? Go and drive all around for one or two hours until the time approaches when you could not possibly be expected to be wanting your dinner? Doctors in country practice get to people when they can—if they can.

Old Mrs. Stettenhausen had likewise been peculiar in the matter of dinner hospitality. Ordinarily we refused her invitations, because she had too much to do for her sick people. But *then* she would be offended because she thought we did not like her cooking or felt ourselves above her. But if, when we started our preparations for departure, neighbors chanced to be present, she had a way of promptly getting rid of *them*, you may be sure.

Thus, she would inquire in a loud, brazen tone, "How'd *you* two like your eggs, *you* two—Doc and Tommy? We got eggs enough for *both* of you." The neighbors would take the gentle hint and "evaporate."

On one occasion after asking how Father and I would like our eggs done, and we had said (the simplest way, of course) "boiled medium or soft," she disappeared for a moment, came back and reported, "they ain't none o' the eggs good, and we ain't got nothin' else than eggs."

The most hospitable houses we ever ate at were, I think and as I have already stated, my Grandfather Hall's (of

course), the Vandermoolens' and Old Grandpa and Grandma Patchens'. But the first of these I've treated already herein, while the other two I've depicted, howsoever briefly, elsewhere.¹

And yet I surely do err. No more hospitable, grateful, or generous people ever lived than the McLaplins. Theirs was in fact about the eatingest place in Pike County. At one time or another we must have eaten on their premises at almost all the different times of day. The range and supreme quality of their victuals was, in part at least, owing to the fact that Grandma McLaplin, Mr. McLaplin's mother, lived with them. Both the Mister and the Missus of the house were capable eaters, but dear old Grandmother could out-eat both of them.

She was bossy, too, especially in all matters relating to cuisine. Thus she used to say to Father, "We baby-havin', tater-hoein', corn-plowin', milk-churnin', midnight-darnin' women ought to have somepin' to say about what's got to be et."² And she had it to say and she said it. I do not know that any of the others (there were only six children) ever objected to any of her mandates. They probably vied with her in capacity.

Like almost all the other farmers the McLaplins always had grace before meals—a grace wherein they well-nigh invariably spoke modestly, even slightly, of the things they had to eat. Thus Mr. McLaplin (Grandma now and then said grace): "May the Lord make us truly grateful for the little we are about to receive—if he can do it. I don't suppose he can."

For breakfast they had buckwheats—the real article, stack after stack too—; maple syrup—the real article again, pint after pint too—, and genuine pig sausage—not mere dog or horse meat—. Then they had all sorts of other things, hot biscuits and honey and so on, winding up with a kind of breakfast dessert consisting of plenty of ham and eggs.

For the midday dinner they had buckwheats—the real article, stack after stack too, maple syrup, the real article

¹ *Bulletin Am. Acad. of Med.*, Vols. VIII and IX (1908 and 1909) in the brief series, "Practising in Pike."

² This strange group of compound, mouth-filling, adjectival participles had been in common use among housewives for at least two generations before Grandma McLaplin's own over-energetic day.

again, pint after pint too, chicken and turkey and rabbit and guinea fowl and mud cat from the Mississippi, and a dessert of cookies and jelly tarts, with seven or eight sorts of pie and layer cake.

By eventide they'd got shore hungry, and then came the *real* meal, the *food*. People can't work all day and not eat nothin'.

In fact folk cannot work as hard as *they* were accustomed to working and not have no extra meals or so. Therefore, between breakfast and dinner and again between dinner and supper they had to have two *very* light snacks—just something to bridge over, say (a kind of Niagara suspension bridge) and keep you from gettin' faint.

Sometimes they'd get up and eat in the night.

Not only when my father's care was being bestowed on Mr. McLaplin or his family would Father and I, if we happened in at meal times—which was practically the whole of the time, or so it seemed to me—but whenever we drove along the highway by their house, it would be, 'Hey there, Doctor an' Tommie! Come in an' have a little bite, won't you?'

And would we? We just always did.

"The only objection we got to havin' you an' Tommy fer our guests," Mrs. McLaplin, junior, would remark, "is that, no matter how hard we try to scrape a few little things together, you don't neither of you never seem to eat nothin'."

Well, that was true. We never did eat nothin'.

Neither did we never talk nothin' at all. Well, each and every one of us talked nearly all the time—excepting of course when Mr. McLaplin himself or his mother was speaking.

Mr. McLaplin, though so modest whenever referring to the substance of his meals was by no means backward when speaking of his family. Thus, one time: "My father an' all my people have been jest plumb—doers—doin', doin', doin', all the time. Well, all except my youngest brother, he warn't no good."

"Pa," put in Mrs. McLaplin, "Doc and Tommy here'd a lot rather hear the reasons why instrumental music's a sin in the church er else know Mother McLaplin's receet fer them lemon pies."

"Lookee, pa," interrupted the oldest boy, "See what I'm eatin'. Lookee, Doc. Lookee, Tommy."

"Now you shut right up," admonished the mother. "Go get you that peach-tree limb and keep the flies off." So, later, with one hand swishing off the flies, with the other he fed himself chalk, flies, angle-worms and so on—all of which he had stored in his pockets—when at length he produced a garter snake and seemed preparing to eat that when his mother chased him from the house.

Meantime Mr. McLaplin kept on bragging about his family. "Yes, all of 'em's doers except my youngest brother. He run away with a circus when he was jest a little old shirt-tail boy, an' he ain't been no good since. All my brothers is rich. I'm so-so, an' my father was a doer before me. He come of the right stock."

Said Mrs. McLaplin: "The preacher was in the other day. I set fried chicken right in front of 'im, an' he turned up his nose at it. I set buckwheats, medder butter and wild honey on it, an' he went crazier'n a kitten with a ball o' yarn."

"He come of the right stock," repeated Mr. McLaplin. "He cut down the trees, he put up buildin's, he fit the Indians, he killed the wolves—killed 'em with his hands. He warn't afraid o' nothin'—fire ner hell ner brimstone. He whipped a wild bull once. He built two-hole privies, an' our kind o' women folks planted holly-hocks and sun-flowers along the planks that led to 'em. He made more money when he set down than when he stood up, 'cause sittin' down he was always thinkin'."

"Jest what's the plumb signifiance of what you say about the two-hole—er—privy?" crack-voiced Grandma.

"Why, jest this. People from the South they don't build *nothin'* fer the purpose—speakin' general—exceptions. Use all outdoors, winter an' summer. Innervated by the hot climate anyway. People from the midway states are more energetic, but bein' selfish and not sociable, they build 'em with one accommodation only. But us people from the

north an' northeast, even if we're kinder economical financially, yet we got to get some talkin' done, an' so, bein' that sociable, we go into the ark two by two, you might say—though of course not male and female."

Grandma was not to be outdone. "My mother's folks," she shrilled, "all built three-hole talkatories—one big, one middlin', and one little. And I think—"

But the younger Mrs. MacLaplin broke in: "At dinner time, Mother! I fight the subject!"

"Doctors can stand *anything*," rejoined the elder woman belligerently. "And I think—" But the boy that had had the garter snake now returned into the dining room—this time with a large mouth organ. Lovingly he cupped the shining instrument to his lips, blew softly along it for a moment, and then—

My father started up. "We have to make that appointment, Thomas, by twelve-forty," he cried. (*One* doctor who could *not* stand *anything*!) And away we went to the soft nicker of the Halpin mare—who never had needed a "talkatory."

CLEANLINESS BEFORE PASTEUR

My father was always delicate about his eating. For this reason it was that he never could eat in a dirty room, nor could he be comfortable if his hands or face were in the least bit soiled. Hence it was that, even before the days of antiseptis or the germ theory, he saw to it that the patient and his room were kept clean and his own face and hands and those of all the persons who waited on the patient.

And the results of his cleanliness were already apparent before the causes therefor were even guessed at. Sometimes he spoke of the work of Florence Nightingale, the Crimean nurse, and of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, by way of cleaning up hospitals, and the marvellous benefits to humanity thereby produced. So he understood clearly that cleanliness is something helpful to the sick, understood it when neither he nor any other person on earth could explain it. That personal abhorrence of filth, too, prepared him for a quicker acceptance of the microbe theory of disease causation and of antiseptis and of the innumerable world-convolving offshoots of those discoveries.

The pride of Mr. McLaplin in his forebears' two-hole privies I have introduced because, especially, it brings up a very important phase of private sanitation.

Up to the time of Pasteur, in almost every town and city of the civilized world, even in the towns and cities of the United States, the commonest practice was to carry all night-pots in the morning to the front window, and, shouting a word of premonishment, to toss the contents into the street. There were no sewer connections with houses at all.¹

In the country, especially in parts where the weather was apt to be pleasant even in winter, people as a rule ran into a bushy area behind the barn or feed-lot, and there—women and girls at one end of the area, men and boys at the other end—obeyed the calls of nature. In the colder climates, however, a one-hole privy would oftentimes, not always, be erected. If the farmer was flush with his money, especially if inclined toward luxury, the privy would be built of larger dimensions. And, like Mr. McLaplin, many a farmer, especially in the South, where such things were a luxury, would brag that he was a "two-hole privy" man. The women, of course, oftentimes planted rows of sunflowers and holly-hocks not only around the building but also along both sides of the path that led to it, so that an approach to the toilet, especially in the leafy season of the year might be made with more seclusion, dignity, et cetera.

And this brings us to the point. Ordinarily, provisions induced by wealth and luxury are, incidentally, also better sanitation. Not so, however, in the matter of human feces. Stools deposited on the ground are quickly disposed of, especially in the insect seasons of the year, by drying and, especially, by heavy, quick-washing rains. So the stools disappeared promptly. In a privy, however, the stools neither washed away nor dried up and blew away. So, in each and every privy, great pyramids and cones of infection were built up and carefully preserved from destruction. In fly-time, then, flies, mosquitoes and other common insects, having dabbled at will in the mess, would, like so many irresistible angels of death, wing their ununderstood ways to the unscreened houses and there, settling on the food and

¹ Even in the greatest palace of the world in the 17th and 18th centuries—that of Louis XIV at Versailles—the sanitary arrangements were shocking in the extreme.

drink—perhaps at some time when a man like our good Mr. McLaplin would be expatiating on the excellence of his forebears' outhouses—bring suffering and destruction, not only upon the braggart himself, but, in addition, upon all those whom he loved.¹

BACK TO THE MILOS'

We, of course, did not stay at the Milos' as long as it has taken me to make this digression on "Eating in the Country." A few good jokes, a few happy reminiscences of long years of medical service in this appreciative family, and then—all at once, there rode up on a well-lathered horse and, through the open gateway, to the very house-door of the Milos', a messenger without hat, without coat or vest, with wide-staring eyes and drooped breathless lips.

"Doc, Doc!" he shouted, then seemed to be speechless. "Doc! My wife. She's dyin'."

Mr. Milo lowered his drumstick, got up, wiped his greasy hands on his trousers. "So soon!"

Mrs. Milo echoed tragically, "So soon! So soon!"

"You still live on the Linkwell farm?" Thus my father, as he and I strode into the buggy.

"Over there a quarter. Went clear to town for ye. They sent me here to get ye. Ye know me, Doc—always pay my bills. Hurry!"

And so indeed it was. The man had ridden that long distance to Pittsfield, only to find, when there, that my father was actually eating at the Milos'—just one quarter of a mile from the messenger's house. All those weary, sun-scorched miles he had had to push his mount then, later back-tracking to the Milos' in order to summon my father.

In these present days he would not even have left his home. He would, by telephone, have called my mother, learned that my father was eating at the Milos', then have

¹That matters in the South have greatly improved since the days of Mr. McLaplin's freely expressed Northern pride, is shown by an article in *Time*, July 14, 1941. By this article it appears that, in the state of Mississippi, under the auspices of the State Board of Health, in just the period 1935-41, 156,706 new outhouses were constructed, all three-holers, and with very great benefit to the public health. All these privies, however, were constructed with concrete floors and other arrangements for the constant disinfection and frequent removal of the dangerous masses.

called the Milos' and asked my father to come at once over. Time lost, less than one minute. He had actually lost on that day three hours or more.

How easy it is, these times, with automobiles, hard roads, and telephones, for just one doctor to do the work of five or six doctors of the olden days. Then, too, thanks mostly to the germ explanation of many diseases, at least three-fourths of the sickness has been stamped absolutely out—just does not occur.

Still people will bewail the fact there are not so many country doctors now as formerly? How could there be? Why should there be?

Even if most of the country people did not go to-day to the larger towns and cities to be seriously sick, and if expectant mothers likewise did not go to such places, there to have their babies in the hospitals, even so, how could there be so many village and country doctors as before? How can a village or country doctor subsist on a fifth or a sixth of the practice that used to belong to each of his old-time predecessors?

And farmers in those days were oftentimes wealthy clients, to-day they are nearly all poverty stricken—have to be helped by the Government.

At the Linkwell farm the case proved to be none of the sort that I could as yet be permitted to see. There had been terrific hemorrhage, that I observed at a glance. The woman, too, I noticed, as I left for the barn, was half-way unconscious.

WAITING IN BARNS

It should not be exceedingly difficult for a "tramp" like me to kill time in a barn. Well, it wasn't that day, and, in fact, it never has been. Indeed I love barns, have always loved them dearly—a fact for which my "Hayloft University" experience may have been partly responsible.

To this particular barn came "pronto" the household watch-dog, a collie who, at first, showed me his teeth and berated me roundly. I did not look straight at him, and, in the beginning, spoke to him only gentle words enough to convince him I was his friend, then sat down on a bucket

and began reading in a vest-pocket book. The inevitable happened. Soon into the half-closed hand I had slyly dropped down at my left, there poked a cold nose. I slightly squeezed the nose, released it and dogum and I were friends.

Years later, when I was telling some of my dog experiences to a fellow physician who also liked dogs, he informed me—he had the reputation of being a lady-killer—that “dogs are just the same as girls: you have to use on them ‘the method of gradual approach.’ ” And a farm-hand once informed me, “Them as gets easy ain’t worth gettin’.”

Carlo, or whatever this dog’s name was, agreed with me that the day was very beautiful, that he had never seen a finer cobalt sky in all his life. From time to time he suddenly bolted for the house, returning in a few moments dejected, tail low, eyes well-nigh closed, and a half-heard whimper in his throat.

I talked with him for awhile about rabbits and foxes, and it seemed like less than a minute when pandemonium all at once broke loose. The sky had suddenly clouded, and one of those electrical “tear-ups” for which that summer was famous, had burst upon a horrified world. The vivid lightnings ran down the golden gutters of the sky, and were followed—sometimes it seemed even accompanied—by the most incredible noises. Occasionally it appeared that the very frame of nature had jarred loose.

Dog in my arms, I reclined on the hay.

Some hours later my father awoke me coming in. “Both lived!” he cried triumphantly.

In the silence of the morning’s splendor we drove onto the Public Square of still sleeping Pittsfield—sleeping at least except as to a few drowsily brawling drunkards and one solitary, vigilant night watchman—and so on down toward home.

It reminded me of the time in my early boyhood when we had driven into town by early morning light after only one had “lived.”

How old I felt—how old, how old! Longer it seemed I then had lived, with my only seventeen years upon my back,

than now I feel long after the completion of my three-score years and ten.

What tricks time does play with us mortals!

JACKIE RIAN

There was in those days a little, good-natured stone-cutter at Pittsfield who was greatly addicted to the bottle but whom everybody loved. He was really fine at his work—when his hand was not trembling. He used to say to my father, “You an’ Doctor Dublin has brought the most of Pittsfield people into this world and Winans and Platner or C. R. Lame will put them away out of it. Then I, like a woman, will have the last word. Do I ever say a bad one about anybody? No, I do not. And why? Their rilatives tell me what to say—I have no choice.”

But in fact he was one of the kindest of men. Had the “rilatives” left him a choice, he would surely have chiseled even higher eulogies than the rilatives themselves had ever dictayted.

Ordinarily, I think, he employed Dr. Dublin, but now and then he had my father. Sometimes he had an unseen visitor, as well as my father and myself.

For example, one night we were called to see him at a livery stable. The owner of the stable, who had known and loved Jackie extremely, had gone suddenly out of town, leaving in charge of the place a new hand, one who knew not Jackie.

When we got to Jackie he was lying on a pile of hay, cold, shaking and very much alarmed. He began about the middle of his tale:

“So I told him I jest wants a little bit of a drink, my t’roat is so dry. ‘An’ me wife has given all the saloon-keepers notice ag’in me,’ I says, ‘an’ me t’roat is so dry I don’t want to get drunk,’ I says.

“So he says, ‘I take a big risk,’ says he, ‘a-sellin’ it to ye,’ he says. ‘But if ye got two dollars,’ says he, I give him five. But he says, ‘I don’t give no change,’ says he, ‘an’ damn you don’t drink here in the alley but take the damn stuff into the livery stable,’ says he, ‘an’ I bash yure face in if ye don’t go into the stable to drink it,’ he says, ‘an’ not out here in

the alley,' I went in. An' I was shakin' so hard me teeth jarred.

"I entered the livery stable and there wa'n't nobody there I'm not lyin'. An' I laid down on the hay—it's no lie I am tellin'—on the hay in the darkest of the stalls—they kept some hay in the stalls because—an' the big man sez to me, him with the lanterns in his eyes and the seeds in his nose, and says, says he, 'Drink it up quick or I will carry you off.'

"Well, I drank it up quick, an' I got up brave. There's a terrible poundin' in me head, Doc. But I felt cool an' brave. So I says— No, I rushed for the buckets, ranged down be the pump. But the buckets I see was full o' blood. The flies wuz thick around thim, an' the smell was thick and sick-like. An' the straw that they stood in was dirty, dirty with blood, an' I went on an' seen the buggies each an' every wan of thim was turned into a ghost-like, and scary-like—although I knowed that in each and every white sheet of thim there was only a buggy but the poundin' inside of me made the buggies make me sick.

"An' that was where the new felly come into the stable, the felly that didn't know me—if it'd been the older wan they'd a known I was all right.

"But the big new felly he come in singin' about the place to get some liver bein' the place that was the livery stable, an' when he says 'liver' I couldn't get back into the alley, and the liver an' the buckets o' blood an' the throbbin' inside o' me head—well I all let go of everythin'.

"An' the big new felly he hit me in the stomach—it was bad enough annyhow an' I tried to bash him in the eye. But I was too weak an' he turned me round an' kicked me an' hit me right here in the back o' me head.

"An' the thing that was deep in me heart was what came into me imagination an' all night I've heard the snow liftin' an' laid down, liftin' an' laid down, an' there's the big felly now, an' me so cold—so cold [It was hot mid-summer] an' me so cold—so cold—an' me so terrible afraid of I don't know what— I'm terrible scairt now— There he is, there he *is*!"

"There *who* is?" Thus my father.

"The felly that should have stayed in his grave an' come into me stoneyard, an' instead of stayin' in his grave, an' says he to me—There he *is*! There he *is*!"

My father and I and two stalwart fellow-citizens who happened to be passing were not able to control the little fellow fully till my father slipped a tiny needle into the skin of his arm.

And there were other occasions whereon Jackie was visited by people whose stones he had graven beautifully yet who would not rest content.

One time he came to my father with a great cock and bull story about some men who had buried their nephew in the south graveyard and who had later dug the nephew up and broken his right upper-arm bone and reburied him—all because they were going to start a damage suit against my father for the broken bone. He had been out to the graveyard himself, said Jackie, and on the very spot had heard the conspirators talking the matter over calmly as they had sat on the grave of the nephew.

Jackie used to say that the reason why he drank so hard was that he had such terrible pains in his head.

"When I can stand them no longer, I drink." Some of the doctors laughed, saying, "Rip van Winkle too had his reasons." His family prayed. His good priest also prayed, prayed again and again. But Jackie's pains kept on, and so did his drinking.

Long, long years after the time of which I am writing—even long years after my father had been laid to rest in Oakwood Cemetery—wherein Jackie had thought he had heard the conspirators talking above their nephew's grave, some or another doctor got hold of the little Irishman, diagnosed the source of his head pains (which had merely been mistaken by the other doctors for the results of his drinking) pulled, or caused to be pulled, all, or the most, of his teeth, had his suppurating tonsils taken out and his nasal sinuses drained and disinfected.

And behold! the little old town drunkard straightened up and became a man—*Hibernianthropus erectus*.

The pains *had* been the cause of his drunkenness, not the result.

Jackie soon paid every debt he owed. To the last red cent paid he it. There was then no better man in the city than Jackie.

How many millions of persons in the prior days had suffered from such head pains, such agonies, without the slightest possibility of obtaining relief! Then came along that knowledge of the germ causation of many diseases, followed, years later, by the no less important knowledge of focal infection—infection in places which distribute germs to other parts of the body, where, perhaps, the damage resulting is far more painful and serious than in the focus itself.

The sequence of events then, stated in time order, was: (1) A lowering of resistance to germs in some spot of the human body (generally some organ which, in the course of evolution, has become a "disappearing" organ; as, the tonsils, the teeth, the nasal sinuses, the vermiform appendix). (2) A consequent invasion by germs of that spot of lessened resistance. (3) A colonization (reproduction) of those germs in that spot. (4) A throwing up of white blood-cells all around that spot to "wall it off" from the rest of the body—to confine the infection to the locality in which it occurred, thus protecting the rest of the body. (5) An occasional leaking out of the pus germs nevertheless, through that white blood-cell wall, and then a carrying of the pus germs by the blood stream to other portions of the body—the heart muscle, the heart valves, the kidneys, various nerves of the body, especially those of the head—as in the case of him who later became *Hibernianthropus erectus*.¹

THE TRAMP TURNS HISTORIO-PHILOSOPHER

No, the pioneers did *not* have "greater opportunities by far" than do the people of to-day—precisely contrary to the

¹ I shall have considerably more to say about Jackie when I come to the time when I myself was a full-fledged general practitioner of medicine, practising at Pittsfield.

teaching of our schools and colleges. Nor were they people of greater health and strength. They were, on the contrary, almost every one of them, walking (or recumbent) museums of pathology. Even the best of their doctors did not know what to do for the most of their serious complaints. A child with nasal sinusitis, for example, was almost invariably laughed at as a "snot-nose." A child with a crossing eye (the eye that crossed almost always, sooner or later, went blind) was merely derided as a "cock-eye." A cross-eye in a girl was not infrequently regarded by her parents (this is an actual fact) as a beauty-mark, as something "cute." Any young person suffering from eyestrain was regarded as "lazy" and a fit subject for corporal punishment. Any person with a club-foot was regarded as "comical." So, too, were stammerers—as, in fact, they still are to a certain extent to-day, by morons, as witness the continued popularity of plays presenting persons so afflicted in vaudeville or on the cinema screen.

As to the diseases which anyone could readily see were diseases, take, for one single example, cholera infantum. It killed, in many years, fifty thousand babies each single summer—in one especially bad summer an estimated two hundred thousand. Nobody, of course, looked on cholera infantum as "amusing." A vast number, however, regarded it as a "visitation of the Lord." After the establishment of the germ "theory," the Lord quit visitating. The disease was found to be a visitation of microbes, and one easily prevented by metal door and window screens (instead of the old-fashioned cotton mosquito-bar screens which stretched at every breeze and which, therefore, with its enlarged meshes, did not keep out the flies that bore the cholera infantum germs). Further prevention was effected by sane attention to the babies' milk and bottles.

Not merely in the matter of freedom from disease were the pioneers of this country far more lacking in "opportunity" than are the soft-charactered people of the present day. They were also lacking in "opportunities" as to well-nigh every other matter. The earlier settlers in most of the greater areas of this country, in truth, went into the deep wildernesses with scarcely more than a moving wagon, a plow,

an axe and a gun. Thé wife was always with her man, of course. From her head to her heels she, like him, was almost always full of sickness, incapacity, pain. They were both far more "underprivileged" than are the "underprivileged" of to-day. But, like Columbus, they went on and on. They fought their way through roadless prairies, whole jungles of forest, over streams their horses had to swim and over mountains that the people of to-day would regard as strictly impassable unless on well-built highways and in easy-riding automobiles.

Wild beasts, famine, pestilence (and nothing scientific known about them either), no hospitals, few neighbors, schools and churches poor and few and far between, and—almost everywhere—treacherous savages waiting to burn and to kill.

An old pioneer patient of my father's told me that, when first he had settled, his wife, for many long years, had had to watch the little clearing where he planted or ploughed, with a loaded rifle in her hand. At night first one and then the other of the two would stand guard at the cabin windows.

His father, in New England, used, for many years, to stand guard, every Sabbath, in the tower of their little church—watching for the approach of treacherous savages.

"But," says some one, "at the present day there is no opportunity for a young couple to get such land at all as the pioneers in those days got *free*. Hence the necessity for the Government, in these days, continuing to support a considerable portion of the population on dole." I answer, "Let him regard those early taken lands as 'free,' who *still* cannot comprehend the fearful price the settlers had to pay for them, and paid for them gladly." Even as to payment in money, there are, I understand, even at the present day, in several of the States of this Union, very many lands, already in an excellent state of cultivation, but which have been bought by the state at tax sale, which can be purchased actually for less than just the fencing of the fields would cost if the fencing were purchased separately. And some of these farms include good homes, cattle sheds, granaries and barns—all of which the early settlers had to build for themselves. A friend of mine informs me that a friend of his borrowed of a relative the small amount that was necessary

to acquire one of these farms and that, then, the purchaser and his wife, the very first year of their occupancy, sold chickens, milk and eggs (alone) enough to pay back more than half the borrowed money.

No opportunity—with states so anxious to get their tax-sold improved farms back on the assessment lists!

No opportunity? I appreciate as well as anyone the ravages which political theorists of various parties, especially those who have believed that America should be sucked dry by every European holocaust, have committed in this country. Nevertheless it is a fact that, taking things precisely as they stand, the modern young couple have a hundred times the "opportunity" that was "enjoyed" by most of the early settlers of the United States.

The one and only opportunity which the old-timers possessed which the new-timers lack was—guts, self-reliance.

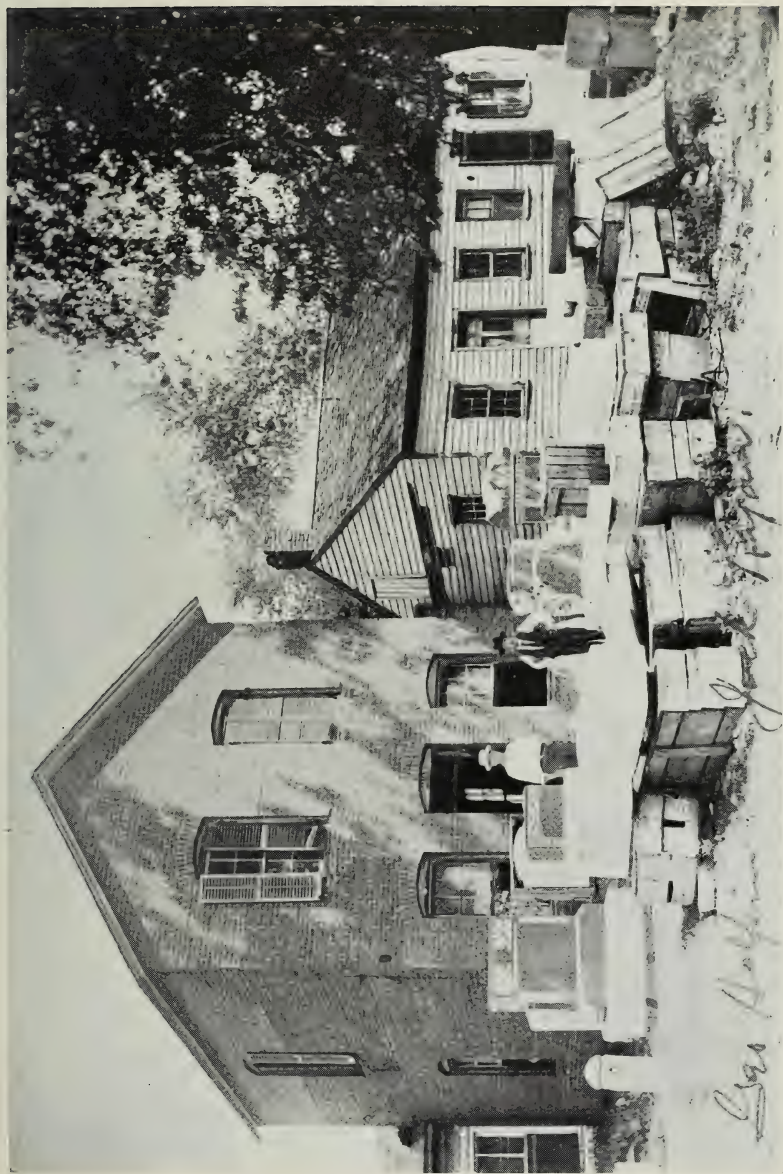
Somebody should supply that article also to the new-timers—free.

ODDS AND ENDS THAT SEVENTEENTH SUMMER

An old saw runs, "There are tricks in all trades but ours." Yes, even in the practice of medicine there are tricks—were, actually, in those far-gone, fine and simple old days. People, for one thing, of that place and time, *would* have bitter, foul-smelling medicine. Therefore a trick: even the pleasantest medicines must have something added unto them to make them bitter and foul-smelling. Then, too, they must have plainly perceptible, thorough-going effects. No delicate, diletante medicines for those people. No amateur doctorin'. No sir-ee. A purgative must purge, an emetic make you heave Jonah. Or they were neither of 'em no good.

My father used to deplore the situation bitterly, but he was helpless in the matter.

I remember when apomorphine first came into use. You shot a tiny bit of the substance under the patient's skin. And then the patient in a perfectly gentlemanly or ladylike manner, as the case might be, gave a soft-like heave—a so-so sigh such as anyone could use in Sunday School and not attract attention from the teacher—and up would come—well, whatever there was that had formerly been below.



JACKIE RIAN AT THE STONEYARD WHERE HE WORKED SO LONG AND FAITHFULLY



JACKIE RIAN AT HIS HOME, WITH HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER AND — SOMEBODY ELSE

But patients would have none of that gentility sort of medicine. "'Peared like nothin' ain't been a-doin'.'" "When you doctor *me*, Doc, you got to *doctor* me: I know my constitution." So an emetic would have to be administered that in the words of one patient who was not particularly opposed to the mixture of his metaphors, "would jest nacherly knock the socks offin yer stomach."

So with all the other remedies. Anything to cure a chill must make you mighty hot. Anything to cure a fever must make you mighty cold. A sleeping medicine must make you saw wood. A tonic must tone you "so's you could jest feel 'er all thoo yer anatomy."

Otherwise, why bother about sending for a doctor?

I can hear, even now, an old man patient saying, as Father was preparing some "heavy artillery" for him, "Now, Doc, remember! No medicine don't do me no good unless it pukes and it purges. I *got* to be opened at both ends."

Of course when a patient was *terribly* sick, perhaps even comatose, the doctor was at liberty to choose his remedies with discretion. But, in the milder cases of disease, the medicines must "go to it."

Then another thing. Whenever the granny-nurse said, or even perhaps the mother of the family, "Doc, don't you think the case calls for a little sheep-droppin' tea?" you must always, at least in the beginning, agree with the adviser. A moment later, you may modify your judgment slightly by remarking, "Or, still better than the tea, I think, *though that's good in many cases*, is this mixture I sent off for." Marvellous were the effects of medicines that the doctor had sent off for! And if, a little later, the doctor sent off for a medicine "just to be used in this particular case," then the results of that medicine were not merely marvellous, they were actually miraculous—provided, of course, the patient did ever get well. If he didn't, then "everything had been done for him that could have been done."

Not only that, but medicines bought in Boston or New York, to be used "in this particular case" always made the paymaster far more willing to pay his bill than he would otherwise have been—no unimportant matter when one is practising in tight-wad families.

I do not mean that my father ever pretended to have sent off for medicines when he had not in fact done so; I mean merely that, when he *had* sent off—and he was sending very frequently—he was careful to use the truth to the psychologic advantage of every person concerned.

Why not? I have seen patients who could not possibly improve, under ordinary treatments, perk up, pick up, turn about, and make a prompt recovery under drugs that had been sent away for “just on account of this particular case.”

The Reader should remember, in connection with all that I have said on this special matter, what I have heretofore stated about the old-time countryman’s inability to understand that a doctor’s services ever consist of more—or of very much more—than merely selling drugs.

Charlatanry? Nothing is charlatanry that makes a patient get well.

The great difficulty is that, when Doctor A makes use of practical psychology to accomplish the cure of a patient, it is perfectly ethical, thinks A. But when Dr. B. employs precisely the same practical psychology for precisely the same purpose, then it is extremely *unethical*—again thinks A.

CODE FOR DOCTOR AND APPRENTICE

Another peculiar point about old-time patient psychology was that a drug, to be really effective, must be mysterious. Even its name must not be known to the patient or to his sponsor. I cannot understand why, but, to the average non-doctor, a knowledge on his part of the name of the medicine or medicines that are being employed on any given case in his family or among his friends, entitles him to suppose that he understands that case completely—understands its origin, its cause, its manner of effects, its complications, its various stages and what is best for each of them and in all the different and numerous types of patient. It always makes him suppose, indeed, that it—the mere knowledge of the name of the drug—causes him instant, and by itself alone, to comprehend the ways of action of that drug in all its intricate ramifications and almost endless possibilities.

There is only one remedy for this well-nigh universal lay failing. Keep the names of your medicines to yourself.

There are doctors who believe that this is wrong, that it is somehow cheating the patient. Cheating him? Listen. Eight or ten years back I gave a patient with glaucoma a prescription for pilocarpin. Her granddaughter, making for herself a copy of the prescription, then made from that copy a number of other copies—and these she passed around among her friends. To each recipient she said, "This is a copy of Dr. Shastid's prescription for eye-wash. You and your friends use it." You see she almost thought herself an oculist because she had one of my prescriptions.

The consequences? I, of course, do not know one-tenth of what must have happened to people's eyes just in consequence of that fine young lady's colossal unwisdom. But I do know that, in at least three instances, patients came to me suffering with extreme iritis, for which they had quite improperly (and, in one case, disastrously) been using my pilocarpin prescription.

All merely because an unwise young lady had supposed that the mere knowledge on her part of the name of a drug I had used for *some* one in *some* kind of eye case had made of her an authority on eyes.

So back to the olden times again. My father would never tell patients the names of the drugs he was using. No matter who it was that was asking for the name or how importunate that person became in the asking, he would not name the name.

There was a rule in the profession, too, against the keeping of names of medicines secret. There was, however, a code of common sense as well as a conventional code, and I am proud to record the fact that my father, in that conflict between codes, elected to abide by the code of common sense. I am happy, too, to record that his son, even to this day, does much of his prescribing by numbers, "Collyrium No. 1," for example, means one sort of eye-medicine, Collyrium No. 2, or No. 10, or 11, or 12 (and so on) meaning something quite different. Then he sends his patient to a pharmacist who holds the key to the numbers. And he instructs his patient to take the prescription to the pharmacy he mentions and to no other. The pharmacist, on his part, is ordered never to dispense any of these formulas except on prescription.

(No right-minded doctor, of course, would ever keep his remedies secret from any other doctor.)

There is no other way to keep unwise people from fooling with things they do not understand, and, possibly, doing themselves and other people great damage. It is absolutely the only way to prevent the "floating" of prescriptions—the copying of some doctor's prescription and then passing it all round the city as Doctor So-and-so's prescription for this or for that. "When anybody in your family has that trouble, use it. It's *good*." To call it unethical to stop that dangerous sort of nonsense is itself dangerous nonsense.

Then, too, it is a fact that pharmacists are not all equally capable and equally honest—contrary to the usual foolish supposition.

There are "smart" patients, of course, who purposely take prescriptions to druggists whom I do not know. These druggists then sometimes call up and beg for the key to the prescription. Their interest in the matter, of course, is to make the sale—a purely financial, if perfectly natural, interest. Sometimes, if you do not yield the key to them, they suggest that you probably are getting a commission from the druggists who do hold the key. The charge is not correct, but you simply must expect it to be made. And, if a patient, in the first place, has not sense enough to take a prescription to the druggist to whom he was told by his doctor to take it, he, if he gets angry at his doctor in consequence and leaves him, is simply a patient well lost.

Patients who try to outwit their physicians and who insist on treating other peoples' organs with remedies they do not understand—in other words, "smart Alecks"—are appropriately lost, without exception.¹

¹ I had, years ago, a young lad with severe eye trouble, for which I prescribed, among other remedies, viosterol. The boy made a prompt recovery, also as a result of the viosterol grew a number of inches in height. Now it so happened that the mother of the boy, instead of taking my prescription to the pharmacist I had indicated, took it to a young druggist who was a new comer in the city. This young druggist, although he saw and could not help seeing that the prescription was specially directed to another pharmacist and to that pharmacist only, nevertheless called up to ask that I give him also the key to the prescription. I refused. Thereupon he had the mother call me up and beg for the prescription. I at length, weakly, yielded. The young druggist was in bad financial circumstances, said the mother, was trying to get a start in life, and would I not please, please, give him this little piece of business. As I say, I yielded.

And what was the consequence? The young druggist gave the mother a copy of the key to the prescription—just as I had asked him not to do. The mother, from that copy,

However, in the old times in Pike County, the situation was much different. A doctor at a farmhouse seldom wrote a prescription. Few people could pay both a doctor and a druggist. And, besides, to hand out a prescription, perhaps several prescriptions, instead of the necessary drugs, would have meant that someone would have to make a long hard trip to town to have the prescriptions filled—only to find even then perhaps that the druggist did not have on hand the drugs required, that none of the other druggists kept them either. And, in any case, there was the long, hard trip back home again. During the rider's long absence the patient might have suffered severely, might even have lost his one chance to get well. So it was easier, far easier, for country doctors to keep profoundly secret from the laity the names of the drugs they employed than it was for city physicians to do so.

And this was where the "code" came in, a code whereby my father and I, in the very presence of the people for whom he was prescribing, could converse about the drugs and yet not speak of them so that the patient could understand—understand even that we were naming drugs.

made other copies and handed them to her friends, remarking that now they, too, could make their children grow fast.

The result was, in at least one boy, a very bad case of hypercalcemia, with, probably, permanent injury. How many other boys had been injured by excessive medication with viosterol as a result of that young pharmacist's foolish indiscretion, I of course cannot know.

Sometimes doctors tell me, "O well, write your prescriptions in Latin, patients then cannot understand them." They can't? Nonsense. Suppose I write, "Quininae sulphatis." Can anybody in his senses suppose that the meaning, though expressed in Latin, is not perfectly apparent to a non-doctor?

In any case, an unwise pharmacist will, on request, hand the customer a copy of the prescription, which, then, he or she can have filled either there or elsewhere—and so can all his silly friends. Or the customer can, in the first place, make a copy for himself.

But, if I prescribe by a number, the prescription to be filled by a certain pharmacist who holds the key to that number, *and who will not yield the key to anyone*, I then know that foolish people are not going to go around with my prescription, using their wisdom on other peoples' eyes.

And, mark you, I have even had people throw it up to me—people I had never prescribed for or even examined, that they had tried my prescription for, say, glaucoma (Mrs. Smartwell had given it to them) and it not only had not done a bit of good, it had actually made them worse.

Finally, there is the fact that there are pharmacists and pharmacists. They are not all alike. As in the case of doctors, some are good and some are so-so. I do not mean to say that the pharmacists to whom I send my prescriptions are the only good pharmacists. I cannot know all pharmacists. But I do mean to say that those to whom I send prescriptions are men I have found to be capable and honest, and who, in addition, will not pass my remedies around to the public or assist others to pass them.

I contend that I have just as much right to specify the pharmacist whom I wish to fill my prescriptions as I have to specify a rhinologist to whom I wish to refer my nose patients.

In the first place a drug was invariably referred to as a "mixture." Then its more specific appellation was made known by the use of its initial in some other connection. More simple, really, than it sounds.

Thus, as my father with his pill-bags' strap transversely laid over his thighs—one bag hanging down on either side of him—would take from a bag a bottle of jalap and begin to dose it out upon the powder papers, he would say, perhaps, "This is that mixture that John used to like." That meant. This is jalap (j being for John and also for jalap). If I asked, "Why didn't Charley like it just as well?" that meant, "wouldn't colocynth also have been good?" If he answered, "Charley didn't like it," that meant that colocynth would not have been good for this case. If he said, "I would have given professor Samuel's remedy in this case, only the professor belonged to a religious sect called Shakers and he oftentimes preferred Quinlan's mixture," I knew that the reason why he wasn't giving salicylic acid first of all (as he would have done for rheumatism) was that the patient had chills (was a "shaker") and that he, Father, therefore wanted to give quinine (Quinlan's "mixture") immediately—to produce "cinchonization." Oftentimes, too, we had to use bits of other languages than English.

It was astonishing how much we could really express in polyglot code without the slightest comprehension taking place on the part of outsiders. Generally they did not even understand that we were talking in code.

At one place, however, there was a big strapping son in the family, about eighteen years old. When Father and I had to talk about the case in our customary jargon, he interposed, wishing no doubt to impress the rest of his family with his ability to join in the discussion of the case with the doctor and his apprentice. Said he, in the old, trite boy-Latin, "Emay ancay otnay omprehendcay anyway ingthay ouyay asay." Then he let out a yell of a laugh that could have been heard a mile or more.

Said I to Father, disgusted at the young man's loud applause of his own sally, "*Risus abundat in ore stultorum.*"

"*Autem non est stultus,*" replied my father quickly.

The young man's cheeks turned as red as his hair. He shouted, angrily, "I can stand all this other talkin' but

I'm d....d if I stand for that there Catholic jabber."

"That isn't Catholic jabber," placated my father, "although it is Latin. It is simply medical Latin, the kind that was used by doctors centuries before the English language was born, so that it now is used by doctors all over the world. You want to study medicine don't you, Edward? You've often said you wanted to study medicine some day, and learn how to cure diseases."

"Know how to cure the most uv 'em now," concluded Mr. Confident. "Mother showed me." And he soon seemed to be pacified.

Once an old Irish lady, awe-stricken by the lingo she could not understand, and filled with homage for the two "docthors," cried out to the others in the house, "Sure 'tis the Latin itsilf they be shpakin' in to one another—Latin that all the best docthors kin shpake in and that all the prastes amplify and employ whiniver they shpake to the Creator av the Universe."

As an old-time poet once sang, or somehow uttered—

"Words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaze the wondering rustics ranged around."

Only my Father would never have allowed "his" people to be called "rustics."

On yet another occasion my use of Latin almost got us into serious trouble.

That was in the house of old Mr. Scantlin. He had been quite sick for a week or two. One day we walked into his home to find him much improved. In fact he was up and dressed and seated in a chair, laughing.

When Father had finished his examination he said to me, "You examine him, son." When I too had examined, I summed up my findings thus: "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

The erstwhile patient leaped to his feet, crying: "You can't call me that. I've been called that before."

And it took my father some time to convince the old fellow that what I had just said in Latin was, "A most remarkable mind in now a perfect body."

"O!" said the old fellow, as happy as a lark. "I thought the boy was callin' me a Democrat."

"Democrat" and "Republican" were words to start fights with in those days.

As can easily be seen from the occurrence just mentioned, Father and I would oftentimes employ phrases or sentences from some foreign language when it was not actually necessary to conceal a depressing matter from the patient, his relatives, or other bystanders, but just to keep (me) in practice.

Thus, for example, I would say (in Spanish) "*El enfermo va bien*" (the patient is doing well) far more frequently than "*El enfermo va mal*." Father, who spoke little Spanish but understood it somewhat, would generally reply in Latin, perhaps "*Ita vero*" (Yes indeed) or, as the facts might require, "*nullo modo*" or "*nequaquam*." It was all good practice for the apprentice.¹

But it was chiefly in the buggy that Father and I discussed the case. In the house it could be quite risky to discuss it, spite of our code and the medical Latin, etc.

¹Such Spanish as I knew I had learned from a Doctor Hiller, a Christianized Jew who belonged to our denomination (the Christian, or Disciples). He had appeared in Pittsfield suddenly out of nowhere and had hung out a little shingle at the mouth of a stairway on the east side of the Square, which read, "Dr. Hiller, Teacher of Languages." After a year or two of scholastically if not financially successful teaching, he suddenly disappeared into the nowhere from which he had come.

Some said that Doctor Hiller was a doctor of philosophy (Ph.D.) others that he was an unfrocked doctor of divinity, others still that he was in fact a very common sort of doctor, in other words an M.D. who had failed to acquire a practice anywhere. This latter, my father once informed me, was the pitiful fact. I, however, always believed that he must have been a Ph.D. also—in languages, of which he knew so many. At church we boys always specially noticed a metallic-looking, overly bright something on the side of the good Doctor's head, which we took to be a silver plate, and which a few of us declared had been inserted to cover an artificial opening through which so many languages had been poured into his brain.

Yes, Dr. Hiller eventually left Pittsfield also. Meanwhile I had learned from his dear old melancholy lips my first few words of classical Hebrew. Also a little Italian. Also much more Spanish—Spanish, which was so easy and so beautiful. While Dr. Hiller was still in Pittsfield and for several years thereafter I subscribed to a Spanish weekly newspaper, *El Espejo*—issues of which I soon could read from beginning to end without effort and without referring to my Spanish dictionary.

Poor Hiller! He was just as much of a "nut" as was I about languages—which is "some degree" of nuttiness. He may have been to some extent responsible, because of his love for the old-time Hebrew language, for my writing the novel, "Simon of Cyrene," a great many years later.

We never heard from Dr. Hiller after he left Pittsfield. As he was fifty years of age or more while teaching in our town, he must have passed from earth long decades ago. Here, at all events, are thanks, appreciation and the warmest possible affection for his stimulating memory.

Even on the highway, however, we had to be careful that nobody had "got on behind." Boys not infrequently and girls occasionally would step from behind a tree after we had driven past it, and, seizing the backboard of the buggy-bed, provide themselves with effortless locomotion. Sometimes indeed one of them would clamber noiselessly into the bed, curl up there quietly, and so listen to all the confidential communications between Father and me.

"*Vigiliam retrorsum!*" therefore became our motto very early in our preceptor-apprentice relationship.¹

THE BOY WHO OUTRAN HIS OWN SHADOW

A long time back, O years before 1883, as I had ridden with my father, there had been a red-headed, blue-eyed boy who, from time to time, popped suddenly from behind a tree, or from under a bridge, or from the side of a roadside stump or boulder. Sometimes, all at once, from the back of our buggy, his voice would break into our conversation with startling effect.

So often did these things happen, indeed, that almost always as my father, whenever he wanted to tell me a secret, would first peer round the curtain of the buggyhood and look for Charley Brazier (only the name we had given him, of course).

¹ My father, sometimes, at our home, when playing with his sons, would try incidentally to make us familiar with some of the simplest Latin and Greek words and phrases. Thus when playing hide-and-go-seek with us and it came his turn to "hide his eyes" (as it nearly always did, because Brother Willie was generally the "counter-out" and knew shrewd methods for counting) Father, face to wall, would count his hundred first in Latin next in Greek. Then with a mighty shout, like that of a giant ogre going after large quantities of little-boy-meat, he would bellow, "*Cavete! Hic venio, Gulielme* (or *Thomas*, or *Johannes*)!" And the big barn would be full, at first of ominous silence, then of resounding feet and shouts of triumph—sometimes from Father, sometimes from ourselves.

And there was often the same merriment in the country—if practice were not pressing and Father knew the family well enough to romp with the little folk.

"Dull and pedantic!" Does some one comment on this playing with Latin and Greek among children? Not in the very slightest. Children always rejoice, don't they, in such counting-out things as "Onery, orrery, ickery, Ann; Philisen, Pholisen, Nicholas, Jan; Queevy, Quavy, English Navy, stinklum, stanklum, cherrycy, buck"? And do they not learn them easily? Well, so did Pike County children learn and rejoice in "*Unus*, one; *duo*, two," and unbrokenly on to "*centum*, a hundred." Then, "*Cavite, hic venio!*"

That isn't all. Some of those little children, because of the awakening of their minds by the old country doctor, later attended college and learned Latin and Greek quite thoroughly. Several went on with their learning and became good doctors.

Wonder is the portal to knowledge, and Father led children to that portal even as the Pied Piper of Hamelin had led other children long before into mysteries less desirable.

Not infrequently there he was too, and we never could tell just how long he had been there. Plainly, however, he had been listening with both ears simultaneously.



CHARLEY BRAZIER AND MY FATHER

(Line-Drawing by My Friend of After Years, William H. Schmedtgen, Chicago)

One day my father said to him, "You are welcome to ride with us, you know, but just why do you walk along, mile after mile, holding tight to the buggy-bed, or else sit scrouched up inside of it? Better come and sit between us here on the seat."

"O no," Charley responded, "You see I'm learnin' to outrun my own shadder."

Later, though, this smart boy admitted he had found it difficult to do that, perhaps impossible. "Still," he continued, "I want to ride behind because I like our old, white-headed doctor and want to study medicine with him some day."

Thereupon my father halted the horse, and, taking some human bones from underneath the buggy-seat, started to teach him their names—but in vain. The lad, horrified beyond measure, expressed that horror in the choicest profanity.

One day his mother told us, "That boy's a born tramp. He follows any doctor's buggy, *anybody's* buggy. And, when he's got far enough away from home, he hitches himself to the back of some other buggy that's comin' back home'ard. In fact he rides the backs o' buggies as the bums rides the rods of a freight train. Shortly, he's jest a bummin' tramp."

After that I had a fellow feeling for the queer little bundle of rags.

Sometimes we met him coming down the road a-straddle of a cow, which, evidently, had been trained as a saddle cow in early life. He wanted a doctor's compliment on his riding—got it, of course, with a hearty good will.

Years later we learned he had removed with his widowed mother to Missouri, where, one day—well, on this particular day in 1883, when I was riding with my father, a farmer, trudging along the road, called out, "Hey, Doc! Heard the news?"

"No, what?"

"Charley Brazier's dead. Cut all to pieces while ridin' the rods on a Missouri Pacific."

When we had passed the farmer, my father said—

But now I must run first backward then forward in time, as I have already run backward, to make this story complete—revealing something which has never before been revealed, yet also of necessity concealing a number of matters.

Away, away back in 1871, on December 29, there was hanged in the Pittsfield jail a Bart Barnes, for the murder of a Mr. Gresham near Pleasant Hill. The execution, as

usual in such cases, was private, but thousands of persons jammed the streets around the jail, and I, though but five years old at the time, still remember with distinctness that the mob reached all the way to our house and even far beyond it. You would have thought Barnum and Bailey's circus was showing in Pittsfield.

I also remember distinctly that, on the fateful occasion, there was suddenly in our house a great confusion. My father, for some reason I could not then comprehend, leaped suddenly from his seat in our front doorway and ran into his office. My mother too, all of a sudden was rushing about the house with hot bottles and towels and basins full of water. I somehow connected the Shastid confusion with the hanging at the jail. And there was indeed a close connection.

Now once more forward in time to yet another event. In 1878 it occurred, when I was all of twelve years old—therefore after I had begun to function as doctor's apprentice. A Dr. Brown, of Milton, twelve miles southeast of Pittsfield, had been drugged and robbed, and a tramp who had given the name of McDonald had been arrested and jailed for the crime. Writs were also out for the arrest of his several supposed accomplices. Just before the day of McDonald's trial, Dr. Brown, to the horror of the community, was found in his dooryard dead of a gunshot wound in the forehead. It was generally supposed that the Doctor had been murdered by one of McDonald's accomplices to keep him from testifying at the trial. Outrages had been committed by tramps in other parts of the county and the greatest excitement prevailed, especially in Pittsfield. Governor Cullom sent companies of militia to guard the jail and prevent lynching.

Day after day mobs filled Monroe street even to our house and beyond. Sometimes the excitement would die down a little, but again it would flare out with redoubled fury.

On the day of the greatest excitement—that just before the trial—two men, one supporting the other a little, walked into our house to see my father. A moment later they and my father and I were in the little office, attending to a man with a stab-wound in the back from which came a frightful hemorrhage. His companion admitted that he himself had

done the stabbing. The other man, however, said that he wanted no prosecution, no publicity. "Reasons enough," declared he.

My father responded with disgust, "You are both unconscionable rascals, but doctors don't tell secrets." "Not even on the witness stand?" "No, not even there." Then, to me, "the first thing any doctor learns is to keep his mouth shut. You two brawlers and killers must understand that this, my son, is also my apprentice. He, like myself, knows other people's secrets only for the purpose for which those secrets were imparted to him. See to it, you two, that, in your drunken revels, you do not yourselves tell on yourselves."

They evidently never did tell on themselves. Nor did anybody else tell on them.

But now on this day of my 1883 vacation, said my father, "Charley's dead. I couldn't help liking him either. But—Do you remember, Tom, that day of the Brown excitement when you helped me save the life of a man who had been stabbed?"

"Yes."

"Well, on the day of the Bart Barnes hanging—you probably cannot remember that far back—the same two men came into my office, and, on that occasion, the shoe was on the other foot. Rather, the stab was in the other fellow. In other words, in 1871, on a day of mob excitement, Jim Nougat had stabbed his brother-in-law, and, in 1878, again on a day of mob excitement, the brother-in-law stabbed Jim. In both of these cases the stabber and the stabbee were alike in wishing to keep the affray a secret.

This boy, just now killed, Charles Brazier, was Jim Nougat's son."

I pondered for some time. At length I asked, "Father, was there any connection between these two stabbings and the occasions for those two mobs?"

"Son," he answered, "there are almost always matters connected with any trial at all which don't get into the records." And he would never say more than that even to me, his apprentice.

MEETING ON THE ROAD

Oftener even than a farm wagon and its occupants we would meet on the highway a freckled boy with a fishing pole over his shoulder and a rag tied round a toe. As a rule the lad would be looking back over his shoulder from time to time.

Nearly all the children we met were either embarrassed and silent, as the little girls almost always were, or else excessively talkative and exuberantly kind, as the urchins were quite frequently.

For downright meanness and discourtesy you had to meet a grown-up. I recall one of these rough men of the road. He had always seemed to resent my presence with my father on his rounds among the sick. Said he on the day in question, "Young man, what do you come along so much with your father for? You can't practice medicine and I don't believe you ever can."

I replied, "No? Well, I can always sit in the buggy and talk with him or wait for him, and, on a beautiful day like this, that's attending to my own business."

The man burst out, "If you was *my* boy, I'd sure blister your hide."

My father, knowing I would understand the necessity, pretended to rebuke me with sternness. He and the farmer had then a good laugh about this and that, and away we drove still farther into the country sunshine—I little knowing that, some years later, I would be the attending physician of that old farmer in his last illness. I, however, was not what made it his last one.

The same farmer, I recall, was very superstitious, in fact he believed in all the well known superstitions of the Upper Valley in that day. He invariably made a cross with a sharp stick in the road if he had to go back to his house for something he had forgotten; he would never shoot at a rabbit if his gun had not been fired before on the same day; and he never would stay in a house if the rats had left it, or in a house whose next-door neighbor's barn had burned down. He also believed that you never could get rid of malaria so long as you had in your house an article you had borrowed and not yet returned—no bad superstition, I submit.

One day we met in the highway, and stopped to talk with him, a young doctor (young doctors *were* young, in those days). He was a tall, blue-eyed, red-headed chap, rather handsome and prepossessing, but of melancholy countenance. I will not say where he had his office.

My father asked him how he was getting started, how he liked practising medicine.

"Like the science of medicine well enough," responded the young man. "But I don't like sick folks, don't like to be around them, never did."

"Do you like people, people even who are not sick?" Thus my father.

"Like 'em as long as they keep their distance."

My father whistled softly, looked afar. "Ever try loving people of all sorts, whatever they may be? Ever hear of 'taking the veil'?"

"Yes, I've heard of it. Don't give a damn for it." And off he flew behind a spanking bay.

"Comment unnecessary," commented my father.

But the doctor who did not like to take the veil, removed a year or two later to St. Louis, where, I understand, he was very successful.

MALPRACTICE IN THE COUNTRY

There was little malpractice in the country in those days, but there were a great many malpractice suits. "Little malpractice" because almost all the doctors in that far back time gave the best that could be given in the then condition of medical and surgical science. Malpractice suits, however, were common, and for these reasons: First, there were few medical societies, which means that doctors, generally, did not know each other well, and whatever or whoever is unknown readily becomes the object of suspicion and fear. Fear breeds hate, and hate breeds dishonestly instigated lawsuits. Second, owing to the great surplus of doctors in that day, only a comparatively few of them could make a living. Lack of success in full view of the success of others in the same line of work, breeds jealousy. Jealousy breeds hate, is, perhaps, a form of hate. And *this* hatred too, like that arising out of fear of the unknown, breeds revenge—including the form which is known as the malpractice suit.

At the present day, when doctors meet frequently at the sessions of county, state and national medical societies and at the sessions of various hospital staffs, it is practically impossible for a malpractice suit, even should it begin, to live—excepting only when universally acknowledged principles of practice, such for example as asepsis or the ligation of arteries to stop arterial hemorrhage, have been violated. Suits based on mere differences of judgment among doctors, a mere belief that some other treatment than the one actually adopted would, in the believer's opinion, have been the better mode of handling the situation—such suits die before they enter court. Each individual physician must have a chance to exercise his own individual judgment in each individual case. That, indeed, is the only principle whereupon the art of healing—either medicine or surgery—has any chance to progress.

But, in the time of which I write, the situation was very different. Doctors, at least a fairly large proportion of them, had then so little practical sense that they really supposed that if Doctors A and B pulled each other down, both financially and in the public estimation, both would in consequence be elevated, greatly. At least they seemed to have believed that. And, besides, being unacquainted with each other, both A and B would be devilled continually with the usual fear of the unknown.

Among the sufferers from the consequent unjustifiable law-suits, there was, as my father told me, our old-time friend, Dr. Dublin. Strangely enough, the case in question was one which lay within that special field wherein Dublin's skill was undeniably excellent—fractures.

We had just passed Dr. Dublin, driving his blooded bay, when my father made mention of this subject. Dublin's gray-shot hair was thinning around his high forehead, and there were lines of strain in his keen, powerful face. His ordinarily bright blue and quite insolent eyes were dark and haunted by haggard weariness and lurking fear.

The preceding fall, it appeared, a Mr. Buckboard, farmer, had received a fracture of the right humerus (upper-arm bone). Dr. Dublin avowed he had set the bone correctly,



THE YOUNG AND LANKY DR. DUBLIN IN HIS CIVIL WAR UNIFORM



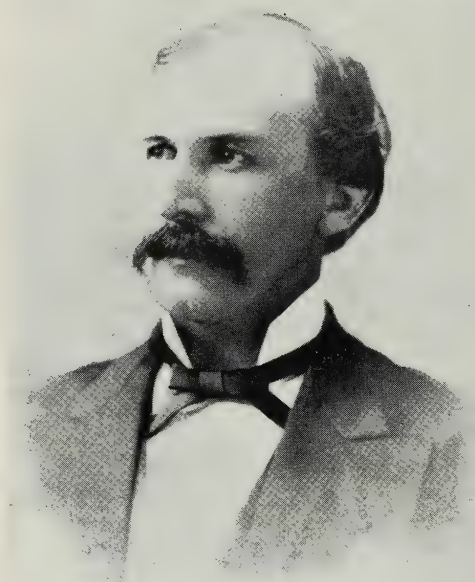
DR. DUBLIN, OLDER GROWN

Profound Scholar, Excellent Surgeon, Impressive and Aristocratic Personality, Man of a Thousand Whims and Crotchets.

This picture was taken, I understand, at the very time when the Doctor was deeply worried by his over-hanging lawsuit. His usual commandatory expression, therefore, has in the picture given place to one of sadness, almost resignation.

Dr. James H. Dublin was born in Dublin, Ireland, February 14, 1833. His medical degree was received at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons at Dublin in 1854. For a time he practised in Chicago, but in 1857 removed to Pittsfield. In 1861 he enlisted in the 99th Illinois Infantry, and in November, 1865, was mustered out as lieutenant-colonel. From that time onward he practised at Pittsfield until his death in May, 1896.

(The photograph for the first of these cuts was lent by Attorney Oliver R. Barrett, Chicago; that for the second, by Miss Hattie Atkinson, Pittsfield, Illinois, now deceased.)



ANOTHER OF THE FINE COLLEAGUES OF MY FATHER

Dr. F. M. Casal was born of old-country Spanish stock at Baltimore, Md., September 20, 1843. He was educated at Washington University, St. Louis, and at Rush Medical College, Chicago. At the latter institution he received his medical degree in 1854. Thereafter he devoted much time to graduate study at Bellevue Hospital Medical College and at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, both in New York City. He settled at Pittsfield in 1868, was married at the same place in 1870 to Miss Amelia Atkinson. In 1888 he removed to Santa Barbara, California, where he died in 1904.

Dr. Casal was a profound student in a general, as well as a medical, way. His knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics was amazing. He was also a man of the very highest honor, a characteristic which appeared to have come to him through his old-country Spanish blood, even his name. No doctor, when sick, ever needed to fear that Dr. Casal, if in charge of the sick one's patients, would play the slightest trick upon him, and no patient, high or low, rich or poor, who had Dr. Casal as physician, ever needed to worry lest his medical attendant should be not fully interested in his case.

Dublin, my father, and Casal, indeed, were a worthy trio of successors to that much earlier trio—Worthington, Campbell and Hodgen.

Dr. E. B. Montgomery, of Quincy, Illinois, writes concerning both Dr. Casal and Dr. Dublin, using however the latter's actual name, as follows: "Dr. Dublin was the first to do any major surgery

in our little Blessing Hospital here [at Quincy]. I especially remember one large fibroid tumor of the uterus operated on successfully by him. He was a Dublin graduate, his speech was very markedly an Irish brogue, and he had the strange faculty of being master of those about him and of accumulating some wealth. Dr. Casal, who used to come to Quincy with Dr. Dublin, was quite retiring in manner and far less rough and much more refined than was his colleague. . . .

"I had known the organizer of the First Pan-American Congress (in 1892), Dr. C. A. L. Reed, of Cincinnati, since I was Secretary of the Mississippi Valley Medical Society at its meeting in 1884. He, knowing that Attorney Scott Wike was the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under President Cleveland and that he lived near Quincy [i.e., at Pittsfield] asked that I use any influence I might have in securing Presidential and other official aid for that First Pan-American Medical Congress. This I did. Drs. Casal, Dublin and your brother, Dr. Wm. Shastid (the liveliest member of the profession at Pittsfield and the best of the speakers on most medical occasions anywhere) were both, acting through attorney Scott Wike, very efficient in bringing about the organization of that Congress. I also saw President Cleveland in Washington.

"Thanks to Government patronage and influence the Congress was a great success and did much to cement permanent professional relations with South America."

(Original photograph lent by Miss Hattie Atkinson, Pittsfield, Illinois, now deceased)   

but, somehow or other, there was the arm, shortened perhaps an inch and undeniably crooked and with a stiff elbow joint. Two or three doctors, one from Pittsfield, two from Adams County, including one surgeon of very great influence indeed, were willing to go into court and declare that the mal-success in question could only have been due to the unskilfulness or else the negligence of the doctor in charge of the case. O yes, of course, the patient might have interfered with the dressings and disaligned the fragments of the bone, but then—how could that be proved? Well, it just couldn't.

Now here is how I, a mere doctor's apprentice, I, the deeply despised by Dr. Dublin, came into Dr. Dublin's case—effectively.

As I rolled the matter round in my mind, I felt at first a mere vague stirring of the memory. My father had never had that case, yet I remembered something about it. What was it? What was it?

All at once the recollection became sharp and clear. The preceding fall (I had not entered *Inveni* till the following January), I was one day walking down in the country road for exercise while my father was engaged in a farmhouse. I, so strolling, had come to within half a mile or so of the place of the very Mr. Buckboard who was now the plaintiff in this suit against Dr. Dublin.

And *so* what? Well, I happened—merely happened—to recall that, as I had reached the wagon-gate of Mr. Buckboard's place, there was the gentleman himself perched on the gate with a wheat-straw dangling from his lower lip.

And, after our mutual salutations, he had told me he was waiting for a Dr. So-and-so [an outrageous Y. of P. man] to arrive from Adams County, who was going to break and then reset his broken arm "properly."

At once I related my whole recollection to my father, adding, "Had I just done as you have so often advised me to do and written that important matter down, as I have in fact written a good many things, I could now have a clear record of the case and help Dr. Dublin out."

"Written record!" shouted my father. "You don't need any written record. You do not even need to spend one

minute in court. Let's drive to Pittsfield and then you can tell Dr. Dublin what you know."

"Not I," I protested, "but *you* can tell him and all he needs to know. That bad job is the work of the Y. of P. and not of Dr. Dublin."

And so, back at Pittsfield, my father went up to Dublin's office and told him my entire story.

"That boy! That— That— Smart Aleck of yours— You think—" The Doctor could not believe that so unworthy a speck of insignificance as I was could possibly be of the slightest service to anybody.

But the value of my information on the case, as my father shortly afterward informed me, soon became clear in Dr. Dublin's mind, and so the Doctor had his lawyer investigate. Neighbors of Mr. Buckboard had been present when the Y. of P. had rebroken the bone and re-set it. They also were able to testify that, afterward, Buckboard had cursed the very day whereon the Y. of P. had "done his miserable work" and "ruined my arm." So angry was he that he had even begun to talk to Dr. Y. of P. about a lawsuit for damages from *him*, whereupon Dr. Y. of P. declared that what ailed the arm was not what he, but what Dr. Dublin, had done. "Anyway," he had said, "I ain't worth a dollar to pay a judgment with and Dublin could pay you thousands. He ought to; he done you harm."

Buckboard saw the point. The man that ought to be sued, the man that had done him damage in the case, was, of course, the one that was able to pay a judgment.

More than even that, earnest enquirers went to Dr. Y. of P. as if to ask his help for pains they had had in some bone, and, by way of prelimination, asked if he was the same physician who had helped farmer Buckboard out of his trouble. And the Y. of P. had said, "Yes." (He took it of course that Buckboard now was saying that the guilty one in the arm matter was the one who could pay him a judgment, also that the enquirers had had from Buckboard a good account of the skill of him, the Y. of P. man, as, otherwise, they would not have come to him.)

To make long short, the skilful lawyer of Dr. Dublin, Wm. A. Grimshaw, not only suppressed the dishonest case of Buckboard *vs.* Dublin, but, in addition, he had a most excellent case against the Y. of P. and the somewhat wealthy Buckboard for slander of a physician and for fraud and I know not just what else.

The upshot was a payment of heavy damages to Dublin by Buckboard and the removal into the far west of that dishonest Y. of P.

All of which had come from the excellent information supplied to Dr. Dublin by T. H. S., otherwise known as "The Tramp."

Anyway, Dr. Dublin was a very good friend of mine thereafter, was he not?

He was not.

No, not *he*.

He was too excellent a hater and too poor a forgiver. Was not I the little cur that once had said to His Majesty, referring to my father, "Wrong as he was, he was right"?

Was not I that?

Yes, indeed.

And Dublin? "Right as he was (in the Buckboard case) he was wrong (in the case of me)" for I really had rendered him a most excellent service.

But that very service seemed to irritate him so much the more against me.

THE BEAUTIFUL SKULL

Now and then, on the Public Square, I met—at least I beheld—Dr. Dublin. Proud, majestic, implacable, he towered above me, sometimes ridiculous, sometimes awe-inspiring. As a rule I felt strangely insignificant before him, like a tiny ant in the presence of a being from a better world—I, the ant, desecrating by my very presence, the soil whereon he found it necessary to tread.

Sometimes I tried to speak to him. No use. I might as well have cried "Hello!" to an archangel.

One day he acquired a dissectible demonstration skull—a thing of beauty and a joy forever, even if not to its former

owner and tenant. It had been most carefully cleaned, degreased and ether-bleached. The arteries had been picked out in red, the veins painted in with blue. There was a sagittal cut, a vertical cut, and there were cuts in other directions, and the whole skull was hinged, here, there and everywhere, with gold-plated hinges!

A skull quite appropriate for an aristocratic owner!

This skull Dr. Dublin brought down promptly to my father's office, asking to leave it with him for awhile—but added, "I expressly stipulate that this skull is not to be re-loaned to any other person whomsoever, not even [he glowered] to a member of your own family."

My father politely took the skull, kept it till next morning—early—when he returned it with profuse thanks.

One day a schoolteacher came into my father's office and told me, laughing, that recently he had asked Dr. Dublin (the answer to be reported to a class at school), who in your opinion, Dr. Dublin, are the three greatest physicians alive to-day. And the big doctor, after a little vigorous coughing and still more vigorous expectoration, during which he whooped and hoo-hooed till the welkin rang, straightened up, pounded himself on the chest, and declared, also quite vigorously, "The other two are Lister and Koch."

"Whether he was joking or in earnest," added the schoolteacher, "I don't know."

I, likewise, had me doots.

MY FATHER'S CONTRAPTION AND DOCTOR DUBLIN'S GREEN TIE

After my father's accident near Kespohl's brickyard (hereinbefore related) whereby he was thrown backward out of his sulky on his shoulders and head, my father became very timid about horses. And this timidity grew.¹

¹ By a curious coincidence my father, long years after the time of which I now am writing, but in nearly the very same spot, was again thrown out of his sulky backwards—not by the same, but by another, horse. Whether he again was succored by the Kespohls (real name) I do not know, but, after the second accident, his paresthesia, though still somewhat in evidence, was nothing like so troublesome as it had been after accident number one. "Similia similibus curantur," a homeopath might have exclaimed.

Even after the second accident, however, my father continued to sit at church in his overcoat and muffler.

At last, one day, there appeared upon the scene an agent for a contraption—one in every way adapted for the encouragement of those who were timid about horses. This contraption, patented, was one whereby the driver of a vehicle could, in case his horse started to run away, simply pull a leather string, and presto! the horse was completely detached from the vehicle, so that he could run and keep on running as long as he wished, sans buggy, sans driver, sans everything except a very small part of the harness, his own peculiar personality and a large amount of fright.

The driver of the buggy, meanwhile, was to remain seated in his horseless carriage—long, too, this was, before the time of automobiles—contemplating the peaceful serenity of the country landscape—through which his own erstwhile sufficiently contented equine companion was receding at the rate of perhaps half a mile per minute toward the Pittsfield portion of the distant horizon.

My father bit—and bought.

Then began pandemonium.

One would naturally have supposed that anybody, doctor or layman, would have had a perfect right, if so his judgment dictated, to buy, purchase, get hold of, secure the sole right to and also acquire, any sort or kind of "contraption" that he liked, provided it did not in any wise interfere with the rights, privileges, interests, et cetera of any other person or persons, including their right to use the roadway or at least to drive around anyone else who happened to be stranded in the middle of it, devoid of all available motive power, means of getting forward, et cetera.

But so the good people of Pike County by no means seemed to think. They appealed particularly to their rights of free speech.

They asked my father, pointedly, how, in case he should manage to release his horse in due time, and should thereby and in consequence be left high and dry in the roadway, the very monarch of all he surveyed, he could, nevertheless, thereafter be able "to get on in the world."

My father pointed out courteously enough that better it was to be left in this world e'en though devoid of all means of "getting on" in it, than to be haled willy nilly into some

other world, which might or might not be worth getting on in.

Then they would respond, "Yes, but would it not be better, far better, even assuming the desirability of remaining in this world and of getting on in it, to maintain, rather than to sever, relations with a perfectly blameless horse—one which, for example, might have been quite justifiably excited on seeing his own wet place in the road—and then, having maintained those relations, to guide the poor horse to the place where he should properly have gone—to wit, the houses of the sick where people were awaiting the ministrations of a doctor?"

Again my father would reply, "A frightened horse does not respond to guidance; he will even run into a tree or off the sides of bridges."

The inquisitors, then, would follow up the investigation. "If you do not like that trait in horses, Doctor Shastid, why do you not drive a mule? Mules are cheap and strong and handsome. Their wings are as the wings of the birds. And, when running away, they stick to the center of the road."

Another type of man would question: "What would you do, Doc, if your horse started to run suddenly? Then your buggy would be goin' as fast as the horse was, or just about that. Suppose that then you pulled the string and the horse went off alone—what would keep your shafts up? Wouldn't the ends of 'em jab into the ground? And wouldn't then the rest of the buggy heave a complete somerset so that when you woke up in it—sayin' you did ever wake up—wouldn't you be facin' in the wrong direction?

"Here you are, fer instance, out in the country. You're ridin' toward a patient. All at once horse jumps into a run—you pull string—horse goes off by his lonesome—shafts stick into the roadway—buggy turns turtle and more turtle—and there you are at last sittin' ca'm in your buggy and facin' the wrong direction.

"Suppose you simply ignore all them air fractures and dislocations you've accumulated, even so you're facin' the wrong direction.

"Suppose you *air* a man o' spunk, and do get out and turn yerself into a good-size locomotive, even so, you've got

to turn that buggy round right there in the road an' no turn-table to turn 'er on, an' so forth."

It was no use. The jesters had it. They simply would tolerate "no contraption" in a doctor's buggy.

My father attempted to show them that a doctor certainly has as much right to one contraption in connection with his buggy as a farmer has to fifty or sixty in connection with his thrashing machines, mowers and hay cutters.

But it was all of no use. The people of Pike County, farmers and townspeople alike, would have it that a "contraption" was as much a breach of professional etiquette as it had been, some years before, for my father to drive a palomino horse.

And then they began to revive all that old-time jocular-ity about the palomino, the "circus horse" my father had used to drive, "the ivory colored equine, with his white mane and tail." "Did a pretty circus lady oncet drive 'er, Doc? a pretty circus lady, with close-fittin' tights, so you could see jest how she was made, powder an' paint on 'er face and spangles in 'er hair, like the stars in the big sky?"

But my father was much more obstinate about the contraption than he had been about the palomino. The latter he had given up easily. The people *had* been more or less correct about that "circus equine." It *had* savored of levity. But the contraption, *it* was a real, a decided, mechanical advance, a contribution toward the safety of the world—if people would only understand it and use it.

A pleasant feature of the situation was that my father saw the humorous side of the rig-a-ma-jig quite as plainly as did his perfectly friendly tormentors. In fact I sometimes thought he got more fun out of it than did they. Often and often a group of farmers would gather around "the contraption buggy," discussing its pros and its cons with parliamentary seriousness, my father responding with equal seriousness, until, all at once, the crowd, no longer able to contain itself, would "split," go into convulsions and wild yells, so that the ancient hills of Pike County would awaken, join in volley after volley of the most jocund din.

And the American people have always most dearly loved those on whom they have had the best of their jokes. So,

quite naturally, the flood of jokes about Father's contraption served to make him more popular even than ever before.

So true was this that Dr. Dublin's great jealousy became at length aroused in the matter. He saw in that contraption merely an unfair, a highly unethical, device which my father had purchased for the sole and simple reason that he wanted to play a trick on him, Dr. Dublin; to make himself, Dr. Shastid, more liked by the people, more talked about, more thoroughly advertised and admired. He, Dr. Dublin, could hardly understand what he, Dr. Shastid, could have been thinking about when he had purchased that device. He, Dr. Shastid, to do an unethical thing like that! Why he, Dr. Dublin, was surprised!

One day when Dr. Dublin had been coughing and spitting with all his customary relentless energy in the Courthouse yard, and when my father at least had accosted him courteously, the Doctor took my father to task about the contraption in first-class Hibernian style.

Thereupon my father, who plainly held all the patent rights to that contraption for the entire area of Pike County, offered to make Dr. Dublin a perfectly free gift of a sublicense to use that same patent-right for the same precise area.

And did Dr. Dublin accept the offer? He did not. He flew up to the skies instead. What! be particeps criminis in this matter? My God, no! My holy God, no! And of all the Dublinese profanity that he poured out upon my father!

But my father "laid for" Dr. Dublin—and got him.

Each St. Patrick's day "in the marnin' " the Doctor had been accustomed to put on a large grass-green, perfectly Irish-green necktie, or "cravat," and then to going about where all his Irish friends were sure to see him.

Observing which happen again, the next March 17th after he had purchased the contraption (I now run forward to a time when I was at Inveni again) my father, so he wrote me, with sober countenance but almost bursting with internal laughter, stopped Dublin on the street, and, as well, I know, as an accomplished actor could have done it, took Dublin severely to task for being "unethical" in that he had put on a glaring green necktie and exhibited himself pur-

posely therein as a means of making a play for the Hibernian practice.

Dublin turned purple and away at the same time. A few days later he stopped us (I was then at home again) on the Public Square and apologized to my father. "By the Mighty!" said he, "it was a dirty thing I did and an unethical, putting on that tie and strutting around in it. I will wear it no more." He was quite serious too.

And never did he wear it more, as I remember.

Yet he later got even with my father for speaking of the "unethical" tie. Years later, on the Public Square, near the jail, he pointed to that structure and cried, hoarse with rage, "In there's where you belong, Shastid. You dirty. . . . You sued a man. Don't deny it. You sued [he gave the name]."

"The man plainly owed the money," defended my father. "He had plenty of it and to spare."

"He owes *me several bills*," rejoined Dublin, "also several other bills to several other doctors here in Pittsfield."

"All of which shows simply that the debtor is dishonest, and that all you other doctors are foolish," was my father's final reply.

A few years later all doctors were suing for such bills as wealthy skinflints would not pay, and even the most pharisaical of physicians would not say that it was "un-ethical."

All of which, in a way, goes to show how very much of the so-called "ethics," medical and other, is simply a matter of place and time—of custom, to express the matter clearly. Indeed the very Latin word, "*moralis*," from which we have our English, "*moral*," means "relating to manners, or customs." For a long time the mere letting his name appear in the public prints by a physician, no matter how perfectly true the fact or facts that were printed in connection with the name, was regarded by the medical profession as a crime of the blackest hue. Then, in the 1890's, the world-renowned surgeon, John B. Murphy, of Chicago, began using front-page newspaper space, and continued using it for a long time and superabundantly in several of the Chicago

dailies, and, a little later, the even more justly celebrated Mayo Brothers did the same thing in many of the magazines and newspapers of the world. This put an end to the nonsense that the use of printer's ink by physicians is, regardless of the ideas expressed, "unethical," and, to-day, even an ordinary doctor may let a paper print a notice of the fact that he has been, say, elected president of his local medical society and may even supply the paper with a copy of his photograph to accompany the article, and yet be fellow-shipped by all his brother physicians as entirely "ethical."¹

¹ It is a curious fact that physicians, as a rule open-minded and, despite the great exception of the germ theory and Listerism, ready to change with the changes brought by social and scientific progress, are, nevertheless, so utterly hide-bound in the matter of what they call their "ethics." Even to-day they constantly refer to the Code of the American Medical Association as if it were, by the very nature of the universe, something unalterable—something like, for example, the Ten Commandments of the Bible.

This latter comparison, indeed, has been so frequently set up and with such positive assurance that I wish now to refute its implied thesis absolutely—if for me it is possible to do so.

The Ten Commandments are stated in the Bible three different times—twice in the same form and once (on a later, and final, occasion) in a form that is very different. They first of all appear in *Exodus*, XX. Next they appear in *Deuteronomy*, V. On both of those occasions there is no material variation in the Commandments. (The appearance of the Commandments in this, their primary, or provisional, form, twice, is due, according to Biblical scholars, to the fact that the so-called five books of Moses (Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy) were not, in their present form, composed in the time of Moses (15th and 16th centuries B. C.), but in the 4th and 5th centuries B. C., and that they are of a composite character. That is, as Sunderland, "Origin and Character of the Bible," p. 45, points out: "All the Old Testament histories are compilations. . . . The Pentateuch . . . is not Mosaic, it is a mosaic.")

The third appearance, however, of the Commandments, is in a decidedly variant form. That is to say, as Moses, coming down from Mount Sinai with the slabs of stone in his hand whereupon the Lord had written the first form of the Commandments, he beheld the Children of Israel engaged in idolatrous worship. *Exodus*, XXXII, 19: "And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf [the idol that they were worshipping] and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount."

After which, *Exodus*, XXXIV, 1, "And the Lord said unto Moses, Hew thee two tables of stone like unto the first: and I will write upon these tables the words that were in the first tables, which thou brakest." Moses did as directed, and the Lord wrote upon the tables a set of Ten Commandments which, as already stated, were quite different from the first set (already twice recorded in the sacred narrative) although, singularly enough, "the words" were to be those "that were in the first tables which thou brakest."

Now for the point of the entire matter. The original "Ten Commandments," those which, for some reason, are taught to this day by churches and Sunday Schools as "The Ten Commandments," as if there had been no other and later set, were, already, even in the very time of Moses himself and by God himself, set aside by another set of Commandments—of so extremely little "permanence" was the first set.

The first, or provisional, form of the Commandments is already so well known to every reader that, in *that* form, the Commandments need not here be repeated. The definitive, or final, form, however, of the Commandments, is so thoroughly *unknown*, that no understanding of this footnote could possibly be had without a fairly complete setting forth of the Commandments in that final form. The language is that of the Revised Version, and the interspersed amplifications, reasons for and explanations of, the Commandments are, for brevity's sake, here omitted: 1. Thou shalt worship no other god. 2. Thou shalt make

CONSULTATIONS

There was certainly one feature of the code of ethics, however, which deserved and still deserves the very highest praise. I refer to the provisions regulating the manner in which consultations were to be held. On this head I can do no better than quote from a most excellent editorial in *Minnesota Medicine* for January, 1940, pp. 57-58: "Physicians in the preceding generation were very meticulous in the manner in which consultations were carried out. The referring physician entered the room first, and, on leaving the room, followed the consultant. The reason was obvious. They then retired to discuss the patient in private. The discussion of the case in private was a fundamental part of the consultation which might well be perpetuated. Telling the patient about findings or giving advice on the part of

thee no molten gods. 3. The feast of unleavened bread shalt thou keep. 4. Six days thou shalt work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest: in earing time and in harvest shalt thou rest. 5. Thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, of the firstfruits, of wheat harvest, and of ingathering. 6. Thrice in the year shall all your men-children appear before the Lord. 7. Thou shalt not offer the blood of my sacrifice with leaven. 8. Neither shall the sacrifice of the feast of the passover be left until the morning. 9. The first of the firstfruits of the land thou shalt bring unto the house of the Lord thy God. 10. Thou shalt not seethe [boil] a kid in its mother's milk.

Needless to say that only the first two of these supercessive Commandments and the first half of the fourth could have the slightest validity, even applicability, at the present day. Hence, perhaps, the fact that many ministers and Sunday-school teachers at the present time, do not even refer to this, the final, form in which the Ten Commandments were laid down, but, instead, they, passing over the later, resort to the earlier, Commandments as if those alone had ever existed.

We may go still further and point out that the Commandment regarding the observance of the seventh day as the rest day (a Commandment which appears in both the two provisional and also the one final form of the Commandments) was not by the Jews themselves observed, no not even by the very generation by whom both the first and the final forms of the Commandments were, or are supposed to have been, personally received. Says Hastings' "Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics," Vol. IV, p. 515: "Down to the time of Nehemiah the rule for the cessation of labour on the sabbath day was disregarded (cf *Neb.* XIII, 15ff.)." In other words the seventh day of the week was *not* observed as a day of rest for about one thousand years after the day-of-rest law had by Moses been promulgated. During the four centuries just prior to the beginning of the Christian era, it was in fact observed. And, after the beginning of the Christian era, it was observed until the time when Constantine, first Christian emperor of Rome (4th century A.D.) merged the rest day with the Lord's Day—in other words moved it to the first day of the week.

And from then to the present moment, more than sixteen centuries, the Commandment relating to the observance of the seventh day of the week as a day of rest has been ignored by all the Christian populations of the world, save two or three minor denominations only, and even very largely everywhere by the Jews themselves.

Perhaps I may incidentally refer to the fact that this, the fourth, Commandment has a first, as well as a second, part—a first part which, however, is as thoroughly disregarded as is the second. "Six days thou shalt work." Note that the language is not at all permissive, but absolutely mandatory—not thou *mayest* work, but thou *shalt* work. The almost universal attitude even of Christian ministers themselves is highly favorable to "the five-day week." Perhaps properly so, but what about the "absolute permanence of the Ten Com-

the consultant is not to be tolerated unless he is specifically requested to do so."

In this quotation I would make two changes. At its close I would add "by the referring physician." At its beginning I would change "in the preceding generation" to "two or three generations ago."

My father and Dr. Dublin followed these rules, and it made for friendly relations between them, also redounded to the great advantage of the patient, because, in a perfectly friendly consultation, each doctor contributes his very best efforts toward the curing of the patient—something which cannot occur when attendant and consultant get to wrangling because they have carried on the consultation in the patient's presence. Over and over I have heard patients declare their

mandments"? What about their being "as unchangeable as are the very laws of nature"?

Consider also in the first (the never delivered) set of Commandments, the seventh, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Not one word against fornication. In the final set, moreover, even prohibition of adultery has disappeared. "A perfect code of morals for all time!"

Consider, too, in the never-delivered set, the ninth Commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." In classical Hebrew the word for "neighbor," *ráy-ab*, had a very narrow meaning, a meaning which Jesus very much enlarged long centuries later. Ministers not infrequently tell us that this Commandment meant simply, "Thou shalt not lie." Why, then, so many words that merely obscure the meaning? The entire Commandment, moreover, in the final, the actually delivered set, was omitted.

Consider also, in the never-delivered but to-day ministerially ratified, set of Commandments, the tenth. In "a moral code perfect for all time" one might surely expect at least some condemnation of human slavery. Yet, in this, the tenth, of the Commandments which most ministers still ratify, we find at least implied approval of slavery; "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's." Both the makers of the Authorized Version and those of the Revised Version certainly translated this Commandment with very great ambiguity in that they rendered the Hebrew "ebed" (whose meaning is indisputably *slave*, one undergoing *involuntary* servitude) as "servant." The Hebrew for "servant," one undergoing *voluntary* servitude, is sometimes *na'ar*, sometimes *meshareth*, never *ebed*. The grouping, moreover, of "maidservant" and "manservant" with the ox, the ass, and other kinds of property, should suffice to put even a casual reader on his guard in the matter.

And slavery, in *those* days, in Palestine, was *white* slavery!

Finally, no less a person than Jesus himself, centuries later than the date of the Commandments (*Matthew*, XXII, 35-40) added to those very Commandments which have been called by so many "the absolutely perfect code of human conduct for all time," the two greatest Commandments of all: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the great and first commandment. And a second like unto it is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

So much for the "absolute permanence of the Ten Commandments for all time," "as unchangeable as the very laws of nature," of which we hear so much and so continually and with so little truth. There is no such permanence in the Ten Commandments or in the Code of Ethics of the American Medical Association or in any other code or set of morals that ever has been or can be devised. Man himself is continually changing, evolving, and, with his continual evolution, even his morals and his religions can, must and do evolve also.

The only thing to me that is certain is that existence (God) changes forever, and that we, who are of him a part, will necessarily change also.

wish "that each doctor would always examine the patient in the other doctor's absence, and that then they would do the discussing in the presence of the patient. Suppose they do get to quarrelling. Maybe in that way the truth about the case would come out."

Such persons simply do not understand the nature of the situation in a consultation: (1) A consultation is not something which has been arranged for the robbery of the patient, but is an attempt on the part of both physicians to work out the best possible mode for securing the patient's improvement or cure. (2) This goal cannot be reached by means of a consultation in the patient's presence—a situation in which each doctor is necessarily forced to try to seem a better doctor than the other. (3) If the doctors do get to quarreling in the patient's presence and the patient is a very sick person, the result may be exceedingly distressing to that patient, even disastrous. (4) Even if the quarrel does not disturb the sick one in the least, it will, even so, be much more likely to bring into the open and before the patient not "the truth" but about all the self-protecting falsehoods that each of the quarrellers can devise. (5) It may, to be sure, bring out some truth, as well as some falsehood about the case, but the patient, being wholly unlearned as to the matters in question, cannot possibly decide which statements concerning them are true and which false. Indeed, I am inclined to think, knowing patients as I do, that the average patient would be far more likely in such a situation to regard the utterly false as the true and the true as the utterly false.

Years later, when I myself was a physician practising in Pittsfield, I, not my father, was one day called into consultation with Dr. Dublin and his physician son-in-law. The latter, a man of considerable ability, was, like Dr. Dublin, a large-sized man, who, in most things medical, quite naturally took his cue from Dublin, his preceptor—or former preceptor. The two men were office-mates.

A young married woman who was visiting in Pittsfield, had met with a highway accident, wherein the tibia of one leg had been broken and both ends of the fragments had been pushed completely through the skin and not only into

the atmosphere but also into the roadway dirt itself. A bad, a very bad, compound fracture therefore.

I, arrived at the house, found both Dublin and his son-in-law there before me—which was right enough. My courteous salutations went unnoticed. I nevertheless, although ignored, examined the patient, and, when the two other doctors retired to discuss the case, I, though uninvited by those two, did nevertheless at the earnest invitation of the patient's father (at whose house she, the patient, was staying) followed the two other doctors into the yard for the discussion. There again I was wholly ignored. "A clear case," quoth Dublin. "Amputation absolutely necessary." "Well, of course," agreed the son-in-law. Before they turned to leave, I thrust in my words: "Disinfect, resect, and give that leg a chance."

Both silently led the way to the house. Therein they bluffly said to the patient, "An amputation or you die."

The patient turned appealing eyes to me: "Tom, did you say that?" She, as a much younger pupil than I in the Pittsfield public schools, had known me well for years.

For a moment I thought of saying, "These two other doctors have ignored me completely, treated me as no doctor at all. I, therefore, am no longer bound to them by our code of ethics, and I, therefore, will, though it is contrary to custom, tell you my views direct." But at once I thought better of that, and so said to her only: "What I have thought about this case I have, in accordance with our invariable rules, told to the attending physicians, and I can tell it to no others."

She thereupon began crying, and I went away.

But a stubborn little woman was she. She simply would not part with that leg. So the attendants, wisely or unwisely, disinfected and resected. The patient got well, and, though the leg was somewhat shortened, she used it gladly and gracefully until her death long after.

But the sequel. Her father, on the south side of the Pittsfield Square and in my presence (I happened to be going by) paid the bill to the two attendants. Then he turned to me and asked, "Your consultation fee, Doctor?" "Ten dollars" [the customary amount].

Before he could pay me the money Dr. Dublin butted in with the only piece of outright disingenuousness I had ever known to come from him. Said he, "If we two had taken Doctor Shastid's advice, your daughter would have lost her leg."

"You mean to say," asked Mr. Allen, "that it was Doctor Shastid who advised amputation, not resection?"

"Exactly," said Dublin.

"Then, when you two, after the consultation, came back into my house and earnestly advocated amputation it was because Doctor Shastid had out-voted your two votes and got you two to condemn most bitterly the very thing that you two really believed in?" He was an old horse-and-cattle buyer and a keen, shrewd judge of human nature. He had seen with perfect clearness that both these men had, at the meeting in his house, paid not the slightest attention to me or my views.

"Well-er-ahum," went Dr. Dublin weakly. Then he turned to the gutter and began coughing and expectorating in that old-time, far too vigorous, way. He was plainly sparring for time.

When he had voided his phlegm, he began on Mr. Allen again. "I would explain the matter fully, Mr. Allen," said he, "but it is highly technical and very difficult for a layman——"

But Allen broke in. "Even a 'layman' *may* understand some things, Doctor Dublin," said he, "and among those things are plain and simple words which he hears with his own ears. When you and your son-in-law, trailed by the young doctor here, went into my yard for the consultation, I went to an open window in my house, and there, unheard and unseen by any of you, stood and looked at and heard all three of you. And you two attending physicians *were the ones* who advocated amputation, while the young doctor here advised resection—an attempt to save the leg. There is therefore no use trying to tell me differently, for I saw all and heard all clearly and distinctly. My own eyes, my own ears."¹

¹ Concerning this consultation I have letters of gratitude from both the patient herself and her relatives—inseparably commingled, however, with confidential matters concerning other persons, which I could not properly reproduce without extreme urgency.

Either soon before or soon after the above-mentioned consultation I was invited by the Pittsfield branch of the Chautauqua L. & S. Circle to become a member of that body.

So that was that.

Years later still, in southern Illinois, I was called to a consultation in the home of a preacher-farmer, whose wife had been suffering for days from severe nasal hemorrhage. When I had examined the patient in the presence of her attending physician (a general practitioner who, by the bye, was one of those that did not believe in specialism) I suggested that we retire for the consultation.

Thereupon the preacher-farmer husband urged that, as the weather was inclement, we use for the consultation the lower-floor, somewhat distant, bedroom in his large, rambling house.

That we did, and I insisted to the referent that, as the woman had a large septal ulcer, it should be at once cauterized—the proper treatment, of course.

At first the attendant rejected the diagnosis. Then he accepted it, but insisted that pledgets of cotton soaked in adrenalin should, for a few days more (the treatment he had been trying) be applied to the diseased spot.

"Meantime she may die," I objected.

"O, I think not," he concluded, carelessly.

He was the "boss" in the case. There was nothing for it but to let him boss it.

Arrived in the sitting-room, where the patient and her husband were, I of course was silent and so the referent

The message was delivered to me in person by the kind president of the Pittsfield Arc of the Circle herself, together with a request that, as soon as possible, I address the Arc on some topic of general interest connected with medicine. I promised to attend the very next meeting as a member, and, soon after, to deliver the address.

Now the branch had a regular place of meeting—namely, the medical office of old Dr. Dublin and his son-in-law, but never did it once occur to me that either of these men would consider me *persona non grata* at a meeting of the Chautauqua Circle whereat I should be present as a member of the Circle and not as a guest of the owners of the office. Besides, both Dr. Dublin and his son-in-law had two or three times come down to the office of my father and myself, there to consult with my father, and, each time, I had treated them both with very special courtesy.

But, on *this* occasion, all courtesy was abandoned or forgotten. Dr. Dublin was not present and only two or three members of the Circle had arrived. Dr. Son-in-law most assuredly was present and in full force.

Rising to his height—six feet and some inches—he moved toward me in a towering rage. "Get out!" he shouted. "I have merely come to attend the Chautauqua meeting," I replied, meekly, and then explained, "I'm a member."

"If you don't get out I'll kick you out," he yelled.

"I got out" for the man was altogether too big for me.

Next day, two or three of the Chautauqua members came to me and said, "Doctor Shastid, we're going to take up the cudgel for you in this matter: that man has no right to rule you

declared shamelessly, "Doctor Shastid agrees with me that we ought to continue the adrenalin pledges for a few days longer."

out of the Chautauqua Society just because he, too, is an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. He doesn't own the Society, by letting it meet in his office."

But I foresaw a split in the Arc if I allowed my friends to press my case, and that would not do. I sent in my written resignation.

To prevent all debate, my election and resignation were ignored, and I was treated as though I had applied for membership and then withdrawn my application. In consequence I soon received the letter herewith reproduced. All this, of course, was a tempest in a tea-pot, and has importance only because it is typical of the state of medical affairs at the time in question—explaining, for example, why there was no efficient county medical society in Pike County until 1900. Such an occurrence as that above narrated would at the present time in Pike County be unthinkable.

Pittsfield, Ill.
Nov 4th '99.

Dr. J. H. Shastid,

Dear Sir—

Believing
that under existing circumstances
you will understand without
explanation why such action was
taken. The Delphe C. L. S. C.
prompted only by kind motions
have considered your name with-
drawn, no formal ballot being
taken.

Personally, I wish to express my
regret at being the innocent cause
of any embarrassment you may
suffered one week ago—

Respectfully Yours,
Mrs. Will Bush, Pres.

A LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE PITTSFIELD, ILLINOIS,
CHAUTAUQUA SOCIETY
(Much Reduced in Size)

Soon after this letter was received I met its writer on the street, and so kind were her words, so full of gentle appreciation of my work in Pittsfield, that, to this day, I never hear the name, Bush, without a glow of friendly feeling.

"Is that so, Doctor Shastid?" Thus the farmer-preacher husband.

"I," I replied, "am only the consultant in the case. All communications to the client must be made by the physician in charge."

Mr. preacher-farmer then strode up to me as commandingly as Napoleon Bonaparte. "Doctor Shastid," he cried in a voice of thunder, "Do you know how to cauterize an ulcer of the nasal septum?"

I was dumbfounded. But I answered, "Why, yes, of course I do."

"And have you the drugs and instruments with you with which to perform such an operation?"

"Yes."

"Perform it. Doctor Turpo, have you any objections to Doctor Shastid's doing the thing that I want done?"

"Objections? Why, no."

The Doctor's face began to indicate he saw clearly he was about to lose this battle of obstinacy versus specialism. Protested he, "I told Doctor Shastid in our consultation that he ought by all means to do a cauterization, but he would have it that we keep on with the adrenalin for a few days more."

"I," rebuked the preacher-farmer, "heard that entire consultation. I posted myself in the closet of the room adjoining the room that you two talked in. Only the thinnest of partitions separates that closet from the room wherein you spoke. More: through a good-sized knot-hole in that partition I saw you both, as well as heard you."

Dr. Referent was silent—completely.

I cauterized.

No more bleeding ever occurred.

But was Dr. Turpo my enemy forever after? Of course.

I have had other experiences which fully convince me that, in the home, eavesdropping on consultations by some member of the patient's family is a regular and highly thought of proceeding. Govern yourselves accordingly and "lie not," as Mark Twain once said, "where there is no possible chance for the lie to succeed."

"The home enemy knows the terrain."

Many more consultation stories could I tell, all revelatory of human, or doctor-human, nature. But time and space forbid. So, back from the 20th century and the early 1890's to the early 1880's—1883, to be specific.

SEEING PATIENTS HOME

Not to speak about young unmarried doctors who indulged in the old-fashioned and now decidedly abandoned practice of seeing lively, bright young ladies home from church, I want to talk about all kinds of doctors seeing all kinds of patients to their last, solemn home and long—about six feet and millions of years long.

Ordinarily a doctor did not “see home” his own patient. It looked too much, as an old joke put it, like a tailor carrying home his work at night, or, as we might have it to-day, like a ranch-boss a-headin’ for one of his victims’ last round-up. Even the funeral of another doctor’s patient no physician ever really and truly delighted to attend. It looked somewhat “unethical”—too much like advertising the fact that this patient did *not* have *me*—hence, good people, what you see here is an actuality this day.

Almost always any doctor could get out of attending any funeral, excepting his own and those of his closest relatives, by the graceful, dignified, and self-advertising expedient of having some or another great hurry-call into the country “just at the moment I was starting for the church.”

Sometimes, nevertheless, and however rarely, a doctor could not evade attendance at the funeral of one of his own patients. A case of the sort in my father’s practice recurs to me vividly. Father had been attending a youngish countrywoman for some or another not very serious ailment. No blood-pressure apparatus existed in those days, in fact one never thought about the blood-pressure then; otherwise my father, in this particular case, would not have remarked at the close of his last visit to the patient, “I’ll not need to come back again, I think.”

A few days later, as we chanced to be passing the house of these people, the aged mother of the patient came out, hailed us, and asked us to come in.

On entering, we found not the patient, but her corpse.

Then we were informed that, some days after my father's last visit to the patient, she had suddenly, after hearty laughter, "keeled over and died." "And now, Doc," added the mother, "the preacher who was to have preached her funeral, the Reverend Dollmyer, is sick himself and can't come and we all want you to come and preach it."

My father looked horror-stricken. Merely to attend the funeral of one of his own patients was bad enough, of course, but, in addition, to preach her funeral! And then—he was not at all a preacher but a doctor, never had preached a funeral sermon in his life and seldom had spoken in public on any occasion whatever.

All these things I saw running through his mind, could not have kept from seeing them.

He made prolific excuses.

The family overruled them all and with many tears. They would rather, they said, have had my father preach the sermon anyway than any preacher they had ever known. He was the very best Christian, the very best man, they asseverated, that they had met in all their existence. (How I honored them for saying that!)

The upshot was that my father consented to preach at the funeral—which was even then due to take place at a near-by church. (The undertaker was already at the house, waiting.)

The procession soon formed, and slowly we drove to the little brick church, which stood by a grove of oak trees, near which gleamed numerous leaning grave stones, marking the last long homes of so many who had already relinquished their hold on mortal life.

Unspeakably depressed, I started to ask my father if he would not let me "cut" the obsequies. But, placing a hand upon my knee, he whispered sadly, "I need you." Then he asked me, "Don't they generally, first of all give a little 'life' of the deceased?"

Leaning forward, he asked the husband, who was sitting on the front seat, "Where and when was she born? What day did she die?" But the undertaker, at the same time, started talking to the husband, and the questions were not answered.

In the church I, as well as my father, was shown to a chair in the pulpit.

My father, visibly embarrassed, rose and announced, "Let us sing 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' " They sang. He read from the Bible the whole of the 15th chapter of First Corinthians, and by then he was greatly composed. The text he took from that chapter was "The last enemy that shall be abolished is death"—not a text a preacher would probably have chosen, but natural enough for a doctor. He gave to that text, too, its clear implication of unending life.

At the last he presented a brief biography of the deceased. Knowing almost nothing whatever of her life, he was naturally and painfully restricted to glittering generalities—exceedingly glittering. "Born not so many years ago," he ventured, "in one of the finest of families," she married an exemplary man, one who had always led the kind of life that Jesus had advised for all of us. (He did not *say* the husband had been a Christian, because in fact he did not know whether he had ever or had not ever been a church member.) And so on. He at all events made that wife out as "a paragon of all the virtues." Not one virtue there is, but he mentioned it with all tenderness and reverence and as if it belonged by some very law of nature to the deceased. (Almost all women *are* good, aren't they?)

At the interment he was, of course, less excursive, but even there he was laudatory in the extreme.

A day or two later, on the Public Square, old Uncle Abe Butz, a free-thinker if ever there was one, addressed my father, laughed heartily and remarked, "That there sermon you preached at Mrs. Mollikin's funeral was shore out o' place. Paragon o' all the virtues, eh? Ef there ever was a virtue she did have, nobody else but you must ever a noticed it. Listen here, Doc; jest a few days afore that high-flyer took down sick her husband sued her for divorce, chargin' adultery. She'd tried to kill 'im too, so't he didn't sleep or eat none at all at home no more. Been married afore, she had, and divorced for adultery. And her brother had forged a note on *this* husband an' liked to a went to jail fer it. Paragon o' all the—Ha, ha, ha!"

Said I to my father, "Your 'glittering generalities' glittered brightly, Father, but they were not sufficiently general. Better preach hereafter concerning any one you know little or nothing about, on this theme only, 'Faults he had, as who has not, but merits he had also—great merits indeed, which I need not enumerate.' That will fit about anybody—like a great big, good-sized coffin."

But, at that interment, I had been much worried by a certain little boy. So I now must go back and finish the tale, the latter part of which is so extremely grotesque I hesitate to tell it.

During the burial and while my father was speaking at the grave-side, some quick movement or other, off at a little distance near a clump of trees, attracted my attention. Moving slightly, I saw a small boy in the act of turning hand-springs—actually. Again and again he turned handsprings—joyfully, gleefully. No doubt he was some half-witted little fool attempting to show off. (I later learned that he lived hard by the churchyard and that he was therefore probably inured to the sights and sounds of mortality—the sad trappings and paraphernalia of woe, the falling of earth on coffin-lid, and so forth.) Burials, in those days, took longer, much longer, than they do now. The bystanders seemed to be fairly fascinated by burial scenes. On this particular day the interment, for some reason, took long indeed, and the clown of a boy continued with his endless acrobatics and even comical face-makings.

To me in truth he seemed like an emblem of the spirit of Nature, mocking the vain words of man and his promises of endless human life to himself and his fellows hereafter.

Long did it take me to recover from the melancholy begotten in me on that day—though I never told my father so.

THE UNGRATEFUL MOTHER

I have always associated that very eventful summer of 1883, especially the latter part of it, with the name of one of our most beloved patients—Miss Oleander Freemartin.

I had known her since I had been but a very little boy. She had always been what was called contemptuously an

"old maid." She was really quite lovely in appearance: a good-natured, somewhat disappointed but never disappointing, countenance: no predominating features at all excepting perhaps the eyes. These seemed to be quite loving in expression, also quite astonished. They were large and round and decidedly blue. Not the thin, or washed-out, gray that so many persons call "blue" in eyes, but a rich cobalt blue, a perfectly blue blue, a heavenly azure. They seemed to look out upon the world in astonishment, in absolute amazement, along of course with a kind of apologetic but yet profound affection. You have seen dogs look that way. Oleander's may have acquired their amazement, I used to think, from watching me eat her hot biscuits and honey—or, rather, my father, who ate even more of them than I did and faster. Never would she take a refusal kindly when she invited us to stay and eat dinner. Like our country people generally, she was made "shore proud" when the doctor and his apprentice "thought right" [were kind enough] to stay and eat with her. Whenever we could not possibly stay, we had much trouble in convincing her that we would have stayed gladly and have eaten with her only that sickness elsewhere was pressing, so that we should have to be content to gobble a snack of cheese and crackers while our buggy wheels kept spinning along.

Oleander lived with her widowed mother. I had learned that, on her father's death-bed, she had promised to stay and look after her somewhat sickly mother till that mother too had died. She had also promised her father never to marry "that good-fer-nothin' Pinkbo: Doug. Pinkbo—you know who I mean. His father an' me quarrelled about our division fence, an' I don't want no mixin' o' his blood an' mine."

She had stayed and looked after her mother. Doug. Pinkbo had called a time or two but had had to go away quickly. My father had informed me years before that summer that, even before I had come upon the planet, he, my father, had gone into the Freemartin home one day to see the mother and that there had lain the old lady scolding and abusing Oleander terribly because she simply *might* have gone out the night before to meet Doug. Pinkbo and possibly to kiss him.

"And Douglas," said my father, "is quite heart-broken. He never has married."

A quite old story, but here it was before my eyes—which was something quite different, because I could see for myself that, old as she was, this maiden lady was a woman whom the right sort of man could love quite terribly.

"What on earth is the matter with old Mrs. Freemartin?" I asked. "She seems never to get well."

"Slight leakage of a heart-valve: nothing important. Lazy to the bone! *Inertia malignans* is *her* chief difficulty. And Oleander, for long years, has suffered from heart disease of the most literal and serious character. Overwork is *her* chief difficulty. She, the sick one, toils both day and night to support and to care for her mother. She milks five cows, makes cheese and butter, feeds and beds the horses, makes and hoes garden, nails up the fences. She has even mauled rails. She washes and irons, does all the housework of course. They have sixty-five acres of fair land which they rent to a near-by farmer. So they manage to live. The old lady, of course, is really too old to work now, but never has she done much—but play at being sick and take advantage of her husband's dying request of Oleander."

"What kind of man," I inquired, "is Douglas Pinkbo?"

"Doug? Why! one of the very best." He sighed. After a time he added, "The man has been quite constant."

One day, late in that summer of 1883, as he passed along by the Freemartin place, my father exclaimed, "O, I meant to tell you. Oleander Freemartin died last night."

After a very long time I said, "She had beautiful blue eyes, didn't she, Father?" "Yes. O yes." I thought again of the Little White House.

I SEEN IT MYSELF

Near by the Freemartins', for so in a world like this the tragic and the comic do oftentimes shake each others' hands, dwelt old man MacIlfire, a chap so old that he cared for money no longer—which is fairly old for any man of Scotch ancestry. Neither did he care any more to work, which is also rather old for a man with Scotch blood in him. All he seemed to care for was to sit in a rocker on his front

porch, squirt ambler and tell stories. "Sit and rot and go all to pot," he used to call it.

He cared so little for his people—except in case they would listen to his stories—that, whenever my father went in to see them, he would not even go inside with him, and, when my father came out, instead of inquiring about the physical condition of his relatives, he would try to tell my father a funny tale.

And almost always his stories would be of personal experiences.

I recall a typical story which he told me one afternoon that I spent in his company—recall it perhaps because on that particular day, he, contrary to custom, got down off the porch, walked some distance in the yard with me and then sat down on a bucket "in under" an elm. I, for my part, sat on a honey-comb stone near by, and listened.

"One day, Doc Tommy, Tip Barber, in Pittsfield, he went to old Uncle Abe Butz, settin thar in front of his Oregon House and sold him a black hen.

"Abe pays him for the hen and says, 'Take 'er into the back yard and put 'er in the coop.'

"Tip takes 'er an' puts 'er.

"Pretty soon he comes back an' says again to Abe, 'Got another black hen I *could* spare ye.'

"Abe pays 'im an' says, 'Take 'er into the back yard an' put 'er in the coop. It's a nice hen, got any more?'

"Tip grins and says, 'One more.'

"An' after he takes 'er an' puts 'er, he takes 'er out ag'in, an' in a few minutes goes up to Abe ag'in, sayin', 'Here's t'other black hen.'

"Abe pays him an' says, 'It's a nice hen, got any more?'

"Tip grins an' says, 'One more.'

"An' after awhile Tip shows up with a black hen ag'in, an' Abe starts to pay him. But all at once he *don't* pay 'im. An' he grabs Tip by the arm an' says, sezee, 'Come back out here with me, you d..n young scoundrel.'

"An' lo and behold in the back yard, at the coop, they finds they ain't no hen to be found in it ceptin' only the one they had just brought with 'em.

"An' at that Tip he splits laughin' and Abe he laughs too an' won't let Tip give 'im back any of the money.

"Don't you believe that? Don't you think it's so? Well, then [as if adducing evidence] I seen it myself."

"Tell you another time—See how fur I can spit? I spit funder an' funder every day.—That same Tip Barber, his father took him east an' put 'im on a ship fer a long hard voyage to take the wildness out of 'im. But when Daddy Barber got home, why there was Tip, the son, a-waitin' fer 'im.

"Don't you believe that? Don't you think it's so? Well then [as if advancing evidence] I seen it myself."

"Ever tell you about yer pappy an' Christopher Brass's right hand?"

"No. Any kin to Benjamin?"

"Benjamin Brass's brother. Well, your pappy done somethin' terrible in that case, an' I was by an' seen 'im when he done it. Chris 'ad got his hand cut in the hay-cutter, an' a young feller came over the river from Missouri an' bandaged it up an' says, 'Don't take off the bandages, young man, till I come over again an' tell ye to.'

"Well, it was like the boy stood on the burning deck till his father come back and his father never come back. An' Doc Youngmeier he never come back nuther.

"An' so Chris's hand gangrened greener 'n grass, an' he called yer paw.

"An' yer paw says, 'Why, three fingers of this hand is all gangrened,' he says, 'an' so they'll have to come off.' Jest like that he said it.

"But Chris he says he'll be glorifiedly d . . . d if he ever has the fingers off.

"But next day he was terrible—chills an' all that. An' he sent for your pappy again, an' yer pappy cut 'em off. He give the ether himself an' then he cut 'em off.

"Say, don't you believe that? Why, I seen it myself."

To tease the old fellow, I affected to be incredulous.

"You don't believe me? I'll ask your pappy an' let him tell you. Here he comes now."

I turned so that my father could see me without the story-teller doing so. And I gave my father a big wink. "Father," I asked, "Did you ever cut three fingers off for Mr. Christopher Brass?"

"That hand right there," shouted the old fellow, proffering his right hand. "That hand right there!"

I took up the hand, looked at it critically, then commented, "Why *its* fingers don't seem to be off."

"No, not that *there* hand," corrected Mr. MacIlfire. "But *that* there hand o' *his*'n."

"Didn't you take them 'ere fingers off fer Chris, Doc? Answer me, I want to prove it to your son."

Father looked afar and stroked his chin. "I—really—forget."

The old man arose in great excitement. "You forget? You forget? You ain't goin' to help me prove it? Look-a-here, then. It was *you* that spoiled them fingers in the first place. I told it different jest to let you down easy to your boy. But facts is, son [he turned to me] your pappy got hold o' that case when it was goin' toward recovery, an' he put somethin' into the wounds to make them 'ere germ-bugs get up an' dust out of it, an' sir, the bugs got up an' dusted but the medicine he had dusted 'em with, it spoiled them air fingers, an' so he had to cut 'em off."

"O-h-h!" cried my father, "You mean *that* case. No, in *that* case I didn't use any medicine at all to drive out the bugs. What I did it with was your oldest son's dinner horn. I blew it and the bugs heard it and came running out of the fingers to get some of that fine lemon pie your son's wife used to make."

The old man looked mollified.

"'Twas fine pie, wa'n't it?"

"It certainly was," continued my father. "And now I recall how skilfully you held my case of instruments for me while I operated—held them just exactly right."

The old man smiled clean round to his ears. To *me*: "Told you I seen it myself."

MOUNT OLYMPUS

"I'm going to take you to-day," said my father, "to the toughest place in all Pike County—the *Devil's Dooryard*."

"We already," I said, "have Hell's Half-Acre in Pittsfield, and Starvation Hollow near Detroit. Now we are going to have a spot in the country called, 'the Devil's Door-

yard'. We are all without exception going to Hell or some similar place."

Ignoring the flippancy, he called my attention to the fact that, spite of the drought, we were driving past doors of wealth and beauty, past fields of waving grain and ripening corn, pumpkins on the vine and so forth. "And look at the sapphire sky, not a speck in it. Know what that means?"

"More drought."

"No. Heavy rains. Nevertheless, some day, before your vacation's over, I'm going to drive you to Mt. Olympus."

"I've never seen your mountain yet," I answered and begged to be taken to the place soon. So, after we had made that visit in the Devil's Dooryard (concerning which delectable location the least said the better), he suddenly cried, "By the bones of Bacchus! We'll go now, dust or no dust!"

Men wore linen dusters in *those* hot days. On this particular day there was hardly a venturer forth but had a duster buttoned to his very chin. Nay more, each and every one of them had his bandanna up before his mouth and nostrils to sift out some of the rising dirt that covered his clothing and buggies and horses in layers.

How distinctly I remember each tiny event of that day! At a certain spot, the road angled sharply left, dropped into the bottom land and then forked. One fork led across an old bridge, and a sign on the bridge warned the world that this was private territory.

My father stopped, hesitated. South of the bridge there was a rich bottom land with its big red barns and numerous haystacks like an African kraal. Farther, a tangle of willows and cottonwoods.

A man in the center of a dust cloud out on that wide bottom field waves us onward in the way that we would go—shortest cut to Mount Olympus.

"Father!" I cried, when we had got down into the creek bottom where the dust was not so bad. "Father, why do men still wear big beards? Why do not they go clean-faced, in fact? Beards can only be germ-traps and death-traps. Why do doctors especially not go clean shaven? Why not all surgeons at least? Their beards must make them very septic."

"If they wore no beards, there still would be their head hair. Why cut off the beards?"

"But over the head a carbolized cap could be worn. Also a carbolized linen suit could be put on over the whole body at operations."

But my father only laughed. "Things will never go so far as that," he said.

But afterwards, of course, they did—and farther. And I (like thousands of others, probably) had invented these useful things to no purpose. To be of any avail it is necessary not merely that a measure be "invented," or invented and even well publicized. It is necessary also that it have a good strong sponsorship from exactly the right persons. What about Grandma Heath and her liver therapy for "thinness of the blood that nothing else will cure"?

What about, for that matter, the successful "vaccinations" (cow-pox inoculations for the smallpox) by the Dorsetshire farmer, Benjamin Jesty? He indeed did not merely make an incidental suggestion in a buggy (a worthless matter indeed) as little I had done about the close-shaving, etc., but he had put the matter to the test in hundreds of cases, "and yet his plebeian efforts were in vain." Not till the doctor, Edward Jenner, had taken up the matter; nay, not till, following Jenner, the vaccinal method had been espoused by John Hunter, of London, Stromeyer, of Hannover, Brenner, of Berlin, and other persons in high places, did anything come of it.

And have not scores and scores of artists, musicians, creators of all sorts, gone unrecognized till after their deaths, when some or another sponsor, taking up those things of mighty value, have made their value recognized?

What a world, wherein value has no value till influential persons step forth and point the value out!

So too in the establishment of medical practices. The greatest doctor in the world can secure no practice in a village till Mr. and Mrs. Bigbug there—who know no more about the matter than does anybody else—emphasize to the rest of the village the merits of that doctor.

So, on that day, to Mt. Olympus, a rough, almost a mountainous, farm which my father had bought some years

before, not at all because he had thought it profitable but because he had thought it supremely beautiful—much like, indeed, the region round about Olympus in old Greece. And then—he had scarcely more than glanced at Mt. Olympus—until now. Now we would see Mt. Olympus.

Always the many sick had hurried him away—until now.

We had eaten our lunch and passed on—miles and miles and still more miles! Rougher miles too, continually.

"I can't say," said my father, anxiously, "that I like the appearance of those clouds in the west. How quickly our storms move toward us this year! Nevertheless, O Zeus, we come—Zeus and Hephestus and Hermes and Apollo and Poseidon and even Dionysus (called by the Romans, Bacchus) ho, all of you, we come!"¹

The sunlight still poured down with dazzling intensity, but my father still looked back—we were moving eastward now—into the west with great concern. "That big cloud," said I, "is only bluffing."

In several miles we met but a single farmer. "Where be ye goin', Doctor?" "Down to Mt. Olympus." "O, goin' to see yer rock farm?" "Yes." "Well, ye can't make it. All the bottom's up an' bilin'. I had to turn back an' I know each inch of the road. Giddap."

"Well," said my father, "the quickest way back to Pittsfield is to go half a mile farther, then turn north and go Martinsburg way."

Lightning coursed across the sky, followed by claps of tremendous thunder.

We could see the rain already sweeping veil-fashion across many of the distant hills.

All at once a cold gust straight out of nowhere struck us, sent dust in every direction.

Then we entered an oak forest. The overhanging branches of the trees formed a deep, winding tunnel, through which crawled our little-used road. From time to time we pretended to glimpse Oreads and Hamadryads darting and whispering all about in the dim ways of the forests. "O all ye

¹ A friend of mine has recently written me that "Mount Olympus" is simply the northwest quarter of the southwest quarter of Section 33 in Township 6 south of Range 4 west of the fourth principal meridian.

Well, I wonder!

nymphs, so friendly unto men, grant ye that my son shall behold this day and leisurely the sacred mount, whereunto I, a disciple of Asklepios, so long have wished to lead him." So prayed my father to the Olympians.

His wish, however, was not granted, then or for years later. Even long after that stormy day, when I, myself become physician, was practising at Pittsfield, we never did manage to get up any more to Mount Olympus. Only when I was a middle aged man and had removed to a distant place for practice and was one day at home on vacation, did that dream of so many long years for us become a reality.

"Dangerous among oak trees—the lightning," explained my father, as he restarted Chiron, our horse—which had been resting. And soon we left the shelter of the woods to find that the sky had taken on an unearthly yellow aspect. "Terrible tempest coming!" shouted my father, something which indeed proved true.

But before it struck us, there came driving toward us, as I remember, from Martinsburg way, a doctor whose name I now forget, but who was something of a wag. Chiron, our horse, an old gelding but a new acquisition of my father's, seeing a mare in a near-by pasture, neighed at her with imperious challenge. The wag of a doctor looked up in surprise, stopped suddenly alongside us and then, taking on an expression of pity, remarked, "Horses, like men, are fools—if they do not know their limitations."

So on we sped, seeking to attain a near-by barn and house upon a height, before the storm should break in fullest violence over us. Into the barn we drove, but, seeing the roof defective, we left the horse and buggy in that place and fled to the near-by cottage.

As we dashed inside, my father called out, "How well I remember this house!"

"What! You have practised here?"

"Yes. After a year of practice in Pittsfield I removed to Pleasant Hill—over yonder—to accept a partnership with Dr. John A. Thomas—one of the most capable and skilful physicians in the Mississippi Valley. While officing in Pleasant Hill I made many a visit to this house—and how

well I remember the first day I ever came here. After I'd been here a few minutes I stepped out to the well to get some water, and an 'old hound dog' came creeping toward me on his belly. That was so strange an experience for me with a dog—you know how greatly I fear dogs and how much not all but many dogs dislike me because of my mistrust of them. Well, I have never forgotten the incident of the old hound dog—an incident which later had seemed to presage the appreciation and affection which soon and always were to be felt for me by that young couple."

"But you never have told me about that dog and that couple and this house before."

"No, too wild, too heart-breaking, a story."

I pointed to a spot on the wall. "Had this name here anything to do with the story?"

He went and read on the wall, over where he declared the young couple's bed had stood, in large clear letters—Emily.

He stood and looked at that word some time longer with intent fascination. "It rains harder," he said, as thunder pealed again and the deluge increased. "Harder—as if the world were full of groans and tears."

"Tell me about Emily, Father."

"No, no."

But I persisted.

At length he murmured, "Well—why not?"

"Thomas, it was on the very day of my first wedding. I, in my room at Pleasant Hill, was at last completely attired in my wedding clothes and about to start for the home of my bride away down in Calhoun County.

"I had promised to be early, but, all at once, here came a young man on a foaming horse, begging that I come to this place and see his wife.

"Explaining, I refused to go.

"'But she's dying and we've just got married.'

"I had two hours to spare so I finally consented and drove my waiting rig as closely behind the young horsebacker as the strength of my horse would permit—and he was a noble, gifted, fellow, a prince of speed and high intelligence.

"When I had arrived, the young bride was in the midst of an abortion."

"What—you don't mean—"

"Yes, but the child was not the husband's—so the bride herself informed me. Nor could the husband keep his lady silent. The hemorrhage was terrific. She thought she was dying, so she made her full confession, asking me to pray for her—as if she had been a Catholic and I her priest."

"You prayed?"

"Yes, I prayed. And now I am glad that I prayed. She was a very fine woman. She told me, between her screams and in spite of my numerous protests—here in this very room it was—that she had been engaged to marry another man—a wild young fellow, a gambler, even a thief, but handsome indeed. Fascinated, she let him have his way. Then he promptly departed—as such fellows generally do.

"Then the next suitor came along, the one who had just come to my office. He, in turn, was attracted by the woman. At first she had rejected him scornfully, but soon, so fine a man he was, so utterly and absolutely different from the scoundrel she had been engaged to, that she fell deeply and truly in love with him—told him in fact her entire story.

"Thereupon he had answered that he loved her so truly that he would forgive her everything—anything whatsoever, if only she would be his wife.

"She agreed if only he would let her do one thing—get rid of the other man's child.

"He refused absolutely—so good and true and loving and forgiving he was.

"And thus it was agreed.

"But, as the time was nearing for her delivery, she, shamed for the shame she would have brought, as she thought, upon her excellent husband, went off into Missouri somewhere, she said, to secure the performance by a doctor of an abortion. Was refused. Having read somewhere of how such things are done, she attempted on the very day before the day she came to this house which her husband had had constructed for her—the day, that is, before the day of her wedding, she—poor child—with no better tool than a piece of wire she had found in her father's barn, attempted to abort herself.

"Half dead, she went through with the wedding, was, even as she spoke, almost *in articulo mortis*.

"Thank God that I saved her.

"Then I leaped into my buggy and, already quite late for my wedding, spoke sharply to my horse. He was off like an Arab. Never did I touch him with the whip. Several times I urged him with my voice. Faster and faster he flew.

"Thomas, I loved that horse, and I hope that he has forgiven me. He showed no signs at all of slackening, no signs even of fatigue, but just as I stopped him at the house of my own heart-broken bride—he fell dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, and now you know just why I often drive so slowly, excepting in fact only when practice is pressing hard indeed.

"But, as to the couple that used to live here. Often I came to see them. First one was sick and then the other. The wife became pregnant again. To the man she loved she bore a fine little girl. Presently the mother died, from some mysterious cause I never could quite fathom. A few days later the baby died too.

"The father lived on here for two or three years quite alone. Then he moved out of the country.

"Others bought the place, but, somehow a curse had taken it—so superstitious people said, and, half the time at least, the place has been untenanted. See it now: fences all gone, barn almost in ruins—very little roof and no doors."

"Father," I cried, "did you—did you—ever tell the authorities about that attempted abortion?"

As chance would have it, at that very moment there came a flash of lightning most intolerably bright and then a peal of thunder which sounded as if all the trumps in heaven had blown at the same time.

In a moment I saw that a tree which had stood in the yard behind the house had been stricken by the bolt, thrown into a thousand pieces.

At the same time a wild cry rang from the direction of the barn, and our horse, old Chiron, came tearing to the house, round which he ran some three or four times. My father dashed out, caught him, held his head under one arm and stroked his nose, while crooning to him mercifully.

The horse had merely yearned for human assurance, and, having got it, nickered gratefully, let us into the buggy, the sky "broke," and away we went homeward among the fresh green pastures and forests and fields of a still living world.

But soon there came up a biting wind, a lonesome, loud-complaining wind which, as winds in late midsummer so often do, mourned in far fence corners, in the woodlands and in stubbly fields, calling for the days that have vanished forevermore and refusing to be comforted at all.

THINGS ARE EVER DYING

In a few days there was actually frost, hoar frost.

There had been horse-mint and ox-eyed daisies all along the roadsides, in the fields golden rod and masses of wild sunflowers; but now these were soon gone. The distant hills were beginning to assume that melancholy haze which hints at the coming of Indian summer.

My father spent much of his tender-voiced time as we drove along the road (at least when not admonishing me to be less of an intellectual tramp, to cease if I could my mental wanderings, my interest in so many subjects) in identifying one after another the autumnal sounds which arose to disturb the far silence of the hills. There was the cry of a startled kill-deer, the full-throated sobs of a brown thresher, the grunts and squeals of a drove of foraging pigs, the resonant boom of a barred owl, the continual metallic contradictions of a katydid, the despondent bugle of a deep-voiced hound. In the evening there would come the plaintive tinkle of a cowbell, far away as fairyland itself.

Also from a distance in the still, desolate woodlands, there would somehow, as we drove, come to us from the fallen bark and the dying leaves the odors of slow detachment and increasing mortality.

One night, a heavier frost! Then, through all the melancholy haze and drabness and the odors of constant dissolution there all at once shone out a paradise of color. Jack Frost had painted the world, especially the sumachs and the maples, with all his most gorgeous coloring. Standing under a maple by a farmhouse while waiting for my father was

then like being under a great tent whose roof and walls were translucent with scarlet and gold.

In town the courthouse yard was full of sad, rustling leaves and heavy-headed horses hung over the hitch-rails despondently. At home my father was full of sadness. He thought it must be due to the season of the year.

But I knew better. Pittsfield was sadder than it had used to be. While still at Inveni I had thought so often of being back in Pittsfield, and, every time, I had thought of the place as one of extreme jollity, of continual smiles, of almost endless happiness and merry-making. In my dreams I had simply revelled in Pittsfield's echoing laughter.

And yet, as I got back home at the railway station, there, even with my brothers and my father to meet me and to greet me heartily, I saw that the place was sadder by far than I had ever supposed it could be.

Pittsfield the merry, had vanished forevermore—like Joy himself, "whose finger is ever at his lips bidding adieu."

Rather, it was the care-free eyes of my childhood that had vanished. Five short months at college had given me in exchange a pair that saw more realistically. Though I still loved Pittsfield (and ever shall I do so) I then could behold it more nearly as it was and had been: a collection of excellent people, but sad—as people always are in every spot and portion of the earth—sad, in the universal struggle to live, to keep themselves and their offspring out of the shadow of the Little White House.

MY MOTHER

But then there had been actual *changes* too in Pittsfield—in some of its people as well as in myself. My father, for example, had graver grown, somewhat sadder, even in those few months that I had been away. I did not then dream that my absence could have had anything to do with the matter. He had "taken the veil," had he not? Well, taking the veil meant many a hardship, many a bitter disappointment, many agonies unspeakable. It did not occur to me what his sorest trial, his heaviest burden, might have been.

And then there was my mother. She too had changed, changed even in more ways than my father. But then she, too, had "taken the veil." Every true wife and mother has

taken a veil, though she may not realize the fact. There is not much difference, after all that's been said on the subject, betwixt "the cloister" and "the hearth." And the doctor's wife? There indeed, at least in the old days, was a person who had taken on cloistral duties, even through vows unspoken. No solitary she, of course, yet her life was never one minute her own. In the case of my mother those duties were even more arduous, more burdensome by far, than those assumed by the average country doctor's wife—that partly because she was a half-way doctor herself, partly because of her headstrong devotion to the poor, whether they were or were not sick.

It was at least true in her case that "though men work from sun to sun, a woman's work is never done." At all events, get up in the night when I would, and come downstairs for, say, a drink from the water-bucket just outside the front door, there was my mother, still up, setting the salt-rising for the morrow's bread, or "righting" the baskets of rotten-specked apples, or sewing and patching and darning and "making over," or writing letters to slow-pay patients, or posting my father's soon-out-of-date ledger—glancing ever and again at Grandfather Shastid's old clock as if she were literally racing with Time himself.

And always she seemed to take things in the hardest way, to brook no slightest suggestion for easement in her work. If Woman, in her infinite wisdom, decides that, to clean a house properly, it ought to be taken apart, one stone, or brick, from another, who is man—at all events, mere seventeen-year-old boy—to criticize her ideas?

Her spirits, at times, that summer, were joyous. But still she gave no more music lessons. Indeed so far as her own playing was concerned, her piano and guitar were as silent as were the cytherae of long-gone Rome. And never that summer did I hear her carolling, "Bird of beauty whose bright plumage sparkles with a thousand dyes." Then too there were other changes. She had grown careless, quite careless, about her attire. Concerning the cause of that I could not in the least guess, until, one day, it came out from her enthusiastic comment on some or another sermon she

had then recently heard that she had become convinced that true religion teaches we should not dress at all well so long as others live round us who cannot do the same.

There was no reasoning with her on this head, no telling her she was not so bright and beautiful as formerly she had been. Religion was all in all to her, and, besides, religion to her was the particular religion of *her* church and of some particular minister whom *she* had chanced to listen to and especially of one who had gotten farthest from the scientific conceptions of human beings and human life.

Possibly she had got to thinking that "bright plumage" is sinful even in the harmless bird of which she had sung.

Saddened much about these matters I one day opened a bureau drawer wherein, as a boy, I had been accustomed to finding my pocket handkerchiefs whenever I wanted one. Looking into that drawer on that particular occasion, I found not boyish pocket handkerchiefs but bolts of bright, beautiful and expensive feminine fabrics. I looked then through all the other drawers of the bureau, and, in each and every one of them, there were bright and beautiful feminine fabrics—or garments.

"Thank God!" I cried to myself. At least her religion, even though it does forbid the putting on of beauty, still permits her to have beauty where she can occasionally feast her eyes upon it. Perhaps, in heaven, it will not be thought sinful to be arrayed in glory—to be as the angels—because forsooth there are people, black with smoke, in hell.

Think of the lilies of the field too, even in this world, and how *they* stand arrayed. Are they to be condemned because there are plants which never can blossom?

But she looked older too, as well as less beautifully garmented, and there were wrinkles, several of them, beginning to show in her erstwhile marble-like face.

I never dared to talk to her about the germ-causation of diseases, and I never quite knew her thought upon the subject. She was science-minded, and yet—

The "bird of beauty whose bright plumage" had "sparkled with a thousand dyes" was sparkling no longer. She,

like housewives generally in that day, had lost all thought of beauty—lost it at least in relation to themselves—and had become the usual household drudge. No, not the usual drudge. Instead, one of swift and tireless energy, of a veritable heavenly inspiration in everything she did. Nevertheless, I could not at any time induce her to sing for me again "The Bird of Beauty." "Pshaw!" she would say to me. "Such things are not for me any more. They are worldly in any case."

For a time, in addition to all her other activities, she, with the strange contradictoriness of womanhood, kept many birds in the house: mocking birds, canary birds, and—beauty of beauties!—red birds. But, after a little, finding herself unequal to so much extra work, she gave all the birds away, and, responding to my bitter remonstrances to her, cried: "Work! Work! I must help Father put all you boys through college. Is there not greater beauty in that?"

Later, her flowers went too, and then there was nothing at all but work—and the inspiration that gleamed and glowed behind it and all through it.

She loved the work no doubt far better than she ever had loved the music, the birds, the flowers. Yet always I thought I saw that, with the departure of these things out of her home, there had departed also something from herself that should never have gone. Perhaps I only imagined that, but, when I was back at home from Inveni the following Christmas holidays, I beheld her one afternoon standing in the deep snow of our back yard, hands actually folded before her and her eyes glowing as if with celestial radiance. So I went up to her and asked her for what she was listening.

"Not for but to," she answered. "Don't you hear it? Notice. The sweet ninny—the bird that keeps on calling 'Sw-e-e-t Ninny! Sw-e-e-t Ninny!' the whole day through. The country people all call the bird, after its plaintive song, 'the sweet ninny.' 'Ninny' means 'silly person.' Father says the word is from the Spanish Niño, a child."

And, sure enough, there on a bough of a leafless pear tree, was a black-cap chickadee, pouring out his little sweet heart in cry after cry that indeed sounded much like "Sw-e-e-e-t ninny! Sw-e-e-e-t ninny!"

So sad it all was that I thought the bird must be crying for some one long ago gone, some one never again to be seen or heard upon this earth.

Years later, as I stood by my mother's grave, this chickadee scene came suddenly back to me with a poignancy absolutely unspeakable and intolerable. "Yes, Mother," I cried, in my heart, "now *I* am the chickadee in the cold, crying after *you*—the sweet ninnny indeed—who, for so many years so terribly struggled and at so fearful a cost to yourself to help four boys who could not even understand your gracious value till you had become dead."

And almost all the other mothers of that day too were, likewise, "sweet ninnies," trying to assist their children to become the marvels of greatness which they never could have been but which their mothers had always been quite certain that they could.

JACKSONVILLE EPISODE

Before I proceed to relate what happened in my last days at Inveni College, I must speak of an experience which I had in a medico-professional way at Jacksonville, Ill., a place at the time of twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants about forty-two miles east of Pittsfield. My mother had oftentimes pointed out that, while the instruction I got from my father was thorough indeed as far as it went—thorough and likewise scholarly—it yet was somewhat lacking in one important department of medical activity—surgery. So one day, in that first vacation of mine from Inveni—that, namely in my seventeenth summer—she suggested to my father and me that I ought undoubtedly—the Drs. Prince at the Prince Sanitarium in Jacksonville being as they were such excellent friends of my father—that I ought, I say, as soon as possible, to enter that Sanitarium as a student, or medical apprentice, for at least a few active weeks of experience in the surgical field.

"Too young yet!" my father objected. "Next year will be soon enough."



MY MOTHER, LOUISA MINERVA (HALL) SHASTID,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1883



*Replica of farm house in Scott County Illinois, a mile west of Biggsboro on the
Philipps Ferry Road, where Greene Vandine Black was born August 3d 1836.*

THE LEGEND ABOVE IS IN THE HANDWRITING OF DR. CARL ELLSWORTH BLACK,
WHO ALSO MADE THE REPLICA ABOVE PICTURED



DOCTOR GREENE VARDIMAN BLACK'S FIRST OFFICE—AT WINCHESTER, ILL.

(Center Building, Upstairs)

(*Ex Blacks*' "From Pioneer to Scientist," p. 86)

Dr. Carl E. and Mrs. Black, in their life of the Doctor's father, "From Pioneer to Scientist," p. 87: "The life of our young pioneer seemed to be taking a definite direction when he located in Winchester, Scott County, Illinois, in 1857. We do not know the exact month and day. Here he first hung out his sign, 'G. V. Black, Dentist.' He had no diploma in a gilt frame to hang in his office. He had no school certificate or educational credentials of any sort. He was wholly a product of pioneer environment."

It seems incredible that any man who had so

begun life in a professional way could have attained to the title so readily and well-nigh universally bestowed upon him: "Father of Modern [or Scientific] Dentistry." Yet so it is. Abraham Lincoln, with very little aid from others, did in fact *re*-make the political world by means of the great, new democratic ferment he injected into it, but G. V. Black made the world of dentistry almost *ab initio* and almost without assistance of any sort. Or, to institute a more relevant comparison, Hippocrates himself does not stand out quite so plainly above all other physicians as does G. V. Black above all other dentists.



BUST OF G. V. BLACK

As one Enters the Memorial Rooms at Northwestern University Dental School.
(Picture and legend *ex Blacks'* "From Pioneer to Scientist," page 364)

A full length seated statue of G. V. Black was erected in Lincoln Park, Chicago, August 7, 1918, by the American Dental Association. In August, 1922, his bust was unveiled in London, England, at the Dental School of the University College Hospital. Similar tributes have likewise been erected to his honor in various parts of the world. And his estimation still increases with the passing of the years.

The next year, then, in my summer vacation, I, at the time in my eighteenth summer, went over to the Prince Sanitarium at Jacksonville to see more surgery.¹

Jacksonville, in those years, was, despite its small size as a city, not only a thriving railroad intersection, but also a great intellectual center. First of all, of course, the place was, notably, the seat of the State Central Hospital for the Insane, also of other State hospitals, as for the blind, the deaf and dumb, and so on. Then there was the private but extensive Oaklawn Retreat for the Insane. The Passavant Memorial Hospital was there, and the Hospital of Our Savior. There were numerous industrial plants, as railroad car shops, woolen and planing mills, ice factories, meat-packing houses, and fence works. On the whole a place with plenty of "clinical material." There were educational institutions, a number of them: The Illinois Female College (M.E.), the Jacksonville Female Academy (non-sectarian), The McMurray College for Women (1847), the Whipple Academy, a Conservatory of Music, and, wonderful to relate, Illinois College (1829) from which fine institution had already gone forth men that had led the nation. (At the very time when I studied in Jacksonville, William Jennings Bryan, an Illinois College graduate, was, as yet, no great celebrity, but was practising law and shaking hands in that city. Twice I met him at the Prince Sanitarium, and often I heard him praised there in his own home town as a remarkably fine speaker—which he certainly was. Uncle Billy Greene's career at Illinois College I have already adverted to.)

GREENE VARDIMAN BLACK

A number of notable scientists lived in Jacksonville, among them one whose memory will surely never die—Dr. Greene Vardiman Black, "The Father of Modern Dentistry." Merely to list his achievements would be too long, considering the central purpose of this book. Suffice it that he "changed dentistry from a trade to a noble profession";

¹ My records for the summers of 1883, 1884, and 1885, being decidedly scanty and defective, it is, I find, barely possible that the weeks which I spent with the Princes could have been in the summer of any one of those three years. Most probably, however they were in the summer of 1884—my eighteenth.

that he discovered the cause of dental caries; that he made gold the most practical filling material; that he invented and introduced the first dental engines; that he compiled the international nomenclature of dental operations; that his books on operative dentistry were used as standard English textbooks longer than any other; that his "Dental Anatomy" is the standard text on its subject to-day; that he made amalgam a practical, durable filling; that he more than any one else brought about the reception into dentistry of the Germ Theory of Disease, also the reception by both the dental and medical professions of the Theory of Focal Infection by the Teeth. And this does not even mention his career as a teacher of dentistry in many dental colleges (Missouri Dental College, Chicago Dental College, Dental Department of the University of Iowa, Northwestern University Dental School, and perhaps others) in which phase of his work he reigned supreme. His career as dental teacher culminated in the deanship of the Northwestern University Dental School, "the largest and most influential dental school in the world."¹

THE PRINCE SANITARIUM

Is it any wonder that Jacksonville, Ill., was renowned throughout America as "The Athens of the West"?

The Princes, father and sons, were the early precursors, one might even say the harbingers, of the Mayos, brother and brother. They did not have such reputations, quite, as did the Mayos decades later, yet their names and fames were very, very high and reached to every portion of the Mississippi Valley, to say the least.

Dr. David Prince (no middle name or initial) was born in Brooklyn (or Brooklyne), Windham County, Conn.,

¹ Dr. Greene Vardiman Black had two sons who also became eminent—Dr. Arthur Davenport Black in dentistry and Dr. Carl Ellsworth Black in medicine.

Dr. Carl Ellsworth Black, born 1864, still lives and at Jacksonville. Dr. Arthur Davenport Black, born at Jacksonville, November 15, 1870, became dean of the Northwestern University Dental School in 1898, and died in 1937.

Dr. Greene Vardiman Black was born in a very humble farmhouse in Scott County, Illinois, August 3, 1836. On that same spot he passed away, August 31, 1915. Like many another famous man, he had crept back to his well-loved childhood's home to die.

The authoritative biography of Dr. Greene Vardiman Black is "From Pioneer to Scientist," by Carl Ellsworth Black and Bessie McLaughlin Black [his wife], Jacksonville, Illinois. (Bruce Pub. Co., St. Paul, Minn., 1940, pp. 594.) The same work contains also a biography of Dr. Arthur Davenport Black.

June 21, 1816. He studied medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, western district, Fairfield, N. Y., and at the Medical College of Ohio, at Cincinnati, whence he was graduated in 1838. For a year and a half he was associated in practice with Dr. Reuben D. Mussey, at Cincinnati. In 1840 he settled at Payson, a very small town in Adams County, Illinois, where his father's family had settled five years before. Then at Quincy, in the same county.¹

In 1843 there was established at Jacksonville a medical school, the Medical Department of Illinois College. This, by the way, was the very first medical college in Illinois.² Dr. David Prince in the year that the college was founded removed to Jacksonville and became its first and last professor of anatomy and surgery. It is well to remember that Prince was the first professor of surgery in an Illinois medical college. The school was housed, it is interesting to note, in that particular building of Illinois College which was and still is known as Beecher Hall. This, the first college building in Illinois, had been named for the first president of the college—Dr. Edward Beecher, son of the famous minister, Dr. Lyman Beecher and brother of the still more famous Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc.

But the school, fine institution though it was, went under in 1848. Concerning the reason for its dissolution, Dr. and Mrs. Carl E. Black, in their most interesting volume, "Illinois College Medical School," at page 35 say: "Just

¹ Some authorities will have it that Dr. David Prince never practised at Quincy. A family letter, however, kindly supplied me by Miss Clara Stocker, of Duluth, Minn., a granddaughter of Dr. David Prince, sheds light upon the question. The letter is headed "Quincy, Ill., March 18, 1899," and is written by Mr. Edward Prince, of Quincy, a brother of Dr. David, to his sister-in-law, Lucy, Dr. David's wife. He, according to the letter, has been personally collecting biographic data for Lucy from his sister, Ann, down at Payson. In the letter to Lucy, Edward says: ". . . . thence came to Quincy and practiced medicine there, thence to Payson and practised medicine, thence to Jacksonville in 1845, thence to St. Louis, thence to Jacksonville. . . . I presume by looking over the files of Quincy Whig—which I believe are in existence—I could identify the exact time when the Dr. lived in Quincy, but I understand that Drs. Walker and Jones cannot delay their report."

From that letter it would appear that Dr. Prince practised at the good-sized town of Quincy *before* practising in the village of Payson—which I rather believe to be an error. It does, however, corroborate much other evidence that Dr. David Prince did at one time practice in Quincy. The entire letter, furthermore, makes fairly clear to us the not very surprising fact that Dr. David Prince, very brilliant surgeon though he was, nevertheless had a difficult time establishing himself in practice. John T. Hodgen, too, we may well remember, had the same "hard sledding" precisely.

² The first diploma was issued by this institution in 1845 to Augustus Frederick Hand—a document now most carefully preserved by the Chicago Society of Medical History.

why the project, which had apparently had so satisfactory a beginning, was so abruptly and unceremoniously discontinued does not appear. It does not seem to have been on account of debt, for there is nothing in the records of the Board of Trustees to indicate the existence of debt incurred by this department. Nor would it appear to have been because of the pressure of competition, for at the date of discontinuance of this school only one other, Rush Medical College in Chicago, had been established in this state. The attendance seems to have been fairly satisfactory and in the main was on the increase. Compared with the other departments this one had by far the largest attendance and its students paid the largest fees and were in attendance the shortest time. Considerable money and energy had been spent in accumulating apparatus, library, etc., which for years remained stored away in dusty uselessness in the old library in 'Beecher Hall.' In this school, like many others of its day, there was a mortal conflict between the faculty of the college proper and the sciences of which medicine even then formed a conspicuous part. The professors of Latin and Greek, and the honorable field of mathematics and the gentle and inanimate sciences of chemistry, botany and geology felt a repugnance for the men of the dissecting room. From all the writer has been able to learn the 'Anatomy Question' was more important than any other single factor in discontinuing this pioneer medical school."¹

Immediately after the closing of the medical school Dr. Prince removed to St. Louis, there becoming a fast friend of the much younger John T. Hodgen. To Jacksonville, however, Prince returned in 1852. During the war he became brigade surgeon in the Army of the Potomac. A good while he spent in Libby prison. After the war he spent one year

¹ Also highly interesting is what the Blacks, in their aforesaid volume, at p. 18, say about books and board at that time: "Medical books must have been very difficult to obtain, as a note in the catalogue mildly suggests that the student come 'supplied with text-books.' Few medical books had yet been published in America by American writers. England and France must furnish most of those required; and St. Louis, a hundred miles away, was the nearest point at which they could be obtained. Nor could one 'run down on the morning train' and be back before supper, but must either ride twenty-five miles to the river and then go one hundred miles by boat or make the whole journey on horseback or by wagon.

"Notwithstanding the scarcity of money and the limited resources of these pioneers, the price of board was fully as high as it is at present in communities of the same number of inhabitants."

in New York City to assist in writing the official history of the medical and surgical branch of the Service.

Then he returned to Jacksonville, Ill., there to found in 1867 the Prince Sanitarium. (See illustration.) That institution was at once successful. While at its head, however, Prince found time to write many papers. Two of these he read before the International Medical Congress—one at Copenhagen and one at London. He also wrote four books: "Orthopedics" (1866); "Plastics" (1868); "Plastics and Orthopedics" (1871); "Galvano-Therapeutics" (1874). All were published by Lindsey and Blakiston, and all showed a high degree of skill and originality. He also invented a number of valuable surgical instruments.

Prince, in fact, was a born surgeon. In orthopedic and plastic surgery he perhaps had not his equal in the Mississippi Valley. It became almost a rage throughout the Upper Valley for doctors to send him all the cleft-palate cases they could find. I once assisted him in the performance of five cleft-palate operations in one single day.

But Prince was a good all-round surgeon too. He operated for cross-eyes and cataracts literally by the hundreds. (Incidentally, in my early boyhood, he operated on my grandfather, Thomas Hall, for two cataracts on the same day, and on both of them quite successfully.)

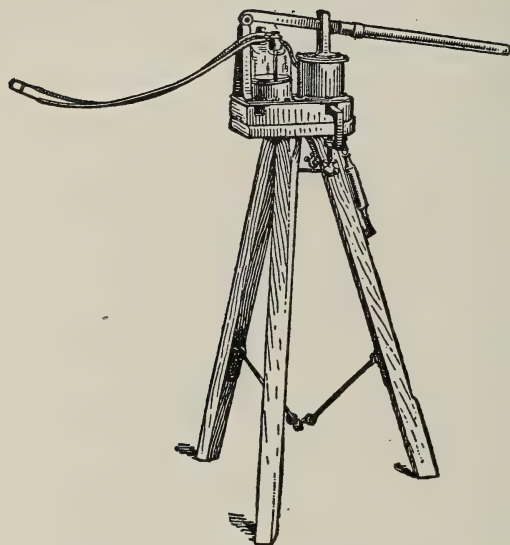
He was, indeed, quite swiftly becoming even more widely known as an oculistic than as an orthopedic and general surgeon. All at once, however, as it seemed, there appeared in the Sanitarium David's equally gifted son, Arthur Edward Prince, who had just received his medical diploma from the University of the City of New York, and who now, at his father's Sanitarium, took over immediately the entire practice on the eye, ear, nose and throat.

That was in 1878. Afterwards (in 1887) still another son appeared upon the scene, Dr. John A. Prince, who also became a surgeon of note. But back now to the summer of 1884. In that summer (or, as I say, it may have been earlier or later) I, at my father's request, was admitted to a few weeks' study and a chance for observation at the famous institution of the Princes.¹

¹ Thus much space I give to the lives of the Princes because, great men though they were undoubtedly, all three of them, they have been treated in most of the biographical

I BECAME WHAT I ALREADY WAS, A DONKEY— SO TO SPEAK

The very first operation at the Princes' that I took an assistant's part in was an ovariectomy (also called "ovariotomy"). At the time, the so-called "Lister's Donkey Engine" was absolutely all the rage. It was a rather simple apparatus (see illustration) whose function was, by throwing a spray of dilute carbolic acid, to kill, principally, the



LISTER'S SO-CALLED "DONKEY ENGINE"

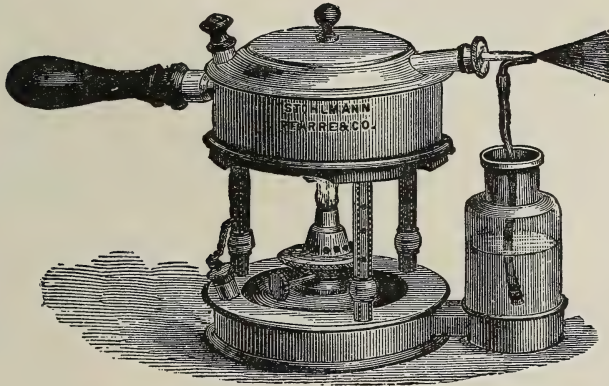
At the right of this engine stood the "donkey," or surgeon's apprentice, working the handle of the engine. From the spray-tube at the left would in consequence pour out a cloud, or spray, of weak carbolic acid solution.

(Cut reproduced from Dr. Charles Singer's "A Short History of Medicine," by permission both of Dr. Singer and of the Oxford University Press.)

dictionaries and histories of medicine with scant courtesy indeed. Thus, Atkinson's "The Physicians and Surgeons of the United States" (1878, p. 638) devotes to Dr. David Prince, even then a famous surgeon, exactly thirteen lines. Stone's "Biography of Eminent American Physicians and Surgeons" (1894) vouchsafes neither to David nor to his two prominent sons so much as a single word. (Packard's "The History of Medicine in the United States" treats of its subject to the year 1800 only.) Mumford, in his "A Narrative of Medicine in America" (1903) does not know of the Princes' existence. Kelly's "Cyclopedia of American Medical Biography" (2 vols., 1912), does not mention the Princes. Kelly and Burrage's "American Medical Biographies" (1920) is the first work of its kind to show adequate appreciation of these men. Yet even the only Prince sketch (that of David) in this veritable *magnum opus* is marred by a typographical error in its heading ("1896" for the death date, instead of 1889) and by its almost incredible conclusion, "He died in Jacksonville, December 19, 1896, survived by two sons, who were physicians, and a daughter the wife of a physician." Even

micro-organisms in the atmosphere, incidentally those on the surgeon and the patient. It was not hard to work that machine, not in the slightest.

At the close of the operation the great operator said to me, as he washed his hands thoroughly, wiped them and



WEIR'S ANTISEPTIC SPRAY

Lister's Donkey Engine was soon superseded by what was called the Steam Sterilizer. In that apparatus, which appeared in many forms, steam took the place as a motive force of the "donkey" in the Lister engine. It, too, like the Lister engine, threw a dilute carbolic acid spray. A very much favored form of the Steam Sterilizer, or Steam Spray, was the "Antiseptic Spray" of Professor Weir. Concerning this apparatus Tiemann's "American Armamentarium Chirurgicum" for 1889, at page 49 says: "The best spray-producer is that devised by Lister himself. It is, however, quite costly, ranging in price from fifty to seventy-five dollars, and it was to meet this objection that the one before you has been constructed. With its diminished cost some of the improvements of Mr. Lister's lamp have

been sacrificed. It is, however, essentially the same. Its hollow wick, readily raised or lowered, affords a great and controllable heat. The spray-tube is in this apparatus fixed, an objection which in the majority of cases is of no moment. It will supply spray for over two hours. It therefore requires only that the boiler—containing twenty-two ounces—should be, as well as the lamp, full at the beginning of the operation; and, with this precaution, it has been found practicable to dispense with the expensive and tell-tale windows of glass belonging to the original imported instrument. The accompanying wood-cut gives a good representation of the lamp."

(For permission to use this cut, as well as for the cut itself, I am indebted to Messrs. George Tiemann & Co., New York City.)

the names of those two brilliant sons not mentioned, either here or elsewhere in the volume!

In Garrison's "History of Medicine," first edition (1913), second edition (1917) and fourth edition (1924), we look in vain for a mention of the Princes. Even in the edition of 1929, which is said by a high biographical authority to contain a sketch of David Prince at p. 761, we find no mention of any of the Princes. Neither David nor any of his sons *so much as mentioned in the index* of any of the editions of this greatest of all one-volume histories of medicine!

Sigerist, in his marvelous "American Medicine" (1934) ignores the Princes absolutely—as, in fact, he ignores Joseph McDowell, John T. Hodgen, John B. Murphy and other great men of the West.

Really valuable and appreciative information concerning the Princes we find in the sketch by Robert J. Patton, entitled "A Pioneer Surgeon: David Prince" (Univ. of Mich. Med. School, November 23, 1933), also in "Master Surgeon: David Prince" by Carl E. Black, M.D., (*Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics*, February 1, 1934, p. 242 ff).

It is greatly to be hoped that, in the future, the lives and works of the three Princes, father and two sons, will be even more fully recorded. Especially the ophthalmic instru-

pulled his shirt sleeves down: "Thomas, you certainly did work that Lister-engine beautifully. You showed remarkable skill: you will some day be a surgeon." Astounded at the words, I looked straight into his eyes. And there was an old, kindly joke-maker peeping out of them. He pinched

ments invented by Dr. Arthur Prince—for example, his corneal thermophore for pasteurization of the cornea—should be made a note of. There has been, of course, no intentional neglect in these matters, but precisely the same fate has overtaken the Princes that has overtaken, say, Joseph Nash McDowell. McDowell in his day was probably the greatest teacher of anatomy and surgery in the Mississippi Valley. Yet—look e.g. in the very latest edition of Garrison's "History" for the slightest word about him. Alas, poor Yorick!

Dr. David Prince died in Jacksonville of pneumonia, December 19, 1889. He lies now near Jacksonville in Diamond Grove Cemetery—one of the many burial places which he had oftentimes been accused of robbing for the securement of sufficient dissecting material. Later, a boulder was unveiled with suitable ceremonies at the site of his former home. Famous physicians and other men of note from many states were present.

Dr. Arthur Edward Prince was born in 1855. After his father's death, he and his very much younger brother, John (born 1863) removed to Springfield, Illinois, where they established "The David Prince Sanitarium." Dr. John died January 1, 1911; Dr. Arthur, October 21, 1930, of carcinoma of the lungs.

The descendants of Dr. David Prince are as follows: (By his first wife, Mary Jane Dawson, a schoolteacher in Cincinnati, whom he married in 1841 and who died in 1849, four children, all of whom died very early in life.)

DR. DAVID PRINCE—*Married 1852*—LUCY MANNING CHANDLER (Died 1900),
Daughter of Judge John Chandler, of Fredonia, N. Y.

(Children)

Dr. Arthur Edward Prince <i>Married</i> Charlotte Smith Hitchcock (Now at Springfield, Ill.) (Children) Lucy Virginia Prince, 1888-1934	Stella Prince (1858-1925) <i>Married</i> Dr. Samuel M. Stocker, Jacksonville, Ill., Later, Duluth, Minn. (Children) Clara Stocker (Now at Duluth, Minn.) Arthur Prince, 1888-1902	Dr. John A. Prince <i>Married first</i> Helen Bullard (deceased) (Child) David Prince, 1890 (Now at Atlanta, Ga.) David Prince <i>Married</i> Gertrude Jeannette McKinney, of Chattanooga, Tenn. (Children) Jacqueline, born 1937 David, born 1940 Dr. John Prince <i>Married second</i> Eva Cross (Now at Beverly Hills, Cal.) (Child) Isabel <i>Married</i> Walter A. Wilde (Now at Beverly Hills, Cal.)
David Chandler Prince, b. 1891 (Now at Schenectady, N. Y., Mgr. Com. Eng., Gen'l El. Co.) <i>Married</i> Winifred Notman (Children) David C. Jr., 1920 George Notman, 1922 Winifred Chandler, 1925 Edward, 1928 Mary Prince, 1893 (Now at Edinburg, Ill.) <i>Married</i> Amos Richardson (No Children)		

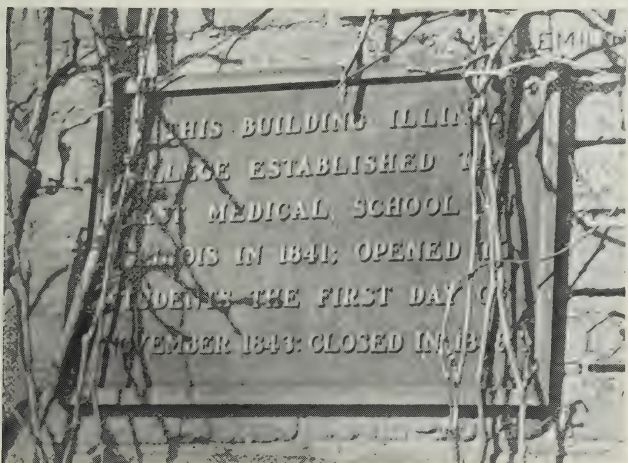
For information about the Princes I am greatly indebted not only to Dr. Robert J. Patton's excellent article above referred to and to Dr. Carl E. Black, but also to Mrs. Arthur E. Prince, Mrs. David Chandler Prince and Miss Clara Stocker.



BEECHER HALL, JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS

This building, long affectionately known as "Old Beecher," was not only the first building erected by Illinois College, but it was also the first college building erected (1829) in Illinois. It also housed the first medical school in that state. It was named for the first president of Illinois College, Dr. Edward Beecher, son of the eminent divine, Lyman Beecher, and brother of the still more eminent Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc.

This building, "now used as a home for the literary societies of Illinois College," presents on the brick wall just south of the entrance door a tablet which is pictured hereunder. (I duplicate the words in type, because, in the photograph of the tablet, some of the letters are partly concealed by vines.)



"IN THIS BUILDING ILLINOIS
COLLEGE ESTABLISHED THE
FIRST MEDICAL SCHOOL IN
ILLINOIS IN 1841; OPENED TO
STUDENTS THE FIRST DAY OF
NOVEMBER, 1843; CLOSED IN 1848"



THE PRINCE SANITARIUM, JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS

This Mayo Clinic, as it were, of an early day was founded by Dr. David Prince in 1867. The structure was not an original building, but an enlarged and worked over residence. In 1878 Dr. David Prince was joined in his work at the Sanitarium by his older son, Dr. Arthur Edward Prince, and, much later, by his other son, John. Dr. David died in 1889. A few years later the two sons removed the Sanitarium to Springfield, Illinois, naming it then "The David Prince Sanitarium." The building shown above was torn down in 1916.

my arm playfully and walked off. A short, thick man, with a big head, a quizzical smile and few words.

"Just what did Dr. Prince mean?" I asked—merely to get acquainted—of one of the assistants, who was still bandaging.

"He meant," replied that young doctor, "that this," touching the apparatus I had just been working, "is the engine and that you—pointing at me a jocular finger—are the donkey."

"Tell me something new," said I, and we were friends forevermore.

Dr. G. V. Black I saw a number of times at the Sanitarium, conferring with Dr. David, but I never did get acquainted with him. His medical-student son, however, Carl Ellsworth Black, who was also an "apprentice," or observer, at the institution, I did meet now and then, and the acquaintance so begun ripened many years later into a fine friendship.

BACK TO MOTHER

The days flew by, indeed "as swiftly as a weaver's shuttle." Much of my time I passed with Dr. Arthur watching him at his magical cataract operations or at the removal of adenoids. Still, I often worked as "donkey" too at the Lister engine, watching the skilful fingers of old Dr. David, more and more skilful daily, I thought—as, of course, I grew more and more able to appreciate his dexterity and judgment.

Then, all at once, the golden days were gone. I must now return to Pittsfield, and, next, to Inveni.

LAST DAYS AT INVENI

Time, in my last years at Inveni College went swiftly indeed.

My brother William, in June of 1884, received his bachelor of arts at that institution, and, in the following September, entered The Jefferson Medical College, at Philadelphia. I was supposed to graduate at Inveni in June, 1886, two years after William's graduation there. But, meantime, various things were happening at Inveni.

My father and mother, it is true, were receiving ever and again from the Inveni authorities letters praising my work at that institution very highly. Some of these I have already reprinted in my "Tramping to Failure." One that gave me special pleasure was written to my father by the professor of Latin and Greek. It declared that I was the best linguist, especially the best in Latin and Greek, that ever had attended Inveni College.

Nevertheless, my unorthodox views in science, especially those relating to the causation of many diseases, had made me enemies not only among the theological students in our little school but also among the faculty members themselves. Was it any wonder, when even the members of the medical profession, a large majority of them at least, were still bitterly opposing clean (aseptic) surgery and even the germ theory of disease—a "theory" which then had become a thoroughly demonstrated fact?

Then, too, there was my boxing. I boxed a great deal, and, spite of my smallness of stature and shortness of arms, I had little difficulty in whipping most of the largest and quickest both of the students and of the town's youth. That came largely from my strength, which was surprisingly out of proportion to my size, but also in great measure from my knowledge of the difference between short-arm and long-arm technique. The faculty could not understand at all the difference between boxing and fighting. It was just all "fighting." Or, if any difference, they seemed to think that boxing was much the baser, the more thoroughly despised and despicable, form of contest. A man might, in a pinch, "fight" for a very good cause. But, for two sane men, without any issue whatever except to be a-fighting, to beat each other around unmercifully—sometimes into insensibility—was about the vilest form of human effort: so they thought.

Besides that form of human effort which they so greatly despised and which I so much loved, I indulged in various other forms of "tramping" (to use my father's name for it) i.e., indulgence in too many subjects of interest. This tramping, merely in and of itself, was particularly obnoxious to several of the Inveni faculty, irrespective you understand of any ill effects which it might have been alleged (but could

not truthfully have been alleged) to have on my work inside the limits of the college curriculum. That curriculum was in itself a sacred thing—like, for example, the Biblical doctrine that all¹ diseases are produced by devils—disease-producing spirits that are sent by Satan to torment people and that can and do speak human language and that can even argue about what is and what is not the proper kind of interference with devils.²

Indeed I do believe that the faculty, at least the most of them, hated my excursions into extra-curricular fields very largely because it was broadening, because it made the excursionist far less bound and shackled to the ideas underlying their own rigid curriculum. It was not merely the germ theory of disease-production which emancipated the free-ranging scholar.

Again and again I was given quite plain indications by certain members of the faculty that it would be well pleasing unto them if I did not take so strong an interest in, for examples, the earthworm, the various revelations of the microscope, even the Gypsy language and various Indian dialects.

It hurt me deeply that, at this institution, I was not allowed to work on my own subjects, or, at all events, on the subjects of the faculty's curriculum in my own way. I began to acquire a repugnance toward colleges—all colleges, especially all college presidents.

I had heard, to be sure, as I have already stated, about President Charles William Eliot and his elastic, or "elective," system at Harvard, and I loved both him and that system—loved them both beyond the power of any mere words to express. But he and all that—I might as well have reached for the moon.

¹ Examples, *Luke*, IV, 40-41: "And when the sun was setting, all they that had ANY sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them. And devils also came out from many, crying out, and saying, Thou art the Son of God." *Matthew*, VIII, 16: "And he cast out the spirits with a word, and healed ALL that were sick." The exact language here given is that of the Revised Version.

² *Matthew*, VIII, 28-32: "And when he was come to the other side into the country of the Gadarenes, there met him two possessed with devils, coming forth out of the tombs, exceeding fierce, so that no man could pass by that way. And behold, they cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time? Now there was afar off from them a herd of many swine feeding. And the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, send us away into the herd of swine. And he said unto them, Go. And they came out," etc.

My life was rendered still less endurable by a continually increasing eyestrain—something that the greatest physicians of that distant day seemed unable to remove, even to diagnose. This eyestrain made me much more irritable, more quarrelsome, than I otherwise should have been. That irritability, plus an inborn hatred of injustice in any and all of its forms, plus, possibly, some desire to display my knowledge of the fistic art—itself an obvious form of my tramping, my dabbling into many subjects—all these three motives combined in some proportion or another to lure me into serious difficulties.

Finally I one day quarrelled with a member of my own (the senior) class and whipped him to a standstill for cruelly imposing on a feeble underclassman.

I thought at the time I was doing it that I did it simply for the sake of unadulterated justice. Later I began to realize that I had done it partly if not wholly in order to exhibit my boxing prowess.

O the tramping, the tramping! How it got me into trouble then—and still does.

THE SHOW-DOWN

And now (one of the very few times that I shall have done so) I will quote a little from the first of my "lives," my "Tramping to Failure." Indeed I may add that I have almost altogether, throughout this entire volume, avoided so far as possible even the indirectest narration of events already set forth in the earlier book.¹

The offended senior talked over to his side two others of our class—there were only five of us, all told, though the lower classes numbered well into the hundreds—and these three fellow seniors, for reasons, were influential with the President, perhaps with others of the faculty. And it was even more than easy, for reasons already apparent, to be influential with at least the President against the interests of a mere "tramp" and Fourth-of-July-Mining-Stock "sucker."²

¹ The Inveni of the present day (under the old-time, but actual, name the institution carries on) is a wide-awake, strictly modern affair, with an elastic, or "elective," curriculum, and teachers who have mostly had their training in the broader-minded universities of the world.

² For much other documentary evidence relating to my departure from Inveni College, in addition to that a few pages farther herein, see my "Tramping to Failure."

On a day, as I learned from a friend, those three fellow seniors had made their boasts about the college that I was not to be allowed to graduate, but, instead, was to be demoted to the junior class. Who but the President himself had decided that this should be so?

I went to the President and asked him what about the matter?

He threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Preposterous!" he cried. And he spoke in the highest terms of the work that I'd been doing.

For a time my headaches became so intense that I went off for a few days on a pedestrian excursion. On my return to Inveni, my headaches appeared to be much better. All the college atmosphere, however, seemed charged with the wrong kind of electricity. A few of the students acted very strangely toward me.

Came to me one day old Mushmouth Jones—my friend if ever I had one. Said Mushmouth, "You're going to be demoted—sure. You remember what I wrote you during the holidays about Dillingham and what he said to me about your mixing into his quarrel and giving him a licking? Well, while you were gone on your long walk, the senior class (all its four members other than yourself) held a secret meeting—it would have been secret anyhow, even if you'd been here—and he and Yinner and Sellback, all three agreed that, if *you* graduated they *wouldn't*. Rooner opposed 'em tooth and nail—good old Rooner—but he couldn't help you. So they all went to the President's room, and Rooner again talked for you but the three out-numbered him—and, in a place like Inveni, numbers are what count. Savvy?"

Much hot anger had been banked up in me for three glowing years. I darted over to the President's office in the otherwise deserted Chapel building. The President was in. I shouted, "Then it *is* true!"

He smiled in a calm and curious manner, drawled, "Is *what* true?"

"The rumor I'm not to graduate?"

"No-o-o. I told you that before."

"But I've just heard that the class appeared before you while I was out of Inveni, and that all but Rooner asked

you not to graduate me but instead to demote me to the junior class."

As heartily did he laugh as on that other occasion. "Paid your tuition yet for the term about to commence?"

"No, and I *will* not pay it if I'm to be demoted."

Reaching across the table, he picked up a tuition blank, murmured, "Strange that you do not take my word," and, in accordance with the custom of the place, filled in the upper part of the blank and signed it. "I've looked into your situation thoroughly," he said, "and found that not only are you a senior in good standing, but that, in addition, you're decidedly ahead of the class in your work and that you therefore have but these two subjects to finish in order to be ready for graduation—zoölogy and geology. [See the illustration.] Now go over to the Bursar's office and pay your little twelve dollars, and you'll feel better satisfied."

Grabbing the blank with delight, I cried, "I'm sorry—very sorry—to have been so suspicious, but the blank—it doesn't quite say—quite say—that I really am a senior and that I need to complete merely the subjects that you mention, in order to be able——"

"You run right along. It doesn't need to say that. I've told you already, and on *me* you can rely."

I rushed to the Bursar's office but it was closed.

Two days later I heard more rumors about my trouble, and, remembering once more the Fourth of July Mining Co., went again before the President more suspicious than ever, and declared that I would not pay the tuition until he had given me in writing a very specific statement that all I had to do to graduate was to pass on those two subjects.

To my utmost astonishment he, arising, said: "I think I had better investigate this matter once more and be certain. Come tomorrow, and I'll give you my decision."

On the morrow I appeared in his office, and he said, "Having investigated still more fully, and conferred with all the faculty, I find you have yet to finish not two but three subjects—zoölogy, geology and Demosthenes.—Now go on and pay."

"I do not," said I, "object to taking Demosthenes again, though I have already taken that subject and passed in it."

But I will not pay the fee for the coming term without first receiving a plain, specific statement, all in your own hand—



College.



Illinois, *Jan 12* 1886.

M. *J. H. Shastid*

On presentation of the Bursar's receipt for tuition and other fees, is permitted to enter the following Classes in  College for the *Winter* Term.

Zoology
Geology



President.



Illinois, *Jan 15* 1886.

Received of

Mr. J. H. Shastid

For Tuition

\$ *12.00*

Janitor's and Apparatus Fees

—



Bursar.

At Top: President Osgoode's first statement, given after having looked into my situation "thoroughly." At Bottom: the Bursar's receipt, written three days later—i.e., after I had received from the President a holographic and very specific statement given me after he had "investigated STILL MORE thoroughly and conferred with all the faculty"—which statement also he later went back on.

(Reduced in size and with some of the proper names covered with X'd paper)

writing and to the same effect as what you now have told me."

Thereupon he wrote out for me, all in his own hand, the certificate herewith reproduced, which he called a "graduation permit," and which, surely, would have satisfied "a Philadelphia lawyer."

Then commanded he, "Pay." He did not think to add the Demosthenes requirement to the Bursar's blank, nor did I think to remind him.

I went to the Bursar's and paid, but, going back to my rooming-house, was overtaken by Dillingham and Yinner, each of whom curtly and emphatically declared to me that (1) they hated the ground I walked on (2) that it had been expressly decided I was not to graduate that year. "We had it from the President straight this very unforgettable minute," said they.

I hurricaned back to the President. He admitted everything—now I had paid. But he added, "The trouble was that I gave you the permit without sufficient investigation. Your professors are all against you."

XXXX

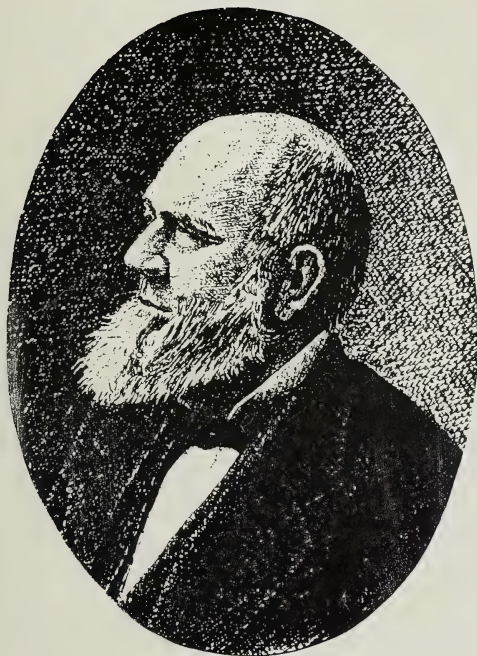
Alvinis
Jan'y 14, 1886.

This is to Certify that J. H. Shastad is now permitted to enter the Junior Class, XXXXX College Session 1885-86, and that when he shall have passed in the remaining studies of the Course (Classical) Zoology, Geology and Demosthenes he will be entitled to graduation.

XXXXXXXXXX

The holographic and very specific statement given me by the President of Inveni after he had "investigated still more fully and conferred with all the faculty." Considerably reduced in size and with some of the proper names covered with X'd paper.

(For much other documentary evidence relating to my departure from Inveni College, see my "Tramping to Failure.")



DR. DAVID PRINCE

Founder in 1867 of the Prince Sanitarium and from then till his Death in 1889 a Surgeon who Ranked with McDowell and Hodgen.

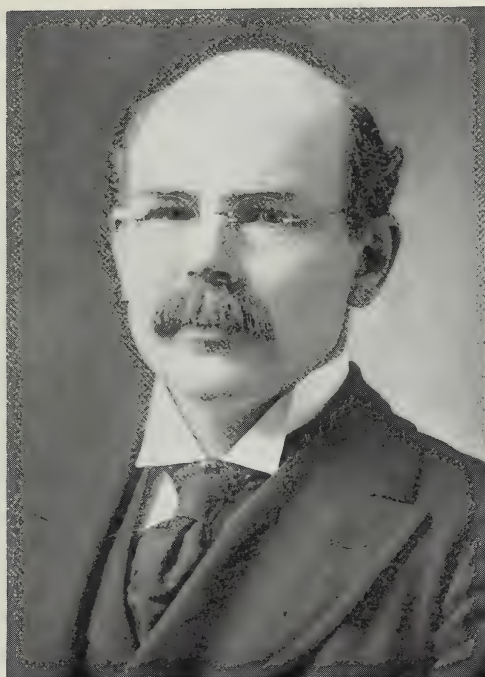
The above is a zinc etching of a pen drawing made when Prince was in his prime. This drawing possesses high value not only because it faithfully transmits the thoughtfully earnest yet also gently humorous character of its subject, but also because it was made by the hand of Prince's chief friend—him who was almost universally then, and still is, termed The Father of Modern (Scientific) Dentistry, Greene Vardiman Black.



DR. DAVID PRINCE

From this picture the suggestion of eye-closing good humor apparent in the pen-and-ink sketch by Dr. G. V. Black is absent. In fact this photograph shows precisely the expression of stunned and well-nigh abhorrent sadness which I observed on Dr. David's countenance one day when a nurse entered the room announcing the almost incredible news that Mrs. So-and-so [a patient in the sanitarium] had just then suddenly died.

(Original photo lent by Miss Clara Stocker, Duluth, Minn., a granddaughter of Dr. David Prince.)



DR. ARTHUR EDWARD PRINCE, IN HIS PRIME

At the Prince Sanitarium, which he entered in 1878, eleven years after its foundation, he did all the work on the eye, ear, nose and throat, in which specialties he was highly renowned. He published a good many articles and invented numerous instruments and procedures. Especially remembered by the profession are his: Corneal Thermophore, for pasteurization of the Cornea; Trachoma Forceps; Advancement Forceps and Advancement Needle (both used in certain cross-eye operations); Pterygium Divulsion Hook; Cautoplasty Needle; Laccrimal Syringe.



A STUDENT PICTURE OF DR. ARTHUR EDWARD PRINCE

I felt myself growing old with rage. Attempting to move my tongue and lips, I could not even get connected with them. I wished to step toward him, was ataxic.

A sudden idea! I would talk to the other professors! Somewhat calming was the thought.

I went and talked with each of them. And every one of them said, "You have my vote," until—

I reached my dearly beloved Professor of the Ancient Languages. He had just dismissed a class and was talking to two or three students who had loitered.

As I looked upon his quiet, kindly face, I felt a tremendous uprush of full assurance, a firm conviction that only President Osgoode could be really against me.

In a very few moments I related to him all that had passed between the President and myself.

Then, all at once, this man was baring his soul to me. "You've fooled away your time," he said, "on Gypsy and Choctaw. Besides you're not even a gentleman. You should never have questioned your demotion when it was announced to you and to the world by the President."

So here was the trouble (or pretended trouble) after all—here with my favorite professor—the man I had loved almost equally with the father that had borne me in his arms. Then I did a very foolish thing, though one for me quite natural.

"You!" I cried, shaking from head to feet with amazement and paralyzing rage. "You! Why, surely *you* don't say—that I—when studying Gypsy and Choctaw, neglected my Greek and my Latin. You wrote to my father—"

He himself was shaking. But he drew slowly from his pocket a little black book, and, in a high-pitched voice, declared, "I tell you I have no record here of your having passed, or even ever having taken an examination in any subject whatever that has been taught you by me."

I promptly stepped between him and the door, for he was starting to leave. The language of the Pittsfield Public Schools, barring only the obscenity, flew in a mad torrent to my lips.

First I spat out an oath or so to get my throat loose.

Then I cursed him to some effect. I cursed him red and I cursed him white. Going beyond the mere pale language of the unresourceful public schools, I cursed him in German and I cursed him in French. I even gave him long, polysyllabic maledictions in both of his classical languages, and I made a quick and accurate job of it too.

I bade him, as he attempted to speak, to be silent, and, like the fool that I was, threatened to whip him if he stirred.

He sank into his chair—that blessed cathedra from which he had so often and so enthusiastically praised my linguistic work.

I cursed him up out of the chair. I cursed him clean across the room. Cursed him back to his professorial throne. Made him sit once more down in it and listen.

I reminded him of the letter he had written to my father wherein he had emphatically stated I was the best linguist that ever had come to Inveni College.

I explained to him his motives (for these, by then, I clearly perceived) which had caused him to become the willing tool of an unjust president. (Six mere hundred a year, I had heard, for a salary!)

“Liar!” he cried. But I paid no attention, for there, suddenly, beside me walked Mushmouth Jones. “Don’t waste truth on *him*,” said Jones.

Back in the President’s office I told that evasive official all the kinds of things that he was, omitting nothing whatever, not even his connection with “The Original Fourth of July Mining Company.” I even descanted on the financial status of the so-called college whose president he was, an institution so poor that even for twelve dollars—great God, for a tiny sum like twelve dollars—

Old Mushmouth prodded me and pointed to the President.

Mushmouth and I were standing. The President, seated, had his left arm hanging by his left side, his right laid loose, perfectly limp, across the back of his disreputable chair.

Not one of us for some time spoke. Then all at once I thought that the President’s gaze became strangely intensified. The pupils enlarged blackly, something appeared deep down in them and far beyond—or did I just imagine it?—painful to see. I beheld in imagination and with childish

astonishment all the protracted struggle this man had undergone while endeavoring to keep his little school alive; the wrenching need of money both by the institution and himself; all the fakery, the sham, the hollow pretense at having a good college, this school that might really have come to the fore in better circumstances; even the financial necessity for the favoritism so sedulously practiced by him and some of the other professors toward the whole body of students and also toward each of the various classes—the necessity, that is, forever to side with the largest, at least the most influential, number whenever a rift appeared.

With a pang at my heart—a pang that made me almost angry at myself—I saw, I believed, the entire story: the continual defeat, the repeated frustration, the intolerable despair.

"Good-bye, Tommy," said the President. He arose and gave me his shaking hand. I took it. I could not then foresee how often this man, directly and indirectly, was to come into my life thereafter, or in what harmful ways.

Yes, I gave him my hand. But still I insisted, as a matter of self-respect alone, that he should remove at once my name from the register of students. "You'll take it off—clear off?" "Yes, I'll take it off." "And at once—and say that the removal was made at my request?" "Yes, I'll do that: there shall be no blot on your record."

I mumbled a strange good-bye, and, Mushmouth with me, left him.

A strange good-bye indeed! And what a world it is of oddly mixed commotions and emotions! For a moment I felt a desire to go back and say to the President I was sorry I had talked to him so. Yet I could not quite do that. However sentimental I might be feeling at the particular moment, I was right and he was wrong. And whatsoever the forces might have been that had thrust him into what I considered his wrong-doing, he was, nevertheless, clearly doing wrong. Mushmouth agreed with me.

The next morning the old professor of mathematics (what an insane world this is, I never was good in mathematics) came quietly to me at my rooming-house, and, putting a sweet arm about my shoulders, said, "You had at least *my*

vote—Tom.” The professor of modern languages too, Carl Swiss, came to me on the street and bade me a gentle good-bye.

All day the car-wheels drummed and drummed.

At night I reached Pittsfield and the old, dear house.

As I opened the door and walked in, there, before me, book in hand, sat my father, looking very aged and, having driven far that day probably, worn out. How my heart yearned toward him!

I said, just as softly as I could, for I loved him dearly: “You were exactly right, Father. I have tramped to failure.”

I GET “THE BUM’S RUSH” AT ILLINOIS ALSO

I was out with Father in the country early next morning. The night before he had refused to listen to my story—being too exhausted then to hear it—and so we had all gone at once to bed.

But, in the night, my mother had arisen and come upstairs to me, being unable to wait until dawn, and, as she sat near my bed, she asked for my “side” of the tale. When I had got through, “I,” said she, “had expected so much of you. We had had such glowing accounts from your professors. I do not think that you should at Inveni have mentioned the Fourth of July Mining Company. Why now not just forget such things? We all must forgive and forget. The germ theory of disease too, what does it matter? True or false, why argue about it? And all those various subjects that were not in the curriculum. You got your lessons—true enough; but these outside subjects only angered your professors. Why have you played around with them?” My mother to say such things! She who had bought me the Syriac grammar, various books on the Indian languages, Gypsy folk lore, and so on!

I knew better, even then (some times) than to argue with women, so said only “I was unhappy.”

She looked at me gravely and penetratingly, went downstairs without another word, and wrote a long letter wherein she “cooked” the entire faculty of Inveni and cooked them with the facts alone. Having addressed the letter to the

President, she gave it to me to mail. "Don't you fail to post that letter," she admonished as I started uptown.

I fail to post that letter!

In the country with my father I poured out a swift, staccato account of the tragedy, the whole *Inveni* tale.

His eyes grew sharp, and hard and cool, and his mouth was like a distorted scar.

I remember even how the world appeared to me that blustery winter's day. The wind so loud, so cold, so full of hostile song, the drifts so deep, the doors of all the houses seeming so tightly shut, so inhospitable, against us.

When my father at length spoke it was to ask a question, and that he did with very odd gentleness. "Do you want to know what has been going on in the world of late with regard to the germ theory?"

Strange question to ask!

"You know that I do."

And he told me about the germ theory all that he had not written me since the December holidays. Then he wound up with another glorious apocalypse—a prediction that the germ theory would turn out to be the most important and most beneficent event in the history of mankind, "either in times past or in times still to come, to the very ending of the world."

I, quite naturally, agreed with him, for had he not oceans of evidence spread out plainly before him? But there came to me at that time one of the earliest premonitions I ever had had with regard to the work I was yet to do against the one Satanic agency which, possibly, is even more destructive than disease—namely, war. I said to my father that whosoever could devise any sort or kind of procedure that would check wars, even if it were only wars of the worst description, the international sort, would be doing almost as much to lower the death-rate of the human family as the germ theory itself could accomplish. Then, as to the deterioration of the human intellect and moral character, was not war, with its remote as well as its proximal effects, even more destructive of these things than sickness itself?

My father agreed with me as to the need for an effective control of some sort for war. Yet he disallowed my state-

ment that war was more destructive, either physically, mentally or morally, than disease. And he went on pointing out why he disagreed. All at once he asked, "Did you, in addition to your tramping—which must itself have offended those sticklers for a rigid curriculum—did you not, in addition to that, say or do this, that, or the other thing which might have given offense to the Inveni authorities?"

I told him of the fight I had had with Dillingham, my boxing contests generally—of which, already, by letter, I had apprized him. "And then," said I, "in the course of my discussions with the President as to the Dillingham matter and as to whether or not I was to be allowed to graduate, I happened to mention your views about the germ theory, and, thereupon, he took me severely to task for speaking in favor of that theory.

"I also, one day," I said, "when a theological student declared in my presence that there was not one thing in the Bible, Old Testament or New, that could not be fully discussed in mixed company anywhere and without hesitation, I, I say, spoke up at once, referring to the aged King David's bad case of impotence and its treatment with the virgin who was laid in his bosom (1 Kings, I, 1 to 5). Also of the numerous other old-time stories of sexual matters which could not possibly be used in mixed company: the numerous instances of prostitution, of horrible incest, of homosexuality, of the woman preacher who taught fornication (Revelation, II, 20), of the young man who had sexual intercourse with ten women in public (II Samuel, XV, 16; XVI: 21-22), and so on almost innumerable.

"This same theologian came to me one day," I said, "and declared, 'The trouble with you, Shastid, is that you do not understand that the causes of things have changed since Bible days. You, for example, believe that, because many, perhaps most, diseases are now caused by germs, they must have been so caused in the time of Jesus. I take the position that the causes of disease, even the cause of the same disease, was very different then from what it is now. The cause of most diseases then was devils. The cause of the same diseases now is demonstrably germs. That is the difference, a mere difference in time, but a difference you cannot comprehend or appreciate, and so the whole matter is settled.'

“ ‘Not so fast!’ cried I. ‘When did the change in the causation of disease take place? In the time of Jesus, you say, all diseases were caused by devil-possession. If so, when did diseases cease to be caused by devil-possession and, many of them at least, begin to be caused by demonstrable germs—microscopic plants and animals? Not in the time of the early church assuredly, for the earlier followers of Jesus kept right on, according to their own statements, which still we can read, curing all diseases by casting out devils. Soon they had a special set of priests, known as “exorcisers,” or “exorcists,” whose chief, or entire, duty was to cast out devils for the healing of the sick. St. Augustine, Gregory the Great, and other fathers of the church refer to these exorcists frequently and with full belief in their powers. In the middle ages the belief in the devil-causation of disease was even, if possible, still more firmly established, and vast fortunes were paid to the church by wealthy persons for the treatment of their corporeal afflictions by exorcism. Even in the 17th and 18th centuries European monarchs kept by their sides their own family exorcists, in whose ability to cast out disease-producing devils they and the church alike had fullest confidence.

“ ‘Until the 17th century there had been no instruments capable of revealing to human eyes the actual producers of many diseases, and not until this present century (1871 to 1876 in fact) did Carl Weigert, of Berlin, show the way to stain bacteria—many of which, without the staining, cannot be seen even with a microscope, because they cannot, without the staining, be distinguished from the media in which they are found. [The bacteria of tuberculosis, for example, are mostly found in the sputum (spit-out matter) of consumptives. Put that sputum under the microscope and still you do not see the germs. Apply then the stains. The germs stain in one way, the rest of the sputum in another way, and so the causes of the tuberculosis lie plainly revealed.]

“ ‘But, in a word, the germ-causation of disease has been discovered and proved by Pasteur, Lister, Weigert and Koch just recently—for all these men are still living.

“ ‘And now do you mean seriously to tell me that the cause of all diseases has remained the possession of human

bodies by the emissaries of Satan (devils) until just that precise time when men became *able to investigate* the causes of diseases and that *then, at that precise moment*, the cause of diseases changed—ceased to be devil-possession and became, almost at a jump, at least in the case of many diseases, demonstrably something else?

“Do you not think it peculiar that such a gigantic change in disease causation should wait until that very moment when men became able to investigate disease causation?

“Is it not far more likely that your view is a mere assumption devised solely for the purpose of supporting a conception of disease causation which cannot bear comparison with the facts?”¹

“He walked away muttering, and, like some others, became my enemy.

“Still other students of theology, however, with whom I spoke on the subject of the germ theory, were broad-minded indeed, and—strangely, I thought, and yet it was a fact—the older the men the more broad-minded they oftentimes were.”

My father did not at once speak to the point but began to tell me about some experiments of his own. He had a way of doing that, of talking lightly about one thing while thinking deeply about another. He said he had been working on a method for rendering quinine either tasteless or palatable. (Quinine was used in enormous quantities in those days and was a nauseous draught: capsules had not come into general use and pills oftentimes were insoluble. People, too, were ceasing to demand nauseous draughts and beginning to ask for agreeable mixtures instead.) When I reminded him he had been working on a palatable, or tasteless, quinine for many years, he replied, “Yes, but I’m nearly successful now. I’m working too on the effects of glycerine and other emollients on gutta percha splints. Such splints are too hard, immoldable. Then too I am working on a way

¹ Fossils of prehistoric man show the remains of many disease-producing micro-organisms together with the lesions which they had produced and which the same species of micro-organisms still produce to-day. The sciences which treat of these matters are known as “paleopathology” and “paleobacteriology.”



DR. CARL ELLSWORTH BLACK

(Recent Portrait)

Son of Dr. G. V. Black, "Dr. Carl," as he is familiarly known, is himself a renowned surgeon and writer on surgical subjects. Among his most important contributions to medical literature is the biography of his father and brother, frequently adverted to herein, which he wrote in collaboration with his wife, Bessie McLaughlin Black, and which is entitled "From Pioneer to Scientist."

Well indeed has it been declared that the biography by Dr. Carl and his wife is "the history of dentistry in the nineteenth century."

to change one species of bacterium into another—a harmful kind into a harmless. Then—

“My son,” he cried out suddenly, and returning to the idea which a few moments earlier we had dropped, “the Bible needs no lies to support it. If it did it would be no Bible. Besides, there is something greater by far than even the Bible. That is truth. The Bible is great only wherein and insofar as it speaks truth. It is sometimes mistaken, demonstrably so, and, when it is, we should frankly admit the fact—not thereby at all undervaluing the truth that is in the book.

“Had you, my son, told lies about the germ theory or about the Bible, in order to support the Bible wherein it is plainly mistaken, I should not have been proud of you—but ashamed.

“Nevertheless, it might have been well to be silent altogether on matters wherein you could not speak the truth without being harmfully misjudged.”

I answered promptly, “But you, dear Father, here in the very place where you were making a livelihood both for yourself and for your family—you spoke out the truth, did you not—the truth about the germ theory and Listerism? Yes, you spoke it out. In the presence both of devils and of angels you spoke it. And you stood steadily by that truth. There was not even hesitation in your mouth. I have only done likewise, save that I was not so efficient or courageous as were you.”

He was silent a long time. Then, “It was all my fault. I should have sent you to your Charles William Eliot—to Harvard. There men may speak their minds.”

“Yes,” I responded, “and use their fists in the cause of justice, and do a great many other things. But—there were *four* boys, Father.”

“Yes there were four, and not one too many.”

Nevertheless, my father decided that, before I started into medical school, I should enter some other academic college than Inveni—no place so expensive as Harvard however—and there go on to graduation.

I, therefore, wrote to the President of Illinois College, E. A. Tanner, but was, in effect, given "the bum's rush," because of a letter which had been received by him from President Osgoode concerning me.¹

To other schools I wrote, but always with the same result. Not infrequently the President of Inveni had written to the school before I had even applied to it—warning, as it were, the institution to be on its guard against me. Always he referred to my "graduation permit," but declared it had been given without sufficient investigation and that it, therefore, later had been revoked.

Twice, much angered, I childishly wrote to President Osgoode, demanding the return of "that twelve dollars," on the ground that he had obtained it by first giving me a graduation permit, and then, when the school had got my money, cancelling the permit and not returning the cash. He did not on either occasion answer.

I began to see that the midget institution, Inveni, was not by any means a joke. Through the persistence and bitterly revengeful spirit of its President, it was being used as an extremely destructive force against me.

The President, in time, became to me a veritable nightmare. I dreamed horrible dreams about him. I was on a cliff and he was attempting to push me over, or I was on a burning ship and he, although he had a large life-preserver of his own, was attempting to take my little one away from me. Once he had me before a great benchful of judges, and to them he made out (as in fact he had done to all the colleges to which I had written, but now in a hard, ringing speech instead of a letter) that I had been a fighter, a pugilist, a mere common bruiser, also that I had been a dancer

¹ I still possess two holographic letters by the President of Inveni, one written on January 28, to my father, and one on January 30, to my mother, both in 1886, and both professing to answer the letters of firm protest which my parents had sent him against my treatment at Inveni. These letters—among the most curious I have ever seen—are far too long for reproduction here. They both, however, boil down to about the same indictment that the President had made me personally—I was nothing but a boxer, etc. Nevertheless, the writer strongly (and strangely) urged that I return to Inveni for another year of study and then—graduation!

I was not good enough for other colleges but was good enough for his!

[in all my life I had never learned a step], that I had played cards, even though only for fun, that I had been profane—



ILLINOIS COLLEGE,

Jacksonville, Ill., ... 2 / 1884

Mr. T. H. Haskins,
Pittsfield, Ill.
Dear Sir:—

I have compared the XXX with our, taking the preparatory and college courses in the classical department, and have found the respective requirements for graduation to be as follows, in terms:

XXX

		Illinois,
Mathematics,	10,	10,
Latin,	8½,	17,
Greek,	9½,	14,
German,	0,	3,
Other Studies,	12,	14,
	40,	58,

This gives a difference of two solid years.

Again, I have received, in answer to my inquiries, a letter from Pres. XXX in which he speaks kindly of you, but represents your relation to the faculty as quite unsatisfactory to two members. I have, this afternoon, put before our faculty all the data bearing upon

THE "BUM'S RUSH" AT ILLINOIS COLLEGE

The first page of a letter from President E. A. Tanner, of Illinois College, to the Tramp. As in a number of other letters, the objections offered were actually not so much to myself as they were to Inveni. Some of the proper names have been covered with X'd paper.

Interrupting I attempted to tell the judges that all the matters alleged, even if true as stated, could not explain my demotion from the senior to the junior class and that that was the matter in question, not an expulsion from the school, inasmuch as I had not been expelled. Also, anyway, what about the "Original Fourth of July Mining Company"? What about—

But the shoutings of "silence" which came repeatedly from the judges prevented my speaking effectually, and quickly a dark giant came, led me away, and cast me into a dungeon along with hundreds of more literal tramps.

Jean Valjean, I thought, had had rather an easy time with Javert.

One day I discovered that scarcely any of the medical colleges in the United States had as yet set up any admission requirements of an academic character. Said I to my father, "Please drop this vain endeavoring to get me into academic colleges, and, instead, put me into a medical school forthwith. I know my Greek and Latin, and, with a medical degree, I can make a living—at the worst."

He, therefore, wrote to The College of Physicians and Surgeons in the City of New York (the Medical Department of Columbia University) and—here was I now on the train, dark inside with thoughts of old Inveni.

By an effort of the will, I threw the gloom off, and began writing on a bit of paper certain resolutions for my future guidance. I have them still, and here they are:

1.—Not to be a tramp any more, but to study medicine and that only.

2.—To give up anger—once and forever, now and eternally. Yes, by Hercules himself and Hippocrates also I would give it all up.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty;
And he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh
a city."

3.—To quit boxing—quit it forever and a day.

Most people know no difference between this excellent "sport" and "fighting," and, if you box with even the

finest of art, they will call you a "bruiser" and a "thug" just the same—the dirty, low-browed, scandal-mongering libellous scamps!

4.—To quit being so terribly no account for days whenever I saw a funeral procession.

5.—Once again: To quit being a tramp—attend to just one thing, and, to that sole unity, to give my very soul.

These resolutions I wrote to my mother jerkily, as I rode along on the way to Gotham.

Then I forgot them all!

Even on the latter half of my very way to Gotham I forgot them, began to promise myself that, some day, I would drop my medical practice, wheresoever I might be "located," and seek out President Eliot and his school for tramps.

Those resolutions, however, did certainly do my poor old parents a great deal of good.

They two kept the letter in a very special box, apart from all my other missives, for something like forty long years, and read it as carefully and frequently as if it had been a new gospel text.

For that reason I am glad indeed I wrote it.

I was also glad, even as I journeyed along toward Gotham, that I had written it. In fact I pondered my rules for a time, and committed them to memory—until, as the night came down, I began to imagine—for I was still only a child, a little sentimental fool—how much the innumerable night-falls must, throughout the ages, have meant in the hearts of grief-stricken men. I attempted to add something of my feeling to my mother's letter, but, making a queer mess of it, wound up by holding my hat to the side of my face so that I could watch the villages and farmhouses slip by, hour after hour.

And I remember the pang of sorrow I felt over each little star of light as it flashed out in some farmhouse window, because I never could be part or portion of the human circle that I knew was gathered round about it. Finally I fell asleep while dreaming that my mother was saying to me,

"Try, my son, to help these people. Free them from some of their troubles—sickness, worry, fear, war."

I exclaimed, "A boy like me!"

"Wake up, wake up!" she cried, "and see that you are a boy no longer."

I did awake, but it was only the conductor shaking me, and—I was still a boy.

But, in later years—for one whole decade I completely forgot the matter—I have often remembered that dream by the side of the night-filled window-pane.

I have really tried to live up to the dream, but, as you saw at the beginning of my other "Life," I was foredoomed to a considerable percentage of failure.

GOTHAM AT LAST

Arrived in New York, I went at once to the college (Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street), matriculated, went at once out and secured a room at 56 Lexington Avenue.

THE END OF AN OLD AGONY

As I have said, I got me, first of all things in New York, a room and a room-mate at 56 Lexington Avenue. But there I stayed less than a month. My room-mate, an excellent middle-aged doctor who long had practised successfully in the Northwest but who never had taken his degree and had now come back to get it, made too hilarious fun of my "household gods"—the bits of home I had brought with me: the Indian bead-bag, the queerly colored stone, the curtain-hook, and so on. Whenever I took these articles out and looked upon them lovingly, he exploded into guffaws. Then too he had a way of smoking and telling stories till nearly midnight, and then, all of a sudden, beginning to study aloud. I, bereft of sleep at night, was dauncy all day. I gently protested—in vain, grew tired of the situation, moved to 313 East Nineteenth Street, where I had a fine large room to myself and also where I took a vow—never at all to be broken—that I would have no room-mate ever again thereafter.

Even before I left Lexington Avenue I had gone to consult our professor of ophthalmology—Cornelius Rea Agnew—about my then almost incessant headaches and flaming pains about and in my eyes.

I never can forget my magical meeting with that famous old professor.

He was of middle height and slender build, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned, and, at that time, with the remains of a raven blackness still lingering in his rapidly whitening hair. He was gently dignified in manner, and, even in serious conversation, had a way of smiling softly from time to time, as if a pleasant undercurrent of thought were playing beneath the more immediate matter.

I recall especially the manner in which, when he had handed to me the folded bit of paper containing the results of my test, he took me by the shoulders, and, looking me full in the eyes, said in that kindly voice that all who knew him remember still, "Young man, be there in you much or little, the glasses you will get in accordance with this prescription will prove to be a turning-point in your life."

I ran with that prescription almost all the way to Clairmont and Hahn's—a lens-grinding shop in the basement of the P. and S. building.

"Come back day after tomorrow," instructed the clerk, as I handed him that paper slip.

"No."

"Tomorrow, then."

"No." I struck the wooden desk as hard as I could. "For more than nineteen years I've been waiting for those glasses, and I want them NOW!"

Open flew his eyes. "Impossible! Say two hours, though. I'll do the best I can for you."

I was back at the end of that time, got my glasses, and, having paid some nominal price for them, walked out into a newer and better world.

Thank God there was a newer and better world to walk out into.

TRAMPING

Much I tramped on the streets of New York—both physically and mentally. In second-hand book-stores I picked up many an odd subject and away and away I went with it.

In my New York room I sometimes tramped even more than on the streets: studied Swedish a little, Hungarian a little more, Gypsy—I never could give up Gypsy—read now and then the life tale of some or another mediaeval or ancient medical worthy.

But mostly I stuck to the textbooks of the medical school.

I see the old skull once again, as he looks down on me from my mantle of a night, grinning with that never-changing friendliness, that old, well-known hollowed-eyed encouragement. "Work! Work!" he seems to insist. "Too soon you will be like me, and then it will be too late to work. Work! Work! Stick! Stick! Stick ever closer to your job. No tramping, mind you!"

In my closet always I kept an extra "part"—an arm, a leg, a head. As a rule, a head. These parts I had somewhat surreptitiously, but still with the attendant's full knowledge, removed not indeed from the college dissecting-room, where a strict account, as I knew, was always kept of all the bodies, but from the morgue. A little side-slipped "consideration" always rendered this possible. I had a small refrigerator box, under lock and key, and dissected, read, thought it all out at my tramp-like leisure. It was the only way, that leisurely one, in which I ever could study satisfactorily.

From time to time, there in New York, I, for a breathing spell, would throw open my front window and, first, look down at the pigmy, foreshortened multitudes which filled the roaring street continually, then up, up at the infinite grandeur of the blue-black dome—the all-embracing milky way, the varied constellations, the silent indifference, the ever-unchanging remoteness, perhaps the absolute lifelessness, hopelessness and meaninglessness of it all.

And then, before I could get to thinking too strongly about myself as a mere atom of nothing on a mere planet of nothing, "moating," as it were, from a void of darkness back into a void of darkness again, I would attack once more the well-loved studies.

And strange it was how much the skull upon the mantle kept me from homesickness and from all those morbid thoughts about the little white house and its long black shadow which had followed me so far and so depressingly.

It was, of course, my constant association with the skull, as well as the fact that I had been accustomed to handling and studying a skeleton in my father's old office, which had, for me, removed from these almost universally accepted emblems of mortality even the very last tendency to produce melancholy or depression.

It was all a matter of use—familiarity. No doubt had I, after the death of the farmer at the little white house, moved into the place with my parents and my brothers, I should, before long, have played about in its yard with absolute indifference to what had happened once within the building, at night have lined up with my brothers on the back stoop to have our little "trampers" washed, and then, very happy indeed, have dashed upstairs to bed—just as we always had done in the old home at Pittsfield.

At all events I did not do badly in those days.

It was fine to have one's eyes so good and strong, so clear and so absolutely tireless.

I worked like a dog and felt like a god.

VACATION AND RETURN

The time soon came to leave Gotham for home.

I was walking, one day near the close of the "year," in the main hall of the College, when, all at once, I saw approaching John G. Curtis, whom I had improperly detested.

He smiled, actually smiled, put out a hand, said, "I have watched your work, Dr. Shastid, and have also talked with your quizmasters. We are glad to have such men as you come back to the College. Come."

MORE TROUBLE FROM THE G. P.

One day, still later, he called me into his room, and, with a very strange look on his face, handed me a letter he had just received from the Grand Procrustes at Inveni. It was a most unworthy affair indeed, that letter, attempting as it did to make impossible for me any further study of my profession. It did not, however, succeed in its purpose.

I started to tell Dr. Curtis the entire story of my experience at Inveni.

"Enough!" he cried. "*That* kind of school!"

He tore the letter to shreds, threw them all around him.

That, however, was not the last of the opposition I encountered in the course of my manhood years from Inveni. In fact the fight upon me by that narrow institution had hardly begun. There came indeed, much later, a time when I faced the stern necessity to whip Inveni to a fair conclusion—in which necessity I had, most fortunately, the aid and assistance of a mighty and justice-loving friend.

Such matters, after all these years, I go into not with the slightest desire to hurt the feelings of anybody (if indeed any still live whose feelings could now be hurt by these memoirs), but only to show how far we have come in matters educational, in other words to present by concrete example—the most forcible means by far—the faults of the old-style denominational colleges, with their inadequate endowments, their still more inadequate faculties, their rigid curriculums, all their narrow-mindedness and lack of the very qualities they professed to be developing in their students. God forbid that I, after all these changeful years—not in the burning ardor of quick youth but in the calm iciness of old age—should revive even the slightest disagreeable fact with any such revengeful and unworthy purpose as that with which the President of Inveni steadily and inexorably "hounded" me around from one institution of learning to another.

Dr. Curtis had asked me to return to Columbia in the fall. Return I did.



Pittsfield, Ill., Sep. 7. 1887.

Mr. Jno. G. Nicolay -

Dear George:
This will introduce to
you my son Thomas. He
is on his way to New York to
attend Medical Lectures at
the College of Physicians ^{Surgeons} where
he attended last year.

As he was to stop off at Washing-
ton City for a day or two, I
was very desirous that he should
make your acquaintance.

I would like to have him meet
Mr. Jno. Hay if you could con-
veniently introduce him.

Accept my best wishes for
your good health.

Your Friend
T. W. Shastid

A largely self-explanatory letter, except as to the fact that, when I arrived in Washington, my father's old-time friend had met with some great sorrow, I forget now what, and so I never met him.

(Reduced in size.)

At that time the College had been moved to the new building on Fifty-ninth Street, just opposite the Roosevelt Hospital. A palatial affair it was too, and far more beautiful than ever had been the little brick shack on Twenty-third Street. Yet there was always lacking for me this or that at the new and more sumptuous building. It was not merely that the benches at the new building were very hard to sit on and also shaped so badly as nearly to break our backs, but it always seemed that the real spirit of the school had, somehow, been left behind in the old building.

I "quizzed" in those days with the Dawbarn, Thompson, Symonds quiz, and, in that way, became incidentally acquainted with Dr. Chas. H. May, my first instructor in the ophthalmoscope, and Dr. A. E. Davis. Both these men were among the world's most famous ophthalmologists, and I was long very happy in the possession of their fine friendships. Both now are dead.

MEDICAL COURSES

A course for the M.D., in those days, consisted of two short, very short, years, of from three to four months each. The first year you took all the studies in the curriculum, and, the second year, you took them all again. The only examination you had to pass was at the close of the second year—on the twice-taken entire curriculum. The P. and S. (Columbia), however, had risked a daring innovation. It had, first, enlarged its "years" to seven months each. In addition it had, just before my admission to its freshman year, established "a three-year graded course." But it had also retained its old-time two-year course, consisting of the entire curriculum taken twice and then at the close of the one and only examination.

The work in the two-year course and in the three-year course was practically the same thing. The one and only difference was that, in the three-year course, you gave yourself more time in which to perform the same work—three years instead of two in which to cover the same curriculum twice.

No, there was yet another difference. Once started on the three-year course, you were not permitted to recall your

decision and to complete that very same work in just two years. Not even although the two-year students were actually doing it in two years, I repeat, could you, if a three-year man, recall your decision.

A WORD FROM VERMONT

The P. and S. "year" was to close in March. One day about the end of February, I received from the Medical Department of the University of Vermont a neat little circular and catalogue. Therein I learned that, at the northern institution, the college year began just about the time when the year at Columbia was closing. And it lasted till late in July.

That meant that if, immediately after the end of this, the second, year of my three-year graded course at Columbia, I proceeded to Vermont, I could, if I passed the final examinations there in July, receive my diploma and degree—instead of wait-wait-waiting till the last of March at Columbia the year following.

Form No. 1.

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THOS. T. ECKERT, General Manager.

NORVIN GREEN, President.

NUMBER	SENT BY	RECEIVED BY	CHECK
444	Chas. T. Eckert	Chas. T. Eckert	
Received at 8th Ave. and 34th St			
Dated July 9			
To: Mrs. A. Shasted			
266 W. 36th			
My dear your wife is			
I am anxious to hear from			
you answer L. M. Shasted			

ALTHOUGH I HAD BEEN WRITING OR WIRING TO THEM DAILY!

(Reduced in size, of course)

I knew that, at Columbia, I, quite as well as the most of the two-year students there, could pass on all the studies of the whole three years at the close of the then approaching examinations. If I should be permitted to take all the examinations at that time, and should pass, that would save more time than even it would to enter Vermont and graduate there in July.

I went at once to Dr. Curtis, laid the entire matter before him. Might I be permitted, I asked, to take in March (as all the two-year students were in fact to take) the final examinations on all the studies of the curriculum?

Talk about uncontrolled anger in little me!

Professor John G. Curtis, much to my surprise, raved like a holy madman.

No. A thousand times, No. I should only be permitted to take the examinations in Anatomy, Physiology, Chemistry and Physics. I had started in to finish in three years, so till the end of those full three years I must continue.

There was really no point whatever in his position, other than the desire to have in his school some three-year men. But to that position he stuck just the same.

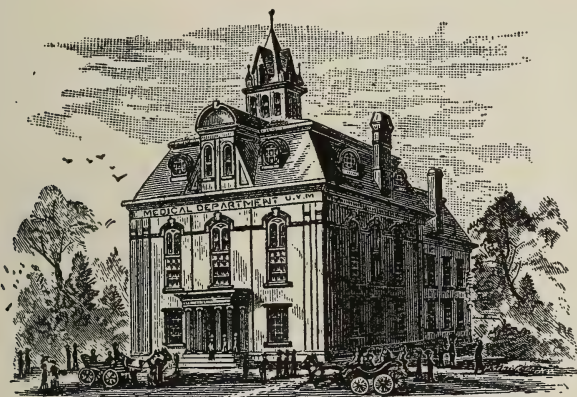
At the close of March I took all the examinations which, as a three-year man, I was permitted to take. And, in consequence, I received a neat little certificate which, in somewhat complimentary language, declared that I had completed all the work of the first two years and passed the examinations relating thereto successfully.

I took that bit of paper, and, at once, without any more preliminaries or hesitations, hied me away to another hand-out.

YET ANOTHER HAND-OUT—VERMONT

Hardly had I reached Burlington, Vermont, and got settled in my rooming-house (at 21 Grant Street) when there came a more than courteous letter from Dr. Curtis, urging me to take my degree at Vermont, just as I was intending to do, and then, in the autumn, just as I was intending not to do, to return to Columbia, and there, in the following spring, to take my *ad eundem*.

I was, of course, considerably mollified—to be so honored by Dr. John Green Curtis. But I, too, was stubborn, and I told him, in a more than merely courteous reply, that I wished to become an oculist and that my oculistic training could readily be taken in Europe within the time that he wished me to spend further at Columbia.



MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
OLD PEARL STREET BUILDING

The first glimpse which I had of life at little Vermont was somewhat comical.

As I approached the portal of the building I heard loud, but grave, voices in an open-doored room on the right.

Entering, I beheld in the apartment a score or more of students holding a "mock quiz."

One who pretended to be the master was asking, "Doctor, what is the best cure for sleep-walking?"

"A paper of tacks. Dose—three tablespoonfuls scattered about the floor before retiring."

A very old joke, but, at the time, quite new to me. And then there were others—till the real quiz-master arrived.

I do not think that I ever have learned quite so much in a given length of time anywhere else as at the University of Vermont. For this there were several reasons. First, the climate was delightful, very cool and bracing even in June and July. Second, the school was not too large. Each teach-

er, therefore, could, if he liked, give to each student a considerable amount of individual attention. Third (but by no means least) the professors were neither narrow and bigoted nor uninterrogable by the students.

Methods of education are, I think, oftentimes bad, not because of what they are in themselves, but because of the type of student to whom they are applied. In my own case, the method simply had to be adapted to my particular way of work, or I could not learn. I seldom wanted to know next what stood next on the page of the book, but always what needed to stand next in my mind. When, that is, I sprouted in my mind a tiny sprig of knowledge, that sprig at once put forth little buds—to speak more literally, questions. Those questions I wanted answered at once—no delay. I had, therefore, at Inveni, been said to possess “a disorderly mind.” Sometimes I had actually got to thinking that the judgment was right. Yet now I knew that that apparent disorderliness was the result of (for me) the very best and highest and most useful of all possible methods, systems, and arrangements.

What I wanted was not to hear a professor, or a quiz-master, ask systematic questions of a class, a majority of whose members did not care a tinker’s support for the entire subject. I had to get the professor or the quiz-master off to one side and do the questioning myself. All eager students, in fact, do not want, I believe, to answer questions, but to ask them. Yet forever and eternally teachers ask and ask and ask.

At Inveni a question asked by a student had been well-nigh equivalent to a personal insult.

At Columbia a question would indeed sometimes be answered, and yet, as a rule, in such a way that the student did not care to ask another. The professors were mostly men in medical or surgical practice, their time was enormously and financially valuable, and the number of students far too great to permit of any considerable amount of attention being allotted to any one of them. There were, of course, quiz-masters (privately employed) but these also asked questions of their own and gave little time to answering those of the students. One or two inquiries could be permitted to

the entire class of students at any given recitation, and that was all.

It is quite different, of course, at Columbia Medical now, where the instruction is probably second to none in the world.

But, at Vermont, even then, I could question to my heart's content.

That, at least, was true of Dr. Grinnell himself (the dear old red-headed dean),¹ of A. F. A. King, of "Old Towles, from Virginia," of J. Williston Wright, of that most excellent quiz-master, Wm. B. Gibson, true in fact of each and every teacher there—except indeed one. That one was Rudolph A. Witthaus, professor of physics and chemistry both there and at the University of the City of New York. Whenever I asked a question of him, he answered it with a sneer, almost a curse. If I asked a second, he snarled, well-nigh bit me. I soon quit asking questions—of that man.

And then my old-time tendency to anger, to hate, returned. To whatsoever institution I went, there, somehow, was some or another man for me to be roiled at. This Rudolph A. Witthaus I hated as never I had hated John G. Curtis or even the Grand Procrustes at Inveni.

In truth I admired the man as a fine expounder of technical knowledge, as an expert chemist and as a toxicologist whose brilliant reputation shone round the world. And yet I hated him most terribly.

A tiny volcano once again, burning itself out into dust and ashes.

And just because I hated the man so terribly, I was much more than merely certain that he, likewise, was spending his precious time on hating me. "My born enemy" I thought him, again and again.

At little Vermont too there was among the students a very earnest spirit and appreciation of the teachers' work. Never before, I believe, have I seen a finer set of undergraduates, better behaved or more steadily industrious.

¹ On a day, after one of his lectures, I spoke to him in the hall about a matter concerning which I had had much difficulty. "Come down to my home tonight," was the reply. I went quite early, expecting to receive but a few moments of his time. But the dean, having placed me in a large rocking-chair, himself took another, and then discoursed like an archangel on the entire subject of smallpox—time, about two hours. (See my complete sketch of this man in Kelly's "Cyclopedia of American Medical Biography" (1912) Volume I, 363-4.)

One of the most brilliant men in the class, and, possibly, the most capable student of medicine that ever I have known at any institution, was Frederic W. Sears, later widely known as neurologist and psychiatrist and now deceased.



(Pittsfield, Ill., Apr. 14, 1888.)

This is to certify that my son, Thomas & Tall Shastid, has had the equivalent of three years study in medicine under my direction & that he is of good moral character and attained the age of twenty-one years, July 17, 1887.

T. W. Shastid M. D.

My father's certificate of my apprenticeship under his tutelage—a copy which he himself very thoughtfully kept. The original was handed in by me to the faculty of Vermont College of Medicine as a pre-requisite to graduation.

This document, it is true, does not state that I had studied medicine under my father for twelve years (1876 to 1888) as it might very properly have done, but that is only because the printed instructions which had been issued by the College about this requisite for graduation plainly demanded that the certificate should declare that the candidate "has had the equivalent of three years study in medicine under his direction," etc. My father, with his usual caution, drew the certificate precisely in accordance with those instructions. The facts, however, in the case went far beyond the College's requirements.

The reason why the College required only the "equivalent" of three years study under a preceptor was that, in those days, almost without exception a medical apprentice never did, or very well could have, studied with his preceptor for even one single year CONTINUOUSLY. He, if in school or college, could work with or for his preceptor only in the vacations—summer, Christmas, Easter—and, in other parts of the year, on Saturdays and Sundays. If indeed he were only a hired man on a farm, attempting there heroically to earn and save enough money to pay his expenses later at a medical college (and the great majority of medical apprentices then were just such laborers) he could actually work for and study with his preceptor only in winter, or, at the most, say from November 1 to April 1.

(Certificate reduced in size, of course.)

Time came for the final examinations.

At these I stood seventh in the class. The best ten were then selected for "a further [private] competition in all the various branches." The best five out of the ten were to receive, each, a special diploma of examination honors.

Then, at the Howard Opera House, like a burst of thunder, President Buckham of the University, saying to us lined-up candidates, "By virtue of the authority vested in me," and so on.

After the banquet and all the rest of the formalities and festivities, and a try at a little sleep, I started for the train—afoot, to save bus hire.

At all events, I carried in my satchel a letter from my "born enemy," Professor Rudolph A. Witthaus, a letter I am weak enough to reproduce herewith. He had said as, at his own instance, he had given it me, "Use it, Doctor, whenever, in Europe, you think it may do you any good."

I also carried in my satchel (in addition of course to the usual diploma) a special diploma of examination honors. That special diploma I love to this minute with a peculiar and unreasoning affection. Why? Nobody else than myself knows that I have it, or could care much if he did. I never could hang it in my office without the appearance of boasting to my patients. My parents, who looked upon it often, are both dead. In my drawer at a bank it lies in cylindrical state along with similar mementoes, and even I seldom gaze upon its magic words. Yet it is always in my heart like a little happy tune—the first and greatest honor I ever possessed. There never could be another quite like unto it—perhaps, first, because, when I received it, I had failed at Inveni; and, second, because, as I have tramped to failure after failure, the few later honors that have come to me have found me dull and cynical and only mildly thankful for any invitation to happiness.

All day long, as I rolled southward in triumph, I was unable to make up my sleep—not merely because I was seated upright and because the train was as jolty as any mythical affair in Arkansas, or because, at last, I had actually become a son of old Hippocrates, but more, far more, because of the

fine, even brotherly, comradeship which in the last few days I had experienced among those dignified professors.

One example of this friendliness must suffice:

As I was going to the office of Professor A. F. A. King, to take my "oral" in obstetrics, I, when mounting the stair to his room, slipped and fell hard. The steps were dirty,

R. A. WITTHAUS,
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY,
AND
PHYSICS.

LABORATORY OF CHEMISTRY
UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
Medical Department,
No 440 EAST 20TH STREET.

New York, *July 20* 188*P*

I am pleased to certify that
Dr. T. H. Shastid who recently graduated in
medicine at the University of Vermont, at
which institution I am Professor of
Chemistry came closely under my personal
observation, and that I have always found
him to be an exceptionally attentive and
capable student. I may state further that
in the examinations in my department
at the University of Vermont Dr. Shastid
was the only candidate who received a mark
which indicated perfection in his answers.

Very respectfully
R. A. Witthaus

A GENERAL LETTER OF INTRODUCTION FROM MY "BORN ENEMY"

Professor Witthaus, being head of the Department of Chemistry and Physics at the University of the City of New York, as well as at the University of Vermont, chanced to use for this letter a sheet with the New York University heading upon it.

because of the dusty streets without, of the wide-open windows, and of a strong breeze. I therefore arose with my hands and clothing in a disreputable condition. Yet I had to go on at once into that office.

There I apologized, of course. And the good professor actually arose and came and brushed me off, with many a half-smothered condemnation of the janitor and the weather.

I sat down, decidedly confused, and, at first, unable to answer questions. So Professor King reached into a drawer of his desk and handed me a great, round, rosy apple. "Eat that first," he suggested. "Then talk."

I ate, and I answered, and I received, as he informed me, "a full one hundred."

I shall never forget the world-renowned man who, seeing before him a boyish and embarrassed examinee, thought of the homely expedient of having him eat an apple.

And then—New York again. A few days wait there for my ship to Europe.

STILL ANOTHER HAND-OUT—VIENNA

I had actually left New York without first returning to see my doleful parents. Financial necessity, rather than increasing manliness! For days on the ocean I saw eternally the old, seemingly neglected barn at home, or the familiar ash-hopper with my little mother vigorously raking leaves beside it, or her and me in the basement of the house together, pouring hot tallow into candle moulds. Over and over I recalled with shameful tears that early January morning when, just before leaving the first time for Inveni, I rose and, stepping softly to the little east window of my bedroom, gazed out over all the dear familiar objects of the yard—motionless and wholly muted by the snow.

Long did I stand there—long—impressing on my childish memory each tiniest characteristic of the well loved scene. I might possibly, at some time, forget one of them.

I was going to be away so far, so far! A hundred miles at the very least!

When, at length, I turned to leave the window, my father, who had entered the room without my knowing it,

stepped up, put his arm around me and we both kept looking for some time into the yard.

After that, in the bus together, we were leaving the home behind and dashing into the darkness, my mother's voice calling after us forlornly.

Via Liverpool to London. There, of course, I visited "Moorfields" and other hospitals.

Thence to Edinburgh.

Nowhere could I find in all that very Great Britain the facilities for practice on the eye, ear, nose and throat which I had heard were constantly offering at Vienna. Dr. John B. Wheeler in particular, Assistant in Surgery at Vermont, one of the skilfulest surgeons and friendliest of men, had so pictured and glorified Vienna to my excited imagination that I could hardly have done otherwise than go there ultimately.

Next, then, departure for "Wien." Leith, Middlesborough, Antwerp! Cologne, Nürnberg und so weiter—eben so weit wie Wien!

In Wien, or Vienna, first of all, I resided at Tiefer Graben, Numero 36, bei Herr Gesund—of all things, for a doctor! Later I removed to Färzzehn Alsterstrasse, Alservorgrund, Zweite Stiege, Zweiten Stock, Thür acht-und-Zwanzig. And I paid ten kreuzer nightly to the Hausbesorger if I stayed out later than ten o'clock—a custom it was in all the rooming houses of Vienna at the time.

I am also an "ausserordentlicher," if *you* please, at the University.

Shades of old Hippo, how we worked in that university! No one there, to be sure, could in the least help working.

Those were the days of Billroth and of Eiselsberg, of Grünfeld and of Heitler; best of all, of Schrötter and Politzer, of Stellwag, Königstein and Bergmeister.

I, tramp-like, had, of course, to take at least a little work outside my own four specialties, hence "fractures and dislocations" with Eiselsberg, "physical diagnosis" with the old magician, Heitler, and, to cap the climax, "Endoskopie der Harnröhre and Blase," with that curious half-clown, half-genius, Herr Josef Grünfeld.

Mostly, of course, I worked with Königstein and Bergmeister.

Was there ever such another Augenspiegelkurs as that of the eloquent Königstein? I doubt it.

It was in that Kurs that I, by means of my ophthalmoscope, first gazed inside the eye of any animal—a frog.

And there I beheld, O miracle of miracles, the great, oval red corpuscles, as they formed and broke ranks, reformed, twisted, distorted, straightened out again, went single-filing into the narrow tubes called "capillaries." What a peep into the workshop of Demiurgus.

Even as a boy I had been much interested, though only in an amateurish way, in those mysterious organs, the eyes of animals, and now my old-time curiosity was reawakened.

But I must stick, stick. So I stuck *almost* entirely to the human eye, ear, nose and throat.

OTTO BERGMEISTER

Most interesting of all my teachers at Vienna was that nervous tornado and deafening cataract of cosmopolitan lingo and jocular sarcasm known as "Bergmeister."

With him I had an Augenoperationskurs. Wunderschön! The attendance at the course was strictly limited. I, somehow, got in. And then, as it seemed, I never cared to get out. At all events I took that course three times, each time more enthusiastically than before. And whatever I, in the way of operative eye-skill later had have may, it is due, grösstenfalls, to Bergmeister.

What a magician of an operator! His fingers had all the fine touch and technik of Joachim, the violinist (whom I heard in Vienna).

And what an expositor too! Nothing was anyway complex, abstract, difficult or unengaging, as it came from the lips of Bergmeister.

He had a curious way of "joshing" his students while they tried to operate—first on the dead eyes of cattle and pigs (fastened, of course, in the ophthalmophantome) and, later, on the eyes of human cadavers.

July 25 1888
 Pittsfield Pike Co, Ill.
 My Sweet Little Tommy. In a
 foreign land, how I wish you
 father and I could be with you.
 We received your letter to day
 and gladly perused its contents.
 We may be very foolish about letters
 but we can not help it; we want
 then your father seems to be
 pretty well reconciled considering
 I hope you enjoyed your trip, and
 that you are well and enjoying
 your self and seeing every thing
 I wish you would keep a diary also
 write up what you can of your voyage
 It is so very hot and sultry and my
 feet ache so badly I can scarcely
 write as I sweat so on my glasses

A SPECIMEN PAGE FROM A LONG, CHARACTERISTIC LETTER FROM MY MOTHER
 Characteristic too, no doubt, of country doctors' helpmeets generally who have children off at college. This letter was the first that I received from my mother after sailing for Europe.

The request that I keep a diary was typical not only of my mother, but also of my father, and, years later, of my wife. The Companion, indeed, for the most of our married lives, kept diaries herself, and these, too, have been a source of decided accuracy in much that I have written both in this volume and in "Tramping to Failure." The necessity for possessing and using such sources of accuracy (if I am not making far too

long a legend here) was once especially demonstrated to me when, having written solely from memory of my experience at "The Little White House" in Pike County for THE BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MEDICINE in 1907 and 1908, I, long afterward, attempted to write of that same experience in my "Tramping to Failure." On the latter occasion it occurred to me that I ought to look up what I had said about the Little White House in my childhood's diary. That I did, and the consequence is that the account of the same experience in "Tramping to Failure" is more accurate by far than is that in the BULLETIN.

only \$1.50 for round trip wish one
 could go. Mr. & Mrs. Burkitt have
 been to St. Louis they are pretty well
 I suppose of course you see most of the
 news from the papers. Opened your
 box yesterday. By the way what kind
 of perfumery do you use on your socks
 and did you have any socks left—
 Now Tommy there is one other thing that
 I would like to ask you if you do
 not think I am asking too much
 but if you should peradventure to
 think that I am asking too much
 remember that it is your loving mother
 that asks you and I know that you
 will be reconciled to it even if
 probably you might think I was asking
 too much shall I write it without
 fear! Well here it goes with trembling
 Tommy do write every day would you?
 Now there little Mamma you are a little
 too small—

PAGE 3 OF THE SAME LETTER

Just why my mother asked what perfumery I used on my socks I do not know. Why! I never had used perfumery on anything! Her request, too, that I write "every day" I thought funny at the time. It seems not funny now.

"It's good, Herr Doctor, that the subject you just have operated on is dead. Poor girl, if living and you so upon her eyes operirt hätten, then the beautiful mademoi-

Every one seems to ^{be} pleased that you are going to Europe, whether it is gladness to get rid of you or joy that you are going to enjoy ^{yourself} I can't say. He said that Halpin said he thought it would be the making of you — You just now came in and wanted to know why I don't write such letters to him says I write such short ones jealous of course. Be sure and write to Will. Did you write to Ann Haggins Did you get Pa's letter with Money Order before you left N. Y. Well we will be always watching for letters and praying for you and your safe return, Your loving loving mother
L. M. Shastid
N. Y. Order July 24

THE LAST PAGE OF THE SAME LETTER

"Halpin" was Mr. Patrick Halpin (whom almost every one in town called "Halpin") owner of the Halpin Marble Works, wherein Jacky Rian, herein commemorated later, did his highly skilful stone-cutting.

The "Money Order" was my graduation present.

selle would never, in all this world, one single time married been have."

Again, "Would you believe it? O well! Es macht nichts aus. Subject's dead. You couldn't have made him any blinder, Herr Doctor, anyway. Maybe he'll see in heaven. God, at least, is a good doctor. Let us pray—in Latin it is best.—Now *your* turn, Herr Doctor. When *you* try, always pray a very little at the outset. But see what you can do. I'll shut my eyes till you've finished. Terrible—very terrible."

Sometimes he would take another tack—irony!

"Ausgezeichnet, Herr Doctor! Not in all my life have I ever seen any cataract-extraction done like that! Not that it is so very good, maybe! But it is different! My God, how it is different! Still it is always well to be original too.

"Next, Herr Doctor Kishimoto! Take the cataract knife in your good soft fingers so, soft fingers so. And now show me if you cannot imitate the very fine thing which, some time ago, you me do seen have.

"So ist es gut! Not *quite* so original aber, ist es am besten. Der Herr Doctor von Kishimoto, he is really very good opérateur." (That was an actual compliment.)

Then again, as still another attempted to operate, "Ausgezeichnet!" (Loud enough to awaken the dead and dissected.) "Never before in all this world has another so fine an operation as this by the Herr Doctor von Schanks performed been!"

He would pirouette on his left big toe, suddenly seize the knife himself and begin to operate, while you held your joyous breath to watch that miracle of surgery.

You never went to sleep in Bergmeister's course!

And you never forgot a thing you learned there, either.

Once when a student remonstrated, "But, Herr Professor, why always hold the Beer's knife at that angle and not at this one?" Bergmeister's head bent low, his lips almost touching the stupid one's ear. Then he shouted, "It is a sec-r-r-et. It's because the patient wants to SEE again!"

WILHELM II

I remember the morning when I went up to that Herr Professor's lecture hall, and had not yet heard the great news.

Wilhelm II had come to the throne of Germany (June, 1888), two or three months before. One of the first things he had done was to issue two addresses—one to the army, the other to the navy—in which he had advocated peace to the limits of his utterance. These addresses he had later (June 18) backed up by a powerful address to the Prussian people of similar import. After his formal induction into office (June 25) he started on a tour of Europe, and, while in St. Petersburg, Stockholm and Copenhagen, explained that "the object of these visits is to maintain the peace of Europe." I did not then know that propaganda against him as a militarist was already issuing out of the chancelleries of certain opposing governments. Otherwise, I should better have understood his intense anxiety to make clear his position as that of a lover of peace.¹

All at once, like a Jupiter thundering out of a clear sky, he had done (it was said) some or another fiercely bellicose thing—a mere gesture, of course, but a fiercely militaristic one nevertheless, which had given the world of pacifists a very stunning shock.

That was the "great news" concerning which the good Professor Bergmeister now spoke. Had I not heard? Wilhelm II, the supposed pacifist, was indeed and in truth, as many had suspected and declared before his accession to the throne, a militarist—body, bones, hoofs and horns.

The Herr Professor was all of a tremble. I noted, and he noted that I noted. (Austria and Germany were not great friends then, in spite of the Triple Alliance of 1882.)

"Why are not you, also, a-trembling?" he asked.

My first feeling was simply one of pride in America and Americans. I said I knew nothing at all about Wilhelm II to tremble about, and that we, in the United States, were

¹ I hold, of course, no brief for any kaiser, king, czar, or other autocrat or aristocrat.

The following words of the Kaiser would, indeed, suffice to condemn him in the mind of any believer in democracy: "My grandfather, the great and glorious ruler, issued from his residence in Coblenz, and ascended the throne as the chosen instrument of the Lord." ("The Kaiser's Speeches," Harper and Brothers, page 283.)

I am merely attempting to show, as we now know it, the truth about the situation in 1888.

not in the habit of trembling at the words or deeds of any sovereign. I very much wanted to add that I heartily wished that all the crowned heads in all this king-cursed universe were at the bottom of the bottomless pit, but thought better of that idea when I remembered this good professor's love, of which I had heard much, for the dear old Francis Josef, then ruling in Vienna.

He told me why I, too, ought to tremble, why all men in the world should tremble. "Wilhelm the Second will not, at first, make war," wound up Professor Bergmeister, "but, eventually, he will bring this planet to ruin down. He—he is a mere drinker of human blood."

Other students began arriving. Professor Bergmeister ceased to speak. Here, in addition to Austrians, were also Germans, Italians, French; a very great variety of Americans; some impassive British and Scotch; certain inflammable Irish; Bulgarians, Lithuanians, Turks, and Russians; even Mesopotamians and nervous, highly alert-looking Japs.

And they all had read the papers and all seemed more or less excited, each after his own kind, because of the long anticipated thing which had in fact occurred—Wilhelm II of Germany had, quite unintentionally perhaps, revealed his secretly mailed fist.

He was, they said a blustering, tyrannical, young blatherskite and slaughter-hungry scapegrace. A wild hyena! A man with one arm only and only one idea. And that one idea was blood-and-death!

War! War, eventually, for all of us! That was what it meant, the nature of this one man.

Bergmeister seemed very busy assorting his instruments. Nothing at all said he any further about that threatening Armageddon. *He* was not a foreigner. Not quite so safe it was for *him* to discuss overambitious royalties. He could not tell to-day what attitude, tomorrow, the Austrian government might need to assume.

After the lecture and the practice work which followed it, I chanced, not altogether without my own volition, to be among the last of that cosmopolitan group to leave the room.

Before we had quite all gone, said Professor Bergmeister, "Some of you students will perish in the great war."

The man was perfectly right. The war was pretty long deferred. It had, too, when it came, been much more surely engendered by Professor Bergmeister's own well-loved Francis Josef and his half-witted prime minister, Berchtold, as well as by that prince of all bloody butchers, Nicholas Romanoff, than it had by the much more greatly dreaded Wilhelm II of Germany. But, when at last it came, a number of "you students" did indeed and in truth pass into the great beyond by way of the wholly unnecessary Armageddon.

The talk about the war filled up my soul with gloom again. Why war—the purely senseless way to settle things? Did the peoples themselves want war? I did not know, did not much trouble myself to investigate.

The Little White House in Pike County, Illinois, and its big black shadow, which for so long a time had been forgotten, began now to appear and re-appear in my numerous dreams. It haunted, too, the most of my waking hours.

When its shadow became almost intolerable, I would go out into the animated and colorful streets of Vienna and walk for long hours. The only proper antidote for thoughts of death is scenes of vivid and picturesque life.

Then, too, there came, almost daily, the letter from Father or Mother, or from both. They had promised two letters per week and had made it from seven to fourteen. What should I ever have done without those letters? All of them I still possess, and all of them are priceless—now that no letter can ever arrive from either parent again. Also at Vienna, as at all my other colleges, my father and mother wrote me repeatedly as if they had not heard from me for many years. Sometimes they even telegraphed—although I had been writing or wiring to them daily.

I believe, but cannot now be sure, that the occasion which had so disturbed our good Professor Bergmeister, and, in that way, myself, was the Kaiser's speech at Frankfort on the Oder, which he had made on August 16, 1888, and which, in the war-time words of Poultney Bigelow, "set all tongues wagging as though he had already signed a declaration of war."

DREAMING

At last, in April, I gathered up my "Zeugnisse," and packed my little trunk.

After so very much arduous work performed, I was entitled, I thought, to go dreaming again.

"Then longen men to gone on pilgrimages."

I did indeed dream over the still, blue, meandering canals of storied Venice; over the Roman Forum, with its memories of magnificent human powers; over Padua, with its sad recollections of Galileo, the wanderer, who had suffered for wandering's sake. Even as I hung out of the windows from the leaning tower of Pisa and thought of the first queer pictures of the place which ever I had seen—in school geographies back in Pittsfield—I dreamed again, and—of home.

"Won't you come back home, Tom, where the meadow-larks are singing?"

I became indeed far too nostalgic to dream of anything else then than just home. The idea took complete possession of me.

"I remember, I remember the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping
in at morn!"

and where, in my own bedchamber, my father and I had stood with our arms around each other that early morning just before leaving together for Inveni.

Among other things he had said to me, that morning, was this: "You are just leaving home, Tom, for the first time. One thing there is that I want you to remember through all the moments of your life and mine. That is this: No matter how far you go, or how much you may accomplish or fail to accomplish, or even how bad you may become (for bad any man may become at times) there will still be one old white-headed chap back here in Pike County wanting to help you. To the last penny of his means and the last gasp of his breath he will stand by you and assist you—always. You may and you must depend upon that."

So—a few brief days in Switzerland, France, and, again, England. Then, one night—I had beaten my schedule by six or seven hours—I was walking up from the Pittsfield Wabash depot to my parents' house all alone. I turned the corner by the old cottonwood tree (whereon our boyhood's nicknames or initials had all been so long ago engraved) and then proceeded toward the front of the building.

But my mother, although she had not known the precise time of my arrival, still had surely felt that I was coming at that very hour, a doctor.

So, there in the deep darkness, framed by the first outer doorway that ever I had learned to know, she actually stood—holding in her hand a lighted lamp—just as, in former days, she had so often stood, when Father and I had been returning from long rounds among the country sick.¹

She did not understand, of course, just how much she symbolized there to my excited imagination. She only knew that "Tommy" had come back.

But all my life (as it appeared to me) she had been standing just as then she stood, before some or another doorway into something very good and happy, holding in her hand a brightly shining lamp for her son's guidance.

PITTSFIELD: "ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE" PRACTICE

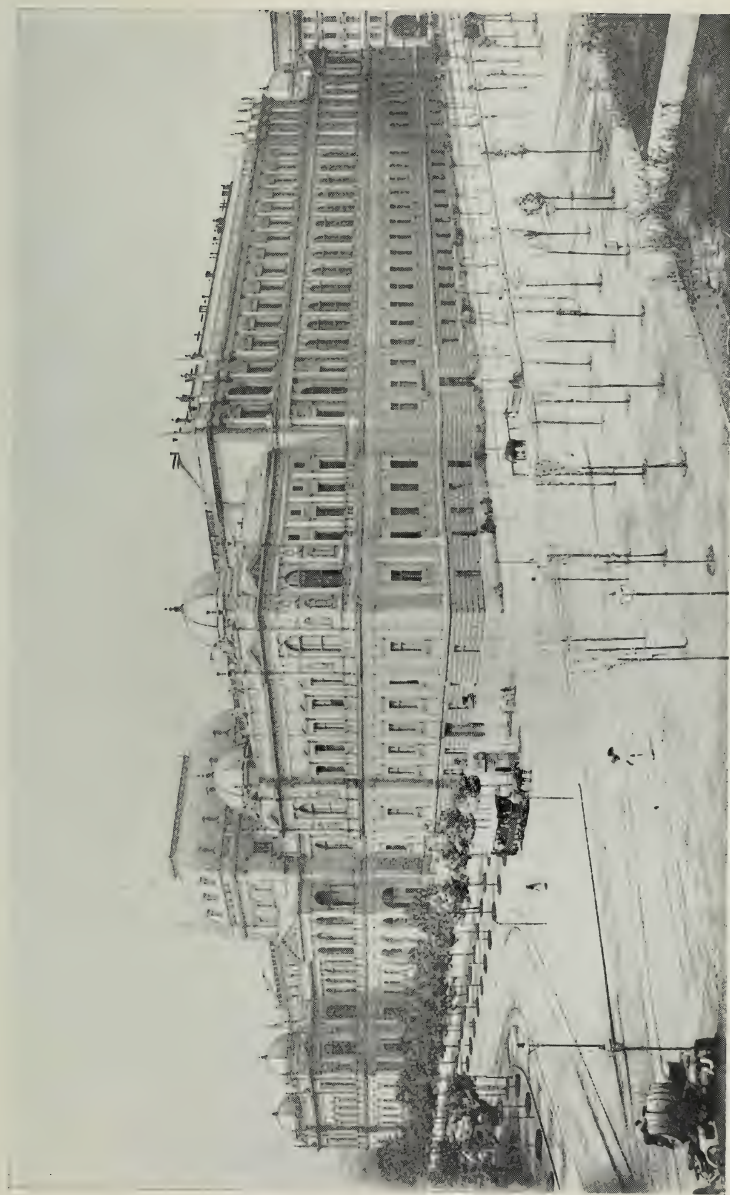
When I got back to Pittsfield from Inveni the last time, got back with a demotion from the senior to the junior class, got back "failed," my father had not, contrary to his custom at the beginning of my vacations, taken me round the Pittsfield Public Square for re-introduction to our fellow citizens, to be as it were "exhibit A." Seeing which I had somehow got it into my mind that perhaps my father was no more very proud of me.

So I had said to him, one day, as he took me into the country, "Father, do you still want me to be a doctor?"

"Well! What a question! Why ask?"

"You have not seemed to be quite so proud of me since I returned for *this* vacation—haven't—that is—well, haven't

¹ I first so pictured her to the medical profession in *Bulletin of the American Academy of Medicine*, 1907 and 1908 (Vols. VIII and IX) *passim* in a series of sketches entitled "Practising in Pike." Many years later the same picture of a mother was actually painted and with almost precisely the same words in a very famous novel—by accidental resemblance, as a matter of course.



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA, MAIN BUILDING



THE TRAMP, ALIAS "THE YOUNG DOCTOR," ALIAS "DOCTOR TOM"

As he began to practice Medicine at Pittsfield, Illinois, in 1889

—taken me round the Square and about in the country, to introduce me and tell people that I am back.”

“That is only because people may have heard from the President of Inveni about—well, heard the things that a man like him would certainly say.”

“No other reason?”

“Absolutely none—but you, Thomas, do you still desire to ‘take the veil,’ to practice with me, after your graduation in medicine, here in this little town and in the country?”

“I have always wanted to practice medicine beside you, Father,” I truthfully asserted, “ever since I was knee-high to your pill-bags.”

Now that I was back again—only, this time, with a medical degree and certain wonderful certificates from Vienna—he asked me the same old question about “the veil,” and when I had answered in the old way, he gave me a little squeeze, as so often he had done in my boyhood, turned the horse south (we happened to be merely driving then, with very little sickness) and so on out past Oakwood Cemetery, past Llewelyn Stone’s, past the turn-off to the George Goode place, then across Honey Creek, and, taking the south fork of the road and ascending a lofty hill, we came to a stop, as oftentimes before we had done, on the hill-top just between, as I remember it, the W. T. F. Petty place and the E. Moomaw place.

Stopped stock still and never a word from either of us.

Soon the horse stopped breathing audibly, all the world was deeply silent—and bathed in ineffable light.

As in former days, so once again I worshipped the Great Mind which *is* the universe and of which I was a part—not the ridiculous figure of an old man in a white beard, peering through spectacles and seated on some merely human “throne” in some particular locality, but the Great Mind which *IS* all, never localized but universal.

I had a feeling that my father, too, might perchance, like me, be worshipping, finding, like me, his most inspiring cathedral to be the lofty, sunlit countryside and its most expressive music, the all-embracing silence. But I feared to ask him about this matter lest, possibly, I had been utterly mistaken.

When we had gone on a little distance, he discussed with me the question whether it was best, in any case, for a new doctor to "try a solo rôle" in medicine, sitting back then and waiting for patients who might never arrive. "I should always be by you, Tom, to advise you. And, besides, think of this practice, rather this companionship, here in this one neighborhood of Martinsburg township. I have in this one countryside enough friendships of the first order to satisfy the life of any one man: Otto Jaritz and his family; the Turnbaughs and their families; 'Uncle' Tommy James and his family. All *these* and *their* families: Elliott Baker, J. Jaritz and Fred, S. and C. Zumwalt, the Ransoms, the Pettys, the Moomaws, the Goodins, and scores and scores of other lovable people, not to forget Sam and William Worley, the two most delightful bachelor farmers I have ever known. Can such fine friendships ever be formed in any great city?

"Then think of all the other townships in this county, and of the villages and towns, including Pittsfield itself and the house wherein you were born."

I thought of them. In fact they were always present in my mind, at least subconsciously.

But now I thought it about time to quit being serious, and so, when my father asked me if I had been "figuring on any new things," I, although I understood him perfectly, replied, "O yes, on a large number—medical, surgical, histological, pathological and even biological. Mostly I've worked out biological innovations."

"You have!" with genuine surprise.

"Yes."

"And just what, pray?"

The one thing I could think of was, "My only practical invention, so far, in biology, is a device for making yellow hens lay square eggs."

"My stars! Why do you want to produce square eggs?" [Hens to lay square eggs was an old joke, even in those days.]

"Because—er—they'll make a square meal. Also because they'll—er—both pack more economically and break less easily than the present shape."

"I see, I see. Well, why don't you breed white hens to do the same thing?"

"I'm working on *them* to produce eggs with soft-rubber shells and antiseptic interiors."

"No break, no rot!"

"Exactly. No break, no rot."

"And domineckers?"

"Er—I thought we'd keep domineckers just as they are, seeing as how both they and their eggs pack just right in country doctors' stomachs."

My father was a good pal and he took this oblique criticism of his appetite for country chicken in good part, adding, however, "When I asked you if you had been figuring on any new things, I meant—O, figuring on better facilities, greater conveniences for the two of us in practice. The old office has done me pretty well for many years, but even for me it is somewhat crowded now. Then it never can be heated, excepting only by the crude method of opening either our bed-room door or our parlor door to let heat from other rooms come into it."

"We shall miss," said I, "in an outside office the music in that parlor of both Jon and Jo. This very morning, sitting in that office, I heard Joseph, the little scamp—well, there was a soft whisper of melody from his piano then a crash of golden chords as if heaven's gate had opened to our innermost ears."

"Do you remember the time when a crazy man was in our office and you went out, and (while I kept the man busy) you got Jon to go into the parlor and play a pacifying theme for him—to intensify the effect of the bromide you had given the lunatic—rather, let him drink on his own motion?"

"And it worked."

"How long ago that seems!" (And how long ago it did seem then—then in my twenty-third year! And, strangely, how very near it does seem to me now!)

"And you, Thomas, shall plan the new building yourself and shall mark the very spot in the orchard (where you boys used to play) that the office shall stand on. Your Uncle Joseph Hall shall have the contract and his first assistant shall work with him. And you shall take the Truax and Tieman catalogs and shall mark on every page the instru-

ments you think we ought to have—every single one of them you wish. Nothing that you want but I will buy it for you just so long as my money holds out.”

I suddenly looked up, quickly looked away again. I had seen in his face the realization of a thousand wishes, ten thousand brilliant dreams—and found it all poignantly intolerable.

“Still want to take the veil, Tom?”

“I would not miss it for a million worlds.”

I did not then know how ill adapted I was for the veil, how wonderfully adapted was he.

That night we worked in the orchard till late, staking here staking there. It was an important project, that of the fine new office. That structure was to be the pride among doctors’ offices in western Illinois. It must all be built just right, therefore.

In that office Father and I were to work permanently together, so he said to me.

Permanently!

DELLA WREN

My father said one day, “Come and see a patient with me here in town: it’s well to get acquainted. This patient is just a young woman, but she is very sick; her heart is leaking like a basket and her skin seems polished with the polish of completed gravestones.”

We entered the house.

All at once I recognized that patient. In spite of my dignity I smiled.

Many years before—it *seemed* many years then—when I had been in the fourth grade at school, there had arrived a certain St. Valentine’s day. I, because I was snub-nosed and, perhaps, otherwise not good to look upon, was beginning to think that, almost alone of all the boys in that populous room, I was about to be left without a valentine.

At all events, there seemed to be no other lad than myself upon whose desk a bright and blushing maiden had not dropped a tender missive.

All at once, up to *my* desk—actually!—came pretty little Della Wren and dropped her tribute—a tiny gift indeed,

but not at all lacking in delicate colors and subtly trimmed all about with the very daintiest of paper lace. In the center stood a tall, handsome couple, in pale-pink moonlight, and underneath the picture ran this sweet confession—" 'Tis You Alone I Love."

I glanced timidly up, my heart somewhere outside my bosom, perhaps all over me, and my cheeks like fire. "I mean it," she managed to mumble, and, running to her desk, sat down quickly, bowing her head in her folded arms.

After that, I frequently saw her in the schoolyard, but, when she saw me seeing her, she colored and ran away like a deer.

So I never had told her how happy she had made me. (I possess that valentine still, in my old age still I have it. It had cost perhaps five cents, and money could not buy it even yet.)

But my father, that day, knew nothing of the valentine. He had listened to the heart, the heart that once had loved me. It was a badly ruined heart too, destined soon to stop forevermore.

My father, even then, as it happened, was admonishing me—speaking to the patient's mother (or nurse): "Yes, you are right. A doctor learns to notice clearly many things that any other person could never see at all. Otherwise, he doesn't last long as a doctor." In this oblique manner my father not infrequently imparted instruction to his son.

But, in that particular case, I had noticed matters that my father had never seen and which he never knew of afterwards. I noticed that Della Wren had not forgotten the valentine, and she noticed that I had noticed—though neither had said one word about it.

And each was very glad that the other had remembered.

UNCONVENTIONAL MEDICINE

The unconventionality of those days is shown by something which had occurred between my two medical student years, when I was at home on vacation. Father had sent me, for the practice it would give, with tooth forceps to remove a "snag" for some one in the far west end of town who was

too sick to come to our office. I was actually carrying the forceps in my hand to keep from forgetting that I must really go somewhere to extract a tooth. I had got but two blocks from home when I met Mrs. C. I. Swan nervously guiding her little darting brood toward the Christian Church Sunday School. One of the brood, however, was, instead of darting, lagging pitifully behind and holding hands to swollen jaw. The mother appealed to me to use those forceps. I started to comply, but the patient would not "open, open."

Then did anxious mamma back Mr. Recalcitrant fast against the church wall, and, prying open his mouth herself, nip the milk tooth with her fingers—whereupon out came the acher *secundem artem*, before a large and admiring crowd too that stood on the Christian Church steps.

Mothers were like that, most of them, in those days. They loved their children dearly but would tolerate no "monkey business."

The boy who lost the tooth was, having grown up, long ago gathered to his fathers. His name was Harry Burr Swan. In manhood he became editor and owner at Pittsfield of *The Pike County Republican*, a paper long before owned by John G. Nicolay, the man who made Lincoln president and who had become Lincoln's campaign secretary, later his private secretary at Washington. Harry, in his capacity as editor, developed what seemed to me a new type of newspaper. His journal was never stiff and formal, but always unconventional, neighborly, friendly, jovial, full of sweet laughter, and, alas, at times, of course (for misfortunes do occur in the country) of bitter tears, an esteemed friend of hundreds of families in Pike County—almost, in fact, a human thing itself, so full it was of constant human interest.

This editor too, like his editor and publisher father, yet to be mentioned in this volume, ever sustained close medical relations with my father and my half-brother, Dr. Will Shastid, and in much the same ways. Anything to improve the public health, for example, was always advocated persistently and whole-heartedly by the human interest sheet of Harry Burr Swan.

WHAT TO BE SQUEAMISH ABOUT—THEN

People in those old days knew exactly what and what not to be squeamish about mentioning. Thus, it was thought improper for anyone, at least in mixed company, to mention a woman's toes, though perfectly proper to speak of her feet. It was also, strangely enough, quite permissible to mention either the toes or the feet of a man, yes even of a perfect gentleman. It was also quite all right to speak of anybody's ankles. But it was almost equal to obscenity, profanity, irregularity, irreligiosity and high treason combined, to mention the "legs" of any human being, male or female. Many persons in fact would speak of the "limbs" of horses, cattle, sheep and swine. Passing by certain other portions of the human geography which even a doctor could not in those days refer to except with bated breath and head respectfully averted and eyes directed into the far distance as if he were really thinking about something other than the matter in hand, we now, in greatest confusion, make gradual approach to the subject of hips. Seeing that these appurtenances to the human body were oftentimes strikingly prominent in fleshy persons, also oftentimes, with or without cause, vigorously kicked in those rough and ready days, it would have seemed to be something of an inconsistency that they never could be alluded to at all in mixed company by even their most delicate and respectable names.

Men, indeed, when women were not present, oftentimes mentioned the hips in the commonest and vilest of terms, sometimes even prefacing such words with and following them by the most outrageous profanity, such as (I slightly moderate the language) "O he fell, and, G.... d.... him, he lit on his G.... d.... [here the dictionary synonym for "hips"] and I'm just be G.... d.... if he ain't been no account ever since. Say, he can't even set down on no hay pile, he's that stiff an' formal."

Some of these verbal vagaries of masculine society had, years before, struck my childish intellect, though not as comical yet as scientifically informative of certain adult states of mind, and I therefore placed them in my diary, where, later, they were discovered by my father and condemned to be burned—the paper on which they were written, along with them.

The things were not in fact destroyed, but, at this very much later period, lie before me, with, of course, many cancellations, deletions, and supplementary dashes, and so have suggested this particular section of the present volume.

And why? Because those written notes, foul as they were, at least in their pristine form, are quite informative of the really prudish nature of many vile obscene men. For those foul-mouthed fellows, incredible as it may seem, would, when in their doctor's office, suffering terribly perhaps from piles, fistulae, and similar diseases, have a hard time bringing themselves round to telling their physician the location, not to say the general nature, of their hidden troubles.

One time indeed an oldish farmer, a generally very commonsensible person, sat in our office for fully half an hour, doing his best to bring out a terrible confession. Father, somehow guessing his trouble, relieved the tension by narrating a comic story he had recently heard about some wholly imaginary person who had had a case of piles.

"That's it! That's it!" shouted the old man. "That reminds me what I come to see you about—that thing you just said. I'd forgot plumb and clean what I'd come fer. Blast if I didn't! I'd really forgot it."

And this fastidious nonsense from an old fellow who had the reputation around town of being the foul-mouthedest critter Pike or any other county had ever produced!

Indeed there were a great many of these male sufferers, some of whom, like the man just mentioned, were as free as the winds with their language among their familiars, who nevertheless were prevented by mere over-fastidiousness from confessing fully to their kind old family doctor about their rectal, anal and genito-urinary diseases. A few who had no euphemisms, just couldn't talk to him at all.

Among the women the squeamishness was much worse, far more inconsistent. A woman who would not have dreamed of speaking of her toes or ankles to any living man but her husband would not in the least be squeamish about displaying her breasts on occasion. Over and over again I have seen a woman in a grocery store, a dry-goods store, or similar crowded emporium, unbutton her blouse freely, flop

out a breast or two, and go to suckling her infant as nonchalantly as if she had merely produced a milk bottle. Nor would she turn even a tenth of one degree to shield herself from public view. Why it was that a woman who would gladly submit to an examination for the purpose of determining whether or not she was pregnant, and who would, of course, gladly accept the services of her family physician in childbirth, never could bring herself to consult him about any disease whatsoever in the genito-urinary or rectal and anal tract, I do not know. But I do know that that was a fact.¹

Not till about 1890, when a Miss Virginia Dinsmore, M.D., who lived at Jacksonville, Illinois, began making regular trips to a hotel in Pittsfield, did the women of Pike County decide to have their recto-anal and genito-urinary diseases attended to. Then her waiting-room at the Pittsfield House was always crowded to the limit with women whose diseases of the kind described should have been attended to and could have been attended to years, yes and even decades, before. Many women would not go even to Dr. Dinsmore.

Doctor Dinsmore now has been in the past for several years, but many (not all) women, their squeamishness conquered, continue to have their ailments, *all* their ailments, attended to properly.

A Pike County woman of the long ago, while I was practising medicine in Pittsfield, when I suggested that she have a rectal and anal examination by me in the presence of my mother, sternly refused on the ground that God would not like to have her do that. When I suggested then that she go to St. Louis and have a woman specialist there look after her troubles, she answered, "God would not like to have me do that either."

I am certainly a strong believer in the Great Mind of the Universe, but I sometimes wonder just how so many people know so much more about exactly what God wants and what God doesn't want than do I. Perhaps they get their

¹ Also if a young woman were seen on the streets of our little town after 8:00 p. m. without a proper escort—well she'd better have a mighty good excuse and, besides, be sure to tell it to a fair-sized number of the elderly women next morning before something else got started.

superior information from the Bible, but I read the Bible too and have studied it much more thoroughly perhaps than have the most of these others. And still I seem to lack the precise and very exact information which these other people say they have about what God wishes and does not wish.

Then too I am bothered by the fact that many of the persons in question have "known," for example, in 1889, that God does not wish women to have recto-anal or genito-urinary examinations and treatments, even by a woman doctor, and yet (even the very same persons) knew in 1890 that *God does* wish that very thing.

All these matters remind me of a story that a Duluth doctor told me just a few years ago. He said that, one cold day, as a well-dressed woman came into his consultation room, he was called by his office secretary to go out and speak to somebody in his waiting hall. Before leaving the consultation room he said to the bundled-up patient, "Just take off your things: I'll be back shortly."

Returning, he found the lady in his consultation room standing nonchalantly by his examination table and as naked as a needle. She had indeed taken her things off—*all* of them, and without further ado.

Which occurrence may or may not be typical of these later and very much altered times.¹

¹ The curious efforts of parents in those days to keep from telling their children the truth about conception, pregnancy and child-birth, I have little space for in this book. Suffice it to say that, generally, one or the other of the following replies would be given to the questioner: "O the doctor found the baby lying by the side of the road." "He found the baby under a rose-bush." "He brought the baby in a long black leather box." "You asked me how did the doctor get the baby to put in that box? O, he prayed to God for it."

Once, however, at a not so squeamish place, about the following dialog, in my presence, took place:

"Where do mothers get their babies, Ma?"

"When a sow pigs, Son, where does she get her piggies?"

"Right out of her own self, Ma. I done see our sow git 'em."

"Well, as to this one thing, Son, a ma ain't no better'n a sow. She gets her piggies too right out of *her* own self. Now you run along an' split them big sticks o' wood I laid out fer ye. An' don't come back in askin' no more indelicate questions. I don't want to be indelicate with ye an' I don't want to lie to you nuther. So off ye go to yer work, an' leave indelicate questions to be answered by the doctors."

She was simply anticipating the "tell everything" attitude, characteristic of these later days.

AN ILLEGITIMATE FATHER—IN HIS HEART

We went, early that summer, my father and I, a number of times to a farmhouse where a solitary child—she was little more than that—lived with her parents. There was a baby sick at that house, concerning whom my father was greatly worried.

One day as, pill-bag-strap stretched over his knees, he was preparing to dose out powders, he suddenly discovered that his supply of powder-papers had been exhausted. "Get me a piece of white paper quickly," he said to me, "we must go to so many places yet to-day."

The old folks and the girl all looked round, apparently finding no white paper.

I, happening to see a sheet of loose letter paper sticking out from the leaves of a Bible on the bureau, promptly drew it out, and, seeing my own name twice in some writing there was upon it, I naturally read the whole—the girl, however, first crying out, "No! No!" then running out at the back door.

The sheet of paper read, "Dr. Thomas Hall Shastid and [here followed the girl's own name] were united in holy wedlock on [such and such a day, and so on]." The last part of the inscription ran, "There was born to them [on such and such a day—about two days after the marriage date] a son, by name [here ran the name—my own]."

It may seem a silly thing, this romancing of a dreamy country girl, but, when I read on that paper the name of my own [supposed] son and namesake, my heart gave a great jump of joy, and a great jump of joy it gives me again whenever I think about him. My son, my son! And bearing my own name too! I was proud beyond the power of any words to express my exultation. The child of course was not mine. But the mere thought of having a son exalted and intoxicated me.

I asked quite gently of my father *Einai nothos?* (Is he an illegitimate?) *Kai málista* (most certainly) was the reply. Also in such Greek as I happened to remember, "A boy?" He shook his head. "Can it live?" Again he shook his head. In English: "It is a blue baby: look and see."

In the buggy I got the poor girl's story, then told my father what I had seen on the paper in the Bible. "Well for you, Thomas, it is that you returned after nearly two years' absence.—The girl is really a good child, but intensely imaginative, a dreamer. The father of her child, more unfortunately still, is her own uncle, and she, even yet, has not attained to the age of consent. Say nothing—a doctor's first duty is to keep his mouth shut."

And away he went on the absolute necessity of a doctor's understanding that confidential matters are confidential absolutely. But I too was off, like the girl herself, a-dreaming—not about her at all, but about my son, in case I should ever have one.

I have never yet had a son, but always I have been hungry—quite starved indeed—for a son.

And, foolish as it may seem, I never can think without excessive joy of the notation which, that day, I found in that Bible, of Thomas Hall Shastid and his blue-baby mythical son by the same name—a notation not written in the Bible itself but, diffidently, as by one who knew that she was lost, on a separate piece of dream-paper and laid loosely in the Holy Book—whence, at any time, it could be withdrawn and sent up the chimney like any other vapid dream, glorious or inglorious.

Several of my men friends, in the course of my long life, have had illegitimate sons, daughters too, and, in each and every instance, they have treated their offspring as hideously shameful things, things to be kept permanently out of sight, or murdered. Had I a son, so dearly would I love and cherish him, yes although he were an illegitimate, that I would bring him out into the clearest light, give him my full name before all men, write it together with my own in the open pages of the holy volume.

But, alas! I have no son, not even an illegitimate son, excepting only in my heart. There he is, there in my heart—my son, my son—whatsoever else he may be or howsoever wicked—and I worship him without ceasing.

FORGIVENESS

Day after day the sounds of saw and hammer were heard in that part of our yard where I had staked out the new office. Day after day the side-boarding went higher. Yet practice was light, and so, one day, Father said to me, "Let's drive up to Perry and call on your Uncle Jon."

On the way I dropped this information, "Our old friend, Harfield, I've just heard on the Square, has moved to some place near Perry."

"He has!" Astonishment. "Well [ruminatingly] I think it would be better if we did not meet him—although a number of times I've seen him in Pittsfield, but, somehow I've always avoided a conflict."

And this leads me to say that once, when on vacation at Pittsfield, from Inveni College, a very distressing occurrence took place which now I shall have to relate. I refrained from telling it in connection with the other events of that vacation, because I wanted to save it until now. This is what had happened.

The reader will no doubt remember that, in my childhood, my father had one day been attacked by Harfield, rather his son, and that, in the contest following, my father had come off easily first.

Well, some years later, when I was at home from Inveni, and was seated in the living-room, a bleak December wind was moaning round the old home. Sometimes it would die completely away, but again it would beat at windows and doors like evil spirits determined to crash in.

All at once there came a kind of falling at the door. I arose, pulled the door open, and in staggered my father, worn and piled over with snow from a long horse-back ride. I drew out the lounge from the blackboard to the stove, and Father lay down on it, almost instantly going off to sleep. I did not even offer to fetch him food from the kitchen, where my mother was getting supper. Plainly he needed rest above all other things.

Hardly had he fallen asleep, however, when suddenly a blast shook the house as if the entire frame of the earth were reverting to things wild and elemental. At about the same moment came a human—or was it an inhuman?—knocking.

Father awakened. At his wish I went to the door and admitted a strange-looking man—a big, bulky, strongly-built fellow with no neck whatever. His great, cannon-ball of a bald head sat flat on his shoulders. His lips were big and thick, his nose quite flat. His ears looked almost ridiculous, so small were they for that head.

Yet he seemed good-natured too, as he stood by the stove dripping snow-water on the zinc.

"Want you out to Harfield's, Doc?"

"Harfield's! Nonsense!"

"They do though."

"I'll not go."

"They're all right now, Doctor." At this moment my mother entered. "He don't hate you none no more, Harfield don't. I was sorter foreshmellin' a ruckus when he asked me to come, but he's truly repentant. Been sorry ever sence that time—well, you know when. Remember me, Doc?"

My mother put in, "You're the man whose wife was bleeding to death about twenty years ago and Dr. Shastid saved her life."

"Right, Mrs. Shastid. An' we ain't had no sickness sence, er we'd sent fer yore husband. And we're grateful, Doctor. Both the Harfields is sorry the way they've treated you too. Both is ashamed, and both has said more'n once they's sorry they ructioned with you, because you was the best doctor in the county."

My father addressed his reply to me. "It is never well for a doctor to treat anybody with whom he has ever quarrelled."

But my mother intervened religiously. "Forgiveness! Forgiveness!" she cried. "A Christian's first duty is forgiveness. And not merely seven times shall you forgive," she added, "but seventy times seven. And as you do unto others—Perhaps, too—At all events our first and our last duty is forgiveness."

My father arose, and I helped him to re-wrap. He had not offsaddled and he went out into the night to his still awaiting horse, the messenger going well before him.

In the course of a very few hours I, sleeping on the lounge, was awakened by my returning father.

He came back with eyes not young but aged, not blue but gray, "like pale ice in a polar dawn." His body all at once slumped forward onto the lounge. From the top of his head a thin red trickle rolled.

The messenger, we afterwards learned, had been quite honest in the matter—a perfectly innocent dupe. But as soon as my father had entered the house of the senior Harfield, the younger had stepped from a place of concealment and, with some weapon, struck him hard upon the head.

Now it had so happened that Mrs. Blacksmith—like all dear good souls among women—had, seated at her window across the road from the Harfield house been greatly surprised at the arrival of old Dr. Shastid at the Harfields'. So, immediately, she had called her husband out of the back part of the house and told him of the wonderful thing she had seen. Thereupon Mr. Blacksmith, smelling an entire basketful of mice, plunged quickly across the highway—just in time to behold his old friend, the Doctor, kicked clean out of the front door.

Then had entered he, the blacksmith, into the Harfield residence and laid waste not merely the Harfields themselves but everything within their domicile located, being or situated, or *to* them or *unto* them in anywise belonging or otherwise appertaining.

In other words, he licked everything in sight, animate and inanimate, both on my father's account and also on his own.

My father made a quick recovery, but the results of his forgiveness of the Harfields had rankled in his red-hot bosom for years, so that now, as we neared Perry, my information that both the Harfield families had changed their residences to somewhere near that place, fanned the temperature in his bosom from a red heat to a white.

THE WAR IN THE STICKS

But, at a little farmhouse on our way, we were, very fortunately, called in to extract a tooth for a young colored man. My father's right hand being sore, he turned the victim and instruments over to me. I cut away the gum, applied the forceps, then—pulled and pulled and pulled.

I had to take a rest. "Are you a dennis, a sure 'nuff dennis?" asked the young colored man; "a dennis—a man whut pulls teeth?"

"Let me have the forceps," said Father. A slight twist, even with the sore hand, and the strongly anchored tooth was out.

Father was like that. His gorilla-resembling arms and hands never failed at what they attempted.

As to the young colored man, after he had spat out the frothy blood, he declared to me, "I'd meant to whup you an' whup you good fer bein' no dennis whatever but seein' that big-pronged tooth an' how easy your pappy pulled it, I guess I better wait ontwell I catch you out alone some time."

And he made the welkin ring with his hearty laughter.

Now my "Uncle Jon," whom we were just about to visit for two hours, was my father's brother, Jon Shastid. In his youth and early manhood that uncle had been a school-teacher of remarkable ability, at Pittsfield. Later, at Perry, he had become a very successful merchant and money-lender. Though a man of great learning and of high moral courage (despite the fact he was a money-lender) he was physically as timid as my father was courageous. Never could he administer corporal punishment to a student, even in those days when corporal punishment was regarded as more necessary to "schooling" than was "reading, writing and arithmetic." When he first applied for a position as school-teacher, he stated frankly in his application that, contrary to custom, he could not possibly fight other applicants for the position even should he fail thereby to get the job. Neither could he administer corporal punishment to anyone. But he guaranteed perfect order in his school—and so he got his school.

Nor did he at any time fail to keep excellent order—though I have several times heard from contradictory sources that he did in fact, sometimes, administer some chastisement.

Well, it was this good, timid and highly religious uncle that we were now about to visit.

Arrived at Perry, we went, first of all, to my uncle's store. Just as my father was tying old Chiron to a post,



VIEW FROM THE SHASTID HOME CORNER, LOOKING TOWARD THE PITTSFIELD PUBLIC SQUARE

(Photograph by the Author in 1897)



THE NEW OFFICE WHICH MY FATHER BUILT FOR HIMSELF AND FOR ME EARLY IN 1889

Here I practiced with him till December, 1891. At the time when I took this picture (August, 1897) my half-brother, William, was occupying the office with my father—which accounts for the fact that his name appears on the sign.

who should come dashing up on horseback but the elder Harfield, shouting, "Good God A'mighty, Doc, my wife's bleedin' to death. Come on an' save 'er. I pray, Doc, I pray."

My father was not to be fooled again by any Harfield. Therefore said he to this man who now asked to be trusted again, "Come down off that horse."

Harfield failing to dismount immediately, my father hauled him presto off the horse, struck him squarely in the mouth. It was a vicious blow—from a hand too that had done so much of kindness in its many years.

"I don't blame you," cried Harfield, much to my surprise. "But my wife—"

"Fight!" cried my father.

Harfield's face in a split second changed. Its look of intense supplication altered to one of extreme belligerency and coolness. "Come over to that corner," he said, almost under his breath. "Too many people here."

He led the way to an opposite corner of the street, where stood the house of my uncle's father-in-law, a Mr. Joseph (?) Cockill, wherein however my uncle and his wife resided.

My father followed at his heels, and, knowing one of the old tricks of fighting, ducked just short of the corner. Harfield's blow passed over his head, and then my father, before Harfield could recover, stepped in close and gave him such a battery of infighting to the solar plexus as I would hardly have deemed possible, my father being well-nigh sixty years of age.

All at once my father switched to a long right on the jaw, and Harfield fell like a helpless stone.

Up came he, however, immediately, rather dazed but still challenging. "You can't do that over on the other corner"—pointing to the corner he and my father had just come from.

Side by side they walked back to the store corner, and again my father ducked the treacherous blow—stepped out of reach, rather.

Went in again, ducked and countered, and Harfield again went down.

Again rose, said, "You can't do that back on the house corner."

"I can do it on any corner in the universe," replied my father, although, very obviously, the slow-walking Harfield was merely, each time, playing for a little respite in which to recover from blows received.

At the house corner, once again, Harfield went down. Once again too he asked for a chance to try the other corner.

Tried that. Again lost. Asked once more for a round at the corner of the house.

As the two started for the house corner, I saw with a strange exultation a young man dash up on a horse, leap off and stand at a little distance beyond the corner. It was Harfield junior, a man in life's very prime. For a moment I, being smaller, but active and strong beyond general belief, thought to rush over and take the Junior job myself. Then I repented. My father was as fresh as a young greyhound in a race. Senior was already well-nigh licked. Why not then let Father finish both the Harfields—he could whip either one alone easily—and have the whole glory to himself?

My father had not seen young Harfield: that became suddenly plain to me. But, at that very moment, Senior turned short, struck, passed his fist over my father's shoulder, and then I saw Junior leap to the fray with a large open knife in his hand.

And then I beheld—of all the impossible things on this planet!—my timid old Uncle Jon rush out of his house-door and, reaching the back of Junior, throw his arms around him and hold him tight.

Senior being *hors de combat*, my father cried, "Let him alone, Jon!"

But "Jon" would not let go of Junior.

All at once "Jon" fainted dead away and fell backward, *ka-rumph*, on the sidewalk.

Junior swept a vicious knife-blade arc at my father's face.

Father was out of distance, in again, struck right-left-right. Junior joined pappa in happy dreamland, and my father turned his attention to "Jon."

We took "Jon" into the house and worked rapidly over him for several hours—him who had not been hurt at all excepting in his physical timidity complex, whatsoever that is. At all events he was the real hero of the day. I do not suppose that any ordinary person can imagine what his

interposition in that fracas had cost him, mentally, spiritually and philosophically.

In a place and at a time when frequent fighting appeared to be essential, he had absolutely no fighting instinct whatever. And yet he had fought—in his own peculiar way, of course.

This story would be incomplete without the wind-up. As my father used to remark, "The sting of a story is always in de tail." So it was in this one. It turned out later (condensing I am, considerably) that Senior Harfield's wife had really been sick, wounded rather, having fallen on a butcher knife and severed an artery. Harfield had galloped to Perry for a most excellent surgeon—my cousin, Dr. Frank L. Hall—but the Doctor, a member of the Legislature, was off on official business then, so Harfield, catching sight of my father and knowing that time was of the essence of the situation, appealed quite naturally, but of course incredibly, to him—the man whom he and his son had quite treacherously beaten up so many years before.

My father, some time after the Perry fracas, relating these facts in full detail to me, commented, "Harfield, long years ago, asked me to forgive him and go to his aid. I did, and that turned out to be a very wrong thing to do. Now, recently, he asked me again to forgive him and to lend him my assistance. I naturally refused, and so—almost cost his wife her life. What is a person in a world like this to do?"

"Be dead," said I. "Only the dead can make no mistakes."

Nevertheless, even after my father had learned that Mrs. Harfield senior had really been in very grave danger on that day of the Perry combat, he appeared for a number of years to be listening almost continually for the sound of approaching violence.

No more trouble, however, came. In fact the Perry combat was, I believe, the last fight I ever saw in Pike County till one of quite recent years—when, in my old age, I was back at Pittsfield on a visit.

CHANGES, CHANGES!

And well it was for my father that no more fights were necessary. There had been changes in him during my long absence of nearly two years in New York, Burlington and Vienna. "What did you do, Father," I asked one day, "for an apprentice while I was gone?"

"O just what I had done while you were still here but had not yet become my apprentice. What, in fact I had done in the first years of my practice in Pittsfield. I was at that time not only (as you know) doctor and doctor's apprentice, likewise my own druggist, bottle washer, office janitor, legging-cleaner, axle-greaser, hostler, equerry, buggy washer, and so on, but I was also, as quite recently, for a good part of the time my own patient. I have not been quite so well since you left me the last time, but I'm getting older of course. Do you remember the time, Tom, at the depot (you were with me) when the Republicans with torches and uniforms were entraining for a rally at Barry and a Democrat named Kibler on the railway platform got into an altercation with Elliott Baker on the passenger-car steps? Baker leaped at Kibler and I grabbed them both and held them apart. Couldn't do it now."

It was the truth. He could not have done it then.

In my mother too there was a difference. When I had first got home she looked but little altered, although she still was busy not only at her household duties but also in semi-professional assistance to my father—making his pills and filling his capsules, meeting messengers from the sick and oftentimes considerably collecting long overdue accounts. However, there was something gnawing inside her heart, and, as time advanced, it gnawed more deeply. Then I found out what the trouble was. Shortly after I had returned to New York for my second year there, she had written me wailfully, to wit: The day after I had departed from home, she had found in the smoke-house—a half-smoked cigar! Did I know anything at all about it? She would almost rather see me dead, and so on.

She began the letter with a very long and painful introduction—one that well-nigh broke my heart. "The place

of the first-born is a very special one in any woman's breast," she wrote. "A shrine. A place for him who is next to her God!" I had never thought I had meant so much to her as that. "To have that shrine desecrated, to have it ruthlessly torn down by the being it was meant for, and made a thing of sordidness and all unrighteousness," and so forth and so on.

Then came the finding of the cigar—at least the stump thereof. Then the questioning, quite to the point. Finally, one of the sweetest and tenderest of prayers.



My Mother Collecting An Overdue Account

(Line-drawing by my Long-Time Friend, Wm. H. Schmedtgen, of Chicago, Years Ago Deceased)

All at once and quite characteristically, I flew angry. I wrote her a hot letter, pointing out—quite logically of course—that, if she could still retain her membership in a

church whose head, the President of Inveni College, still no doubt spat tons of tobacco juice over the entire landscape wherever he went, she might perhaps find a little pardon in her heart for me, her first born.

But, next day, I recalled that there is no use arguing with anyone about his (still less her) religion, or her church, or the head or the tail (which was I) thereof.

So I sat me down and wrote a new letter—one I actually sent—and in it I promised never again and so forth.

Yet, when home I arrived, I could see that I had given her a deep and lasting hurt. And she was aging on account of it.

Never, in truth, have I smoked again. In that way, perhaps, in the course of more than half a century, I have saved, no doubt, interest and all included, several thousand dollars—which dollars politicians have largely taken from me (the old-age pension, so to speak, which I had provided for myself) and passed it on to others, very largely to spit and smoke away.

Anyhow, I have saved my heart and blood-vessels a great deal of strain, and my dear good mother more or less anxiety about my soul's salvation.

But still she would keep on aging a little that summer because, well just because it is a universe of change and people all change because they are essentially bound up with the universe. And then too there is a special law for those who work too hard—for they change faster still than need be.

Things, too, had changed as well as people. A few of the store-fronts on the Public Square had changed. A few of the older buildings had gone. There were one or two cement sidewalks. Geese, ducks, hogs and cows no longer grazed in the streets, therefore no longer left on the sidewalks their "islands of delight." Night-pots were not so frequently emptied in spaces between sidewalks and roadways, or even in front dooryards. Not only two-holed, but many-holed, privies had been constructed in various backyards, so that people of the same sexual persuasion could enter these structures not only two by two as had those who had entered the Ark, but even by threes or in still more con-

siderable groups—whereby many were enabled to participate at one and the same time in the discussion of—whatsoever the themes may be which, customarily, are disposed of in such places. It was cautiously whispered over the town that a certain highfalutin' citizen was intending to have a bathtub set up in his house, but this rumor appeared later to be only a base fabrication. Wire screens, however, had already and indubitably appeared at many doors and windows, whereby the health of the body politic (if not political) was greatly improved. A few of the house-yards had begun to get along without fences. Charley Obst, the photographer, had got a new camera, and had arranged his vast collection of Indian relics in quite a novel manner.

Change! and nearly all in the way of improvement.

Out in the country the alterations were more obvious still. Many of the forests had been all cut away, others much reduced in size. The highways had been somewhat straightened out. A few of the loveliest curves had disappeared entirely. The hill-tops almost everywhere had been cut down, and the clay thus secured had been laid down in the valleys. Even the fences had changed. Instead of the old-time Virginia fences—stake-and-ridered, or rail, fences—there were short, straight posts and straight, paralleled, barbed wires tightly stapled across them. Somehow the birds did not appear to love the wires of these modern fences as well as they had loved the Virginia rails. They still sang and still they balanced and teetered on the top perches of the fences, especially at wheat-harvest time, but, even so, they appeared to sing with a very plain difference. One day my father expressly stated that he believed the birds were missing the old-time fences. "They do not," he alleged, "appear to love the products of the great steel plants which are springing up all round in the cities."

The parallel wires in the fences did their best to make us forget the fences of the older times, and hummed and rose and fell and hummed again and oftentimes sobbed like the Aeolian harps which the generation just gone had sometimes set beneath their window-frames. But the "birds of beauty whose bright plumage sparkled with a thousand dyes," likewise those of dullest livery but sweet tonality, seemed to feel alike that something somehow was wanting

from the scene. Both kinds indeed appeared to be slipping into the past, at least the past of Pike County. Many species indeed never came back any more at all from the Southland, even in midsummer.

Some of the covered bridges too had passed away. Also many of the log houses, and been supplanted by structures of frame. Brick farmhouses had almost entirely vanished.

One of the chief changes in the country had been the almost total disappearance of the roadside blacksmith shops. Farmers of large acreage—my uncle, Calvin Hall, for example—had kept their own private blacksmith shops on their farms, and, largely, still did their own blacksmithing. The roadside shop, however, had largely given place, *pari passu*, to the advancing business of the steel plants in the cities. (The country saw-mill, too, had about disappeared with the disappearance of timber, and the country "flouring mill" had largely become antique: these had never been the features in the landscape or the factors in the social life of the community that the blacksmith shops had been.)

One day in that summer of 1889, as my father and I, in the country, were discussing the great new office we were building and all that it should mean to Pike County, my father, of a sudden, began walking his horse, which limped slightly because of the absence of a shoe from the off-hind foot. In a very few minutes we had checked rein beside a smithy.

My father, as the custom then was, shouted to the blacksmith from the buggy-seat: "Shoe loose! Shoe loose! Shoe loose!"

There had been a brief pause in the ringing of hammer on anvil. Now the sound was resumed.

Again my father shouted, this time like Jupiter unto Vulcan, "Shoe loose!"

The hammer ceased ringing, and the smith came to the door, and behold! it was the same man who, years before, had helped my father "handle" the Harfields.

"Ho, ho! Doc an' Tommy! Come in! Gettin' deaf an' old!"

"Changed your shop!" So Father.



A CORNER OF THE WAITING-ROOM IN THE NEW OFFICE

This picture was taken in 1897, but the appearance of the room was much as it had been in 1889 when the building had just been erected. The person in the chair is my half-brother, Dr. William Shastid, whom, by chance, I caught with my camera in this unconventional attitude as he listened to one of his patients, on the opposite side of the room, talking about symptoms.



MY UNCLE JOHN SHASTID'S GENERAL STORE AT PERRY, ILLINOIS

At the front right-hand corner of this building began my father's
last fight with the Harfields.

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois": Andreas, Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa: 1872)



My Uncle Jon Shastid's later residence at Perry, Illinois. At the corner of the fence my father's last fight with the Harfields was concluded.

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois":
Andreas, Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa: 1872)



My Uncle Jon Shastid's earlier residence at Perry, Illinois. This place had nothing to do with the Harfield-Shastid fight, but the picture is presented because it shows the kind of sidewalk, picket fence and many other features that prevailed in Illinois towns and villages from 1870 to 1900.

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois": Andreas, Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa: 1872)

"Yes. Harfields moved; I moved. Say, Doc, heard you licked 'em both t'other day."

Father narrated everything, the while I sat on the edge of the cooling-tub. Finally Frank, our horse, with his new shoe properly affixed to him, was carrying us toward home at a rapid gait. I looked backward at the dear old smith, who, bareheaded and in his leather apron, stood in the middle of the road, waving and waving a good old hand after us till a cut-down hill had hidden him from view.

READIN', WRITIN' AND STEALIN'

There were changes too in Pike County farmers. Always there had been in our territory many farmers of much intelligence, men who read and wrote and who thought deeply on important subjects. Now there were more of these. There were still, however, here and there, some farmers whom the more advanced people of their neighborhood in the country termed "moss-backs"—which reminds me of one that I met in the road one day as I rode in the country alone that first summer of my practice.

After I had introduced myself and he seemed quite unimpressed, he asked me, "Got book larnin', have ye?"

"Yes."

"Think book larnin's good fer ye?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't. I don't believe in no readin' or no writin'. Either one of 'em 'll make a man steal."

"Are you a religious man?"

"Ain't nothin' else."

"Is there anything in the Bible to justify your saying what you just have said about reading and writing?"

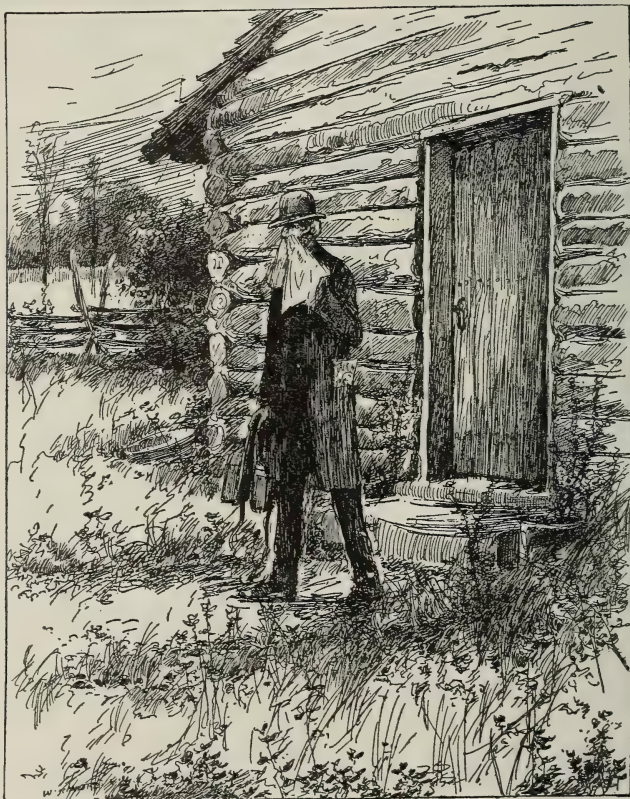
"Shore is. In the last verse of the first chapter of Ecclesiastes King Solomon says, 'He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.' An' it's a fact that either readin' or writin' 'll make a man steal. Think you need book larnin' to doctor people's sickness with?"

"Yes, have to have it."

"No, you don't have to have it, not to cure nobody's diseases. You have to be *born* a doctor, or you can't never be no doctor. Ever think o' that?"

"No, I never have thought about it a great deal."

“Well, ye’d better think more about bein’ born a doctor, less about learnin’ readin’ an’ writin’. I got a boy that studied readin’ an’ writin’—in a school too. He got so’s he could write a’most anything, his own handwritin’ or anybody else’s. He’s in jail now, accused o’ forgery.”



OLD-TIME LOG HOUSE AND VIRGINIA RAIL FENCE

(From my "A Country Doctor" [1898] page 15.

Line-drawing by Wm. H. Schmedtgen, Chicago)

“He *is*?”

“Yes. He *is*. But I’m goin’ to get him out easy, even ef I ain’t got no book l’arnin’. Goin’ to swear that the feller whose name he wrote told him in my presence to write his name *fer* ‘im because he—the feller whose name he writ—had a sore thumb. Well, I guess it’s so—maybe. Anyway

my son had sold 'im some seed pertaters that he hadn't never paid my son enough fer—so the check was to pay fer what the feller still owed my son. Anyway I remember it that way an' I'm *goin'* to remember it that way. But ef my son hadn't learned no readin' er no writin', he couldn't never a got into no sich mess."

"So you're going to swear to all of that?"

"I shore am."

"Why! that'll make you particeps criminis."

"I may be particeps by crickey, er whatever ye called that thing, but I'm strictly honest an' I'm not goin' to have no forgers in my family, so I'm goin' to get that there boy out o' that there jail.—An' you too, little Doc, ye'd better start learnin' born medicine (usin' the brains that God give ye, whatever that was) an' quit learnin' to read and to write, an' stay like me—strictly honest."

As he turned into a side lane I felt somewhat confused.

This old chap, I later learned, had actually once been a school trustee.

I'M FOLLERIN' MEDICINE

On another day that summer, as I drove along alone I was overtaken by a farmer on horseback, who asked, "Have you seen young Doctor Shastid passing this way?"

"I am young Doctor Shastid," I answered.

"Say that again. *What's yer name?*"

"Shastid."

He gave me a quick, sharp look, and, with one of the nastiest sneers I have ever in my snub-nosed life experienced, cried out, "What do ye *foller?*" and was on his doubting way.

But, as a rule, even the farmers who did not know me were courteous, affable, kind, despite my youthful, raw and very unconvincing appearance.

CHOLERA INFANTUM

The most important change of all, however, was that from mosquito netting to wire screening for windows and doors. In old days I had once, with my father, in one single period of twenty-four hours, seen precisely fifty cases of this disease. In many an epidemic over half the babies had died.

This particular summer, thanks largely to the wire screens at windows and doors, also of course to some extent to the clean milk bottles and milk, not a child had died of cholera infantum and only two or three had even been sick from that great scourge.

How plainly I remember that happy evening as I was driving homeward with my father! How he rejoiced in the germ theory and all that it had done for mankind! We were coming into town on the Griggsville road, and now, just east of the Dutton Spring, were driving across the bridge east of the place where Bay and Panther creeks join in a common bottom. I noted how nearly all the old-time "monarchs of the forest" had been cut away from round the confluence of the streams.

A little sassy blue jay flitted from its nest in the crotch of one of the smaller trees that had been left and lighted on the parapet-rail of the Bay Creek bridge. It kept dipping its head and flirting its tiny tail.

"When *we* are happy, then all else seems happy," commented my father. "I have a presentiment this day that, when we get back home, some piece of good news will be awaiting us."

And so indeed it proved. As we drove round the corner of our house, there, unable to wait, so fine was the news that she had for us, my mother was out on the public sidewalk, bareheaded, pacing to and fro, and crying out before we could step from the buggy, "Good news! good news! The first messenger has been here that specially asked for 'Doctor Tom.' Said no one else than Doctor Tom would do, but that the case could wait till morning."

So we all three went straight back to the north of the yard and into the skeleton office and sat down on the saw-horses and whatever else came handy, and planned and planned and planned. What a beautiful office this was going to be, said my mother, and how happy we all should be when it was fully finished and equipped. How happy, how happy, how happy!

Well it was for all us three that, with our merely mortal vision we could not perceive the terrible events in store for Pike County and even for my father in the fast nearing days of death, darkness and unspeakable desolation!

MY FATHER BUYS ME A HORSE

There were, of course, two doctor Shastids in the town. To distinguish us apart, people called me "Doctor Tom" and my father "The Old Doctor." After my father's death—far later than the time of which I write—the affection of Pike County people for my father continued to increase until, at length, they applied the designation, "Doctor Tom," to him alone, while me they largely forgot—all of which was sufficiently proper, I admit.¹

At the time of which I write, however, I was still "Doctor Tom," alias "the young doctor," and, naturally, because quite inexperienced as compared with my father, the one less often sent for. Therefore, that summer, though my father had me by him, the brunt of the work was still upon him. To me at the office, of course, came cases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and, in the country, it was merely fun to stop at some farmhouse and check a diarrhoea or splint a broken finger bone. The dislocations of the hip, the compound fractures, the bad obstetrical presentations, the all-night hemorrhages, and so forth, these were my father's sore trials and heavy burdens. No wonder he was looking still older.

In spite of which and of many other pre-occupations, my father suddenly said to me one day, laying a hand excitedly on my knee, "One thing we've forgotten. Whoa!" Frank stopped stock still in the road. "One thing we've forgotten."

"We—forgotten! What?"

"A horse!"

"A horse?"

"Why yes, of course, a horse. A horse like *this* horse, only a much better one—if there is any. You must of course have a horse of your own—though always you may use my horses when you wish to. You must have a horse of the very best. Horse, buggy, pill-bags—we've forgotten all of them, thinking too much about the office. A horse now—A Columbus Buggy Company's buggy; that's settled. Not a Columbus *Buggy*, but a Columbus *Buggy Company's* buggy,

¹ The use of the name above-mentioned—Doctor Tom—as a term of esteem and endearment for my father appears to have remained a memorable affair to many Pike Countians. At all events a rather large number of the older people, learning of my intention to write my "reminiscences," have asked me to "be sure to tell how everyone used to love to call my father "Doctor Tom."

is what you want: there's a very great difference. But a horse—now how shall we get the horse? The pill-bags—Truax has just the kind you want: I'll show you. But the horse! He or she should be young and large and very, very gentle—one brought up by the entire family, every member of which has understood clearly that a horse is the timidest of all animals, therefore an animal that should never be frightened by whip or spur or any unkind word, but loved and petted from the minute of his birth and made to understand that all human beings are his friends. He must have speed and endurance, intelligence and sociability, and—"

"In other words, a palomino." So I.

"Why a palomino?"

"Only one that can fulfill all your requirements."

"But *he's* unethical. There are rich bays and bright sorrels and midnight blacks. I have only to let my clients round the country know I'm wanting a horse for my son to get round to see them with. It'll be easy to get the right sort—dead easy. You'll see. It'll be very easy."

HELL IN THE SIDE

A patient of mine in whom I diagnosed appendicitis and who afterwards almost lost his life from that disease, was asked one day in my presence by another patient, "*What's* appendicitis?" "It's hell in the side," said the first patient, and, as a description rather than a definition, the answer was perfect.

I got appendicitis myself in that summer of 1889. It was "hell" in my side.

I had been having touches of appendicitis, just at rare intervals, for a number of years. But now, in this summer of 1889, I began to have it in dear, I might almost have put it "dead," earnest. Every time I stepped into or out of a buggy—which, naturally, was often—I had a great increase in the pain. My father, quick as he was in general to take up actual advances in the science and art of medicine, was, somehow, slow to believe in the existence of appendicitis. "Never to this date have I seen a single case," he used to remark. So too said almost all the other doctors in the civilized world. Reginald Heber Fitz, an American surgeon, three years before (in 1886) had conclusively demonstrated

the causation and pathology of appendicitis.¹ Yet here were almost all the other doctors, believers and non-believers in the germ theory alike, declaring positively that they never had seen a case. They had seen cases by the hundreds of thousands but simply had not recognized them—called them typhlitis, inflammation of the bowels, chronic peritonitis, and so on. It was a strange state of affairs. I consulted a number of large city surgeons, but no difference. "Live quietly, take things easily: you'll eventually get well—perhaps."

I "take things easily," with the new office built and outfitted, with new patients coming to see us daily! Pretty soon we had almost as many patients arriving from surrounding counties as we had from Pike. Calhoun County alone was sending a quota of patients out of all proportion to her population.

"Take it easily!"

Sometimes when a lull in practice came for, say, ten or fifteen minutes, my mother would rush over from the house and cry, "The front room is the prettiest, Tom. I don't believe you've ever looked at it. See how well Hodgen's picture looks where I put it, and Father's diploma and the old microscope and the book-cases—yes, and the picture-rail and the wall-paper too. Young John Hull has such good taste about such matters. How beautiful they all are! Come and lie down for a minute and let me rub your head: that always eases the pain in your side. Let me rub your head a little while you look around at the beauty of the room. Your father and I have tried so hard to make this room—And now Father will soon be back from the country or patients coming in, and you won't have lain down and looked around at all. You never stop to live, Tom. You never stop to see anything but books and patients. You never see even your own mother. No, you never see even me.—And why don't you always get into the buggy *first*,

¹ Inasmuch as it has oftentimes been asserted that Reginald Heber Fitz, one of the greatest of surgeons, was only a "Y. of P.", I am pleased to correct that misunderstanding. Dr. Fitz in fact received his medical degree at the Harvard University Medical School in 1868. Inasmuch as the first registration of physicians in Massachusetts (Fitz was practising at the time in Boston) did not occur till 1894 and then did not mention Dr. Fitz's degree, the American Medical Association Directory, First Edition (1906) erroneously, but quite excusably, listed Dr. Fitz as having once been a Y. of P. physician. The error was corrected in the Second Edition of the Directory.

before Jo unties the horse for you? It hurts you so when the horse starts before you get in and settle down. You *must* have a quieter horse."

Father tried indeed to get me a horse that answered to all requirements.

First of all, however, and though it may seem to older persons quite unnecessary, I must explain what I mean by a buggy. The English buggy and the American buggy were two very different vehicles. The English affair was two-wheeled, one-horsed, topless (hoodless). In India, I understand, a buggy was the same affair as in England except that it did have a hood (head or top). In the United States a buggy was a more substantial vehicle by far. It had always four wheels, could be drawn by either one or two horses, and possessed a hood, or top, that could be let down partly or completely and which was regarded as an essential not as an adjunct. The American buggy was always well made, substantial, built like a country doctor himself, substantially—to stand rough roads, storms, floods, runaways, and other countryside contingencies.

A heavier buggy we had for the family's use, for example making a trip down to Grandfather Hall's and back—about 22 miles—all in one day.

A sulky my father also had—a two-wheeled affair, drawn always by one horse, and devoid of top—except, often, a great umbrella that turned on a universal joint—and even of a back more than three to four inches high. In case the horse should start up suddenly, you just went out of the sulky backwards and lit on your shoulders or head—as I have already related that my father did alight (twice) near Kespohl's brickyard, with resultant paresthesia for the remainder of his life.

Sulkies were especially useful when roads were muddy or rough.

If roads were still muddier or rougher, then there were saddle and bridle and horse—for reasons quite obvious. For reasons that are equally obvious, horseback riding was not good for people with chronic appendicitis.

All these vehicular paraphernalia had, in the country doctor's case, to be substantially constructed. The horse



The Mother Who Had Found a Cigar Stump. "And the place of the first-born is a very special one in any woman's breast."

As will be seen, she did not mind wearing jewelry in a picture. "Pictures are only for relatives and some distant friends, therefore never can give offense to the destitute at home."

must be strong and enduring. The buggy, too, must be (in my father's opinion) built of Norway iron. He bought, I think, the "Columbus Buggy Company's buggy" exclusively—not the "Columbus buggy," which was an altogether less enduring affair. Even so, he bought a new buggy every three or four years.

Only Father himself seemed not to wear completely out—at least not then.

PILL-BAGS

Pill-bags, oft termed "saddle-bags," consisted of a pair of all leather bags, united by a broad leather strap two feet or so in length. Each bag was a "mirror-image" of the other: that is to say, the two were precisely alike saving only that one had its flat main-side toward the right, the other had its corresponding aspect toward the left. Each of the other main sides was flat below but half-arched at the top, so that, when the doctor was carrying his bags by the strap with a hand, the two flat main-sides came together and the half-arches at the tops together formed one good, strong, neat-looking arch.

When a doctor was about to make a trip on horseback, he first threw the pill-bags transversely across the horse's back immediately behind the saddle, with the broad, leather connecting-band fitted neatly to the horse's back. There were generally two small, strong loops at the back edge of the saddle, to which two strong thongs from the front edge of the connecting-band of the pill-bags would be tied, thus preventing the bags from falling off the horse. Each bag, right and left, rested on the upper part of the side of the horse.

In my childhood and youth I did not as a rule accompany my father on his horseback journeys. When we drove in the buggy, however, I, as soon as we had stopped at a farmhouse and dismounted, proceeded to take the pill-bags out from under the buggy-seat and then to start for the house. My father, meanwhile, would be tying the horse and either blanketing him or, in hot weather, adjusting his fly-net.

In the house my father would, of course, first question carefully the attendants and then the patient on the course

the case had been taking since last he had been at the house. Then, next, he would re-examine the patient—in such a casual way that, oftentimes, the patient did not know how carefully he was being examined.



A DOCTOR'S BUGGY OF THE OLDEN TIME

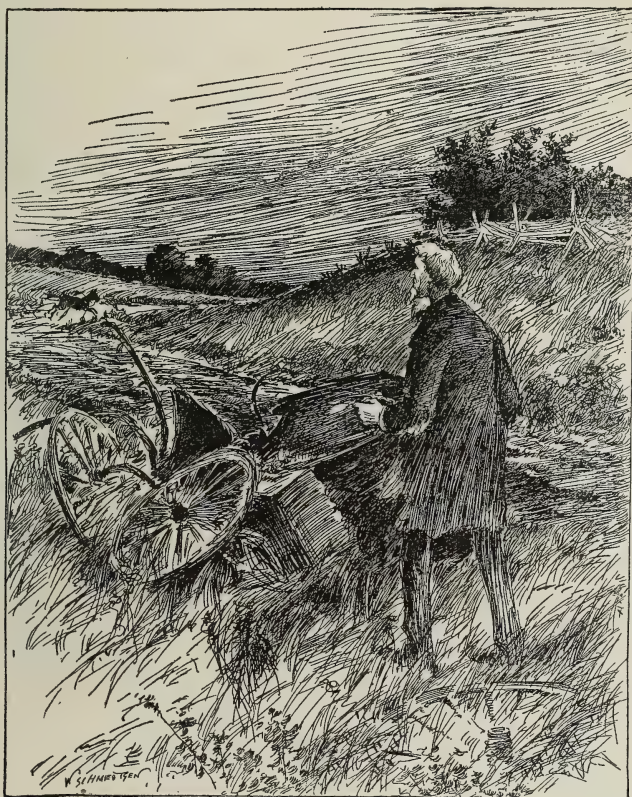
"UNUS, one; DUO, two!"

(From my "A Country Doctor" (1898) Frontispiece.

Line-drawing by Wm. H. Schmedtgen, Chicago)

Re-seating himself, my father would pick up his pill-bags, lay the broad leather band transversely across his lap, and then take out the various materials for the preparation of the medicines to be left for the patient's use. Each bag consisted of two stories, lower and upper. From the lower, by loosening a buckle, he could draw forth a drawer with compart-

ments, each compartment containing a labelled bottle filled with medicine. The upper story, also when unbuckled, revealed powder-papers, pill-boxes, boxes of ointments, spatulas, and so forth and so on.



HOW A DOCTOR'S BUGGY OF THE OLDEN TIME LOOKED
AFTER BLACK JIM HAD GOT THROUGH WITH IT

(From my "A Country Doctor" (1898) Page 24.

Line-drawing by Wm. H. Schmedtgen, Chicago)

Before leaving a house, in this summer of 1889, my father would almost always broach the subject of a horse—a horse that might be fitting for even a man like me to get started into practice with.

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!

But, almost always, the family did not know of any such paragon of a horse as the type my father had described—one that could run away and run fast but yet just *wouldn't*, one that was strong and sturdy and steady and straight and honest and reliable and kind and affectionate and free from roars and spavins and all similar monstrosities and unacceptabilities. One that was not too young, yet not old. One that was speedy and yet had endurance. One that would not jump off a bridge, and that yet, in case of necessity, would swim a swollen stream and carry the rider safely on his gracious errand of mercy to the sick.



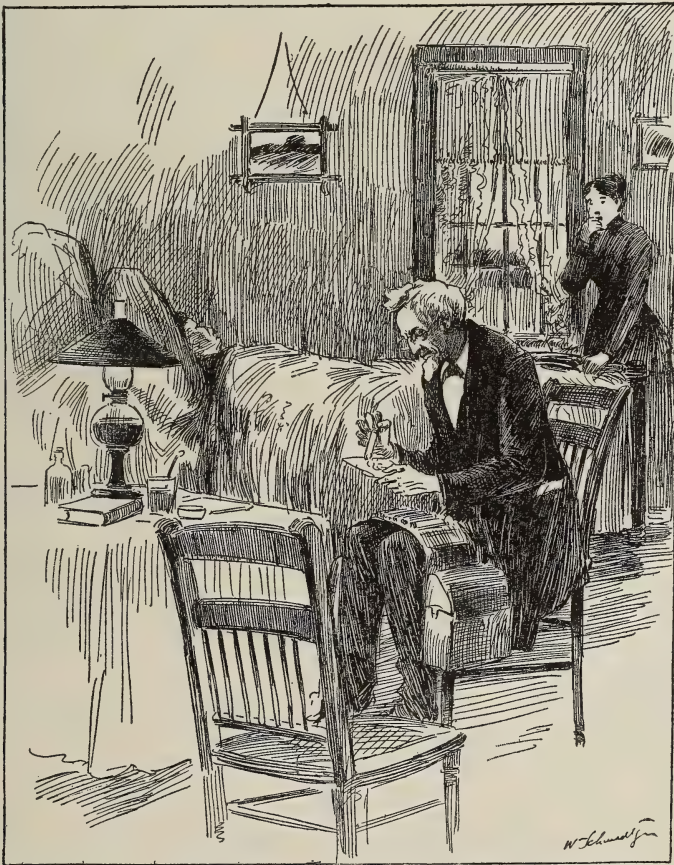
OLD-TIME PILL-BAGS WHEN NOT IN USE

(From my "A Country Doctor" (1898) Page 20.

Line-drawing by Wm. H. Schmedtgen, Chicago)

Then, too, the horse must be good-looking—rather, at least—yet not too beautiful either—nothing like a palomino, for example, a mere circus horse. That would be quite unethical, too loud, attract too much attention, be in the nature of publicity-seeking.

"Why, Doc," some of them would criticize, "I should think that's what you would want. Hamlin's Wizard Oil people drove through here the other day, and did they have palominos? They had palominos—six of them, and each one prettier than the others. And their big long wagon, it was painted blue and yellow and green and red—and all fancied up in picters.



OLD-TIME PILL-BAGS WHEN IN USE

(From my "A Country Doctor" (1898) Page 29. Line-drawing by Wm. H. Schmedtgen, Chicago)

"And *they* did business, now believe me. A dollar a bottle and six hundred bottles the first evenin'. But we ain't got no palominos here nohow. Ner picter wagons. Nothin' but plow-horses an' farm-wagons. But a feller down over the hill's got a plumb race-horse—he et his owner's shoulder off the other day. *You* dressed it!"

It became increasingly evident that the securing of the proper kind of horse for me would be a difficult task.

OFTTIMES THE APPAREL DOTH PROCLAIM THE HORSE

The first Candidate for royal carrier of his majesty, the young doctor, came one morning in the shape of a sorrel mare that was actually carrying *two* men, each one almost as big as *two* of *me*. She was a sight to behold, driven with a rope bridle and not caparisoned with any sort or kind of saddle, but caked all over with mud. There were places where you could see that she was sorrel, but not many.

The mud and the mare and the men and myself were all standing in front of the *old* office door. I was looking at the horse rather scornfully. My father, of a sudden, rushed out of the new office door in considerable excitement, crying, "That's your horse, Thomas! That's your horse!"

"That *my* horse!" I shouted, nose in air. "I'd rather hoof it."

"Hoof it you may," shouted the front rider. (The other rider was his son.) But my father: "Hold on, hold on! Take no offense, either of you. Here, Thomas, don't mind the mud. See how she's thrown up in the withers, and notice her eye. See that power in the hips. [She was springing around.] I regard her as a treasure. And only a hundred and twenty-five dollars."

Appendicitis had made me irritable. "A hundred and twenty-five?" I asked contemptuously. "Or did you say t-w-e-n-t-y five?"

"We don't beg *no* d. . n doctors to buy *no* d. . n horses," roared the indignant father, and, nudging his horse with his knees, they were off like a shot—the entire quartette: father, son, horse and mud.

"I worked a long time before I could get them to part with that horse," my father reminisced pathetically. "I kept the whole matter as a surprise for you, Tom. But they ought to have curried and rubbed her before they brought her in."

Next day late, Mr. Charles Barber, a young banker of Pittsfield, an erstwhile buyer of horses and a lifelong acquaintance of mine came laughingly down from the Square to see me—and to gloat.

"You turned *that* horse down! I paid them what they wanted as soon as I knew what it was. That mare's cheap at a thousand."

"Yes, real estate's going up," I ventured, but shuddering inside.

"We put her on the race-track without taking the mud off her. She made a full mile in two thirty-six. [I may be mistaken about that figure now.] Say, Tom, I'm glad you're a better doctor than you are horse-trader."

"But I rather love horses," I cried, determined to be right about something.

"Same way about women," he countered. "Them that loves 'em most knows the least about 'em. Anyway, you lost the opportunity of a century to get a great horse for a song."

"No singer am I," I said, for excuse.

"Better take lessons." And away he went, humming, "Do, ray, me."

That ended my first attempt to buy, rather not to buy, a horse. I had, without genuine success, succeeded in not buying it.

Next day a man came in with a midnight black and left it with us "to try for a few days." My father called in a horse trader of the town, John Allen by name, a good friend of his and a very honest man—withal a rather silent one. He looked the horse over critically, said, "Good tradin' horse," and went away.

So, next day, did the horse.

Of another trial horse John Allen remarked, "Too much like Black Jim."

Then there came a team of ponies, also on trial. They fought like Irish gorillas and tried to eat each other up on the first day. It was good-by ponies.

Then there came a horse that certainly had speed, a large dappled gray. Father sat beside me in the buggy. I said "Go." He flew.

Five miles out, I turned him, started back to town. Again he flew.

"This is the horse," adjudged my father.

One block from our home he stopped stock still. He was absolutely the most inert piece of motionlessness that ever I had seen. In sight of our home were we and yet unable to reach it—at least in the company of the horse!

Then there were horses with the heaves and horses with the spavin. One horse would have one spavin (inflamed joint), another horse would have two spavins, another three, and on—either to the numerical or the anatomical limit.

The most beautiful horse that ever I have seen, I think, excepting Father's early palomino, was a bright rich bay, which, one day, was left with us on trial, and, the next day, had "blind staggers"—whatever that is. I never want to see another case.

BLACK HAWK'S SON

One day late in the summer but early in the morning, there came down to our office a young man named Masterson. "Got just the horse for you," he alleged. "A son of Black Hawk." "Who's Black Hawk?" "The greatest stallion this county ever has seen." "His son a stallion?" "No, gelding. But a goer." "How fast can he go?" "I ain't never dared to let him go his best yet, but, at his slowest, he's faster than you'll ever want him to be. Why, *he's* a son of Black Hawk. *There* he is now."

I stepped through the doorway and spoke to that horse. Instantly he threw his head up and I loved him. Both fire and affection in his eye!

I spoke again and he started to come to me as if he had been loving me always. The hitching-strap restrained him. So he nickered.

That nicker! The soft, velvety nicker of sweet sympathy and perfect companionship that the country doctor loves so

well to hear when, leaving his horse, he starts for the farmhouse door, and again when, leaving the farmhouse door, he starts back toward his loving faithful one.

"I need to go to Milton," said I to the owner of the horse. "Can you come along and drive me?"

"Why—well—yes, I s'pose." He seemed hesitant somehow.

But soon we were on our way.

And what a slow way! Black Hawk's son did fairly well for about the first two miles. Then he was tired. Not unwilling, just tired. A rather small horse, he did his utmost. He would start up, even without whip or word, hit a fair gait for a hundred yards or so and then—just sag down into slowness. Sometimes, turning, he would talk back to me as if he were trying to tell me he would go much faster if he could.

We got back late in the evening. But I loved that horse. I love him still, although I never bought him.

Like the son of many a great man, this son of a truly great horse had somehow not received the right arrangement of his genes—so as to make gene-yus.

No, I never bought him, and, that time at least, my "horse sense" was correct.

Then, one day, along in the autumn it was when practice was not heavy and Father and I therefore were riding the rounds together, he suddenly pulled up. A pair of spanking blood bays were coming down toward us. Good looks and fire they had and extreme gentleness: you could see it *all* in them, *everything*.

"Just the team you want," commented my father with happiness.

The driver of the team was a stranger to us both. "What'll you take for your horses?" inquired my father.

"Whoa! *Them* horses? They ain't for sale: they belong to the Czar of Rooshia."

And away he went, without looking back.

"It never rains but it pours." We saw four or five more excellent "buys" that day, but they must all have belonged to "the Czar of Rooshia." Anyway they were not for sale at any price. Some farmers love horses too.

At home, still later in the season, a man came in one day with a very lovely goer, and we were about to buy him when we learned of some curious trickery. The horse had recently belonged to a neighbor of the would-be seller. The tricky one, slipping in to his neighbor's barn one night, blew, or was said to have blown, a kind of rosin dust all over the horse's teeth. This made the horse quite sick (so we were told). The horse ate nothing for a week. Then the trickster bought him for a song, rehabilitated him with arsenic till he looked and "zoomed" in fact much better than he had ever done before.

But the would-be seller and his son quarrelled. The son "leaked" to the former owner of the horse. Result: the title reverted to the former owner, and again I had no horse.

MY UNCLE JON'S BARGAIN

And now came the climax of our horse-buying. My uncle Jon Shastid wanted to sell to my father as a gift for me a little brown mare. She was pensive, slow-minded, physically sluggish also—at times one might almost put it "motionless." You always had to have a good, long, strong stick and beat her with it hilariously. Then she would step out into the road—and stop. If you beat her more hilariously still she would step out into a slow trot for about ten steps, and then again subside. You never felt sorry for the beatings that you gave her, for she never appeared to mind them much herself.

A hundred dollars was her price.

"What—do—you—think?" asked mine uncle—who, while teaching school, had got into the habit of using unmisunderstandable monosyllables, with "great open spaces" between them.

Though he was a man of much erudition, his speech was as slow as the gait of his mare.

I replied, "I think that your price is seven or eight hundred dollars more than the little mare's value."

My uncle raised deprecatory hands, slowly groaned: "She'll—bring—more."

I laughed.

But in the afternoon of that day mine uncle returned, holding in his hand a check for one hundred and fifty dollars. It was signed by a Mrs. Stacy who lived there in Pittsfield and whose name was good for more, far more, than the check's amount.

Now, Mrs. Stacy was a very stout old person, one whom I dearly loved, but one who fairly billowed with excessive adiposity as well as with kindliness. Her most active exercise in fact had consisted, for years, in a good long daily buggy drive of six or seven blocks behind a horse almost as incredibly adipose as was she herself. Many were the kindly smiles in Pittsfield as Mrs. Stacy would come rushing down the street at the frightful speed of one-half mile per hour—part time crying out to the horse, "Get up there now, you, get up there," and immediately following that exhortation with "Here now, I won't have you running away."

All the while, whatever, or whichever, she cried, the fat old plug would keep on in her predestined, if well-nigh incredible, course, as steadily and as unerringly as do the stars themselves in their unchangeable orbits.

But even catastrophies among the stars do occur.

So, too, as to Mrs. Stacy's horse. A catastrophe occurred to it—and to her.

It got up energy enough one day to lie down and not arise again.

So now Mrs. Stacy was needing another—a like-minded, like-bodied horse.

She actually wanted another very slow horse.

Mine uncle had that kind of horse. Heaven knows that he had it.

He one day spoke to her about it somewhat indifferently and she became at once enthusiastic.

Mine uncle asked her two hundred dollars for the little fat brown mare, long strong beating-stick thrown in.

She made it a hundred and fifty—not wanting to be too liberal, and mine uncle accepted the offer—not wishing to be too greedy.

And he showed me the check—not meekly, modestly and with all that gentle courtesy which is due from a successful uncle to a worthy young nephew, but triumphantly, blatantly, exultantly and with far too excessive pride.

I had, sometimes, in my speech, referred to mine uncle in his very presence as "collegiate," "academic," and "impractical"—something of a mental "tramp" perhaps. He now was untactful enough to refer to those old-time terms of modern endearment, adding that he thought he ought to give me just a little bit of "academic" advice.

"Such as what?"

"Such—as—this. When—having—any—kind—of—thing—to—sell, find—some—person—who—wants—that—kind—of—thing. Then—the—thing—sells—itself."

"Did you think that I would like that kind of thing?"

He replied more rapidly than was his wont. "Nobody ever can tell what a man like you might do."

And so it went on. Horses came and horses went, but my horselessness went on forever. Even to the very day I left Pittsfield I was still horseless, still using my father's horses. He was more than willing that I should have a horse, a fine horse at that, even two fine horses and at his sole expense. I too was more than willing. And there were people who would be glad to part with their horses. Yet never a horse got I.

It seems strange, in fact impossible, that I who have always loved horses almost as I have loved dogs, who have even idolized and adored some horses, have, nevertheless, not even for a minute of my whole life, so much as owned a pony.

My father was physically not doing well. That was not at all because we had been unable to secure a horse fitting for the prince of young physicians. I drove my father's horses even at the busiest times, or, if they all went lame, then a plug got I from one of our several livery stables. Even, at times, a most excellent roadster I managed to procure from one of those old-time institutions. There was for example a black-bay ("Phoenix," we called him because of his color) with a "blaze" of utter whiteness running down his spirited and affectionate face. Each side of every livery stable had a row of small windows with, in the day-time, a horse's head protruding through each. Of all the sixteen or seventeen protruding horse-faces on that day I beheld

only the lovely countenance of Phoinix—but I must cease talking about horses.

My father, I say, was not doing very well. As the autumn passed he did worse and worse. Nothing in particular appeared to be the matter with him, except overwork. Overwork he had always had but now he was getting older in addition. Moreover he used to say that he had a sense of impending disaster—whether one immediately at hand or one to occur years thence, he did not know. He was not in the least superstitious, could not possibly have believed in premonitions. Yet, of recent years, I have thought again of that constant feeling of his not only in connection with the terrible disaster which soon was to come to the entire world, but also, in far later years, of the disaster which came to him personally in consequence of his very overwork, of his too great kindness to a certain sick man.

THE CURSE OF GOD

All at once, incredible as it seemed, we began to hear rumors about a terrible epidemic, a plague, a curse as it were from the Lord, which had struck humanity away over in the steppes of Siberia and Russia. At first it was merely a bit of vague international news for us, something interesting of course, something horrible even, something to dream about maybe when one had eaten a good deal of something that did not agree with him.

Then all of a sudden we heard that it was in France. There it received the name of "la grippe" (the grip), but, in the United States, where most of us are weak on French, it was termed "*the la grippe*." It was still thought of as an "epidemic."

All at once it had struck England and crossed the Atlantic Ocean, bringing its French label with it. It was now not an epidemic merely but a pandemic—an outburst of a terrible disease afflicting all the world.

In the United States it struck 40 per cent of all the people, young, old and middling—not all of course at the same time. But that meant about 30,000,000 sick persons. Inasmuch as something like 80 per cent of all physicians were (because of their necessary exposures to the sick) stricken down with the influenza, and, furthermore, as far more

elderly persons were attacked in proportion to their numbers than young adults, the necessary consequence was that, with a vast increase in the sickness rate there were only a few young doctors "up and around" to look after the sick.

My father was one of the first physicians, in fact one of the very first persons, to be stricken.

All his practice then devolved on me, as well as did much of the practice of the other elderly physicians.

How to treat this new disease? That was the question, and no one, old or young, knew the answer. The last preceding epidemic of influenza in the United States had been in 1847—nine years before my father had received his degree in medicine. So he had had no experience with *that* epidemic. Then, too, it had been but a mild epidemic—no such terrible complications as arose in this one. There had, furthermore, been an epidemic of *horse* influenza—*epizöotic* we called it (simply Greek for "epidemic among animals") which occurred in my childhood and which I remembered very clearly by the long strings of tenacious mucus I had seen hanging from numerous horses' nostrils as the sickly animals had moved feebly about their labors up and down our streets and highways. But all these matters helped nothing.

The practice of medicine had been revolutionized since 1847 and even since that "epizöotic." The old treatment of influenza was no longer valid, never had been of much use, and yet no newer methods of value appeared to have arrived. Articles on the disease in American medical journals were mostly abstracts from those in European journals, and, judging by them, the European doctors themselves, quite obviously, were as helpless as were we.

My father called me into his bedroom one day and said, "Son, any luck with the influenza?"

"I'm doing my best."

"I see. I'm too sick to read the journals."

"You're missing nothing."

"Sometimes my fever's too high for me to remember anything, and, besides— Well, I'll tell you right now what I think."

"Let's have it."

"I'm thinking that all these 'antipyretics' they're giving everywhere for this influenza, all these things to 'keep the fever down'—the antipyrine, antifebrine, salicylic acid, and so on—are a very great mistake. The disease is produced by germs, but the fever is *not* produced by germs. It is produced by the body itself in its endeavor to kill the germs or weaken them. The only harm that fever ever does is when it gets too hot for the patient's brain. The brain, I'm sure, can be badly damaged by it.

"So here's the way to treat an influenza. In the cold stage, get the patient warm, and *keep* him warm till the fever arises. Then let the fever scoot as high as it likes, providing—and don't forget this—providing you keep the head cool.

"Pound up ice, and, in a rubber apron or a table oil-cloth, make with the pounded ice a big bird's-nest, and then lay the patient's head right down in its center. Keep that head cool. At the same time cover the body heavily, even increasing its heat—unless the arm-pit temperature is up to a hundred and five. Then take off some of the covers. Control the patient's pain with Dover's powder, and, if you have to, phenacetine. Keep the bowels well open by compound licorice powder and enemas. Feed warm milk with raw egg beaten up in it. If the patient cannot stand the smell of eggs, add vanilla flavoring or lavender."

As he directed, so I treated. His wisdom saved many lives.

DAYS LONG, NIGHTS STILL LONGER

Despite my appendicitis I kept on working. Work, by the way, is often a good obtundent.

By day I worked mostly in the office, where I saw all such eye, ear, nose and throat patients as came to the office and could not be put off. I began, as a rule, about 8:00 a.m., had lunch in the office (Mother brought it over to me) about 12:00, and, at 4:00 p.m., I was completely exhausted.

In the house I would sleep from 4:00 till 9:00. Then, eating a good hot meal, I would enter the buggy and start for the real work of the twenty-four hours.

Work? Nobody knows the meaning of work who has not practiced medicine in the country—of nights too, and

when very sick himself and after a hard, long day in the office.

And yet I did not work so hard as did my mother. Not only did she nurse my father by day and by night and nurse him quite efficiently, but she did her entire house-work single-handed (no maids were anywhere available in *that* epidemic) and then, from time to time, when I was operating in the office, over she would come to assist me, even giving anesthetics and dressing wounds. She seemed sometimes to be everywhere at once—in Father's bedroom, in the kitchen, in the smokehouse, the cellar, my bedroom upstairs, at the old office (to send people over to the new one) and in the new one itself.

How rapidly she moved! How soundly she slept—with an alarm-clock beside her!

She had no case of appendicitis in her own person, but, had she had one, I do not think she would have mentioned it.

REMBRANDTS

Out in the dark, mysterious country, hour after hour, little I was strangely pitted against the great angel of darkness—and death!

Only little I!

If I could have had my father beside me in those nights!

Once, under the midnight constellations, there came driving up toward me out of the mystery a homely old farmer, who had called for me at our house and been directed by my mother how to find me. He faced me about toward *his* house instead of letting me go on toward somebody else's, plaintively led the way, called back: "Reckon your pappy's been right smart help to you in this epidemic." "Yes, thank God," responded I and with all my heart.

But mostly I drove those roads alone. And I never shall forget the nocturnal pictures that steadily came to me as I drove—the "Rembrandts" I called them.

One of these fragments of the night which now comes back to me vividly is a very simple one. I am driving along the silent south side of the Pittsfield Square, on my way out to the country. Glancing into the long dark aisle of a big



MY UNCLE, JON SHASTID; MY BROTHER, JOSEPH C. SHASTID;
AND THE EVER-FAITHFUL NIGHTSHADE
(Old Photograph by the Writer)

livery stable I note the motionless double row of sheeted buggies—ghosts, pale ghosts, as if in this epidemic even buggies had become disembodied spirits.

At the edge of town.

Into the inky blackness opened suddenly a house-door. A woman with lugubrious countenance stood there for a moment in the gleam of a kerosene lamp she held, then as suddenly disappeared like an apparition of eager expectancy into the darkness again. Probably looking for some doctor other than myself.

Out into the country.

Late as it is, and rare as country blacksmith shops are in this year of 1889, here not only stands a blacksmith shop but it is open and shiningly lighted inside in contrast to the deep surrounding darkness—a Rembrandt indeed. A farmer's wagon has broken down and the kind-hearted smith has been prevailed upon to open his shop for the neighbor's special accommodation.

Farther into the night-filled country. I see a buggy moving toward me slowly. Both the horse and the buggy are covered with mud—the winter has been somewhat "open." Closer they come, and now the driver—the faint rays of my buggy-lanterns fall full upon his countenance—appears to be fast asleep, though his eyes are very wide open. It is Dr. R. O. Smith of Pittsfield, getting back home. No, he is not at all asleep. He answers my salutation solemnly, wearily. I read the whole story in his white face, his horror-filled eyes. He too is losing his people, young and old—losing many, many! What a fat year for graveyards!

The night! The night of a country doctor!

I wonder if *my* eyes too reveal *my* recent experiences.

I slap my horse with the lines. He is blowing badly, my father's good old Frank. He is faithful and strong, but the roads are heavy.

How dark the nights, how welcome many of the little Rembrandts!

I generally had two lanterns on the buggy front with reflectors and lenses, but the wind would often blow the

flames out. Only a faint streak went down the road from each lantern even under the best of circumstances.

Often I saw things down-road with my eyes wide open—things that were not there—sleep and dream would I with my orbs wide open. Thus, against the side of a large red barn I saw my father go up and lean his tall, loose-jointed shape. I saw him, or seemed to see him, as plainly and sharply as I saw the barn itself. He had a way, always had had when he was thinking, of going slack like that and half closing his bright blue eyes.

Again I would see him directly in front of me, pacing to and fro across the roadway. He had a way like that too, pacing and pacing, when trying hard to think.

Yet all the while he was really back at home raging wild with fever.

My mother also was back at home. Yet frequently I saw her too, along the road, especially in the daytime, coming out of a flower-garden—where perhaps there was really only an ice-covered orchard—by the side of another woman, then stopping at a dooryard gate to talk. The farm-woman would hand her a nosegay. Sometimes when I saw a black-cap chickadee crying, "Sw-e-e-t Ninny! Sw-e-e-t Ninny!" from the bough of a snow-filled bush, I would think I saw Mother looking down at the bird.

Perhaps the commonest waking dream I had was that of a farmer forking a horse and spurring furiously down the road toward me. Pulling up he would shout, "Come quick, before he's dead!" Then he would give me directions for finding the house.

Once I found myself at a place where I had not even been sent for, where in fact nobody was in the least sick. I did not know just how I had got there. The people, who were strangers to me, asked me to lie down and sleep a little. I quietly refused, started for the buggy, knew no more until I had awakened in the buggy, with the horse standing quietly before a house I had visited the night before. I could not remember anything about getting into the buggy at the first house.

It was well for me, when buggy-lights were out, as not infrequently they were, that there were now and then, more

or less dimly in view, fairly unmistakable landmarks. The light from a burning straw-stack was not really a landmark. Neither was a camp-fire, howsoever bright. Movers (people sometimes moved even in winter) might in those days have built a fire on almost any spot by almost any road. But there *were* large, cathedral-like barns, red or unpainted, whose massiveness stood out somehow from the all-surrounding night, howsoever inky. And then, best of all, there were white dooryard fences, picket fences mostly, white dooryard sheds and white one- or two-story farmhouses. How I had railed in my boyhood at the then universal practice of painting all buildings white, excepting only the barns. How monotonous the custom! How trying on the eyes too, that ubiquitous color, with its unrelieved glare in the dazzling midsummer days! O, of course, the steeples of the churches! They *ought* to be white, piercing the infinite blue as symbols of eternal innocence and purity! (But the cross of gold at the top! Why offer a thing like gold to heaven?)

And, even here on earth, why not earthly beauty in all its infinite variety—the variety which God himself had conferred upon earth? Why not green houses and brown houses and red and blue houses and even tan-colored houses? So easy on print-weary eyes!

But now, at last, I had learned the real value of white—pure, night-piercing white, as a color for human constructions. White was the color ideal, the special blessing of God for the country doctor, as he moiled along and toiled along, hour after hour, with his buggy-lanterns out—as almost always they were on windy nights—seeking to find his way in a Stygian world.¹

COVERED BRIDGES

There were a few other landmarks too that *could* be made out occasionally in deep darkness. Thus I could almost always “spot” a covered bridge (there were some still left) on nights as black as the borders of all Hades—but not invariably could I distinguish one from certain other structures.

¹ It was well-nigh impossible to re-light a buggy-lantern outdoors on a windy night. It took less wind to blow out a match than a lantern. You could, of course, re-light at the next patient's house.

One night as I went coasting down a long hill, believing that a wide portal-like opening in a mass of deeper darkness was an indication of a covered bridge, lo and behold I all at once dashed through the open doorway of one of Pike County's biggest barns. Pandemonium went loose. Horses neighed. Cows mooed. Roosters in clarion voices told me to be more gentle or get out.

I got out, only a little later—by faint star-shine and no buggy-lantern light—to run into the side of a great wagon-load of hay. As in the case of the big barn, I had unconsciously left the highway, gone through an open farm-gate, and then the loaded wagon, having been near the gate and in a direct line therewith, did the rest.

Covered bridges, though in the daytime a fine shelter from the sun and a favorite spot wherein to cool an overheated horse, were, in the darkness of night, things even gloomier still and more depressing than the blackness all around.

On stormy nights a covered bridge became a much better landmark because of the loud, hollow drumming which the rain made on its roof. But the rain on the roof made me homesick.¹

Another common landmark, still in those days, was the family burying ground. If even the faintest shaft of light were stirring it would strike on the gravestones and come bouncing somehow to your eyes—grim reminders of the highway both to this world and the next.

DIANA

And then there was the moon. When, in the hush and deep solemnity of the night, the country doctor even yet sees the moon, he feels like that Chinese poet of the Tang dynasty who is believed to have drowned while trying to

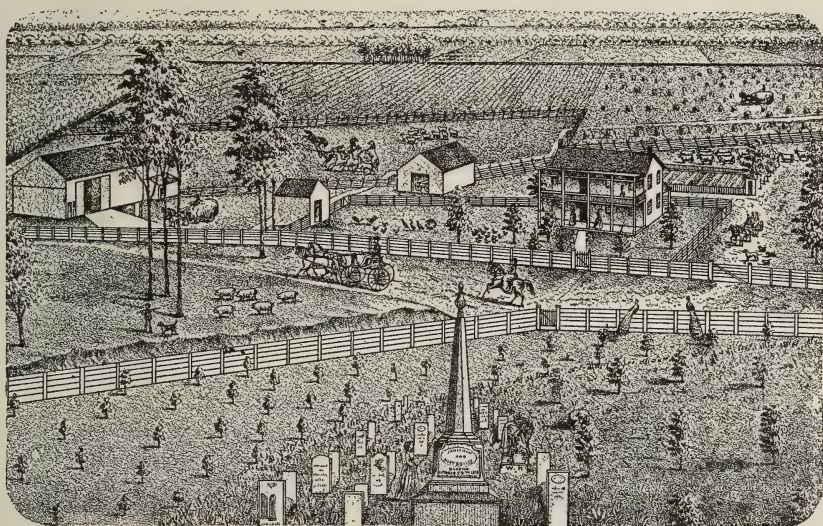
¹ Some covered bridges in those days (they are all of them things of the past just now) bore a sign—NO DRIVING FASTER THAN A WALK. However, doctors were almost invariably permitted to dash through as they pleased. One bridge indeed expressly stated: "No driving faster than a walk except by doctors." What kind of doctors was not specified, but, in *those* days, doctors *were* doctors. I doubt if there was in the county any real doctor of divinity, of philosophy, or science or laws. Nearly all our doctors were doctors of doctoring—either animals or men. There were, to be sure, doctors of dentistry, who, by only a fair presumption, could, at any time and in any case, extract the teeth of the law in respect to covered bridges, with or without pain, should such law militate against their necessity or convenience.

kiss the moon's reflection in the water. I did not even get out of the buggy to go near any water, but how I felt the beauty and companionship of the moon!

All country doctors, I think, must feel the beauty and companionship of the moon, as they toil along and toil along from sick to sick about the lonely highways, or pass through sleeping villages—to stop, it may be, at some hut wherein a window-lamp is burning lest the doctor might not be able to find the place. Out and away again into the silence and the cold and the mystery of the night. Yes, every country doctor, I think, must feel the beauty and companionship of the moon.

He must especially feel the beauty and companionship of the moon as he comes out of a house, leaving therein the dead—the dead who perhaps *is* dead because of the insufficient knowledge and experience of him who was the dying one's doctor. Yes, then he especially feels the beauty and companionship of the moon.

Nothing, for me, could take the place of the beauty and companionship of the moon. Sometimes, as you drove along an outlying dim track which even your lanterns could not pick out plainly, a mere rutted by-way or an unfenced lane,



FARM RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM HAM SEC. 20 CHAMBERSBURG TR PIKE CO. ILLS. AS SEEN FROM THE CEMETERY

A TYPICAL OLD-TIME FARMER'S PRIVATE BURYING GROUND

(From "Atlas Map of Pike County, Illinois"; Andreas, Lyter & Co., Davenport, Iowa: 1872)

the squeak of your buggy would arouse a far-away cock to fairy-land crowing, or a dog to indignant protest at your violation of the sacred privacy of the night. But these were not the same as the moon's companionship and beauty. Then, too, when the moon uprose, *it* awakened both cocks and dogs into ecstatic declarations of delight. There was *life* in the world then. There was *light* in the world then. The fact that the world *is* deity and companionship to beast and man came plainly out. How can anyone doubt it when he hears both cock and dog pouring forth peans of rudimentary religious praise in honor of Diana—Diana, who is simply God as expressed in the tellurian moon.

Dear God of all the moons and all the other things that are, how often have I not expressed to thee my own poor, likewise rudimentary, praise for the beauty and the companionship which thou didst show me on those darkling nights in old Pike County!

To use an expression already employed in this book, what a fee is the moon! But as a golden coin? No. As the Soul of the Universe showing itself in blue-surrounded majesty to bring unto country doctors and unto all others who have taken a veil in one form or another—and that, I surmise, is nearly everybody—His beauty and His companionship.

Many a night of course that I drove was moonless. Yet if a doctor, like anyone else, be devoid of fear completely, he will know that darkness has its beauty too, as well as has the light. Sometimes there were the stars shining, or there were beautiful clouds, or both of these together. Always there would be at least a little Rembrandt here and there, as I have already stated. And the rays of the buggy lantern, they too were *some* light. If *they* went out and the sky too was all black, even so there came the smell of invisible new-mown hay, or tender peep of little bird in tree-top asking its father or its mother or its God to protect it. And there was the instinct of the horse, that too was a part of divinity. And the horse's sight, so sharp and clear for objects lying low, very low, on the path before him, when so little of light there was that it seemed to a man merely as nothing.

Yea, even when any person, a doctor or a layman, a child or a dotard, shall be compelled to move through the valley of the shadow of death, he should fear no evil, for behold that shadow itself is a portion of God. And a man, as he merges with the shadow, will perhaps rejoice, not flinch or shudder, at his great re-union with the All Wise and Infinite.

CHRISTMAS IN A VACUUM

Many other scenes from nights along the highways and byways I should like to present fully if lack of space did not forbid. For example I should be glad to show in detail just what Christmas Eve on the Highway sometimes means to a country doctor. On the Christmas Eve I have in mind my father's condition had improved not a little, also that of nearly all my own patients. And no messengers from newly stricken patients had arrived for some time. We had all, therefore (all except my half-brother William, who was practicing in Wichita, Kansas) determined—my mother, my two own brothers and myself—to be at home with my father upon this blessed Christmas Eve. Peace on earth, good health to men!

Especially peace and good health to my father—the Santa Claus we had always known and loved so devotedly. Also peace and good health to good Santa Claus's good wife.

We had planned to push Father's bed out into the sitting-room where he could watch us fling our pinned-together stockings over the backs of chairs.

In the morning we meant to rush from our bedrooms down the stairway into Father's and Mother's bedroom, yelling like savages, "Christmas gift, Father and Mother!" All just as in the olden days—so long, so long (we thought) before—though each brother's life at that time had not been long.

Father had been wheeled out, I for one had thrown my stockings over a chair-back, and Mother was just coming in from the kitchen, when, all at once, at the front door, there came a tremendous pounding.

Behold—a messenger!

Then, as if at a pre-concerted signal, there came other messengers. My father, too, all at once had a chill.

As soon as he was warm again I started for the country.

That was certainly a Christmas in a vacuum. I could neither see, touch, smell nor hear Christmas, except at an isolated distance and very vaguely.

I could just as well have merely imagined me a Merry Christmas in the cold cell of a jail or on the top of a high mountain.

Country churches, here and there, were lighted up. I saw them—remotely. Their bells were ringing. I heard them—faintly. Afar I thought I distinguished the trembling roar of organs. But always *my* road was *away* from the merriment, the happiness, the peace.

In distant windows I thought I could discern the lighted Christmas trees, but I could not be sure of that.

Along toward morning it began to snow. That would make it seem much more like Christmas, I reflected.

I stopped, shortly before daylight (it was to be my last call that night) at a house where a very sweet child had been sick but now was improving. I was met at the door by one of the kind neighbor-nurses—a dear, sweet old thing, who, placing a finger of caution on her lips, whispered, “Dr. Tom, the Christ Child wanted a playmate, so he took baby.”

It was very touchingly expressed, but I was shocked to the heart. Dead? That child dead who had been doing so well? I could not believe it. Dead on Christmas Eve? A child? A *little* child? Dead? And *that* child?

“Doctor Tom,” said the nurse, “don’t look at me that way.”

“After all,” I murmured, weakly, “people must die on Christmas Eve, mustn’t they? Of course. Of course they must. Even on Christmas Eve they must die. And little children too.”

I turned round, and began crying. I was not much more than just a boy, had not yet acquired the protective mechanism of the professional doctor.

Arrived home, I opened the door softly, went in. Santa and Mrs. Santa were still in the sitting room: Santa in his bed Mrs. Santa propped in a chair with the alarm clock beside her. I did not awaken either of the Santas.

Slipping up boy-like, for the sake of old times, prematurely, to my own pair of socks, I fished around inside them, and lo! my mother had knitted me a pair of wristlets—something that boys and men wore regularly in those days but which nobody even sees any more. How on earth had my mother found time to make them? A label on them read, "Merry Christmas from Santa Claus's wife to her first and worst!" There was fun in her still—a little fun.

I slipped upstairs but it was daylight already. The roosters all round the town were crowing their peace-on-earth with vim and persistence.

When I heard Mother astir in the kitchen, I went downstairs crying out, "Christmas gift, Father and Mother! Christmas gift!"

And, just then (for so it actually happened) there came dashing up on horseback still another messenger.

Somebody was dying, so it appeared.

I drove out to see the patient, and the messenger had been quite right. Somebody had been dying.

Christmas, Merry Christmas!

Merry Christmas for everybody, even the country doctor! But not on *that* December twenty-five.¹ Even our good old doctor, David Prince, at Jacksonville, had died on the nineteenth.

And it ran on much like that for weeks and weeks.

Somebody dying, almost always somebody dying—or dead.

And so it went on through those interminable nights. Nor was it I alone, of the Pittsfield doctors, inexperienced I,

¹ I am not absolutely certain that in the foregoing description of my Christmas, 1889, I have not incorporated one or two features of the holiday season of 1890. My father, as I remember, was again sick during the holidays of 1890 and 1891. However, in those terribly busy days, I kept no diary. In fact I kept no case histories then, and, oftentimes, I went for weeks on end without making more than just a few entries in my account books. People later paid me what they would.

Five or six years afterward when I, in New York, was recuperating from a surgical operation, I set down all the facts of my medical practice in Pittsfield that I could remember, meaning to write them up fully some day perhaps in journal articles.

These handwritten notes, however, were, together with many still later ones, unintentionally burned in the course of our change of residence from Superior, Wisconsin, to Duluth. Nevertheless, the mere setting down of the facts while still they were fresh in my mind, tended to perpetuate them in my memory and, therefore, to make this "Second Life," as well as the first one, "Tramping to Failure," substantially all correct.

who "lost" patients. At a place which almost adjoined the one where I lost the little boy on Christmas Eve, Dr. R. O. Smith, with ten or fifteen years more of experience than I had had, lost also a little boy, and also on Christmas Eve. Years later I learned that the stricken young parents of this child (they never had another child) each Christmas, after that terribly fatal one for them, took out and hung up the same stockings of their dead only child, and then, after going to bed, silently arose and filled the stockings to repletion. On Christmas day they divided the beautiful toys among the children of the poor. I like to think that they kept on doing that till one or the other of the couple had died.

Yet another family in the same neighborhood, I heard, although they had five children, had never had one Christmas. They did not believe in Christmas. They hated Christmas, even as Dickens' old Scrooge had hated Christmas.

And so, even in a country doctor's clientèle and acquaintanceship, there are as many kinds of people as there are in London and New York.

It was in one of those depressing nights that I had an experience quite as horrible as it was absurd. The occurrence, moreover, had grown completely out of a trivial event of my childhood for which I had in no wise been responsible, and of which I had been the innocent victim.

I was just returning from a consultation near Pleasant Hill with a Dr. Henry of Summer Hill. The patient, as I remember, had been a small boy who had been thrown over the head of a horse he was riding. The horse had then stepped on the boy's head, producing an H-shaped and very much depressed fracture. There had been free hemorrhage from the middle meningeal artery and the boy was wholly unconscious. Together, Dr. Henry and I elevated the depressed bone, stopped the hemorrhage and sterilized the injured area. The boy then completely recovered consciousness. The parents, who, as I remember—I somehow fail to find any record of the operation in my books—bore the name of Elliot, were almost mad with delight. They had many children, it is true, yet not one too many, and great was the happiness which they verbally expressed and which also shone in their honest and tender countenances. (The

boy's recovery, I may incidentally add, was complete and permanent.)

With great happiness in my own young and unsuspecting heart, I was driving back toward Pittsfield. All at once I discerned ahead of me, in an open space somewhat to the side of the road, a small caravan of moving wagons, ranged in a circle and with a camp-fire in the center. Often I had passed such resting caravans, never with the slightest apprehension, as I had driven about in the night, and despite the fact that many were the stories of dastardly depredations which, according to unfounded rumor, had been committed by "the mover people."

As, however, I drew close to the caravan, out came several rough-looking men and halted me. One seized the horse by the bridle and, pulling, cramped the wheels of the buggy. Said one of the men who had come to the buggy-side, "Get out." Angered a little by the stern command, I replied, "What for?"

"Will you get out by yourself or shall we drag you out?"

I got out by myself, appendicitis or no appendicitis.

There was singing and mad music inside the circle of wagons. As we drew still closer, the music and the singing grew louder still, as well as profane and obscene. Asked the man who had offered to pull me from the buggy, the biggest, by the way, of the entire group, "You young Doc Shastid?" "Yes, I am." Man's hurt in this wagon—accidentally shot himself. You're going to fix him up, fix him up right, understand, and never say nothing about it." "Doctors don't tell secrets," said I, cheerfully, thinking to act as friendly a part as possible. "They don't in *this* case," said he.

That voice! It sounded familiar to me, and yet—I could not be certain I had ever seen the fellow before, because, as already stated herein, I have a poor memory for faces. But that voice! I was certain I had heard it somewhere in the long, long ago. Yet still—

"Get in," said the ruffian.

I climbed over the wheel and into the front part of the wagon, then stepped backwards over the driver's seat and into the dim interior of the room formed by the canvas-

covered wagon-bows—all of which proceeding my appendix vermiformis resented with the hottest indignation.

Some one brought a lantern. I already had in my pocket the usual pocket-case of instruments, together with ether, my hypodermic set, and so on. Looking at the wounded man, who was lying on his back in a pile of straw with his wounded leg elevated on an inverted chair (not a bad position, by the way) I saw that the fellow had been bleeding heavily and that his features showed almost complete exsanguination. Occasionally he groaned as if in great pain.

His pulse was intermittent too and feeble.

All at once it struck me that *this* face, also, I had seen before. Where? Whose face was it? I certainly needed to know, seeing that none of the men about me seemed willing to impart the slightest information. Then, of a sudden, I remembered. "Bill Bray!" I almost shouted the words.

The big man of the group gave my arm a sudden squeeze that hurt me almost intolerably, then ordered, "Get to work! And don't you fail to save this man's life. It's just as important for you as for me." And then I remembered this big fellow too.

Both these brutes had been the leaders of the vandal boy-gang which, on a night in my childhood, as hitherto related, had broken up the little printing outfit wherewith I had been producing my boyish *Monthly Gazette*. How that night came back to me!

Well, I did my best to save Bill Bray. First I gave him a mild shot of morphine for his pain. That would help to stop the bleeding also. Then I tied the severed arteries, disinfected the wound, dressed it, bandaged it, all quite properly.

When I had finished, I suddenly discovered that the gigantic brother had been repeatedly administering brandy to the patient. A drunkard's remedy for almost everything, of course, is liquor.

And, all at once, to my great surprise and consternation, the patient arose, and, full of wild drunkenness, shouted: "You, Shastid! You've poisoned me! You're getting even with me for what I did to your G . . . d . . . d printing outfit in your boyhood." The fool lunged at me, right and left. Several of his companions threw him down, not ungently,

and sat on his arms. Still, he threshed about with his legs. His big brother spoke soothingly to him. "There, Bill! You're all right. The Doctor done a good job. Jest be quiet."

But, to my infinite fright, Bill suddenly became entirely too quiet. In fact he was utterly unconscious.

Then Big Brother, in his foolish turn, went mad. "You killed him, Shastid! You killed him. What he said was right: you poisoned him on purpose. You poisoned him on purpose, jest because he smashed your printing plant. You killed him, and now I'm—"

I was feeling the pulse of one who had no pulse.

"Don't be excited," I soothed. "I'll bring him round. Don't be excited."

"You bring him round and do it damn quick. I give you just two minutes."

There was no use to argue with this brute. He was half or two-thirds drunk, and, obviously enough, had very little sense when sober. I set to work.

First, I ordered one of the ruffians to prepare immediately a good strong cup of coffee—"the strongest you have ever seen." Then I asked for a bucket of cold water from the spring. Then I gave that patient several grains of caffeine citrate hypodermically and followed that "shot" by another—namely of sulphuric ether, a good big dose. This substance, by the bye, is not merely a powerful heart stimulant, it is also one of the most painful injections that the heart of the Devil has ever devised.

Bill Bray began to wake up.

Then the thought occurred to me, and a sickening fear came with it, that, whether Bill Bray got well or died, I was in very grave danger. Suppose that he died. Very well. I would surely die too, for these were ruffians of the very basest sort, who would stick at nothing whatever. And if, on the other hand, Bill did get well, then his brother and the rest of the crew would think that I had, in the beginning, *intended* to kill him, as, otherwise (they would ask themselves) why hadn't I given Bill the true restorative treatment to begin with, instead of only after the patient had begun to pass over Jordan from the effects of my first medicine? Was I not indeed plainly and intentionally killing the man (they would ask) until Bill's big brother had shown me

clearly that, if patient died, then Doc died too? It would have been, of course, of no use to try to tell these people that Bill's brother had, in his great excitement, given Bill entirely too much liquor, and that what I had done in my second treatment was simply to overcome that.

Then, too, here was what capped the climax, made the situation even deadlier still for "Doc." There was crime in the atmosphere of that camp. One could almost smell it. Who the criminal, or arch criminal, was in the matter, I could of course not know, but I strongly suspected that the Bray Brothers had quarrelled, that the bigger had shot Bill and nearly killed him, and that then Bill had repented, especially in view of the fact that some of his companions might take a notion to "squeal" to the legal authorities. As for me, I really knew nothing at all which would seem to indicate that the wound was not just what it was said to be—accidental. Nevertheless, Bill's big brother might think I could start an investigation.

It was a tight place to be in.

Well, the cold water came, and I threw it bravely on the patient. He suddenly stood up, sputtering the water and spouting comical obscenity and profanity.

All laughed, and, in the midst of the lessened tension, I gathered up my belongings and departed at a rate of speed which betokened no small loss of dignity.

All of which simply shows that no doctor should ever, if he can avoid it, render medical or surgical services to any person against whom he may even be suspected of having harbored a grudge.

IN THE HOUSES OF THE AFFLICTED

Although my driving was, in those troublous times, largely confined to the hours of the night, nevertheless, as the plague raged on, increasing both in its virulency and in the number of persons stricken, I got to driving more and more by day as well as by night.

All at once, one morning in the country, I heard a great clatter of wheels on hard gravel. Looking up, I saw approaching down a cross-road no less a personage than Dr. Dublin himself. Buggy-top down, whip held regally on high, as if it had been a sceptre, horse white lathered, and

the entire outfit expressive of much to do and little time to do it in.

All at once the Doctor swung into the road on which I was driving, made it neatly on two wheels, and, dashing up close before me, lay back in his seat and pulled his big white "mud horse" down on his haunches in such a manner that the whole rig squarely barred my way.

I, you will remember, was the lad who, years before, had thought it smart to be smart—who in fact had said to Dr. Dublin concerning his, the smart lad's, father, "Wrong as he was he was right." Dr. Dublin was just small enough never to have forgiven me for that perfectly justifiable bit of triumph.

As he stopped to bar my passage on the road I did not speak but waited to learn exactly what the important personage would do. He did not offer to speak either, but, instead, continually stared over his panting horse's head with eyes as fixed and cold as two blue marbles with pounded ice behind them.

Then, not at all removing his gaze from my infinitesimal features, he pulled out and lighted a cigar, puffed several times, began smoking and spitting vigorously.

All at once he cried angrily, "Pull out of the road there, so I can get on: I have important business to attend to." "So too have I," I replied.

But I turned out, giving half the road and more—then stopped.

"Out! Clear out!" he ordered. "I want the whole road."

"Doctor Dublin," I suggested quietly, "this is a Columbus Buggy Company's buggy and I'm driving a specially good horse. If you are foolish enough to want to lock wheels with me, come ahead."

He came ahead but gave his half of the road.¹

¹ Dr. Dublin, for all his real ability, was ever a better-than-thou man. Yet he was always that quite frankly. He was no skulker. To a patient of his who once said to him, angrily, "You think yourself better than other people, don't you, Doctor Dublin?" he responded without the slightest hesitation, "Why! of course I do."

Dr. Dublin was a great stickler for "ethics," by which he chiefly meant keeping one's name and doings out of the public prints. Seeing one day—about as far back as 1882, I think it was—a highly laudatory notice in one of the Pittsfield papers about Dr. Dublin himself, his rapidly growing practice and so on, I clipped it out and pasted it in one of my scrapbooks. After that whenever I saw in the papers any bit of lurid praise about any

In the houses of the afflicted!

What sights and sounds I met there!

How I used to swagger in, pretending to be brave, to be adequate to the occasion even in that day. (Doctors are not adequate even now, for, to this minute, influenza is not well understood.)

And still the plague increased both in virulence and in number of those attacked.

And the attitude of the public toward their doctors after that! An attitude of entreaty, of supplication, almost of humble prayer.

Pike County physician, I clipped it and popped it into the same scrapbook. In the course of a very few years I had accumulated almost an enormous number of clippings.

Now it so happened that when I, at the University of Vermont, had received not merely an ordinary diploma conferring the M.D. degree but in addition "a diploma of graduation honors," my father, swelling with pride, gave that information to the Pittsfield newspapers, which, then, printed it. Also, after I had finished my work at Vienna and was on my way home, my father, again pride-filled, had caused the Pittsfield papers to print the fact as a news item together with the further fact that, when I arrived in Pittsfield, I would locate there for practice, both as specialist on the eye, ear, nose and throat, and also as general practitioner.

Dr. Dublin thereupon said nothing at all to my father but, when I had arrived in Pittsfield, he one day stopped me in front of his office and, mantled with majesty, talked to me as a king might have reprimanded a begger. I was a disgrace to the medical profession, a mere charlatan—coming now into a civilized community "like a bat out of hell." And so on.

"Fortunately, Dr. Dublin," said I, "I possess a number of excellent credentials from bigger men than you are."

"I don't question your scholarship, you cur," said he. "I say merely that you are an advertising charlatan—a so-called doctor who seeks to thrive on printer's ink."

And then I remembered my scrapbook. Fortified with that, I felt courageous. And what I said to the old doctor then was sufficient. As I spoke, he grew vividly purple and speechless. Therefore I could talk to him without interruption.

I wound up thus: "And now, one more word out of you such as you have used to me to-day, and I'm going to print and send to the entire medical profession of this and adjoining counties the entire collection I have of your bombastic brags about yourself which, in the last few years, you have published in the Pittsfield newspapers. And I will print them with, in each case, the accurate citation to paper, date, page and column. Furthermore I will add an account of this ridiculous conversation as an explanation for my issuance of that choice collection of your self-laudatory notices."

Never again did I have any trouble with Dr. Dublin about newspaper items.

The entire incident to-day seems merely funny. The perfectly proper publicity which, years later, was freely employed by men like Professor Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, Professor John B. Murphy, of Chicago, and even the heads of the famous Mayo Clinic, has largely done away on the part of the American Medical profession with that old-time fear of the use of printer's ink—a fear of its use, in each and every instance, in favor of any other doctor than the complainer himself.

To-day, if a doctor is elected president of his state medical society (for example) that fact can be mentioned in the newspapers without his being regarded by other physicians as "a bat out of hell."

Notwithstanding which immense alteration in the attitude of doctors toward the use of printer's ink, I still continue with my scrapbooks—even at the present day. Not at all for the purpose of confounding other physicians who might want to bring my peace-plan publicity up for condemnation, or, possibly, a book of reminiscences such as this, but because I love to note the increasing participation of the medical profession in affairs of the locality, the state, the nation and the world.



A Typical Covered Bridge of the Olden Time in Pike County.
This bridge spanned Bay Creek about two and a quarter miles east of Pittsfield.
(Old Photograph by the Author)



Last Covered Bridge in Pike County. This bridge spanned the Middle Fork of McGee Creek two and a half miles west of Perry.

(Photograph by Preston Miller in 1942, just after the bridge's condemnation)

My mother had said to me at home that the messengers had used to shout, for example, "Have the Doctor come," but now, piteously, they would cry, "*Can* the Doctor come?" (She was keeping up well, fortunately—never did she contract the grippe herself. Nor did I at any time, to speak of.)

There was one place where a man was terribly sick with the dreaded disease. It seemed impossible for him to recover. He was perfectly conscious, however, and suffering terribly. Yet he complained little. In the same room with him, lay his wife. Not very sick she was, apparently, and she had been a hysteric for years—a hysteric of the type that doctors dread to behold, dread as they dread epidemics, hell and the devil. For sixteen years, to my knowledge, she had been a terror to physicians. There was actually little the matter with her now, it seemed, outside a rather weak heart, except many wrong ideas and emotions. Her husband, an exceptionally fine man and hard worker, she always referred to as "that lout." She hated all her neighbors who did not belong to the same church that she did. She hated especially all her neighbors who were more successful than were she and her husband. Wrong ideas and the hatred that grew out of them, these were the causes of her hysteria. (You see I am no Freudian.)

Much to my surprise, little flu as she had, one day she died.

Also much to my surprise, the husband, sick as he'd been with the flu, got well.

When I reported these facts to my father, he made one of the few unfeeling remarks I ever heard him make: "Wife's death helped him."

He did not say anything about the man's having had a good doctor.

There was one man who had divorced his wife and who now for years had lived with a second wife in a house they two had built. The neighbors rather despised them both, somehow, out of sympathy for the first wife.

Each kept saying, "I have been so happy," and the neighbors kept coming in to hear them say it. I had to limit the neighbor nurses to three at a time.

This aging couple died with calmness and dignity—departing, as one might put it, graciously, from an unfriendly room.

The heart of the story escapes me—no I will not say that, I remember the heart of that story quite well. But I cannot repeat it, because, even under the mask of names fictitious, the heart of that story would give much pain even now to hearts still living.

“Nothing ever happens in the country”—nothing except much labor and little repose, sickness and sorrow, hope and fear, fulfillment and disappointment, credulity and bitterness of disbelief, hatred more or less enduring and affection more or less eternal, and, finally, after all and for everybody, a departure, more or less gracious, from a more or less unfriendly room.

In that epidemic a mother one day motioned me out into her kitchen. Children four had she—three girls, one boy. I have already said that that epidemic was especially fatal to the old and the young. So terribly true was this that, as I remember, not nearly enough coffins for the dead children could be procured. In the kitchen the half distracted mother said to me, “I hate all my children excepting only my boy. Him I do love—God only knows how much I love him. Doctor, save me my baby, my boy. You *must* save him. Then she prayed too—leaning over the kitchen stove as if it were an altar. “Take thou all my girls, O God,” she cried, “but leave me Benjamin.”

God took both her Benjamin and her girls.

Philosophers, I suppose, could find *their* lesson in this.

To me the lesson was, we had not yet found a way to cure the flu.

Even in the midst of that raging storm of an epidemic I was oftentimes obliged to stop and cut a tongue-tie, also to extract teeth (we still applied a turnkey and had, or at least used, no local anesthetics). Even serious afflictions, however, that had nothing to do with the flu—a broken leg for example—were looked upon by many of the population with aversion and almost horror. Anyone who wanted a doctor

for anything else than the flu was a base interloper, they seemed to think, a heartless monster.

It was, I believe, in the course of that fearful epidemic that I had a curious case in Pittsfield of a small boy with chorea—an outrageously bad case. One of the older Pittsfield physicians had had the case for a long time and had utterly failed on it. Then it came into my hands. And, as it happened, I cured the case completely.

I was wildly delighted, for not only was the boy a remarkably handsome and intelligent little fellow, but he was in addition the son of a Mr. and Mrs. Earl—people of character and refinement, in a distant way too relatives of my mother.

Another happy feature of that case was this. After the cure, I half expected the old doctor who had had the case before me to be deeply offended because I had achieved the thing which he had been unable to accomplish. Yet, one day, as I was walking along the street with the boy's father, we met this fine old physician (another than my father, I should hasten to add) and he, coming up to us and extending both his hands, congratulated us both, expressing his utmost happiness at the outcome of that case.

It was a magnanimous thing to do. And one, we may be certain, that old Dr. Dublin, for all his really great ability, would never have thought of doing.¹

But—and this is the fact I was trying to get at—I was more than once during my treatment of that case upbraided

¹ Since writing the foregoing about Dr. C. H. Doss, I have received in a letter from my brother, Jon S. Shastid, of Dodge City, Kansas, the following additional anecdote about this fine old gentleman of the old fine school. My brother, after telling how Doctor Doss, not many years before my father's final sickness, had cured a sore on my father's elbow which other doctors, both in Pittsfield and in St. Louis, had completely failed to cure, my brother runs on:

" When I went to Father Shastid's funeral, I found a large crowd of people there, but was surprised at the fact that the people were mostly young and more or less middle aged. I inquired of someone why his old friends were not there, and was asked: 'Just who?' I began to mention some of the names of his old friends and began to realize, before the answer was given me, what that answer would be, namely, 'They are all dead.' Of course any person who lives to an extreme old age, must have the experience of losing practically all his friends and relatives of his own age, and his acquaintanceship must then be among people younger than himself.

"But I had no sooner received my reply than I saw one old man, and recognized him as Dr. Doss, unashamedly weeping at Father's coffin. I was much surprised because, as I remember, ... the old time doctors of Pike County had been so torn up about antisepsis and similar matters that some of them would not even speak to one another."

for treating St. Vitus's dance when so many persons were terribly sick with influenza. Almost a criminal I seemed to them to be, so great was the terror of the time.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

One of the sick men late in that epidemic was an old, old colored man, living I don't say where, whose back, when I started to examine him, disclosed an enormous number of terrible lash-like scars. I fairly cried out in horror. "Bondage, Doctuh, bondage," explained the old colored man simply. "Some men had good mastuhs, some had bad ones. I worked early and late and tried to please my mastuh [I believed him] but I nevuh could please him, he drunk so hahd. He come back home one night from town, where he'd been spendin' all I'd made him. I'd wukked ve'y ha'd that day knowin' how bad he'd come back. But sez 'e, 'I'll cut you in two, you damn loafuh.' An' he nilly did. Then sez 'e, 'I know a way'll *make* you wu'k. I'll put one of your damn eyes out. An' he did. He had two niggus bind me tight, an' then he heated a big nail in owah blacksmith fohge an' he buhnt out this right eye—see?"

"I begged 'im, sayin' 'at as that eye was *his* eye, he wuz same as buhnin' out his own eye.

"Den sez 'e, 'Shet up, er I'll buhn out *both* yo' eyes,' sez 'e. So I shet up."

"Why didn't you run away?"

"That's what I did—that night. I run by nights to Canady. An' after the wah I come back here, but I'm goin' away soon—back into Missouri ag'in."

"Did anybody follow you toward Canada?"

"My mastuh did. He caught me in Canada one night. He *thought* he did. But I'd caught *him*.

"Sez 'e, 'I'm a-goin' to kidnap you back to where you belong.' Doctuh, I used to be a mighty good man." He meant a very strong man.

I nodded.

"An' so—O God, Doctuh, I ain't paid foh that yit? I ain't nevuh even been arrested. You won't tell on me, Doctuh?"

"Not in a thousand million years," said I. "Doctors don't tell things."

He was eighty-odd years old then, and that was considerably more than fifty years ago, so he must surely long since have died.

And "now it can be told."

"Nothing ever happens in the country."

FUN IN THE EPIDEMIC

There is hardly a thing in the world, howsoever serious and sad, but there's always at least a wee bit of fun in it. As for example:

In the course of that influenza epidemic in Pike County an old man died who was exceedingly fat and equally stingy. Not at once but a few weeks later, there appeared on the side of the barn which had long belonged to him but which he had taken in the first place by trickery—so it was alleged—from a widow, the following long inscription (as nearly as I can get it now) in yellow paint over the barn's deep red: "Uncle died in a comfortable bed on , 1890. He was a very big man. He left a large hole in the community and filled a large one in the ground. But his soul wouldn't have filled anything in particular. It has not gone to the same place where the widow 's went."

Who wrote those words I never learned, but they remained on the barn for several weeks. Perhaps the fact that the fat man had left his relatives nothing had had a bit to do with the long retention of the words.

Another case there was which was funny or sad, according to the way you look at it:

Uncle Lafe Mahlin was dying, clearly dying. Acute tuberculosis, which had resulted from the flu, had him in its grip. Again and again he asked me if he were not sure to die of his present affliction. "Gallop in' consumption, ain't it?" As has probably been the way with doctors since Adam treated Eve, I hedged as well as I could, submitted that there were always chances, and so on.

One day old Lafe said to me, "Look here, Tommy, I want you to tell me the truth an' no lobsterizin'. Am I goin' to die an' die soon or ain't I? I want the truth. I ain't no coward and I never was one."

I then said, "Yes," but as gently as I could. *And* I followed that with sweet comfortings and fine condolences—as sweet and fine and yet as honest too as I could make them. I was terribly sorry, I said, very terribly sorry.

It grieved me to the center of my heart, I said.

Looking at me with his overbright eyes he remarked, "O hell, Tommy, you act as if it was you that had to go instead of me."

THE PRICE OF BEING A BAR-FLY

Another case that was funny or sad according to the way you look at it was that of Sam Creek. Sam's house—a fine one it had been in the old days—was one of the places where in my father and I had so often been invited to stop and eat. That house had been one of the best in all the Creek connection. But now it had been exchanged for a very much smaller and less convenient house and one also more difficult of access.

Most of the times when I went to see Sam in that terrible epidemic I had to go at night. Some of the roads were badly out of order and therefore special arrangements had had to be made to render possible my getting to his place. I was supposed to find for myself in the darkness near a certain roadside tree a certain gap (made for my sole benefit) in a certain hedge. You see there was a great deal of "certain"ty about the whole matter—that is, according to the way my would-be helpers described the situation. Truly, however, there was no certainty at all. Instead of that "certain" roadside tree, for example, there were many roadside trees each and every one of which looked just like any other, even in the daytime.

By night—ah indeed!

Well, one midnight I drove to the "certain" roadside tree and began slowly looking for the "certain" hedge in which there should have been a "certain" gap. My buggy lights were on, although a stiff wind was blowing, and yet, for all that, one tree looked to me precisely like another.

All at once my lights went out. There was nothing for it then but to feel my way to that gap.

I alighted from the buggy, stepped to the hedge and began feeling for that quite *uncertain* gap. Most unfortunately

I did not know whether I ought to go feeling in an eastward direction or in a westward direction. Both ways I tried, and still found no gap.

So, either eastward or westward, I had not felt far enough. Try again!

Try again I did.

And again and again and again and—yes, at last I felt that “certain” gap.

Then I called to my horse. She—it was the little Halpin mare—did not answer.

I took out my handkerchief and pinned it to the hedge where it could be as a sign and a signal unto me in the darkness, whenas I had found my horse—supposing that I ever found her.

Needless to say I had a long and weary walk to find her. I should never have found her at all, only I recollected that, for several nights preceding, I had stopped her at a place about one mile farther up the road. She might have gone up there to wait for me.

She had.

The case in *that* house attended to, and my lamps relighted, I drove once more westward, again attempting to discover that “certain” place in that “certain” hedge.

But find it I could not.

Then, all at once, the little Halpin mare discovered it for me.

She turned of herself without one word from me, went through the gap in the hedge without accident—and, incidentally, without my seeing a sign of my pocket handkerchief again.

We—the mare and myself—were supposed to drive on through that rugged eighty-acre pasture till we reached a line fence. There I was to hitch her, climb the fence, cross a railroad right of way with its uptripping rails, climb another fence, then walk a long hill from whose high crest I was to see a beautiful guiding light in the window at Sam Creek’s house.

The crest I finally reached, but Mrs. Creek, although she had actually lighted the lamp and set it before the window, had forgotten to shoot up the curtain.

At length, however, here came Sam Creek's big collie dog, and, by him guided, I reached the humble backwoods residence of a once important man.

I should not be painting an accurate picture of medical practice at that day and in that region if I did not finish giving the trivia of that call at the house of Sam Creek.

Sam not only had the flu, but he had already almost had, before the flu attacked him, a case of delirium tremens, and he also did actually have, before he got the flu, a very bad case indeed of typhoid fever. Altogether, a pretty serious case of "mixed pickles."

To determine the condition of the bowels (this was necessary because of the lingering typhoid) I laid across the man's naked abdomen a handtowel, and then, down on the towel, I laid my sleepy head.

And I remember distinctly what happened then, absolutely every minutest detail of it. I walked straight into the Pittsfield Opera House, which was already crowded and took a back seat. A performance was on already, and, up in front—as was their invariable custom—sat Truman Hicks, banker, and Merrick Bush, editor of the *Pike County Democrat*. Now these two men were widely noted for their inborn ability for and their wide experience in—among more important matters—that of hearty laughter. At every funny show that ever came to Pittsfield these prominent citizens were present. And laugh? Well, it used to be said that if one of them had stood at the Illinois river and the other by the side of the Mississippi, and then both had laughed at the same time and toward each other, nobody standing midway between them could have heard his own voice. It was also stated that, one night, at an open-air political jambo, the two men laughed so heartily they shook the stars plumb out of the sky. Others, however (there always are scoffers at anything) alleged that it would have been a good night for falling stars anyway—although, maybe, *with* the laughter, more stars had fallen than would otherwise have "fell."

However that may be, wherever these men went they laughed and laughed hard. And it was an unquestionable fact that, whenever they laughed, other people laughed also. Their laughter was, medically speaking, "contagious."

After a time it appeared that these two prominent citizens were running against competition in the laughter line. An old colored man, that is to say, perceiving that two such prominent white citizens were laughing whenever and wherever the spirit of merriment moved them and to whatsoever degree of uproar the spirit moved, decided that if white could do such a thing so too could black. And he pronto unlimbered his laughter canons. Merrick and Truman were not to be outdone. Raising their voices, they drowned out the *risus Africanus*. Then the black man, raising his'n, drowned out the *risus Caucasianus*. Truman and Merrick turned on all they had. Black man was equal to the occasion. Whereupon the show had to stop, because it could no longer be heard.

Thereupon the audience outdid both the whites and the black combined for a very long while.

Thereupon the actors themselves, getting into the fun, screamed and hallooed hysterically.¹

In other words the laughter of the three "laughateers" was indeed and in truth "contagious".

And so it was proving to be, that night in the country and in my own case. Truman Hicks laughed and Merrick Bush laughed, and then all the rest of the great audience laughed and laughed tremendously—till I myself, tired though I was, joined heartily in the cachinnation.

In fact so heartily did I join that I woke myself up—with my own ha-ha's.

And after I had awakened myself I kept on laughing and laughing, because I could still, in fond imagination, hear Truman Hicks and Merrick Bush still laughing.

¹ To complete the story of the black man who had "mighty nigh" outlaughed two whites. The black, it appeared, had been receiving from the management standee tickets as pay for his contributions to the mirth of mankind. Now, however, fearing that the laughter episode had gone too far, they cancelled the old black's right to receive the standee tickets unless he paid for them, also promised not to laugh any more.

At this, however, the white men's wrath arose. They went to that management and they vowed and declared (no fooling about them this time) that they would never, positively never, attend that opera house again were not the old man's tickets restored to him without money and without price and unless in addition the old man's laughter rights were completely restored. The Declaration of Independence, as well as the Constitution of the Sovereign State of Illinois, had guaranteed free speech, free laughter, etc. They had their way.

This occurrence was for a long time known as "the Pittsfield laughers' strike."

In fact I heard of the "laughers' strike," years later, clean down in southern Illinois.

And Sam Creek woke up too, out of his dream of pink elephants or whatever else he was gazing at, and, noting my laughter, shouted, "You seein' things too?"

And Mrs. Creek and her four or five big girls came rushing in from the kitchen.

Then commanded Sam Creek, "Hand me my glasses." One of the girls having placed on his face his pair of big, shell-framed, square-lensed spectacles, he looked into a far corner of the room and demanded of me, "Is that there what you wuz lookin' at an' laughin' at?"

"I was sound asleep," I explained, "and, in a dream, thought I was back in Pittsfield, listening to Truman Hicks and Merrick Bush laugh in the new Opera House."

"Opera House? Opera House!" cried he excitedly. "I've had hells of experience in opera houses."

But just then, as morning was nigh, there entered the front door without knocking, four or five neighbor men "to see how Sam Creek wuz."

The entry, I saw at a glance, was exciting my patient terribly, so, fearing lest he have another attack of "the delicious tremendous" (I had seen him in several) I popped a hypo into his arm, thinking thereby to calm him and get him to sleep."

It had—as it sometimes does—just the opposite effect.

Cried Sam to his visitors, "I'm jist about the finest man as ever spun a glass across a bar, and so I'm goin' to tell you—all a story of the hell I had once in a Opry House."

TOLD UNDER MORPHINE

"The curtain went up. Truman Hicks may have been there, and he may not. And Merrick Bush may have been there, and he may not. But if ever THEY wuz there, they never seen nothin' ner nobody to laugh at, I sure-ye.

"In Hannibal it wuz—I think. The first scene had been guaranteed on the billboards to be acted throughout by twelve pretty girls, wholly unclad, whose clothes was supposed in the play to have been stole by some mischievious boys. Them girls was to spend one entire hour paradin' about the stage, huntin' and scoldin' about the loss of them

'ere clothes. That'd a been some hunt, an', as the bills stated it would be, so it was actually done. But listen.

"Say, Doc, them alligators is gettin' fainter. I kin now jest about see the wall-paper pattern right through 'em.

"The curtain went up. I'd paid but one dollar, an' expected the vally [value] of twelve—there bein' just that many nude girls.

"An announcer come onto the stage an' stated that, to make the scene on the stage appear all the more luminous, the lights in the auditorium would all be put out. In fact, while he kept that 'ere audience's attention engaged, the lamps in the room wuz actually removed, and then all at once the lights on the stage they went out too.

"Everywhere nothin' but just plumb darkness.

"Then the soun's of angry women's voices on the stage began, bewailin' the loss of their entire clothing. Them *wuz* women's voices too an' no mistake. No mere men speakin' *fer* women. We wuz gettin' all we'd been promised, *but not no more*. Still, expectancy was roused to highest pitch. The women began singin'. Then they recited poetry. Then sang ag'in.

"But not no ray of light.

"After a time some feller without no patience he grabs me an yells: 'It's a fake! They said naked women would be paradin' the stage, but they *didn't* say there wouldn't be no lights on.' Another feller grabs me on the other side an' yells, 'Let's give 'em *b..l!* Catch 'em.'

"Some struck matches. There was a grand rush for the stage. But there hain't no girls there. There hain't no nobody there. Even the men was all gone, an' all our dollars with 'em.

"Then some feller yells, 'I've been robbed, I've been robbed!'

"I puts up my hand, and, by the Mighty, I've been robbed too.

"All my corn money, all—all—all—gone. My money—all gone."

Sam was screaming now, and sitting on the side of the bed with his hands up around his neck.

"It wa'n't them there show fellers that had took the money. It was that there feller that had yelled, 'I've been robbed.' I know him. *He'd* been robbed? He'd took the money—I see 'im there now."

He started to rise from the bed. Jim Henderson pushed him back on the pillows with two unbent fingers.

"Let me up! I'm stronger'n seven elephants! I'll kill him—let me up!"

All at once he began snoring heavily.

Several of the men produced a big black bottle and went to drinking.

I wrapped myself up, went out to the nickering of my Halpin mare, and so on and on and on and on—attempting to help so-called humanity.

NURSES AND VISITORS

I have already stated that practically all the nurses we had in those days were "neighbor nurses." "Trained nurses," in the present meaning of the term, we knew not at all. "Professional nurses" we had, but these, for the greater part, had never seen a hospital—unless as a patient in one of them—or read a book on nursing. Such a nurse was simply a woman who nursed for money, made a business of nursing. She *became* a professional nurse by the simple procedure of "up and declaring" that she *was* a professional nurse. Sooner or later she acquired "experience," together with such little "theory" of the subject of nursing as the very busy doctors she worked with had time to impart to her—now a bit and then a bit more.

And yet it was really wonderful how much knowledge of disease a highly intelligent woman would pick up in that way.

Remember she saw many sick people, had object lessons in disease or diseases almost every minute of the day. She could not know diseases generally, but the diseases of Pike County she knew to an iota. Aside from the sudden plague of influenza, which even the doctors knew little about, she saw malaria, hysteria (major), typhoid fever, diarrhoea, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, bronchitis and pneumonia. "Rheumatism" she saw a great deal of, and, under that convenient term, were listed neuritis (inflamed nerves), arthritis

(inflamed joints), myositis (inflamed muscles) and numerous other maladies then dimly known. Delirium tremens and its common concomitant, farm-mortgageitis, she saw very frequently in "bar-flies." Such patients were boldly labelled in those plain-speaking days as "drunkards" and "wasters." The academic and highly scientific appellation of "the underprivileged" had not then been invented, or, rather, come into general use.

Injuries of all sorts she saw in great abundance, not merely those produced by "sot-fightin'." Farming is naturally a dangerous occupation. Fractures, contusions, lacerations, incised wounds, dislocations, burns (ofttimes very terrible from kerosene-lamp explosions or barn fires) frost-bites, gun-shot wounds—all these are common indeed on farms. I have seen in the same farmhouse on the same day a finger half-chopped-off by a hay-cutter, a horse-kick in the bowels with resulting peritonitis and a back broken in several places by a falling tree.

Young women, I believe, were not as a rule good nurses. They ofttimes introduced, that is among male patients, a sexy, at least a romantic, element that was now and then disturbing. Even if the man were as cold as stone toward his not too good-looking nurse, his wife would seldom believe that that was the case. Middle-aged and elderly women were best. Even for sick women they were best, for now and then a healthy husband and an active young nurse—well, nurses and healthy husbands do not invariably remain in plain sight and hearing of an ailing spouse.

Nurses were ofttimes accused of being the great "tattlers," or news-bearers in the country, generally I believe with but little justification.

ED FARMER

Neighbor nurses were not infrequently elderly men, men too old to "work." As a rule they nursed only men and boys—which reminds me of Ed Farmer.

A short, plump man was Ed, with a quick, bird-like manner and eyes that eternally saw whatever they looked at. He was just a trifle over middle age.

Despite the name I have given him he lived in an outlying small town, where he did just nothing for a living.

When a boy he had been a remarkable student, so my Uncle Jon told me, and he had taught Ed Farmer for a number of years. In fact Ed soon had passed beyond the curriculum of the common schools. Then my uncle had taught him privately both Greek and Latin—just to keep his hand in. Ed learned the Greek alphabet in precisely thirty minutes. The entire paradigm of the Greek verb he learned in about five hours. And all that he learned he learned for keeps.

Said my Uncle Jon to him, "What are you going to do with this immense store of learning you accumulate, Ed?"

Ed replied, "What are you going to do with all your money?" (My uncle, though a teacher and on a very small salary, was a maker and keeper of money. So capable in that respect he was indeed that, already, he owned four or five good farms.) "Well," Ed answered himself, "You're going to die and leave it. I'm going to die too, but take at least my learning with me—I hope."

He was always a very cynical fellow, was Ed. He did not believe in patriotism, or religion, or charity or democracy. Yet, when the Civil War had broken out, plump! he had gone into the war—admittedly to "free the niggers." In the war he had become injured, was discharged on pension but never could work again, although he kept on learning like half a dozen Scaligers, also located in the little town I've mentioned—and kept on being cynical. He still did not believe in religion or charity or democracy. "All *d..n* foolishness," declared Ed.

He used to drop into my office occasionally, where I quickly found that he knew as much Latin as I, twice as much Greek and four times as much Spanish and German. I could beat him in Syriac only, and he used to inquire cynically, "Well, what the *b..l*'s Syriac good for anyway?" Why! the man was nothing but a tramp—a mental tramp!

He used to borrow my abstrusest volumes, return them shortly, and in a casual way proceed to show me plainly the cruel, cruel fact that he knew much more about their contents than did I.

Once Ed came dashing into my office horror-stricken and crying, "I've taken a fatal dose of somebody else's oxalic acid instead of my own Epsom salts." (A very common error, that.) He was scientist enough to have brought the unlabelled bottle with him. I gave him the "emetidote," proceeded to test the oxalic acid—which turned out to be in truth Epsom salts.

Informed of his safety, Ed, when he had quit vomiting, murmured, "And I could hear the singing on the farther shore—angels' singing. Shows what the imagination can do."

"Ed, were those *white* angels?"

"Yes."

"Then it *was* your imagination."

"Just for that, Thomas, I will not pay you." (He knew I was not going to charge him anything anyway.)

I had one night in the country—it was in that terrible epidemic of influenza which Pike County will never forget—the case of a little boy. The rest of the family were likewise down with influenza but not so very badly. The family was poor, ignorant and more or less despised. Ed Farmer had declared once that "the entire bunch" should have been sterilized. Perhaps they should. But, just now, the child was near to dying, the neighborhood nurses were all busy elsewhere, and so were Lucy Wills and all the other occasional volunteers. There were simply no more nurses to be had. All at once Ed Farmer walked in, cynical smile upon his face, and running a high temperature himself, and a pounding pulse.

Among other subjects he had studied nursing. And that night he nursed.

He also nursed for a number of days and nights that followed.

And the child recovered—thanks more to Ed Farmer than to me.

It takes all kinds of people to make a medical practice, as it does a world. In fact a medical practice *is* a world—a microcosm, or world in little—a world, however with its own special characteristics, laws and lessons.

Long ago Ed Farmer died. He had grown sicker and more sick—a terrible burden on others, who however stood by him capably and continually.

The little sick boy above referred to, now a retired public schoolteacher, wrote to me recently not to forget in the "reminiscences" he had understood that I was writing, "the good old soldier nurse" who had cared for him in the long ago.

Otherwise—I confess the fact with shame—I should have completely forgotten my good old cynical scholar, friend, and medical assistant, Ed Farmer.

VISITORS

The work of visiting the sick is a trade in itself, almost a fine art. It requires not merely natural gifts, but also much experience. Some visitors went to a sick-chamber out of mere curiosity—to see how the wife of Sam Saxon was standin' it, or to find out how them 'ere people was man-agin' to exist.

A cause of frequent trouble about these visits was, strange to say, the gifts that came with them. The most important thing about taking gifts to the sick poor, for example, was tactfulness, in the various manifestations of which excellent quality Lucy Wills and Austin Barber were well-nigh miracles. Poor patients in Pike County were not charity patients but as a rule American people of pride and independence. Everything those two visitors did was in strict conformity with that important truth.

The main thing was friendship, fine and honest friendship, the *a-gá-pe* of the ancient Greeks—which, most unfortunately, the King James Version translates "charity" and the Revised Version "love."

LUCY WILLS

Lucy Wills, whom I have already described herein, should have been taken as a model by all visitors. I once saw a great giant of a sick youth hold onto her arm convulsively, crying: "Don't let me go! Don't let me go!" Nor did she let him go till after he had fallen asleep, as a result both of the doctor's medicines and of her pacifying presence.



THE OLD-TIME PITTSFIELD (Fishell) OPERA HOUSE

This was, originally, the Pittsfield Congregational Church.

The sale and then the removal of the building from the church site to a site across the street excited horror and indignation among some of the more religious persons in Pittsfield. An opera house was of course all right. Pittsfield needed an opera house. But to use a former church building as an opera house was surrender to the devil, etc.

It was in this building that the cannon-like laughter of Truman Hicks and of Merrick Bush not infrequently made (and, sometimes, in serious performances, somewhat marred) the success of a play.

My brother Joseph writes me concerning this building: "I am enclosing a photograph of Fishell's Opera House. It is the only one procurable. In this structure many tears were shed over Uncle Tom and Little Eva. Also here, Teresa Carreno, said to have been the greatest woman pianist, once gave a piano recital. Beach and Bowers famous Minstrels, also, many times filled the building with merry laughter. Here, too, court was held, during the building of the present Pike County Court House. Do you remember the band concerts that were given by the traveling troupers for a half-hour just before the show, to drum up trade?

"When the Congregational church had not yet become the Fishell Opera House, as well as later, when it was another and newer building, many fine artists appeared on well-chosen programs. At present, I can recall Whitney Mockridge, the tenor, Geneva Johnstone Bishop, the coloratura soprano, Ovid Musin, the great Belgian violinist, and, last but not least, Leopold Godowsky, the great pianist. I recall

well the concert given by Musin and Godowsky. I was a little fellow, about four or five. I sat between Pa and Ma. A well-meaning woman, sitting behind us, leaned over and asked Mother if she had had to pay to get the little fellow in. Mother said that she had. Then the woman asked if Mother thought that I would get enough out of the recital to justify the expense, and I can now recall Mother saying, "Well, what he gets here won't hurt him." That little boy recalls part of the program, even now. Musin played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto with Godowsky at the piano, and Godowsky played La Campanella by Liszt. Well, those were the days when giants were in the land. These concerts were sponsored by the YMCA, which had the backing of Frank Turner, Fred Niebur, Frank Shriver, and others."

More important, perhaps, it was, at least for my brother Jon, that, in this Opera House it was that he, then a youth of fourteen or fifteen years, first met Godowsky. A result of that meeting had a great deal to do with Jon's final choice of music as a profession—instead of medicine.

In this building it was also, that once, during a musical performance, two women (each of whom was married, therefore had a perfect right to do so) began to abort at the same time. I was called, perhaps because all the older doctors were either sick or busy, to care for both the patients and in the house of a very kind and helpful lady who, as it turned out later, had been the long-time enemy of both the sick ones. Patients and enemy "did as well as could be expected."

Anyway, "nothing ever happens in the country."

AUSTIN BARBER

Another fine helper was Gran'pa (Austin) Barber, of Pittsfield. He came again and again, in country as in town, bearing gifts to the sick whether poor or rich. Frosted persimmons and paw-paws (Indian bananas) and mallard ducks were his specialties. He was a small, quiet man, fond indeed of slipping his presents into kitchens as unobtrusively as possible and then with a cheery word taking his prompt departure. He would stay, however, and gladly, in case any supernumerary man were needed—as, for example, to drop cold water on an agonizing limb, day or night or both.

GIFTS AND GIFTS

The sick poor wanted, as gifts, chiefly (you could never without experience yourself have guessed it) envelopes, paper, pencils and postage stamps. You see, they wanted more than anything else to tell distant friends and relatives about their nights of terror, their delirium, their horrible aches, their hellish pains.

Men are much like dogs. Once, near the highway, my father and I observed a dog that had been run over by a wagon. He was terribly torn in the middle, so that his entrails hung out. My father leaped over the wheel and began ministering to the poor fellow, and behold! that dog began trying to tell us of his suffering, the way it had happened and I don't know what all—looking now at one and now at the other of us, and seeming to say, "It is good of you both to let me *tell* you about this. The dog died in my father's arms. My father, as I have stated, did not like dogs, but *this* dog was a patient.

Almost the dog's last look was an endeavor (I thought) to say, "It was so good of you to let me *tell* you about it all." A mere dog has an instinct to *express* himself, especially his grief. Even the writer hereof—it just now occurs to him—being old, very old, perhaps soon to depart, may (subconsciously) be writing these very reminiscences quite largely to relieve the suffering he feels from knowing that both the old-time things he writes about and he himself will shortly be no more and therefore inexpressive.

Next to paper, envelopes, pencils and postage stamps, the sick poor wanted dainty things to eat—the kind of things they generally could not have. Mrs. Lucy Wills knew this well and oftentimes came prepared accordingly. She also brought quite frequently her own boiled wheat. (This was all that was known then of cereal breakfast foods.) Tobacco even the men did not long for as often as you might think. Men with high fever, for example, ordinarily forget all about tobacco. It is a good sign as to the fever when they begin to ask for tobacco again.

Any “store eatin’,” such as ginger snaps, cracknels, rusks, and raisins, were always well esteemed. Oranges and figs too were thought of highly, being tropically grown. Dates and bananas were not only from the tropics, but the former were still something of a novelty and the latter just starting to peep in our markets. They had not become common at all in the West, even in 1894, as I specially remember.¹ Of course visitors like Lucy Wills were always very cautious about giving patients food. Almost invariably they first conferred with the doctor.

One of the chief defects in our diet of those days, though then we did not know the fact, was the lack of fresh fruit

¹ A letter from Mrs. Sarah Bates Utt informs me that the first ice-cream ever to be eaten in Pike County was served at the marriage of her aunt, Therenia Bates, to John G. Nicolay, on June 15, 1865. The finally relenting anti-emancipation, anti-Union Dorus Bates (Sarah's grandfather) provided his daughter, Therenia, and her bashful *fiancé* with, for Pittsfield, a most elegant wedding. Hence the presence, on that occasion, of ice-cream—something which was talked about all over Pike County for many weeks.

Ice-cream soon became popular, but only in the summer season. It was sold on plates, so that, even in my own early days, one ordered “a plate,” not a “dish,” of ice-cream. The places wherein it was sold were known as “ice-cream parlors.” The same places, from about September 1 till May 1, were called “oyster parlors.” Sometimes a place had a single sign out reading “Oyster & Ice Cream Parlor,” and all customers were supposed to know what season of the year it was, consequently whether to call for ice-cream or for oysters on any given occasion.

The medical profession, for a very long time, looked with horror on ice-cream. It “chilled the stomach,” “stopped digestion,” and did a considerable number of other terrible things to the human economy. My father, at first suspicious of the new form of diet, soon became a convert to its use. In fact he prescribed it freely for the acutely ill, especially those ill from typhoid fever. Great was the consequent rejoicing among patients. Dr. Dublin, however, thought my father's action rather unethical. My father also had ice-cream quite often in his home, and, a little later, a good-sized ice-cream freezer was very active there.

It was not till I was about twenty-two years old that ice-cream, at least in Pike County, began to be eaten at all times of the year. Ice-cream soda had been introduced a few years earlier, while the Sundae, first called “college ice,” did not arrive till, I think, about 1904.

in winter. Almost every family, even in town, canned fruit, but, by the processing used, destroyed, as now we know, almost every bit of the vitamin C.

News from the outer world was something that all patients loved dearly, not newspaper news, but news which the news-bringer knew personally about. From the doctor they liked to learn of other sick people he was attending, especially others who were or who had been sick with the very same diseases as were they themselves and who were now on the point of recovery. To bring such a patient to the bedside of another who was not yet even convalescent was for the doctor to make himself seem to the patient like a veritable archangel. I have been sick myself too, and enjoyed the same treat.

Jokes were excellent—but only after recovery had well begun. The very sick do not like to have joking and laughter about them. It contrasts too harshly with their then present condition.

So, too, with the reading matter. So many read to the sick without discretion—things entirely too funny, or death-bed scenes and the like, or stories that arouse intense indignation or anger. Declamatory pieces were well received, stories showing what courage could do, strong wills, and the like.

Any “talking down,” or reading down, to the patient was bad. So was too much solemnity and unintelligible whispering. News of other peoples’ death, of course, was horrible, yet some vile persons would lug it in, continually lug it in.

NEIGHBORS’ TONGUES

There was a saying common in some neighborhoods, “It came to me by the tongue-tie route”—meaning that it had passed from mouth to mouth of those who had promised not to repeat it (in other words, those who had tied their tongues) until it had reached the ears of the person who now was telling it again. I have expressed in a farmhouse a certain confidential opinion, left immediately, and, at the

very next farmhouse, found that, already, every person present was thoroughly conversant with the fact that I had just expressed such and such an opinion.

And no telephone in those days either—even of the dog and split-stick variety.

Worse still, I have then oftentimes proceeded to discover that everybody was discussing that same opinion, favorably or unfavorably, at every single farmhouse I visited for the next twenty-four hours or more. Never, it appeared, could I quite catch up with my own opinion. It was even worse than trying to overtake my own shadow with the sun directly behind me.

After all, why not a tongue-tie route? Wasn't it as an institution inevitable?

News was news in those days, an absolute necessity of human life. No newspapers but weeklies, and these all very careful as to what they said. Hardly a thing in them that one needed to know. O yes, Mr. Andrew Hiram *had* gone to St. Louis last Tuesday to dispose of his herd of cattle directly to a St. Louis buyer. But what about that blonde he was seen riding on the train with and with whom he talked and laughed like mad from a quarter to two till half past three? Paper said nothing about that. O yes, her name was Smith—*Mary* Smith. And his name, probably, for the time being anyway, was *John* Smith. And she was a married woman jest the same as he was a married man, and she lived over in Missouri and had a good husband and seven sweet children, all of different ages, but she *looked* young, and she had paint on her face and wore a big wig o' truly false hair and she had two great big satchels of clothes with her and likewise a way o' sayin,' "O ain't you jest too funny"—but what we really want to git hold of is some o' the *details*.

There was no way to get *details* except through the Tongue-Tie Information Bureau. But the difficulty was, as to the T.T.I.B., that it oftentimes carried details concerning sick people—details even that were wholly of a confidential character.

Thus, once, when I had delivered a young married woman of a child about six-and-a-half to seven months after her marriage, I was asked at the very next house I stopped at,

"Dr. Shastid, how soon after its conception kin a child be born and yit keep on livin'?"

The company was rather a large one, and consisted both of men and of women. Nevertheless, I looked them all in their condemnatory eyes, and replied, without batting my own, "About five months." A moment of judicial silence followed, and then one old hen cackled, "It's strange, ain't it, that no child ever lives when it's only that age, exceptin' its mother was jest newly married?"

Before I could answer that one, another old she-fowl inquired as to the woman whose house I had that moment come from, "Mrs. Blankenscrub's jest had a childbirth, hain't she?"

"Mrs. Blankenscrub!" (I "registered" astonishment.) "O my, no. Mrs. Blankenscrub's got typhoid fever."

After a few more seconds of emphasizing silence, the old fowl challenged, "I bet you a dollar to the center of a doughnut that a few weeks from now she'll shore be adoptin' the child of some distant relative."

"Mrs. Blankenscrub," I stated slowly and emphatically and yet as kindly as I could, "Mrs. Blankenscrub simply and positively and absolutely truthfully has no child." It was indeed the truth: the baby had been born dead.

"And all she has is typhoid fever?"

"All she has is typhoid fever." The little group of five of us had agreed on that story back there at Mrs. Blankenscrub's house. So it must have been the truth.

More seconds of considering silence. Then the same old fowl, "Well, outside of the Bible, where I believe easy, I'm mighty hard to believe."

And old Si Slumpkin, who forever was siding with such women as he happened to be among, capped the situation with: "And me too! Me too, *I'm* mighty hard to swallow—some kinds of medicine."

All of which shows that, outside the Bible, we had mighty sceptical as well as news-hungry communities in Pike County.

Also some that were careless of their English, though, as a rule, their meaning was quite clear.

TONGUE-TIED NURSES

The most important link in the tongue-tie route, I was told repeatedly and then repeatedly again, was the nurses. These statements were wholly unfounded, however, at least in the case of such nurses as were more than merely neighbor nurses—professional nurses in fact, though not trained in hospitals. One of the first things a professional nurse, just like a professional doctor—even a young doctor's apprentice—learns, is to tie her tongue up tight—not merely nominally and supposedly, but actually and effectively.

And yet a professional, when refusing to give out confidential information, must never appear to be refusing to give out confidential information. She, or he, must never seem to be taciturn or silent or unwilling. To fail in this respect would be as bad as to reveal the truth expressly. My father, in such matters, was an expert of experts. He could talk more and tell less about confidential matters than any other doctor I have ever known.

CARLO POST, VOLUNTEER MAN-NURSE

One night as I was laboring slowly upgrade into the moon-bright hills of southern Pike, a man in a Columbus Buggy Company's buggy came suddenly up from behind and called to me as he drove up by my side: "Need any man-nursing, Doctor Tom, out at Scofflan's to-night?"

"Why, yes, I believe they do."

"Heard they did. I'm not much of a nurse, but I'd like a little experience. Besides, I've always heard that Mr. Scofflan was a fine man." And so forth and so on. The whole matter had a queer sound to me, and yet I liked Charley Post too.

He was a photographer at Pittsfield, and a real artist. Once he had photographed Abraham Lincoln, though I then did not know that fact.¹ His studio, in Pittsfield, especially the waiting-room thereof was a curious apartment indeed. The counters, of which there were many, were covered with show-cases, only a few of which contained photographs. The rest were filled with curiosities of every conceivable

¹ There are extant to-day *two* photographs of Abraham Lincoln which were made in Pittsfield. The earlier was made in 1856 by the photographer to whom, above, I have

sort. But the lofty walls were the strangest places of all. Every inch of them was hung with some reminder of the distant past. There were arrowheads and potsherds, stone axes, flint flakers—all manner of tools and weapons of the ancient Indians and the still more distant Mound Builders. Some of these I had sold to Charley myself in my boyhood, having found the relics (by permission of the owners of the fields) while waiting for my father near his buggy. In an inner room bones hung from the walls, even dangled from the ceilings. Some of these too I had supplied him—part from the Mounds by the Illinois River, part from the dissecting rooms of New York City.

Somehow I could not think of Charley Post as being a nurse. He was so plainly one-third photographer, two-thirds antiquarian, and no-third nurse.

given the fictitious name, Charley Post. This was made in the Post (fixed) studio at Pittsfield.

The second was made by Calvin Jackson in a portable studio on the then vacant lot immediately south of and across the street from the Pike County jail. The date of that picture is 1858.

There is extant a story that the Post picture is only a myth. Nevertheless, this picture is almost universally acknowledged now to be authentic. Its negative is in the possession of Mr. Jesse M. Thompson, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Pittsfield.

For a long time it was said by many that Abraham Lincoln was never in Pittsfield either to try a lawsuit or for any other purpose and that, consequently, the alleged reminiscences of Lincoln by my father and by many other Pittsfield persons were merely tricks which their memories in combination with the imaginations in their subconscious selves, had played upon them. It was especially emphasized that, in the Pike County Courthouse Records, there were no entries at all relating to suits wherein Abraham Lincoln had been anyway concerned.

Now as to my father's reminiscences of Lincoln—those for example about Lincoln, when in Pittsfield, visiting at the Shastid home, his there eating one day all the wild pigeons on the table, his being by my father one day introduced to Nicolay, and so on—these I had *also*, with the exception of the Nicolay introduction, from my father's elder brother, Jon. The two could hardly have been mistaken.

Then, too, the fact that Lincoln had his picture taken in Pittsfield twice would seem to render it probable he had been in Pittsfield considerably oftener than twice. Lincoln, who lived in Springfield, would surely not in those days of difficult travel have come all the way to Pittsfield *and on two different occasions* for the sole and single purpose of having his picture taken by photographers there, photographers who, almost certainly, were no better than many others who must have been operating in the decidedly larger town of Springfield. The sittings for pictures were, then, almost certainly incidental, compliances perhaps with the requests of Pittsfield friends. And, if incidental, then, almost certainly, there were considerably more of the Pittsfield visits than just two, as few persons make a practice of having their pictures taken each and every time they go to any town on business.

If incidental (*and fairly numerous*) then incidental to what? As Lincoln was a lawyer, the main purpose of his fairly frequent Pittsfield visits, it is more than merely probable, was the transaction of law business.

Now, even if it were really true, as alleged, that the records in the Pittsfield Courthouse contain no evidence whatever that Lincoln had ever been engaged in that building in the conduct of a lawsuit, that would by no means indicate that Lincoln was not oftentimes busy in that building for various other purposes than taking part in lawsuits. Lawyers to

Arrived at Scofflan's, I found poor Mr. Scofflan himself (the patient) quite in his right mind but terribly sick and terribly in need of a nurse. Charley was accepted to do the nursing.

And my word for it, he worked. There was plenty of work to do too in that case. Once I sent Charley out to the kitchen, with careful instructions on how to prepare a large mustard plaster. As he seemed quite slow in returning, I passed out of the patient's bedroom into the living room, and there saw Charley Post moving rapidly about. He, seemingly, had lost his way, thereby getting into the parlor by mistake instead of into the kitchen.

All at once I remembered! That parlor was almost full of Indian relics, relics with which the Scofflan farm had once abounded. I, by permission of the owner himself (I hasten to add) had once collected a number of such relics on his farm and placed them in our buggy.

I returned to the bedroom. Charles soon came back in with the mustard plaster, the patient quickly improved in strength and ease, Charley was talking to him softly and persuasively about Indian relics, and so I departed, promising to return about dawn.

this day visit courthouses for a great many other purposes than just to participate in trials. Looking up land-titles, criminal records, examining original wills (not merely copies thereof) conferring with judges "in chambers"—all these and many other objects take lawyers to courthouses a score or more of times to where they conduct a trial there just once. That is true, at least, of lawyers in connection with their home-town courthouses. But it is also true in a considerable degree of lawyers in connection with other courthouses. They visit them often for various other than lawsuit purposes—often indeed for the very purpose of keeping their clients out of lawsuits. That was particularly true in Abraham Lincoln's time and in the Illinois of that day. We should remember that, in Illinois in Lincoln's day, lawyers were nearly all circuit riders—i.e. they regularly rode from courthouse to courthouse throughout their "judicial circuit, or district." Lincoln's, the eighth, judicial district, consisted of fourteen counties. On arrival at a given courthouse, he, like every other lawyer, would attend to legal business of a great many sorts. Thus, even unimportant legal business would frequently be transacted by any given lawyer at a courthouse far away from his own home town.

Finally, the reader may refer to the third paragraph of the legend under the first picture in this volume of the Pike County Courthouse ("Heart of Pike County"). In that paragraph he will learn how, in March, 1941—after several scholarly investigators had, on several occasions, failed to find in the Pike County Records any proof that Lincoln had ever in the "Heart of Pike County" taken part in a trial—the janitor of the building, Mr. Fred Hoover had accidentally discovered the record of a case, Mahannah vs. Gibbs, wherein A. Lincoln had appeared for the defendant on a number of occasions. As this trial occurred wholly in 1839, it is certain that Abraham Lincoln *was* in Pittsfield and on legal business a number of times even before he had those pictures taken, far later, in 1856 and 1858.

And the records lying in the Pittsfield Courthouse have not, even yet, been investigated with anything like thoroughness.

In the false dawn (zodiacal light) I returned—to find that Charley Post, aided and abetted by Mrs. Scofflan herself, who long had wanted riddance of the things, had bought the entire collection of Mr. Scofflan's relics—yes, and paid a huge price for them, as I very well understood as soon as I had learned the amount.

As Charley drew the bill-roll from his pocket, he said to Mrs. Scofflan, "How much do you owe Dr. Tom?" Scofflan looked inquiringly at me. I mentioned the sum, also stated the amount of an old-time bill that he was owing to my father. Both the Scofflans nodded assent, Charley paid me both the sums I'd mentioned. I receipted for both, Charley paid the remainder of the sum due and was receipted for it by the Scofflans, and presto the nurse for that night, I behind him, was going two-forty toward Pittsfield.

The collector was actually afraid that some other collector of relics might really overtake him and rob him of his treasures.

Later, Charley, in a financial depression, was obliged to sell his beloved Scofflan collection to some person in St. Louis for about one-fourth of what he had paid for it.

Anyway he had nursed efficiently—for the one single night. And, besides, the money he had paid the Scofflans for the relics, in turn paid off the little mortgage on their little farm. And that had helped Mr. Scofflan recover.

So Charley was a pretty good nurse after all.

Lawyers oftentimes helped a little with the nursing, for farmers seldom made their wills till they believed themselves precisely *in articulo mortis*. The lawyer, called in suddenly, was promptly commandeered by the physician in the case. At least he was in *that* epidemic. One of the best of these improvised lawyer-nurses was Wm. A. Grimshaw. Twice I have known him to nurse all night with almost incredible tact and skill although, each time, he had court cases coming on the next morning.¹ Local merchants volunteered

¹ Wm. A. Grimshaw had a brother, Bob, who, wherever he lived, and he lived at various times in various places, was oftentimes volunteer nurse among the sick. He never practised his profession, engineering, in Pike County, but studied it at Princeton and Paris, practised it in several places, became a faculty member at the New York University, the College of the City of New York, and at Rutgers University. He was at various times consulting

manfully. Preachers did no nursing that I now remember, no doubt because they were much too busy making sick-calls and preaching sermons for the dead.

SLEEPING IN THE FARMHOUSES

Many of the farmers slept with all their doors and windows closed—tight. This was not so much to save fuel as it was to keep the “night air” out. As if there were any other air at night than night air. But “night air” was, in those years, supposed to be one of the chief causes of disease, that and devil possession and too much blood in the system. And because “night air” was so dangerous the average farmer kept it out of his house just about as carefully in the summer-time as he did in the winter.

I have already stated in connection with my apprenticeship that my father had a happy faculty of sleeping at will and at once even in his buggy and oftentimes even in the coldest weather. In bed at his home, he would sometimes worry and fret and fret and worry, and, in that way, occasionally keep himself from sleep. But, in his buggy, he slept like an old-time sailor in a rolling ship. The buggy, he seemed to think, was the place where he belonged during the sand-

engineer for the U. S. Government and for many European Governments. He was editor of “Power,” also one of the Founders of the American Society of Engineers and of other national, or international organizations, and, with his own hand, wrote in three languages a considerable number of textbooks, one of which ran into thirty large editions.

Yet, at the age of 82, Dr. Grimshaw's interest in human beings and their infirmities was so great, so all-compelling, that he still oftentimes visited the poor in hospitals and gave them ready assistance out of his own purse. In this way it was that, at that advanced age, he came to found the now world-famous organization, “Blindaid.” *The Pike County, Illinois, Democrat-Times* for April 30, 1941, is authority for the statement that the idea of establishing this institution came to Dr. Grimshaw (I condense considerably) “when one of his visits took him to the home of a blind negro. ‘He was a very intelligent man,’ said Dr. Grimshaw, ‘in many respects more intelligent than I. We talked of various things, especially South America, where I had lived and worked so long, and, when we spoke of Braille reading, he said that the only trouble with it was that those who sent it out seemed to think that the blind wanted to read only long books or the Psalms of David.’ Dr. Grimshaw set about rectifying the weakness. He learned Braille, wrote news flashes for the blind, also books which did not mention colors, for colors mean nothing to those who never have had sight and oftentimes only irritate them. Dr. Grimshaw introduced into Braille writing a pure cotton paper. This easily hardens and so makes it possible to run off large numbers of copies before the raised dots flatten out.”

And in many other ways Dr. Grimshaw assisted the sick and afflicted. His chief performances in this direction, as already suggested, occurred after he had reached the age of 82. In April, 1941, he died in his ninety-second year. He used to say that the most stimulating intellectual influence he had ever experienced was that of his brother, William. I do not doubt the truth of the statement.

man's hours. I, however, slept in a buggy very badly, unless indeed absolutely exhausted.

In the farmhouse it was very different for me. Night air or foul air, I slept in the farmhouse all the same—just a few minutes at a time as a rule.

The spare bed, in many of the houses that had more than one bed, was bad, so bad you can hardly imagine how truly unsatisfactory such a strange fixture can be.¹ Feather beds I abhorred. They would never keep the shape you put them into. Corn shucks were entirely too rusty. Rope "mattresses" were too creaky. Bed bugs were both too smelly and too hungry. Yet, despite such auditory and all other sensory disqualifications in the spare beds, I could by jiminy and I did by jiminy sleep in them. Even to this day I'm a fairly good sleeper—in a bed.

There were houses where, although there were no spare beds at all, numerous relatives from far and near had, all at the same time, come to visit and to stay with the sick one. At some of these places all of us, except the sick one or ones, slept on the floor with a good, thick cotton or wool comfort betwixt us and the bare boards. These were really the best places to sleep on in the country, though in such *cubicula soporifera* I have slumbered with at least a dozen other persons, men and women too, all piled down and around promiscuously on the same floor in the same room. Some would snore like wheezy pumps. Others (you will easily believe it) remained vigilantly awake apparently the whole night through. At least they were always awake when I was.

"There hain't never no monkey business *at all* in such sleepin's," said to me one young farmer with whom I later discussed the subject, "ef only there's people *enough* a-sleepin' together. Some women 'll always be awake to watch the other women, and some men 'll always be awake to watch the other men."

I confess that I never did see any "monkey business" in those "sleepin's." My business was to sleep and to give

¹ Often, in the humbler houses, not only the spare bed but the main bed also, would be in fact a "fixture," a post set up solidly near the corner of a room with two boards nailed firmly to it and running one to one wall the other to the other wall. Cross-boards nailed to the boards and to the walls completed the construction of the "fixture."

others a chance to do likewise.¹ Some of those people, before the winter was over, bless their hearts, slept in worse beds than I did—and have not awakened even yet.

PROFESSIONS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

People of all professions and occupations I passed on my rounds in the night.

Farmers I seldom passed from sundown to cockcrow, except of course the "bar flies" whooping and hallooing homeward after spending their wives' milk and butter money in some saloon. The great majority I passed, of course, were doctors. But there were other sorts of "night hawks" too, nearly all of them professional men.

I met one night a doctor of dentistry. He had come "from over the river" and was on his way to extract an ulcerated tooth and was madder than a dozen M.D's could have been. "Night work for a tooth! Pshaw!" I suggested that maybe the night work was for the owner of the tooth rather than for the tooth. Whereat he seemed slightly offended.

Veterinaries I met from time to time, for animals too get sick at night. These were all soft-hearted people, I found, wheresoever they had come from and for howsoever little pay they worked. Always a cheerful greeting got I from the veterinaries—no small matter when lantern lights were out (as half the time they were) and when stars were dim and winds strong and bitter. Our own veterinary, Dr. J. D. Nighbert, who had just settled in Pittsfield, had, a year or two before, received from the Ontario Veterinary College the degree of D.V.S. and he was in other ways well educated. Always we two stopped for a few moments to exchange greetings, and always I learned from Dr. Nighbert, there in the darkness, many things of value, especially about the diseases of animals' eyes. (The Doctor's son, Maynard Nighbert, years later, joined him in veterinary practice at Pittsfield, and now both these fine men have passed into the all-engulfing shadow.)

¹ My father suggested that, in such "sleepin's," I should always make me a bed of straight-backed chairs set together in a row, backs turned alternately right and left, so that I could not fall off. I tried it when I could, that is whenever straight-backed chairs enough were available, and it worked. With a good chair-cushion underneath my head I have slept in my ordinary clothes too, like a veritable stone one, two or three hours, as the case might be, and then, amid the snoring and certain bright, watchful eyes, have arisen and slipped softly away and out into the night.

Preachers I met occasionally in that dreadful epidemic, also the priest from Pittsfield—Metzgar I think was his name. These were on very sad missions as a rule.

Neighbor nurses I met not infrequently, going about on their ways to or from sick people. Serious but cheerful they almost always were, working gratuitously but enthusiastically. Some I met were afoot and now I am glad that not infrequently I gave them a "lift" on their way. But—look out! You never should lift a nurse who was on her way to a competing doctor's patient. Unethical! Well, perhaps rightly so too. There must be rules. And suppose that I really did give the nurse a lift and that then, later, her patient should want to drop the other doctor and to take on me. A pretty pickle I'd be in.

Schoolteachers I seldom passed excepting only when they were on their way to nurse the sick. Volunteers, like the "neighbor nurse" women! Nursing all the night, teaching all the day. Those were the strenuous times, not these.

I used to meet occasionally by night Mr. C. I. Swan, County Superintendent of Schools. With a hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty schools all over Pike County to visit and supervise, no wonder he was sometimes late in getting home. One night, when I met him on the highway, he carefully inquired, as was his wont, about the health of the community. When he learned that, at a near-by house, a poverty-stricken man lay sick with the grippe and had nobody to nurse him, excepting his wife only, who should have been in bed herself, so sick she was, he promptly volunteered to nurse through that one night. Well, he did, and the next night and the next. And both the husband and the wife recovered, largely because of his kindly ministrations. His good cheer, confident manner and gently humorous talk, "worked wonders" indeed.¹

¹ This man was so unusual that I sorely regret I cannot give him space for his general value to the community. Tall he was and spare, very spare indeed but decidedly muscular, and with eyes that almost scintillated so intense and so abounding was his energy. He could make a good speech on almost any subject, at any place or time, and his English was always beautiful, very simple and very clear. In fact, whatever he did he did extremely well, and wheresoever he went he became at once the center of attention without at all intending to do so. In 1890 he went into the newspaper business, so that then I never saw him again on my rounds among the sick.

It was, as I learn from the Companion's scrapbook which she was making at the time, in the spring of 1890 that "C. I." purchased the *Pike County Banner* and became its editor. After that the friendship between him and my father was very close and very fine. And

There was, after all, *one* old farmer whom, though he was never a "bar fly" I think, I did meet frequently at night. He was a man that did not like me much. A big fellow himself, he had but little confidence in small men. Whenever of a night he met me, he "registered a wail" of some sort or other, and, almost invariably, about me and my work.

Once when I met him in front of one of those private burying grounds, which in the olden days were so numerous in Pike County, he began his complaints by pointing to several new graves whose tombstones showed plainly in the starlight. He even implied that an old saying had it, "Young doctors make fat graveyards." I answered expressly and specifically that I had in that particular graveyard but one sole, single representative.

"How's Uncle Tommy?" he asked, changing the subject and referring to a patient whose house was very close to us. "Think he'll get well?"

"Can't tell yet."

"I don't like yer screech owl [owl] up yonder on the comb of his roof. You know it's a sign of bad luck, don't you?"

they were very rightly useful to each other too, those men. Father very often, for example, helped "C. I." with matter for his newspaper's obituaries. C. I. in fact was wont to say that Father could always give him more material for them than could the relatives themselves. Why not? He had brought many of those relatives into the world, and, not infrequently, he had both brought the dear departed into the world and had likewise been present as he passed out of it. About births and weddings Father was also helpful, but never did he disclose any confidential matter to anybody about anybody. "Why," C. I. might ask, "shouldn't I say that old Mr. and Mrs. Curmudgeon, who have just celebrated their golden wedding, were an ideally happy married couple? O, I see, you don't know the reason, but in fact they were quite notoriously quarrelling all the time, so that 'ideally happy married life' would sound a bit comical to many readers. Ever quarrel in your presence? No? Isn't that the way Mr. Curmudgeon lost his left eye? O, you won't say? And how did he lose his right forefinger? You don't know. And why doesn't that Snapscallion boy go on and get well? Because he hasn't enough to eat, you say? Well, Doctor, that good wife of mine'll join me in an ardent attempt to rectify that situation. I know *you* can't feed everybody. And don't think I don't appreciate your kindness in saying you don't know this and don't know that and don't know the other, when in fact you do know but do not want to violate a confidence. Do I publish things that could only cause heartaches and that would otherwise remain unknown? When's that dance going to take place at Penhart's?"

He would also question interminably on scientific matters. What *is* purpura hemorrhagica? What *is* a 'blue baby'? How *do* you tell chicken pox from smallpox? He could outquestion Socrates before breakfast and keep it up till after dark.

Merrick Bush, editor and owner of the *Pike County Democrat*, another Pittsfield newspaper, was much on the same order, but he had other sources of information besides my father—chiefly Dr. Dublin.

Both Swan and Bush asked innumerable questions not only because they wanted matter for their newspaper but also because they were naturally active minded. In consequence their journals became widely known throughout the state for what country weeklies ought to be.

"I've heard some people say so."

"Neither do I like your whip-poor-will down yonder in the holler and the woods." He spoke as if the screech owl and the whip-poor-will were both wholly mine and as if I had placed them where they were screeching and whipping and was therefore responsible for something terrible they were doing to my patient.

JACKY RIAN, AGAIN

Passing that same graveyard on another night—my whip-poor-will patient had days before passed away from, rather into, the earth—I, as I reached the crest of a little rise of ground, checked my horse to let him blow.

After a time the poor fellow was breathing noiselessly again and then I detected in the midst of that midnight silence a very curious sound. It was a sort of clicking, then a clink-clink-clinking—over in the cemetery. I felt the goose pimples jump up all over me. Never superstitious, I had nonetheless always felt a great horror of death—as witness my experiences at the little white house.

What *was* that in the graveyard? Clink, clink, clinkety-clink! No such sounds could be earthly. Yet how could they be *unearthly*? Presently I thought I saw something over there, moving among the headstones. Clink, clink, clinkety-clink!

Then again the movement, unaccounted for by wind.

I was actually filled with horror. Had I no reason to be so filled—after all the experiences I had had that long and deadly winter?

I recalled my father's oft-repeated advice, When anything appears to you especially difficult or terrifying, go to it at once and see how readily the terror and the difficulty vanish. Nine times in ten the hard will have become easy and the horrifying friendly indeed.

Childish and wholly unnecessary as was the act, I decided to get out and go over and investigate that graveyard. Clink, clink, clinkety-clink, and—all of a sudden—rattlety-bang.

Having tied my horse, I crossed the graveyard stile and wound my way in and out among the headstones.

Now I could see that what I had noticed as moving was really a long piece of white cloth with a lantern suspended at one side of it. A step farther and I saw that there stood inside the cloth a man—Jacky Rian.

The stone-cutter at Pittsfield, whom I had met almost daily in the stoneyard at Pittsfield, about one single block from my father's residence!

On a family stone he was cutting two new names—names of members of the family who had died during the great epidemic of flu, just now beginning to subside. So busy had Jacky been at first-cutting on many stones in his employer's shop at Pittsfield that he had had to come out here at night with his lantern so that he might add new letters and new figures to a certain quite old stone—one that had stood and slanted here for several decades.

He was the first to speak. Without looking up from his work, "Whoever ye are, I had nothing to do with makin' ye dead."

"No ghost," answered I. "Just me, Jacky."

He inquired, "What news?" I told him, glad of a chance to relieve my depression by friendly talk. "Old man Jimpson, I hear, is dead! he was a good man, a very, very good man."

"All men are good, Doc Tom, all the *dead* men. But, speakin' of the dead all bein' good, here's a man right in here, under this very stone I'm cuttin', that was so blankety-blank crooked they ought to have dug his grave in the shape of a double letter S. Anyway, they didn't sink 'im deep—left 'im where the devil could git 'im easy." Clink, clink, clink.

"I tried to tell Mr. Halpin this mornin'," he went on, "in the stoneyard that he'd better leave this job for me till tomorry—sayin', says I, 'Ef ye leave it fer me till tomorry—him an' yer Uncle Jon was playin' checkers at the time—I'll show ye how to beat Jon Shastid at least once.'

" 'Shut up,' says Mr. Halpin. 'Ye stupid Irishman,' says he. 'I ain't no more stupid than you be,' says I, 'an' as for bein' Irish, what in the holy halls of laughter be you yourself but Irish and born Irish?' "¹ Clink, clink, clink.

¹ It was the truth. Patrick had been born in Ireland. Jacky, however, though all of Irish parentage, had been born in New York City—where he had, though, grown up in born-Irish surroundings and therefore throughout his life shown a moderate trace of Irish in his speech.

“ ‘An’ the kind of Irish that never kin win one game of checkers from Jon Shastid.’ ‘Crown me man,’ says he to yer Uncle Jon; ‘crown me man, crown me man.’ The man bein’ crowned, I asked Mr. Halpin again, ‘What *do* ye be but Irish?’ ‘Yes,’ says he, ‘I’m Irish, but not fool Irish, an’ now see what ye’ve done to me—Shastid’s won. An’ now,’ says he, ‘out to that graveyard ye go this night, fer beatin’ me out of this game.’ ”

Jacky stopped and took a great swig out of a long black bottle. “Yes,” said he, smacking his lips, “all the dead *are* good, an’ the livin’ they are good too. All is optimistic. If times be hard, an’ I know that they are, well then ef we can’t get cake we eat bread. Ef we can’t get bread, we starve and go to heaven. To heaven—look at all these tombstones. Or, if we starve but don’t quite die [he took another swig] I *tell* you we have optimism. Look at these people, all lyin’ here. Do *they* complain? They do not. Not one word—what’s that sound over yonder?”

“That’s my horse whinnying for his master.”

He sighed with great relief. “*He’s* got optimism, even that horse. I got optimism. [Another lingering swig]. *You* got optimism. We *all* got optimism—hooray! Now see how straight I can cut these letters.”

And he did cut them straight. No one could have cut them straighter.

“The only remedy for spirits in the ground,” he continued, “is spirits in the bottle. But, after all, Doc Tom, it’s the pain in me head that *makes* me keep drinkin’.”

I laughed of course.

He looked up, hurt. “Do *you* think I’m a bad man?” Clink, clink, clinkety-clink. “Our best friends sometimes thinks the worst *of* us.—Annyways, they *ain’t* no bad men. Look round ye an’ see. *All* good men. ’Tis the same story in all the other graveyards of the airth. *All* good, Doctor, me boy. Where *air* the bad people buried? Do they have a spayshal graveyard for thim? A small one would do. Many’s the stone I’ve cut, me man, but never one yit for anny bad person. ‘The good die young,’ they say, but, bejabers, nobody else iver dies at all at all.”

"Yes," I added, "And haven't you noticed also that nobody ever dies, good or bad—"

"The bad *never* die."

"The bad never die. And nobody ever dies, no matter how extremely good and angelical he was, but he had something the matter with him physically."

"Yes," responded Jacky with Hibernian promptitude, "and that's because almost always he's had some one-horse doctor a-monkeyin' wit' 'im." He dropped his tools suddenly and quickly ran up to me. Taking me by both arms, he almost cried as he said, "Forgive me Doc Tommy: I was jest tryin' to be funny and didn't mean to hurt ye."

He was always like that, Jacky. A good man and a gentleman. He was very much better than almost all of the thousands for whom he had cut the final words of eulogy. I have already told in this volume about the removal by some or another doctor of Jacky's foci of infection and his consequent immediate restoration to health. This was followed almost as quickly by his reformation, his payment of all his debts to the last red cent. He became in fact much more than a merely respectable citizen—he was greatly looked up to and universally loved. Jacky died at Pittsfield on June 30, 1919.

I wonder just what words have been carved upon *his* stone. They ought by all means to have been very "optimistic."

HOW I DID AND DID NOT GET THE GRIPPE

Some phases of country practice are hard, others are harder.

Speaking of which the question arises, Did I myself get gripe that winter?

I did and I didn't. This is how.

On a certain calm evening late in that winter I started out for the country in my sleigh. The sleigh-bells I had completely forgotten to place upon the horse, therefore all the world was silent. The snow was so soft as to dull the horse's tread and the sound of the otherwise squeaky sleigh-runners.

I shall never forget a single thought, emotion or sensation which I experienced that night. One thing that impressed

me deeply was that I felt extremely well, almost *too* well perhaps. I felt so well indeed that, just as I entered the south-west road, not far from the Vine Wills house, there came to me all of a sudden the beautiful lines of Whittier—

"What miracle of wild transforming
Is this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite?"

Those lines I had oft recalled before, but never with such a tremendous uplift of the soul. What, in truth, was the matter with me? I recalled the saying of one of our old professors, "It is always dangerous to feel *too* well."

I topped a hill and the sun, for a moment, blinded me.

The night came down, and that too gave me ecstasy. Bright stars appeared in the indigo sky. From afar on a hill-top, where the snow was thinner and harder than where I drove, came the musical call, or shriek, of yet another sleigh. It seemed as if an unseen hand, an angel hand perhaps, had plucked a thousand harp-strings in the center of my being.

After a few gay calls in the Hartford neighborhood, where I seemed inclined to talk expansively, I headed my rig into the Martinsburg way. All at once I heard dogs. Now, dogs in those days were fiercer by far than ever they have been since. Presently I came to a giant oak-tree, and that was where the dogs were gathered. Those dogs, in fact, were leaping about the foot of the tree and shouting at the tops of their collective voices. I looked up. Then I saw in a crotch of the topmost branches a little furry bundle, from which shone out two tiny balls of fire. For a moment my heart sickened at the gross unfairness of the unequal contest. Then, of a sudden, I was all sheer ecstasy again. Suppose that the little fur bundle of life *should* perish. Its pain would be only for a moment. After that who could say that the Creator of the Universe, that great Mind which *is* the Universe, would not make reparation—beautiful reparation and eternal. I was getting to be more "optimistic" than even Jacky Rian had been with his great bottle of liquid optimiser.

Still I had no suspicion as to why I was feeling so very well. Shows how ignorant even a young doctor can be.

Over near the Jim Creek neighborhood I found the night air growing colder. I drew the horse-blanket up around my knees, my waist, my shoulders, my face. I was starting for the Elliot Baker neighborhood when, all at once, the night grew still more cold. It must have dropped full forty degrees in the next ten minutes. I was so very cold, so very cold!

The marrow in my bones was plainly freezing. My body was all ice. My heart, my mind, my soul—all, all ice. I tried to move my legs but did not seem to have any. I tried to move my hands and arms but did not seem to have any. I was freezing to death. The philosophy that came to me *then* was that, on a day, the universe in its entirety would be just like this. Why should a person suppose for a moment that the final condition of all creation would be other than eternally painful—eternally cold, eternally suffering, absolute zero for all of God's creatures? And no more death as a possible escape from the situation. Why would God permit his creatures to suffer so much torment, some might say. But how could anyone know that he *wouldn't*?

For a mad space of time, I was actually sick at my stomach, at my heart, in every inch and atom of my being.

Hello! I was now at Jim Creek's house, and the horse had stopped. How had we got there? I could not remember. The weather had got so cold now, I was sure I was freezing to death. That was the main point of that situation. I must get out of the sleigh and over to that house—*into* it, to bask by its fire. Either that or I should perish surely.

Such a night of absolute frigidity I had never known before. But how to get out of the sleigh? That was the *first* problem. I could really never make it. Cold below the cold of all the Arctic regions!

I inched along the seat of the sleigh. Inched again. Inched again. Eternity was passing—an eternity of cold.

I attempted to cry out, uttered not a sound.

When at length I had inched to the end of the seat, I somehow managed to lean over—then fell from the sleigh.

I landed in a snowdrift, but colder than before.

The horse turned his head, saw I had fallen, gave utterance to a low, soft whinny.

A little later I was picked up out of the snow by Jim Creek himself, taken into the house, set down before the fire.

Old Mrs. Creek, looking at me without asking a question, went and prepared a hot draught for me. It smelled like whiskey and it tasted like cow dung. But I swallowed it down. It was HOT. That was the main thing, it was HOT.

A few minutes later I let myself drift on a rising tide of bliss. The universe was safe once more.

I prescribed for those patients. I actually did. And they all got well. So did I.

I had had a hard chill. (And I never had any fever after it or any sign at all of grippe.) That was the whole story. I realized the situation before I had even got home. My mother, furthermore, when I reached her and told her the happening, said: "Why *this* isn't a cold night at all, Tom. You've had a chill." I looked at the outside thermometer and it stood just above the freezing point.

THE END OF THE PLAGUE

At last the plague, rather the world epidemic of influenza, did wear itself out. God be praised that, somehow, there is always an end to such things. Farr's law, namely that "the curve of an epidemic at first ascends rapidly, then slopes up slowly to a maximum, to fall more rapidly on the whole than it mounted" was strictly observed by this epidemic. The rule, however, that "influenza is relatively a mild pestilence which comes and passes on in the course of six weeks" was thoroughly broken. That epidemic of 1889-1890 lasted for months.

The toll it had taken was frightful. The total of those (in the United States) who had died was given by some authorities as 500,000. The better estimate, I believe, was a million. The mortality among infants and the elderly was simply appalling. So, too, was that among pregnant women. The expectant mother nearly always, in case she got the grippe, aborted. Then, almost always, both she and the baby died. These aborted children were never, I believe, included in the totals given for the dead in any state of this nation. My recollection is that Illinois, even in that far day, had a vital statistics law, a part of which was the require-

ment that for every person who died from any cause whatever a death certificate must be recorded in the office of the county clerk. But the law made no provision for payment of the physician for this service. He was supposed to do it for nothing, do it promptly and fully and be fined heavily if he did not do it right. And the law, further, required the inclusion in the certificate of data which were not within the doctor's knowledge and which could not be ascertained by him without the expenditure of much energy and time. Moreover, the very legislature which passed the law was notoriously and almost inexpressibly corrupt—provided, for example, abundant compensation for even the slightest service rendered for the public benefit, or supposed benefit, by any attorney. The consequence was that many, probably most, of the physicians during that epidemic, would not supply death certificates at all.

Did they not invariably have a sufficient excuse? "When I have not waking hours enough to devote to the dying, shall I expend any considerable part of my time in getting up information concerning the dead? Concerning even the nationality of the dead person's father and mother and the places of their birth? Go to. Let me be on my way."

And on his way was he.

And the result is that epidemiologists of to-day can only guess at the fatality of that world-scurge in 1889 and '90.

Those of any age, young, old, or middling, who contracted the terrible disease and did *not* die, almost invariably suffered terribly from one or more sequelae. Those who got tuberculosis nearly all died. Many of the grippe patients became permanently insane. Others were permanently paralyzed—thousands of them. Some had wasting of the optic nerves. Others, accessory nasal sinus disease—but we did not know the nature of such complications at that time. We knew all its symptoms, heard from the patients repeatedly thereof, but always we concealed our ignorance of what produced and continued them under such indefinite terms as neuralgia, facial neuritis, hemicrania and so on. Mastoiditis, however, otherwise known as mastoid abscess, we knew much about, and mastoid abscess as a sequela of that grippe epidemic was frequent indeed.

OPERATIONS ON THE MASTOID

The "mastoid process" is the bald rounded protuberance, situated just behind the ear, which is popularly termed "the butt of the ear." This protuberance consists, just under the skin, of an outer shell of bone, inward to which lie a number of air-cells. The largest of these air cells (the "antrum") communicates with the air-space ("tympanum") which lies on the inner side of the drum-membrane—the membrane which closes the ear-canal at its inner end. This tympanum (air-space) communicates with the top of the throat by means of an air-passage called the "Eustachian tube," so that, whenever a person swallows, a pellet of air is shot up the Eustachian tube to the tympanum, and, thence, on to the air-cells in the mastoid process. In the grippe, the germs of suppuration which, in that disease, are abundant in the top of the throat would oftentimes, when the patient swallowed be carried into the tympanum, and, from there, into the air-cells of the mastoid process. Result: Pus infection of that process—mastoiditis or mastoid abscess.

If, in such cases, the mastoid process is not promptly opened and the pus removed, the pus very frequently burrows into the brain and the patient dies.

The mastoid operation is a frequent one to-day, and, if performed with sufficient promptness, is well-nigh always successful.

The technique of the mastoid operation, however, was at the time of which I speak, very poorly developed. Even in that very year—its early part—I had assisted no less a person than Professor Adam Politzer at the University of Vienna in the performance of a number of mastoid operations wherein he would open the cells by boring into them with a gimlet¹—though he was indeed just beginning at times to use a trephine (an instrument which terminates at its operative extremity in a hollow circular space instead of the gimlet's perfectly solid and pointed end).

¹ [For the professional reader.] Notwithstanding that, in his "Lehrbuch für Ohrenheilkunde" (1887) page 396, he says [I translate]: "The trephines and gimlets formerly employed for opening the mastoid process have been rightly abandoned because of their uncertain and dangerous pressure in the depths of the wound and because of their defilement of the wound with boring chips and dust." Perhaps he used gouges and chisels in his private practice.

Schwarze had, as early as 1873, taught the advantage in the performance of the mastoid operation of chisels and gouges over the gimlet and the trephine. Later still, Stacke (all these men were Germans) taught us the art of holding our chisels (sometimes gouges) almost horizontal, and, so holding them, to peel, or slice, away very thin sections of the bone at a time. This would prevent such accidents as, for example, the very common one of opening unintentionally an immense vein in the inner wall of the mastoid (the lateral sinus) or, still worse, plunging all of a sudden through the inner wall of the mastoid into the brain cavity.

Many of our mastoid patients were sent by their general practitioners to St. Louis or Jacksonville for operation. There they nearly all died, even at the Prince Sanitarium in the latter city. A few were operated at home by their family physicians. These, without exception, passed away. All my own and my father's cases, likewise all the cases that were referred to me by Pike or Calhoun County practitioners, I operated on myself, and, as it happened—all lived.

I remember in particular the case of a W. S. Capps—affectionately known throughout the County as "Our Simp." He had been to several cities outside of Pike and Calhoun Counties, begging for relief, but, in each instance, had been returned as "unoperable." I operated on "Simp" at his home, did him a good, thorough operation, did it as aseptically as I could for the time (we still were operating in our street clothes then) and, after a few months of further suppuration of the bone, he recovered completely.

This gave a decided uplift to my reputation, "Simp" being a prosperous farmer and a man of great influence. Mastoid abscesses flocked to me, sometimes from great distances and I was looked upon even in my home town as a boy wonder.

I had been called Doctor Tom occasionally before, but now it was Doctor Tom this and Doctor Tom that. And how I loved that title. There was a Miss Fannie English, a beautiful young lady of Pittsfield with whom I was scarcely acquainted but who was among the very first and most persistent to call me "Doctor Tom." This made the title all the more alluring to me. After I had left Pittsfield, never returning to practice there again, the title, "Doctor Tom,"

as I have heretofore suggested, began gradually to be applied to my father. And then it was applied to him constantly. It suited him to a T, for he deserved that appellation of affection and esteem more than I had ever done by far. My brother Will, of Wichita, Kansas, had taken my place then in my father's office, so that very convenient it was, ever after, for the people of our county to speak of "Doctor Will" and "Doctor Tom"—as if indeed they had been brothers—and not as "the old doctor" and "the young doctor." Even to this day in Pike County the older people speak of Doctor Will and Doctor Tom. Me they have almost forgotten.

MY FATHER AGAIN PRACTISES

My father, too, for a very long time, was feeble in the extreme. I did not know what ailed him nor do I know now. I do however recall that, all at once, as it seemed, he was well and strong again. It appeared like a miracle—the way for example he ran out one morning to his waiting rig and stepped into the buggy as if it were only a few inches from the ground. (I, meantime, had attempted to get in by myself, had had to call for my brother Jon—he was back for the summer from his musical studies—to help me, and, even so, I had got to the seat with great difficulty and pain.)

How clearly I remember the first call Father and I then made together in the country, and especially how far better a doctor he was than was I. Particularly as to the psychology of the sick I saw more clearly than ever before how much superior he was to myself or to any other doctor that I had ever known. We had a number of sick children to see and, for the boys, he almost invariably pulled out jumping jacks. "Girls love little houses best," he said, "*then* dolls. Boys want jumping jacks. Above all other things on earth they want jumping-jacks. [He went on to explain the psychology of that preference.] Then, next, they want kaleidoscopes. There you will have to make the explanation for yourself. Girls seldom care for kaleidoscopes at all, notwithstanding their great love of color. But here is the strangest thing yet. Girls, for all their great love of music, do not care at all for mouth organs or jew's-harps. Boys, on the contrary, play with such things for hours—*never* tire. Boys too, just as you'd naturally suppose, are fascinated by pocket-knives,

while girls fear them, even abhor them. Yet, strangely indeed, girls love little spades, shovels, rakes, hoes, pitchforks, all manner of miniature farm and garden implements; boys seldom do. Boys, however, I believe, like tiny farm animals—especially horses and cows—much more than do girls.” And so he went on and on, almost constructing a whole science of toys, rather a toy-psychology.

Candy he hardly considered as presents for children at all. It, for one thing, had in those days a very undesirable reputation as a disturber of digestion and a rotter of teeth. “In addition,” he used to explain, “a child will eat a sack of candy in five minutes, while a jumping jack he will play with for five or six weeks—or months.”

Father was even more minutely learned in the sickness-psychology of youths and adults. Love stories, howsoever harmless, were looked upon as sinful in those days, but a little framed picture of a beautiful girl (for a boy) or a handsome big fellow (for a girl) would keep nobody out of heaven, it seemed—unless indeed by holding him back upon earth a little while longer. Funny stories from his doctor a youth would seldom tolerate. They seemed disrespectful to his adolescent majesty. To fully grown people and the elderly, however, they were happiness indeed.

Some adult patients’ minds required hardening. They grieved overmuch for those who had died, for example, of the flu. Especially (would you believe it—believe it of these grimy-faced, tough-fisted farmers?) they grieved extremely and terribly for the beloved woman. I (but a youthful little fool then and devoid of all deep experience) laughed a little at these love-sick elderly rough fellows, awkward, inexpressive, eating their very hearts out because of a lost love as if it were not perfectly possible to find a thousand similar women in Pike County, “all on a single summer’s day.”

Many of these afflicted widowers walked stupidly, almost blindly, about with dull eyes fixed on the ground or on some deep inner vision of heart-broken memory.

Funny the little things one remembers from the practice of medicine, “fifty years after, yes sixty and more”—not always the scientific little things either, for medicine is always practised against a human background.

We knew of course that a certain old fellow was always thinking of his bereavement—though he had let his children, all of them, go to his sisters' houses to be "raised", even on the very day it had all happened—and had never called for them since.

He was a big, fat, odd-looking chap—the more peculiarly acting now that he lived alone in his little three-room house. "She" had died even before I had got back from Vienna, just about the time in fact that I had first gone to New York. And still he lived on alone.

One day my father said to me, "Lem's going to lose his mind if he doesn't get a housekeeper or re-marry soon."

"O," said I, "it'll be easy enough for him to get a much better looking woman than the one he had caught before."

One day he said to us that he always saw himself nowadays as having lived two lives—two lives entirely different, the one with his mother the other with his wife (who had been both wife and mother to him).

On another occasion he informed us, almost as if dreaming, that he would not have become so terribly depressed had it not been for the fact that, almost exactly two years after the day of her death he had received a long letter from her.

"You!" exclaimed my father excitedly, thinking he now had evidence of Lemuel's complete mental alienation. "You! Your wife! A letter from your wife two years after her death and burial?"

"No, I hain't crazy." He went and took out a letter from the lower compartment of a clock. "Here 'tis, *you* orter know her handwritin'. She wrote it before she died, of course, an' give it to one of her friends (as herein she says) to mail it to me just two years after her death date. The friend was faithful too. It come next mornin' after the two years was over.

"An', Doc, if she'd abused me in that letter, the pains of my losin' her wouldn't 'a' been so great. But abused me? No. She'd written me once before when I'd gone to St. Louee with cattle and that was a good lovin' letter too. But *this* one. It sounded as if it'd been writ right straight in heaven. How could an angel like *her* ever 'a' loved *me*—a—a—" (he used the only word he could think of) "*a damned ugly*

cuss like me? I can't read it to nuther of ye. I can't much of the time read it to myself." He went and replaced his writing in his clock—softly closing the door of time against that message from eternity.

It may interest a mere psychologist when I add that, many, many long years later, after the death of my own beloved life Companion, it was for a very long time, and, no doubt, as a direct result of the experience which my farmer friend had had and which he had related to me, that, for days and weeks and months after my Companion's passing, a vast fear, a truly inexpressible terror, at times possessed me, lest, some day, all at once, I should receive from her a letter—some such love-letter perhaps as my farmer friend had received from his own beloved and which, despite its kind intentions, by re-opening, yes and even intensifying, all the agony of his loss, had almost proved to be his mind's undoing—by re-opening, yes and intensifying, all the agony of his former loss.

It may also be worth recording that when, later, I, with my wandering foot, had become a student at Harvard College, I wrote up freely (without using the actual name of course) my farmer friend's experience, as a literary exercise for one of Professor Barrett Wendell's English courses. Whereupon that unpredictable scholar and teacher raved and well-nigh tore his hair. "Haven't I always directed you students," he demanded, "to draw all your stories, each and every one of them, directly out of life—out of your own experience?"

Thereupon I stood up firmly and informed the raver that this particular experience I had indeed taken straight out of my life, out of the life, rather, of one of my father's farmer patients back in the old yellow hills of Pike County, Illinois. It had certainly "come out of life"—and death.

"Paw!" he almost shouted, "things like that don't happen among farmers."

Things like that do not happen among farmers? All the characters of Balzac "happen" among farmers. All the tragedies, comedies and romances of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and William Shakespeare happen in the country—

happen and have happened there repeatedly and repeatedly again. All the stories of the Bible have been re-enacted there. Everything in history. Everything in all literature and in all the languages of mankind, I am firmly convinced, have happened in just Pike County alone and will happen there again. Thus I to Barrett Wendell—who knew the way to write, but never had practised medicine or seen into the unlimited hearts of the humble.

He happened to be in jovial mood nevertheless that day. So, cooling down as he thought of a joke and evidently esteemed it a good one, he laughed. "O well, your story at all events well illustrates the indubitable fact that a typical woman *will* have the last word—even if she has to have it from the grave."

MY BROTHER JON RIDES WITH ME

And now I must hasten a little: thus far I have lingered in the recital of my Pittsfield practice story because that practice was the only one which I have ever done upon my own responsibility that was general in its character.

As my father got busier and busier with his own personal practice, I still had to make, outside of office hours, my own long, long rounds in the country. In my then condition that was very trying. My much younger brother, Joseph, it is true, would, for a small consideration, hitch up Nightshade or Frank to the buggy, then tie him or her to the post before the house or office. But further he would not proceed. There were games and there were girls; there was also Beethoven. Yet it was dangerous, highly so, for me to drive alone in the country. My brother Jon, therefore, much more nearly my own age, being at home on vacation, became my more than merely willing companion on many a long ride—helping me now into the buggy, now out again, carrying the weighted pill-bags for me, or even much heavier paraphernalia, into and out of many farmhouses.

It seems all like a feverish dream now, a dream however whereof I remember almost every detail. So much work in so much pain! I was oftentimes sicker than my patients and kept in my pocket always a clinical thermometer which I used only for myself.

THE TUMBLE-BUG

That first day with Jon I remember in particular. My mother came running swiftly out to me with a large cup of coffee even after I had got up to the buggy seat. "This drink is a sin oftentimes," she admonished, "especially for young people—but you, you certainly look as if you needed coffee very badly." I swallowed the terrible stimulant, and, so buoyed up, shook out the lines and away went we.

It was a beautiful June morning, so clear, so soft, so cool, so bright. There was not even a wisp of vapor in the sky. All seemed like heaven to us. In the rutted, yellow road, however, there were—tumble-bugs, or, as some people called them, tumble-dungs.

Why have I not already in this story descanted on tumble-bugs? The doctor of to-day in the Mississippi Valley knows nothing at all about tumble-bugs. He, ignorant man, has very probably never even seen one. Yet in the days of which I write the most familiar summer-time object, I will venture to say and will bet a pair of pill-bags on it, was the tumble-bug.

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I introduce to you his majesty, the tumble-bug. Also her majesty, the queen, who was ever beside her well-occupied lord—like any human queen, for reproductive purposes only.

I can almost weep when I recall that there are no more tumble-bugs to be seen in a country practice. I greatly admired their pertinacity, their persistence, their almost endless industry—though not indeed their foolish inattention to danger. Even as a child, leaning out of the buggy as I rode beside my father, I would watch for hours the thousands, perhaps even millions of the big black lord and lady tumble-bugs. Busier than bees were they, gathering up the luscious offal of the horses and rolling it into globular masses. Standing behind those sweetly-smelling spheres they would up-end themselves and then, supported by their hands, place their posterior feet upon the ball and start away whizzing. Mr. T. Bug would then climb atop the ball, gallantly riding for the rest of the journey while Mrs. T. Bug did all the work. Arrived at the proper place, both Mr. and Mrs. would bore well down into the earth and then, the Mrs. having first deposited in the ball her well-loved eggs, the two would

kick the spheroid into the hole and quickly cover it with other, but unimpregnated balls, and finally, with earth.

The earth supplied the needed protection. The buried horse-dung first furnished the heat which hatched out the babies, and then, in turn, became food for them. After that (the following year, about June) the babies emerged as full-fledged "tumblers," and the processes of life were repeated.

What was the purpose of the balls? To make more tumblers. What was the purpose of the tumblers? To make more balls. Round and round, eh? Only just that? Only just that. Exactly like human beings—only the tumblers were not so percipient of danger as human beings are.

Round and round went our buggy-wheels, father's and mine. Crunch and crunch went the tumblers—hundreds and thousands of them, perhaps millions. We were destiny to them. But they seemed to know nothing of destiny, ours or any other kind. I loved them all and I suffered not a little when they perished—they seemed so good-natured and uncomplaining. No dirges had they for anybody, or burials. They seemed to know nothing at all about such things. In fact they appeared to know nothing whatever about anything whatever, excepting the uses of horse-dung and of holes in the ground. Mr. and Mrs. seemed always quite content. Mr. Bug was instinctively convinced that the place of the man is ever on the top of the world—the globe, at least; while Mrs. Bug seemed quite as thoroughly and instinctively persuaded that the place of the woman is always in the—at least on the—ground, with four of her six legs in the air tumbling and trundling the ball—really running the globe.

I could almost weep when I recall that there are no more tumble-bugs. What destroyed them as a feature of the old-time landscape? They had increased their numbers constantly in the old, old order of things, indifferent as they were to the buggy-wheels, the sulky-wheels, the wagon-wheels, the horses' hoofs, which rolled on over them, stamped down hard on them, killed them by the millions.

What, then, did finally put an end to tumble-bugs? Automobiles.

Not that the deadly carbon monoxide which autos leave behind to-day has poisoned the tumblers off. But horses

used to leave behind them the mammoth savory gold-colored balls, which papa and mamma bugs not only ate themselves but which they also used both as raw material for tumbler-incubators and tumbler baby-food. So there were tumbler-bugs in those days, millions of the curious, comical, good-natured, hard-working tumbling-around fellows.

They must have had some influence on the old-time practice of medicine too. How many a time I have solved my medical problems, driving slowly, leaning idly over my near front wheel or the odoriferous dash-board, watching the oncoming stream of never-ending, eternally constructing, human-mind-soothing Scarabaei, Aphodii or Copridides.

They were also a prominent feature—let me say it again—of the old-time medical practice, the landscape which the doctor, in warm weather, continually saw—like the blue mullein stalks, the scarlet sumach bushes, the ever-fragrant locust trees, the white-fluttering and the yellow-fluttering butterflies, the saucy jay birds balancing on boughs, the caw-cawing crows.

Nearly all these landscape features have disappeared now. The modern doctor down in Pike County goes too fast ever to see or hear them even were they still present.

But most of all I miss when to-day I visit the country roads of Pike County those essentials of old-time country practice—the busy tumble-bugs. They were a part of “the back-scene” truly, likewise of the front-scene, the side-scenes and the scene directly under you.

Why! do you know that in the olden time, some of the good old ladies *cured* almost all diseases for the doctor (when he wasn’t looking) by making a strong concoction of tumble-bug balls, which then they administered to the patient in such and such quantities every so and so often?

You don’t believe that they ever cured anybody? Well, I don’t either. But at all events both the bugs and the old ladies did their best.

The old ladies too had numerous superstitions about tumble-bugs. One of them was that whenever the bugs got to moving tarnation fast—like lightning nearly—to get into their holes, it meant a quick storm coming.



MY NEXT YOUNGER BROTHER, JON SHEPHERD SHASTID

Portrait taken a few years after he had greatly assisted me for months in my country practice, not only by driving for me and helping me in and out of the buggy at farmhouses, but also by his ever cheerful and instructive companionship.

Jon was much interested in the psychology of sickness, particularly the value of music as a means of treating certain diseases. On this subject he gave me many valuable thoughts. Later in life he and Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the famous Russian composer and conductor, discussed the subject at some length, and Jon hoped to write a book about it, when, all at once, because of the birth of his only child, he gave up music altogether and went into the more profitable occupation of farm management.



THE HEAVENS OPEN

I told brother Jon that, as he sat there beside me in the buggy. "No truth in the saying," said he. "I've been watching these bugs for the last two hours and they've been on the double-quick run all the while. Yet look at that sky." The sky was simply of brilliant sapphire, as we went into a house. Coming back out, we saw that the world had grown much darker.

When Jon had helped me back to my seat, the world was engulfed in horrible blackness. High over-head, however, a bit of pale yellow light shone in the threatening sky. Before we had driven a dozen yards, the sky seemed suddenly to crack wide open, to pour down a fiercely beautiful cascade of noise and blinding destruction.

I SPEAK TO THE COMPANION

Along in that memorable spring of 1890 there was brought to my office one day by her mother a beautiful young Pittsfield girl whom I have already mentioned, Miss Fannie Fidelia English, whose eyelids were inflamed. On my very birthday, July 19, I discharged her as cured. "Will the eyes now stay well?" she asked. "And beautiful." Then, as the result no doubt of many a lonely day-dream I'd been having about her, I blurted: "If it's pleasant weather tomorrow afternoon may I take you riding?"

"Yes, indeed."

Next day I, freshly barbered and wearing a new long-tailed black suit, the regulation toggery for a doctor then, drove Nightshade to our new buggy, stopped for Fannie Fidelia, found her a miracle of all white fluffery and with little dark pansies at her lovely throat. So—over the hills and far away.

We drove that afternoon mostly through forest roads, said little, came at shut of eve into the James Lowe neighborhood, and, as we were starting to cross a creek near the Nass place, Nightshade suddenly stopped. Her check-rein being already loose, she lowered her head, and, after a soft nicker or two began to drink.

All at once—I know not how I could have done such a thing, I knew so little about Fannie Fidelia—I asked her,

"Do you love me?" I was too bashful and timid by far to risk saying outright, "I love you," then, perhaps, being told, "Well, I don't love *you*."

She replied quite simply, as if the matter were perfectly obvious and inevitable—inscribed as it were in the leaves of Destiny itself—"Why! of course I do."

I was astounded. I had thought that a homely fellow like me would have to court her for long ages, argue his case, be terribly persistent.

The horse, tired, did not start up of herself, so I let her stand.

For a long time Fannie Fidelia and I sat unspeaking, as though the sweet words we had already uttered were sufficient for eternity.

At last she spoke. Said she, "I hope, Doctor Tom, that our first child will be a boy and that it will grow up to be just like you—another 'Doctor Tom'—and to carry on your life-work and name."

I was still speechless. Such words from such lips! I kissed the lips.

Neither of us could know that, long years later, our first child would be a girl and that it would die in the very hour of its birth. Also that no other child would ever be born to us.¹

If I seem to be saying far too much about a very simple courtship, remember that, hereafter, in this story, Fannie Fidelia—or the Companion, as I soon came to call her—played a highly important part—saving my life, indeed, on a number of occasions. That courtship, too, to a considerable extent, must have been typical of the wooings and proposals of innumerable country doctors of the land and time. Doctors, in those days, were far too busy with their work amid the sick, to go philandering around among a score of

¹It was on that very day, in the evening (if any now should care to know) that I wrote my brief poem, called "My Human Trinity" (meaning my father, my mother and my promised wife) which many persons, I am told, at least many in Pike County, were kind enough to clip and paste in their scrapbooks, and which many newspapers throughout the country were kind enough to reprint.

girls for a score of years or more, dancing and drinking and frivolling generally, before selecting a life companion—only to land, perhaps, after all, in the divorce court or a continuing hell in a hell of a “home.”

At once my appendicitis grew worse, and it had been bad enough before. My brother Jon had had to help me into the buggy on the very day of my betrothal and my betrothed had had to help me out again at the close of the ride.

A few days later I was sick in bed with a raging fever. My mother, learning of my betrothal, became extremely jealous of my betrothed. She admitted herself that Fannie was the prettiest and the best of all the girls she knew, yet she did not want me to marry her. “Even when I am well?” “I cannot bear to think that my boys, as soon as they are grown, will all want to go away with other women and forget me.” “We’ll not forget you.”

But it was no use. One of the saddest things I know in all this sadness-filled world is the terrible grief of parents over such “loss” of their children. They cannot bear to see their fledglings fly away to build nests of their own.

Fannie Fidelia sent me daily little nosegays like the one she’d worn at her breast on the day of our ride, also cooling ices she’d made with her own hands. But the more she sent of these the more my mother disliked her. Strange indeed, when the two women were so much alike! I resembled my mother, yet every one declared that Fannie resembled her a great deal more than did I. Even my mother’s brothers all later said that, the color of the eyes being the only difference.

Even after I had got out of bed and again was practising medicine I was much too sick to marry. “Suppose you marry and have children, then become an invalid. Well, Father and I will do our best to take care of you all. No one shall ever say we shirked our duty.” What could I do?

I could ask Fannie Fidelia to wait, not to give me up but to wait. She said she would wait a thousand years for me, but never give me up.

She did, in fact, wait seven long years, poor child. I never could understand her waiting. She was far the most

charming, the most perfect, of all the girls in Pike, and yet she waited.

Even now, after forty-three years of married life and other years that followed her death, she is waiting still—rather again—over yonder.

In the fall my brother Jon decided to study, that coming collegiate year (1890-91) at New York City, with one of the greatest piano-teachers of his time, E. M. Bowman. He and I took four or five "last trips" together in the country, saw one of my typhoid patients die, smelled the sweet-sour fragrance of the orchards, listened to the loving croak of frogs along the creek, and watched the all-too serious moon rise. And then he was gone.¹

His departure awakened in me many old dreams, stirred something in my vagabond breast. I decided at last to wander again eventually, but not, for the present, to say one word to anybody about it. First, I must get well. Then marry. Then wander. I went to see specialists in appendicitis, that newly named disease. Cincinnati, New York, and elsewhere! Nobody could help me, at least without the performance of an operation which, in those days, was almost uniformly fatal. I returned to my home in pain and despair.

¹ I am no musical critic, not even an amateur musician, but I have never heard another virtuoso whose playing appeared to me to bring out so clearly and entrancingly the architecture of whole compositions as did that of Jon. As he passed through even the longest sonatas you could not even begin to miss the structure of the piece. Nor, again, could you fail to notice how unerringly he rendered the varying shades of contrast which, in the art musical just as in the art literary, unite to form the beautiful unity of the whole composition. Take an example from the art literary—"Romeo and Juliet." There the contrast is that between love and hate, the intense affection of Romeo and Juliet for each other exhibited against the horrible background of hatred between the two families. Every scene of the entire play, almost every sentence in it, brings out some new phase or aspect of that awe-inspiring contrast—until at last the lovers are united, in death, and so the mutual hatred of the families is also buried—i.e., in the tomb with their children. Just as a great actor will present to you all the changing, never-repeated shades of that mighty, all-controlling contrast which constitutes "Romeo and Juliet," which is "Romeo and Juliet," so too my brother Jon, I thought, in every instance of his playing, brought out clearly all the opposed lights and shadows of the composition until, at last, the whole great aggregation of emotions had been presented as a one-thing, a vast unity, of which all the lesser contrasts were simply constituent parts.

With the playing of my brother Joseph, most unfortunately, I am less familiar. As he was eleven years younger than I—therefore a mere child still, even after I, a practising physician, had left Pittsfield—I seldom heard him play. I have been told, however, by those who should know about such matters that, as an interpreter of Beethoven, in whose works he specialized, he was and still is truly marvelous.

After a time I managed to work out a technique for getting into and out of the buggy alone without exciting overmuch pain. From that time on I said but little to my father about my appendicitis. He, progressive though he was in almost everything else, still had his serious doubts as to the existence of any such thing as appendicitis. Now he began saying to me, seeing how much more easily I got into the buggy, "I thought all along that, after a bit of rest or travel, you'd get all over your sickness, all over it." Only to Fannie Fidelia did I say how sick I really yet was. She still must wait till I got better. Gladly would she wait—if it must be so.

All that winter I practiced. That spring. The next summer. The next fall. Along about the end of that fall the wandering foot was getting the terrible better of me. There began to return to me the old, old thought about President Charles William Eliot, and his rendezvous, or "jungle," for born tramps.

But what would the Grand Procrustes of Inveni do to me *this* time—in case I attempted to enter *that* jungle?

I wrote to my brother, Dr. Will, at Wichita, Kansas—one of the western boom towns which had recently "blown up." Was he looking for a location? I had a good one. We got together on the price, neither of us as yet informing my father.

About this time, for some strange reason, my father became interested anew in the subject of securing a horse for me. He had never really at any time forgotten that highly important matter, but so many other problems had arisen for solution that the one of securing an absolute perfection in the way of horse-flesh for his majesty, "The Young Doctor," was shoved somewhat into the background. Now, however, it rushed, apparently of itself, into the foreground again and with a strange, tempestuous earnestness. All Pike County seemed to be wanting to sell its horses and my father did not seem to care a straw what any one of them would cost. Horses popped suddenly into view anywhere about our house or barn or office and at almost any time of day or evening. There were more varieties of horses than I could have thought existed. There were big bony black

horses and little bits of starveling brown horses, and fat pintos and palominos and mustangs, and stallions and mares and geldings. There were horses that would eat food out of your hand and horses that would rather eat your hand than your food. In not one single instance, however, did any of the horses this time "belong to the Czar of Rooshia." They were all for sale.

One evening, just as I rejected the offer of a little loving, if high-spirited, mare that nuzzled my arm and shoulder, my father inquired, "Doesn't any one of these horses suit you, Thomas?" "No, Father." "Then take two horses—a team." Head down, I went into the house.

With my father I still occasionally rode into the country. On one of these trips he said, "Your mother tells me she believes you are getting ready to go to Harvard College. Is that so?" His lips were trembling. I had asked her to tell him.

But even now I could not face him with the truth. So I said, laughingly, "In the language of diplomats, 'I will neither confirm nor deny.'"

Then he was silent so long, looking up at the clouds, that I began pretending that I had only been toying with the idea of becoming an academic student once more—"just," said I, "as I go into our lumber-room sometimes, there to fool around with my childhood's jumping-jacks and so on. That doesn't mean I am going to be a child again. I merely like to think—"

It was excellent make-believe, the only trouble being that it did not make him believe.

He sighed deeply. "No. You are going away," he said. "To Harvard."

"But I'll not stay there always. I'll come back to Pittsfield again. You'll see." I could not bear to turn the knife in his heart.

"Not to take the veil, son. Not to *stay* here. Daddy will see very little of you any more—a day or two at a time perhaps, when you can get away from a big city practice: that is all until I die. Do you remember, Tom, the many letters I wrote you at Vienna, telling you I did not want you to leave me, now that I am getting old?"

"Willie is coming," I defended, "to take my place with you."

"Then you stay too, Thomas!" he cried. "There is room for all three of us. Plenty of room. And we shall all be joyful.—No. You *want* to go."

On another occasion he said, "Have you money enough?"

"Yes, a plenty."

"Go."

*Twenty-two years ago you were
little sweet, but you are just as
dear to us as then and always will
be while we live, you sweet child!
We are just as anxious about you now
as then & more so as you are so far
away. I do not want you to leave me
now as I am old but want you to be
at home or near us so we can see you
often, Willie a long ways off & can
see him seldom & soon how will be
away & none left but Jo.*

A passage from a letter written to me by my father on my twenty-second birthday (1888). Innumerable similar passages he had written me both before and after that date, fearing always that I might some time leave him or even refuse to "take the veil."

My mother, another wild intellectual tramp, spoke likewise. I went to see her about something and found her at the flour-chest, her bright arms active in the dough. A moment later she was "cutting out" the biscuits. Then, next, she was sliding two panfuls of biscuits into the oven. All the while she was talking, talking, rapidly about the hardships and still the unspeakable beauty of being a country doctor's wife. It had meant continual sacrifice to her, that life, but she had loved it. "I want to talk to you, Tom, come with me."

Leaving Jon to watch the biscuits, she took me down into the cellar. Nobody else was there. Only the dank, cool cave-odor greeted us: an odor enriched by years of piled up apples and potatoes, pumpkins, persimmons, home made candles (in the long ago). Shelves lined nearly all the walls of both the big cellar-rooms: shelves laden to the full with jars and preserves, all dusty and cob-webbed, and all "put up" carefully by her own tireless hands.

"You have the Gypsy foot," said she. "Yet you'll always be a doctor—I'll prophecy that." As she began taking down fruit for the dinner: "You never have time to think of any blessings. You have never really sat and looked fully at the inside of your fine new office, no not even yet."

"Come along with me," I said, "and I'll go gaze on it now." But the front-door bell rang—I went and answered it. Father and Will were both far out in the country, so I made the call for Willie's account.

After, that night, I had said "Good-bye" to the Companion, I walked long, long about the little city—especially around the Courthouse Square—the Heart of Pike. As if they were old human friends, I threw little kisses at the Hirsheimer Cigar Store Indian, then at Fritz Niebur's Sign of the Big Boot (the largest actual leather boot in the entire world, it was joyously acclaimed). All at once Uncle Ned McGuire and his loose-set buckboard came rattling into the Square. He, one day, had saved my Grandfather Shastid from drowning—long, long before my father had been begotten. Years later, he had saved John G. Nicolay from a similar fate. I threw the blue-jeaned, big-bellied, bigger-hearted old teamster a secret kiss too, walked down to the Methodist Church (just across from our old house) and sat on the north steps thereof. No use to disguise the fact: I was breaking with Pittsfield, with Pike County, with even my father and my mother—with all that I loved in this region—excepting the Companion, for whom I expected to return, and, then, taking her with me, keep her by my side until my life itself should end.

In the silence and sacredness of that hour, I thought, "Were I now asked what it is that, in all my experience here at Pittsfield as a country doctor—something I shall never be

again—what it is that I shall probably remember with sharpest and most solemn distinctness, I should have to reply that it was what had happened one cloudy night in the country as I stopped to breathe my horse on the crest of a hill." The air, I recalled, had been blackness itself, and the only light that I could see came through the little open window of a roadside farmhouse. All at once a quick, nervous clock inside the house spoke out sharply, "One-two-three"—as if it were very tired indeed of time and remonstrant at all things human. A man then arose, came near the window, poured something quickly with badly shaking hand from a bottle to a spoon, and then my horse (*I* had no patient at *this* house) giving a long, pathetic sigh, started on of herself without a word from me.

(Long years afterward, in Duluth, when, in her dressing-room at night, my Companion had died, all alone, and I then had found her and hurriedly called my old friend, Dr. Merriman, and then had returned to the Companion: all at once in my solemn and seemingly empty house, somewhere, a little old-fashioned striker-clock had rapidly whirled out, as if Time itself were tired and bitterly remonstrant at all things human: "One-two-three!")

(And then, quickly—such are the associations of the mind—there flashed into my consciousness the night when, more than half a century before, some tiny clock in some tiny farmhouse whose very location I had long ago forgotten had been doing the same thing.

(So, across the lumbering years, unspeakable tragedies link themselves to other unspeakable tragedies by means the most trivial and unimportant—perhaps in order to teach each one of us that, when he is in his own seemingly solitary anguish, *his* anguish is only a portion of a great common whole.)

AN EXPLANATION—AND AWAY

I may already have stated, at least have implied, that, in this volume, many of the events may seem to be as nothing while an understanding of those events may oftentimes amount to a great deal. The medical practice of that time, or of any time, cannot be understood without its human background; hence I have presented that background (along with the

scientific drama so solemnly enacted before it) in considerable detail. Consider that the children of tomorrow will know nothing at all of this world of yesterday if no records of it be set down. In fact even the children of to-day have no knowledge whatever of its existence. "Mere vignettes!" you cry? Very true: mere verbal vignettes. And yet each of all these thumb-nail sketches is part of one single larger picture which, in this "Doctor Who Fathered a Tramp," I am attempting to set before you as typical of that day and generation—a day and generation which altered the entire world—the whole human race—forevermore.

My father, next morning, went with me to the quiet village depot, insisting that he carry my satchels. As I took them from his hands at the train, he started to say to me, jokingly, of course, "Tramp!" Then suddenly he turned away.

Slowly I mounted the steps and passed into the train.

As I sat down quietly and looked out, the scene became all at once immobile for me and timeless. Everything quite motionless, quite dateless, quite incomprehensible! There seemed to be an inner meaning to the situation—a meaning to which I could not penetrate.

At length the train got under way, pulled out, and neither of us had again spoken.

A few moments later I was listening to the rhythmic if ever accelerated clicking of the rails, also watching the outskirts of Pittsfield slipping into the past.

I had renounced the veil.¹

¹ Inasmuch as, following the close of my practice at Pittsfield, I beheld that place again infrequently and then but for a few days at a time, I now am pleased to extract from two letters to me by another native Pittsfield son, Attorney Oliver R. Barrett, of Chicago, passages which will serve as a summary of what I hitherto have been saying about Pittsfield and Pike County.

From his letter of February 28, 1940:

"..... I think one of my earliest and most vivid recollections is my first day at school. I started in the first grade in the old East School Building. Miss Mattie Merrill was in charge. On our way home from school some of the older boys led a procession of the newer students up the steps to the door of your father's office, and with all the secrecy and boyish formality of an initiation or a sacred rite we were told to look within. There as I pressed my face against the glass door I saw a full length skeleton dangling in the air as it hung in the corner of your father's office. I had never seen a skeleton and scarcely knew what it was, but it did seem something terrifying, ready to step out, reaching for me with its long bony fingers. Of course, we turned and ran as fast as our legs could carry us. We did not dare to look back. We heard the trampling feet of the boys behind us and imagined

A COUNTRY DOCTOR GOES ACADEMIC— HARVARD

And now, once again, I shall have to break my rule against repeating in this present "life" anything that has already been set forth in my "Tramping to Failure." Now and then a slight violation of the rule is necessary in order to preserve the thread of the story for those who have not read the earlier book.

the bony and terrifying figure was not far in the rear. There were times when Jon Shastid would be booming out his piano lessons in a nearby room with particular emphasis on the loud pedal and our imagination was readily convinced that there was a swaying motion of the skeleton as if aroused by the strains of Jon's music.

"And then, after the coming of cold weather, would come the initiation in front of the John L. Field Jewelry Store. Do you remember that nickel-plated railing which you could hold on while you gazed in admiration at the gold watches and the dazzling diamonds? The newest school boy was told to touch the tip of his tongue to the cold bar. Oftentimes, the older boys would at the same time give the back of his head a push and then the frightened kid would jerk back, to find that he had left a part of the coating of his tongue on the nickel-plated bar. About the only consolation the boy would get to salve the hurt of the bleeding tongue would be the knowledge that his experience would enable him to avoid the same unpleasant experience in the future.

"The coming of spring with its blossoms and the smell of the awakening earth and the bloom and buds was always a pleasant time about Pittsfield. Then there were plenty of wild blackberries to be gathered and money to be earned by trudging out to John Pickup's farm to help in the planting and gathering of his truck crops and on the way a detour for a drink of the evil-tasting waters of the sulphur spring. [Always recommended by probably half the old ladies in the neighborhood to the patients of my father and myself, whatsoever the disease or diseases each one of them might be suffering from, as a perfectly sure cure. —T. H. S.]

"Then came the experience of the first swim when the younger boys were taken out to Panther or Painter Creek and told to jump into a deep and dark-looking pool to test whether they could swim or sink. And then when the overflow of the spring freshets would turn the small streams into raging torrents, it was great fun to go to the Creek near the Cut past the first bridge to jump in and float down with the rushing and eddying torrent, that is, it was fun until we floated or were washed over submerged trees or branches, and then we were glad to climb out and compare our bruises [some of which my father had to treat. —T. H. S.]

"Then came the wonderful summer days, when we spent our time exploring the woods, fishing in the pools at Honey Creek, Barber's Woods or Bay Creek. The old covered bridge on Bay Creek Road was a wonderful place where we could put our clothes up under the rafters and then take a swim before we built a fire to have our lunch. Sometimes we stripped ears of corn from the neighboring fields to roast in the fire along with the eggs which we covered with a heavy coat of clay, to be peeled off when the clay was baked and the eggs ready to eat. With a little pepper and salt, the eggs tasted better than any I have ever had since.

"I remember your uncle, Jon Shastid, the educator of Perry, Illinois, very well. I often saw him at Pat Halpin's tombstone works. Of course, the blacksmith's forge on West Washington with its showers of sparks and water barrels in which the red-hot horseshoes were plunged to sizzle and cool, the leather-aproned smith and the struggling horse had the strongest appeal to the boyish mind and after that we liked to go up the stairway leading us to the tinshop above Lloyd's store and talk with Mason Foster while he went on with his soldering and tinkering. He was always patient and kindly with the boys and the boys on their part were impressed with something akin to awe in the thought that he had once 'been to sea.' Pat Halpin's shop always deserved attention. Jackie [this was Jackie Rian, T. H. S.] I think, was the name of the stone-cutter, and whenever we would go there, it seemed we never failed to hear the chip-chip of his chisel driven by the heavy

At Boston arrived and after arrangements made with Dr. Porter of that city (a very special specialist in appendicitis) to keep strict watch over my recalcitrant appendix vermiciformis, I began once more to consider that, at a highly particular and blue-blooded institution like Harvard, there might be requisite a letter of introduction, or say recommendation, from the Grand Procrustes of Inveni.

Could I get such a letter?

mallet into the stone as he dug out the words 'Here lies', to be followed by some well known name of a local character or a friend gone on. Sometimes we found him working on simple white slabs, but other times on large blocks of granite or marble. I wondered what would happen if Jackie would lose his job, whether anyone else could be found to cut the stone as deftly as he, or whether, if his job was abolished, it might not perhaps stop the endless dying-off of those for whom stones must be provided.

Pat always had his checkerboard in the front of the stone yard, although it was not nearly as well patronized as the domino parties in the court yard, where Doc Scott, with his black alpaca coat, stiff hat and red bandana handkerchief, seemed always to be mopping his brow, but very often I would find Pat Halpin and Jon Shastid busily working at their game of checkers. Pat drumming on the board with his finger tips and Jon Shastid good-naturedly asserting that Pat was trying to divert his attention from the game with his thumbing. Pat was big, bluff, red-faced with a bushy beard and a very friendly and jovial manner. Jon Shastid wore a large black hat and a broadcloth frock coat and his beard was spotless white. I loved to watch their game and listen to their talk. Very often Lafe Wheeling came in fresh from his work as a horse-chambermaid in the livery stable to take his turn at the game and not infrequently he came out a victor. At home, I found an old book on checkers. I watched the beginning moves of each of the players that gathered there, and then studied the various combinations in the book that would defeat the game that was most frequently played by Pat Halpin. One day when he had defeated the other players, I asked if he would let me play a game. He started out with his regulation move 'the old 14'. Having learned that game in the book, I led him along into a serious trap, more easily because he was paying slight attention to my game, thinking that there was not a chance that my moves could prove interesting. Suddenly Pat seemed to realize that on his next move he would be practically wiped off the board and then—his knee tottered and the board fell to the floor, so my book learning on that occasion went for nothing.

"On the corner was the jail, where we could almost always see some unfortunate prisoner with his or her face between the bars cursing us without any reason, as far as we knew, for we were too frightened to do more than run past. On the other side of the street, we would often see old Ned Maguire waddling along, seeming to be almost as broad as he was tall, and to him the boldest of the boys would call: 'Ned, save me a spotted one.'"

From his letter of April 4, 1940:

"When I read that you intended to write of early medical practice in Pike County, it brought to mind my reminiscences of the medical fakers that visited Pittsfield each year. Of course, you will recall the Kickapoo Indians who sold 'the wonderful remedy' Sagwa and their exhibitions on the Public Square. Also Dr. Lighthall, the lightning dentist who came driving into town with his beautiful horses and fancy carry-all. He usually took a station on Shadel's corner across from the jail. There on the platform, lighted by blazing torches, his black-faced singers and dancers would entertain the natives. Then followed a pie-eating contest for the local youngsters who, with their hands tied behind them, would push their faces into the blue-berry and custard pies for a small prize to the one who first cleaned his plate. As I recall, he had two or three of his front teeth set with diamonds. After the free performance he would invite the bystanders to step upon the platform and have their teeth extracted. Sometimes when he found a reluctant molar, there would be writhing and groaning, but after he got it out, the doctor would hold the bloody tooth aloft and call upon the patient (who seldom refused) to say that 'it didn't hurt him a bit.' After his death, his wife took his place under the name of Jenny Lighthall,

No. I felt like a strawless scarecrow whenever I thought about the situation. What, then, to do?

One thing only. Have a personal and strictly private interview with President Eliot himself.

Could I get that? I should be to that august personage but a humble country doctor, who, at a freshwater college,

The Diamond Queen,' and stood upon the platform in her wide ruffled silk dress, pulled a few teeth at the beginning before handing the tooth puller over to an assistant. Most interesting of all was the fine-looking dark-haired man (an Irishman, I think) who made annual trips to Pittsfield, driving a sort of buck-board buggy and taking a stand just off the Public Square, with a torch like an inverted banjo, that cast a weird glare over the faces of the townspeople while he stood in the shadow. He sold a dark colored medicine in large bottles. I have seldom heard in all the years that have past since then, a man with a more pleasing voice or persuasive style of oratory. He would usually talk for quite a while before offering any medicine for sale. His talk was calculated, and intended, to persuade his listeners that he had no thought of financial gain, but only a sincere desire to help and better the human race, and particularly the people of Pike County. He would appeal to the farmers with the plea that they were entitled to and should receive more money for their hard labor; that they provided the food for the whole people and yet were paid less than any other class of workers. He was a farmer's friend. He was there to remedy their condition, to help them to secure that share of the good things of life to which they were entitled; that he would later offer them a remedy which would increase their effectiveness so that they might double their crops; that they might all buy it for a dollar a bottle and thus secure a specific that would increase their income. He similarly addressed practically all lines of human endeavor with promises to better their conditions in the name of humanity if they would buy a bottle of his medicine. His heart and voice reached out to the man who had troubles, an unhappy home life, an ailing wife and children, etc. From whatever they might suffer, his remedy would bring relief. In fact, he pictured a happy and healthy and a prosperous community if only each and all would buy his medicine, which according to his statement would cure any ailment that could be found in the alphabet from abscesses to zymosis.

"I was always surprised at the number who believed in his promises and bought his medicine. Some would call out and ask whether it would cure this, that or the other ailment and the answer was always calculated to leave the impression that he was a benefactor of the human race and acting only for the good of all the people; that he might sometimes be mistaken, there might be some desperate disease of which he was not aware that his medicine would not permanently cure, but it was worth any man's while to try, as he was doing—to help in the betterment and uplifting of the human race.

"When the sales began to slacken, he would fold a dollar bill around a bottle, wrap it in paper and offer it for sale at one dollar, but the bystanders were afraid to take it. Later on he would force it as a gift upon someone and have them open it to show the dollar was there. Then he would pretend to put a dollar bill around many other bottles which he stacked in a pile, offering them for one dollar each if the purchaser would promise that he would not unwrap the bottle until he got home and would then give the money to his wife, providing he found it wrapped around the bottle, and at this point he especially recommended his medicine to those who thought they were in perfect health, as a tonic to so build them up that they would become immune from physical ailments. Just as soon as these bottles were disposed of he would turn off his light and drive swiftly away.

"I afterwards talked to some who purchased from him, but so far as I could learn none found the dollar bill wrapped around the medicine. Some claimed that they had been cured by a single bottle. On the label of the bottle was a partial list of the ailments for which the medicine was supposed to be a cure and after some questioning and investigation, I made up my mind that this man, interesting and pleasing though he was, in spite of his claim that he was only working for the good of all who required treatment or help, was a fraud. But each year I would enjoy listening to his persuasive talk.

"I often meet individuals who have a very skeptical viewpoint which leads them to distrust both doctors and medicines and then I wonder whether some early experience with medical fakers may not have inspired prejudice which they have never outgrown."

in his academic days, had been *persona non grata*—even *damnata—bis et ter*.

No use, however, to see a less authority on a subject like mine or to see even him in his ordinary office where we should be subject to continual interruption. So I wrote this maker of many of my boyhood's dreams a brief note wherein I attempted to arouse his curiosity quite as much, and to satisfy it quite as little, as possible.

For a time I received no answer. Then—an actual reply. President Eliot would see me on February 6th, seven o'clock, at number 11 West Cedar Street, Boston.

I went. Stood in the presence.

What a difficult task to tell my story to that man! I who had been a fool in mathematics; who, though not precisely a fool in languages, had now no backing whatever from the man that had taught me that subject; who, even from the old Procrustes of the Natural Sciences, could probably at that time not have procured so much as one single good word; and who, from the Grand Procrustes of the hated institution—well, had I not cursed both his beard and his heart, seared his breast and his brain, his soul (if any) with frightfully over-emphatic language?

Alas! even so. Yet there I stood before the greatest (if also the wisest, though that, then, I did not know) of all the noted educators in the world.

"I am only a kind of mental wanderer," I somehow managed to say, "a tramp—a tramp—in the fields of the intellect. They did not understand me, I think, at Inveni—there where I first went to college. They *would* not understand me—I *could* not understand them. We quarreled—quarreled terribly, you know. I left the place. They kept me then out of several academic institutions, so I went at last to a medical college without an A. B. See!" I handed him my various certificates, diplomas, letters of commendation, and so forth from Columbia, Vermont, Vienna. These he took, and, to my great surprise, perused them for a good while with genuine care.

At last said he: "And now, if I understand you, Doctor Shastid, you have left a medical practice in Illinois, and have come to Harvard University in order to renew there

your academic studies and to receive, if you may, our bachelor's degree."

"That is the situation."

"Pardon me. Had you a paying practice?"

"Yes. Busy, often, night and day. I had the advantage of my father's reputation."

He looked thoughtful. "When a man is so determined as that, it would seem—"

"But you don't yet understand, President Eliot. I one day said to the Grand Procrustes of Inveni—"

"The what?"

I explained. I had, I said, used that disrespectful title just now before I thought.

He smiled, faintly.

I went on then to give him more details of my differences with the old Grand Procrustes than I had space to present in the Inveni portion of this book.

And the strange thing was that President Eliot listened, listened with a kind of aloof intentness to it all that quite surprised and overwhelmed me.

I did not, you may be certain, forget to display to him the illuminated and illuminating certificates of that Fourth of July stock, together with a number of letters from those who had carefully investigated the unfortunate mining enterprise after its collapse.

Then I exhibited the letter which the Procrustes (he seemed to like the term by now) of Ancient Languages had written to my inquisitive father. "Tommie is the very best"—and so on.

I spoke of my quarrel with three of the members of my class, of their fiery demands on the President that I be (not expelled but) demoted, and only because of the very plain wrong which I had righted for a weak and unpopular student in the school; of the rumor which had come to me about these men's demands; of my call upon the President; of the two writings which, then, he had given me (I displayed them both); of his wholly unjust reversal of even his second formally written decision just as soon as I had paid my tuition-fee for the succeeding quarter.

Then I turned away my head as I told him how terribly I had cursed that President, then of my visits to the various

Procrusteans of this and of that, of how each and every one of them had stood up for me justly and manfully, at least until—

I reached that teacher of the ancient languages.

Then I told him fully of that strange man's repudiation of my work "after," I said, "he had given me *that!*" I pointed to the document which still the President of Harvard held in his hand.

Suddenly President Eliot stood up, and a fearful light shone in his staring eyes. Not just one side of his Jovian countenance was purple now.

All those documents he crumpled in his fingers.

One quick sharp word escaped him. I, again in my embarrassment, believed he had meant that word for myself. He had, then, and after all my longings and attempts to explain—taken me for a—merely for a—

And then a commanding voice shot through my reflections. Incredible as it may seem, this was the order:

"Young man, tell me exactly what you said to that—professor—that man who had written to your father—the one who denied—"

I thought, of course, he meant without the slightest expurgation of my remarks. Possibly he did. At all events I protested:

"If I tell you *exactly* what I said? O no. What I said to him was very terrible indeed. You have no idea how terrible."

"You will tell me precisely what you said to him or you will not enter Harvard College."

I gasped, choked.

My head was hanging too. I was so exceedingly ashamed—incredulous that President Eliot should be demanding such a frightful recital from anybody.

Then, of a sudden, as always had been my way, I flew into a rage, not only at those recollections of my old wrongs at Inveni, but also at this self-willed President of Harvard, this magnificently over-authoritative, also over-skeptical, personage who so plainly had doubted my flattest word, after all too that I had confessed to him truthfully.

"Very well," I began shouting. "If you want it, then, by the shades of John W. Webster [a Harvard professor who



FANNIE FIDELIA ENGLISH
(After Our Betrothal, July 20, 1890)



AN OLD-TIME PITTSFIELD CITIZEN, "UNCLE" NED MCGUIRE

He, one day, had saved my Grandfather Shastid from drowning, by pulling him out of the ice. That was before my father had been begotten. Years later, Uncle Ned had saved John G. Nicolay from a similar fate.

Uncle Ned was the town's chief fat man. He always wore a blue-check shirt and bluer-than-blue overalls, size about seven hundred. He drove a buckboard from the Public Square to the New Mill and back again several times daily, for what purpose I know not. Everybody in Pittsfield loved him.

The original photograph from which this cut was made is very small and much damaged by time, but it is supposed to be the only portrait extant of Uncle Ned. It was kindly lent to the writer by Mrs. Rose Heck Brooks, of Pittsfield.

once had done a widely known injustice to a physician] you shall have it, and as nearly as I can remember it too."

As I went on, I held back nothing—not even one word of all that picturesque language.

In the midst of my outpouring I heard a peculiar sound.

Looking up, I saw Charles William Eliot, so noted for his imperial calmness and self-control, shaking from his august head to his almost equally august feet.

At first I believed that this was from anger at what I had just said about his presidential and professorial colleagues at Inveni.

But, as he kept on shaking, I saw that tears were trickling down his cheeks.

Yes, he was laughing. He was in deed and in truth—Charles William Eliot, that type and mould of scholastic dignity—gripping his stately sides, and shaking with the most helpless, if almost absolutely silent, laughter.

Never should I have deemed that phenomenon among earthly possibilities. And, in truth, in all the years that since that night have fled, and in all the utterances about the man that ever I have heard from those who knew this prince-like teacher best, I have learned of no such thing as laughter, even the very quietest, or most dignified, on the part of Charles William Eliot.

Nevertheless, there he was then, laughing. "Good!" he cried. "The fellow deserved it."

I had not half finished, but he waved my flow of language into sudden silence. "Make your formal application, submitting all the proofs of your scholarship and character to Prof. John H. Wright, Chairman of the Committee on Admission from Other Colleges, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. I will see this matter through for you."

And through he did see it—not without much difficulty and consumption of time.

One of those students who had asked for my demotion at Inveni, and secured it too, had (for so it strangely happened) while I was studying at Columbia, Vermont and Vienna, been working for a higher degree at Harvard, had won it, and had then returned to Inveni to be no less than a full professor there.

He had been an excellent student, too, and an exemplary man while at Harvard, and thus his influence at that institution was great.

He, written to by the Harvard University Secretary (on the Secretary's own motion and without understanding that by so writing he was awakening one of my old-time enemies against me) fought my admission into Harvard as long and stubbornly as possible.

More than that. Strange as it seems, one other of the three who had secured my demotion at Inveni was even at this very time a graduate student at Harvard. He, too, was an excellent scholar, and he too, learning of my application for admission into Harvard, opposed it there on the very spot and with a persistence and bitterness that almost passed belief.

Nevertheless I won.

Rather, Charles William Eliot, strange, strong lover of justice, even for humble country doctors, won for me. I remember especially his declaring one day in my presence to the Secretary of the University and to the Chairman of the Committee on Admissions, "I say you shall not make Dr. Shastid's enemies the judge and the jury in his case. I will write to the President of Inveni myself." He was especially indignant because one of those enemies had declared that I, while at Inveni, had not only been unorthodox in my religious belief, but that I had also danced and played cards.

President Eliot's shade I love to this minute, not only because, for some unaccountable reason, he was my very special and loyal friend, but even more perhaps because (for such is human nature) he, like myself in that particular, was a born defender and advocate of all sorts of under dogs and curious vagrants.

I also wish to acknowledge here the justice and almost kindness which were shown to me by the then new President of Inveni, and erstwhile professor of modern languages at that institution, the man I have herein already called Carl Swiss.¹

¹ Under all the circumstances I have, quite naturally and as heretofore suggested, taken liberties with the name of the first of my colleges, also with the names of the members of the faculty there and with those of all the students but myself and my brother William.

THE SITUATION

I was allowed to enter, in the middle of its junior year, the class of 1893. I had, however, much delinquent work to make up, chiefly on account of the defective curriculum at Inveni. Then, in addition, there was the constant sickness, the almost intolerable gnawing in my side.

MY TEACHERS AT HARVARD

My Harvard professors I have already discussed with considerable thoroughness in my "Tramping to Failure." Here I wish merely to mention and very briefly characterize them, adding only a few details which I forgot to include in "Tramping":

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD. Greatest literary critic of the world in his day. Short, round, cherubic. Red cheeks; tousled, very curly sorrel-colored hair; bright, china-blue eyes. I went, once or twice, by invitation, to his house. Well loved by all.

GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE. But recently deceased. Tall, slender, full-bearded, very handsome, vital, alert, intelligent. Aristocratic. A caustic tongue and a too ready wit. Nevertheless, he, like myself, was a born tramp. Not a peripatetic corpse, but a tramp, the right kind of tramp—one who, full of life and alacrity, had explored each nook and corner in this heavenly world of scholarship.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER. A mere instructor then. Later, full professor of comparative literature at Columbia. A man whom all the students dearly loved. A great Italian scholar, he produced, at Columbia, the greatest of all translations of the "Divine Comedy." Quiet, gentle, dignified, deep—a little too philosophically deep perhaps for the most of us—yet a great leader for those who could follow the stride.

GEORGE P. BAKER was a born teacher, a man with a veritable genius for exposition. The only fault to find with him was that, in those days, he did not fully realize the mental limitations of the most of his students. His own capacity for work appeared to be quite infinite. Ours, certainly, was nothing of the sort.

Two or three of his students, for that very reason, nicknamed him, out of sheer exhaustion, "Nigger Driver." He

knew how to build a drama as a long-experienced oculist knows how to extract a cataract. The story of how, in much later years, he was himself extracted, or stolen, literally stolen, from us, his former and rightful owners, by our old-time enemy, Yale, is a familiar tale to everyone.

He used to be so kind as to invite me occasionally to his house. Never have I heard a more charming talker or known a finer friend. His soul was as clean as a surgeon's knife. His father was an expert physician—one good reason perhaps why his son was always deeply interested in medical and surgical progress.

*My dear Mr. Phastid :-
Will you not come*

*George Pierce Baker.
on Sunday between 2 and 5 for
a cup of tea & a chat?
2. Lowell St. Jan. 20/93.*

I received a number of similar cards from Professor Baker, as well as several letters of fine encouragement which he wrote me about my books after I left Harvard.

Then there was ADAMS SHERMAN HILL—dead long ago. Small, peevish, dyspeptic, a marvel of "clearness, force and ease," not much of a friend-maker—at least among the students—but a great teacher notwithstanding.

DEAN LEBARON RUSSELL BRIGGS, slender and fair and small-and-blue of eye, was another such man as Francis James Child—only always far too busy to answer the briefest question. As I remember him now, he was ever, at the close of his hour, in a grand rush and furor to leap over to Radcliffe College—where also he taught.

One day, when numerous answers in his brain awaited my demands, I followed "L.B.R.B." nearly to Radcliffe—questioning, questioning. He took it in good part, grinning and answering hurriedly while I did my short-legged utmost to keep up with his palpitating side. As I started to leave

him, he asked a question himself. Was I interested in charades? I was not. "O I'm so sorry," said he, almost apologetically—as if he had, without really intending it, accidentally exposed a serious defect in my make-up. He was really interested too in charades—lectured on them, wrote books and articles about them.

Last of those whom I remember vividly was BARRETT WENDELL, the unique. Somehow, I know not why, he was the one, sole man among my teachers with whom I could not get along in any friendly fashion.

He was a man of medium height, inclined to stoutness, who wore a Prince Albert beard, had a nervous, almost irritable, manner, and a voice which, in moments of excitement (these, with him, were common) broke into a very disagreeable and long-sustained falsetto. Even in his calmer moods, falsetto tones would now and then pop up—sometimes only the very briefest of falsetto grace-notes—all of which gave to his utterance a decidedly strange character.

My various quarrels with this highly exasperating personality I have already set forth at length in my "Tramping to Failure." I wish, however, in this volume, to acknowledge my great indebtedness to this man for the instruction which he incidentally gave me in the art of producing literature. His "English Composition" I still regard as a work of veritable genius. I read it before I became his pupil. Then, later, although I never took any of his "practice courses" in English, I did take his course in Shakespeare, and, as a student in that course, received invaluable instruction in the art of literary composition—rather in the art of discovering abundant original literary material in every place I saw. It was a perfect revelation to me—this art of seeing the literatesque in everything that lived and moved (or even didn't move) and had its being.

One of his remarks upon this head which made a permanent impression on me I have already quoted in this book from notes which I made at the time. Notwithstanding that I have used the matter herein already, I herewith quote it again. Said Wendell: "Some of you foolish fellows think that the only way to create is to use your imagination. I say to you that if you do not *see* a good character sketch in every person that you *see*—mind, I do not say in 'some'

persons that you *see*, but in *every* person that you *see*—it is because you do not *see*.

“And, if you do not see a good *story* in every walk you take about the town, once again the reason is that you do not see: do not see, hear, smell, taste, feel, think, do anything—but walk.”

Any one who has ever even tried to see, smell and so forth will know that what Barrett Wendell told us was the truth.

SOLACE

Still I suffered from the rat, the ever-gnawing rat, in my side—the appendicitis.

Still there was solace for me too. I worked like a demon and I enjoyed the work.

Best solace of all were the letters from Fannie Fidelia. What should I ever have done without them? Every time that, in my rooming-house, I walked down the front stair to the lower hall, there, lying on the carpeted floor beneath the unboxed letter-slot next to the door-frame was a letter from the Companion—sometimes two or three of them and some of them many-paged. And again, as I came back from the college and entered the door of the house, there on the floor, beneath the unboxed letter-slot would be a letter from the Companion—sometimes two or three and many of them many-paged.

(To this day I possess the most of those letters. Since we began living in Duluth, within the last few years in fact, after the Companion had found that her strength was steadily passing, she insisted that the letters (including mine to her) must be at once destroyed. “Only for ourselves we wrote them,” said she. “Who, then, would have a right to read them when we two are gone?” “But if only one went first?” “Then the other *could* not read them.” “I would read them!” “Read them *now*,” she challenged. “Out loud.” It was not possible.

(She said, “I will burn them all this moment, to save you pain when I am gone.”

(“I will keep out a dozen,” said I, “two dozen, three.”

(She went from the room that I might select the number chosen.

(After that she took the big remaining chestful of letters away to be burned.

(A few weeks later still, I found on her desk three dozen of the letters written to her by me, but said nothing.

(After the Companion's death, there in the same big chest as before, but in a darkened room, were all the hundreds of letters we both had written, all still unburned.

(I have not destroyed them even yet. Nor have I read any of them yet though my eyes are strong and clear as any man's.)

BACK OVER THE DECADES TO HARVARD

On the 28th of June, 1893, I stood up with the other successful classmates and received the bachelor's degree. There on the Commencement Programme, in the list of new alumni, stood my very own name, the tramp's, and crowned —*baccalaureatus in artibus cum laude*.

I had triumphed over the forces of Inveni. Moreover, I had got the education I wanted. Likewise a certain skill in the writing of English. Honorable mention too I had twice received for the excellence of my writing. Moreover, I had graduated in a most unusual class of men. Of that there could be no doubt.¹

¹ In that class indeed there were more than fifty who were destined to become famous. Three or four were famous even then. A rather full list of the members of Harvard '93 who became renowned can be found in my "Tramping," pages 222 to 224. They had *not all* tramped to failure.

With some of these famous fellows I, maugre the tense irascibility that arose from my sickness, formed firm and lasting friendships. I greatly regret, notwithstanding, that at Harvard I never improved the opportunity I found there to knit a deep and enduring tie with George Cram Cook. He, it is hardly necessary to add, went on to undying glory without the slightest assistance from the Tramp.

As a kind of tribute to Cook, whom I in a way revered despite his raging radicalism, I quote the following from *The New York Times Book Review*, June 22, 1941, page 19: "Susan Glaspell's 'The Road to the Temple' has been reissued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. This biography of George Cram Cook was first published in 1927 and in this new edition the author says, in her foreword, that 'events seem to have caught up with it. The past he loved has come into the living moment.'

"George Cram Cook, born on the broad yellow Mississippi River, felt that the Greeks of old were not dead, with the birth of the modern ones, so he went to live among them and lies buried beside the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. With Shelley and Byron he joined their Valhalla, and in their magnificent struggle to protect their heritage bequeathed to them by their illustrious forebears, the voices of these dead lovers of Greece have cheered the brave fighters on to deeds of valor and fortitude worthy to rank with the great feats of mankind."

Very sick on the homeward journey I none the less was happy.

Back in old Pittsfield I was happier still—happy not only because of the *cum laude*, but also because of the joy of my parents, my brothers, my Companion.

A specially lucky and interesting event—for me—had occurred at Cambridge on "Class Day." I, an invalid who should have been lying abed in a hospital, had gathered with the rest of our class around the "Class Tree" to witness the "Class Tree Exercises"—a kind of regular dog-fight. The tree itself, as I recall it, was a giant oak, round whose vast circumference, about nine feet from the ground, there had been somehow attached a large band of greenery and all bright flowers.

Those of the class who were to take no part in the struggle for the flowers, including myself of course, stood in the arena, but back a little distance from the tree. Close round the tree were gathered the prospective contestants for the flowers—all of them "pretty husky guys."

Outside the arena was an amphitheatre, or rising gallery of a good many seats for friends and visitors. The band having played and a speech been recited, the fight was on, also a heavy rain. I raised and opened my umbrella, as a number of the other external-circle of students had already done. Pronto! some one had torn my umbrella to pieces.

Angered, I threw the umbrella away, turned toward the tree, saw the bitter fight that then was raging round it. All at once the throng of fighters round the tree divided, half rushing north and half south, to the opposite side of the tree. Into the temporarily unoccupied space at the part of the tree-trunk toward me there hung down a good-sized bunch of flowers and bright greenery.

Quite accessible!

I dashed in, grabbed the flowers, thrust them inside my gown, a voice cried, "Run, Shastid, while you can."

I ran while I could, got to my room safely, had the flowers, in Boston, treated with a good preservative solution.

The great majority of the actual fighters round that tree got absolutely nothing. Most of the flowers in fact were, during the struggle, torn to tiny bits.

The battle is not always to the strong, but to him who, having lost his umbrella, hath both his hands free to grasp at whatsoever cometh handy.

At home I gave the boquet with its walnut base and its one-piece crystal dome to the Companion.

It went with us all our married years and was ever for some reason a great comfort to Fannie Fidelia—until, at last, she learned that my mother's failure to receive the gift of those Class-Day flowers for herself had hurt her to her very soul.

Even my appendicitis was much better after I had been home for some time. I began to believe I was going to get well of the trouble altogether. How little we know about the tragedies that await us!

But happy as I was in Pittsfield I did not take the veil again, nor did my father ever speak to me again about so doing. Never at any place, in fact, have I engaged again in general practice in the country—although from time to time I have ridden with other veiled physicians for the sake of the pleasant recollections aroused.

STILL GREATER THAN THOU

While resting at Pittsfield I had another little brush with old Dr. Dublin.

Thought I, "Inasmuch as I shall most assuredly be practising here no more, and as that fact is well known (I had, as stated, sold my practice to my brother William) I will try to make friends with this doctor. Agree with thine adversary quickly."

Up, therefore, went I to see him at his office, and, incidentally, to ask his opinion about the trouble in my side, especially about the cons and pros of an operation therefor, in case my appendicitis once more should undergo an exacerbation.

He happened to be standing on the sidewalk, just in front of the stairway leading to his office.

I approached, spoke, stated my mission—all as politely as I knew how to do.

With rage the man turned upon me. Through swelling cheeks he cried, "Don't you ever dare speak to me again, sir, unless I speak to you first."

THE FIRST JUNGLE

About this time I went over into Indiana, in order to look up a city location. There I received a telegram from friends in St. Louis, suggesting that, if I wanted it, I could secure a professorship on the eye in one of the St. Louis medical schools on the strength of their joint recommendations. If the matter appealed to me, they said, I had better run into the city at once and look the ground over.

Immediately I left for St. Louis. On my way, however, to that city, my fever suddenly came up, I was well-nigh delirious, and, therefore, at my request, was placed by the train conductor in a cab, on our arrival at St. Louis, and taken immediately to the office of Dr. H. H. Mudd—who, by the bye, was a nephew of the then long-dead John T. Hodgen.

Dr. Mudd at once placed me in the (old) St. Luke's hospital. (For years there has been a new one.)

My father, telegraphed to, had my mother wire me—what I had not known before—that he was very sick in bed there at Pittsfield and that neither my mother nor Doctor Will could at that time leave him.

Thereafter I seemed to pass into another life.

Somebody was standing in a dark alley, waiting. A curious beggar limped around the corner after him. He was badly crippled, that beggar, I saw, as he propped himself unsteadily against the black patch of wall. A pitiful, twisted hulk of a man, he whined loudly for alms whenever anyone else passed into the alley. And all of those who passed appeared to be somehow crippled. The beggar observed to the man he had joined in the alley, "They are all even as I am, half-sensed, half-witted, crippled—only the remnants of a civilization which never was really half civilized."

A policeman came up and I was suddenly the beggar. He said to me, "Move on." But I did not move. "You cannot budge me," I said. "I am seldom civilized." "Seldom or partly?" questioned the man with the club. "Seldom.

And when I *am* civilized, I am only civilized partly." "Neither or both?" (whatever that meant). He raised his club, I grasped it, struggled with it, shrieked, and found that the nurse and I were grappling for an ice-bag going under my head.

"This is a hot climate," cried I. "Panama?"

She, thinking to pacify me, answered, "Yes, Panama."

I rose from the bed, I thought, without either restraint or remonstrance, walked easily to the window. "Hot climate!" I cried, yet walked easily.

Looking eastward through the window, I saw, where huge business blocks should have been, a wide grassy pampa, here and there laced with unmoving streams. "A hot country and an idle!" I shouted. Then I saw beyond that too lush pampa, the dark, deep silent thread of a jungle wall.

Then I thought that a small man with a very large, grotesque head (the "Veiled Prophets," a yearly parade in St. Louis, was just then filling the city streets with multi-colored monsters and direful confusion) came up to my window and solemnly spoke, "With *me!*"

And lo! I was with him, not in the noisy backyards of St. Louis, but in the wide, grassy, pampas—pampas laced with the death-like streams and covered with the horror of silence.

Then I thought I heard the stamp of horses and the sound of switching tails. "Let us take to horses and ride," said I, "whithersoever it is that we must go."

"Horses!"

"Yes, I both hear them and smell them. Ah! yonder is the stable!" I thought I really saw a horse-filled stable.

"Whither we go," cried the heavy-headed man, and his voice was like echoes from a tomb, "there can be no horses."

"Whither, then?"

He pointed to the jungle wall, so far away from us—high, dark, motionless, forbidding as infinity.

"Is this journey needful?"

"It is inevitable. The Almighty wills it."

I could not choose but go with him.

But I asked, "Is there any name for so vast a jungle?"

It's name is *tó-hoo va vó-hoo*, "that to which one returns from civilization."

In the course of ages, as it seemed, we came to a spot before that jungle wall.

"At length!" cried the guide. "Enter."

"I tremble to go in," said I, and I waved that he might depart from me if so minded. "This jungle is too wholly motionless, too deeply black, too threateningly silent. It is like nothing that moves. I have been most painfully sick of late, and now I fear much that I am dead and that this is the place for the dead and that here I shall forevermore remain. Life! I will return to life!"

"It is not decreed that you shall now die. Enter the jungle." He pointed to a wide path which plainly had been much broadened of late by human feet—though no other human being than I was in sight then.

He entered, I followed.

And behold, after a long time of darkness, we came to a little jungle-clearing wherein a light shone from above, and there came to me my mother who had me lie down on a tall rock with a bed of leaves upon it. Her hand she placed on my painful side saying, "So I will ease the pain, my son. But do you remember that, while you were at your home in Pittsfield, you were remiss, in that not once did you go into that office that once had been yours, and there lie down at last and revel leisurely in its decorations—beauty that was so cheap and commonplace to some, yet so dear to your father and to me because it had cost us so much that we could nowise afford yet did spare because you were so beloved to us?"

I would have told her that, if ever I could leave that jungle— But soon came a bodiless voice, and with it, even in the heat of the jungle, some unseen person who placed yet more heat on my already searing body and, as it seemed, my already cindered brain.

Whereat my former conductor shouted, "Arise! Be quickly hence. Your mother is gone and all the other personages are hallucinations of your brain—save only me."

DELIRIUM LAND

Would I were able to describe that jungle so that doctors who have never themselves explored it might in some measure understand it and realize.

At times we cleft the foliage of the jungle as one cleaves water in swimming. Again we made vast detours round rocks and mountains. Food and drink were everywhere about. At times we slept, after beating beds of leaves to expel lurking serpents. If the days were pregnant with menace, the nights were more so.

Voices from unseen things yammered in the woods continually—day or night.

We came, after long years it appeared, through a wide gap in the green jungle wall onto the soft bank of a great sluggish river which rolled its manifold mysteries toward an unknown ocean. Far out in the stream swam stealthily a crocodile. Soft, slithering murmurs, slow mutterings and hidden crunches floated from the dense undergrowth which hid the farther bank.

Following my guide—whose face now far from being further human was like the face of a clock—I stepped out upon what appeared to be solidity, but which oozed and sank and dropped under my feet. And, as I stepped further still, the ground arose beneath me and threw me—and behold it was a crocodile that had thrown me, whose gaping jaws reached forward after me. I, lying in the stenchy mud of centuries struck out at the strange, fixed eyes of the beast, thus broke up all at once the brooding of the jungle, turning the place into myriads of outspoken hungry and active shapes—crocodiles, tigers and slithering loops of death-dealing serpents.

Something—I knew not what—seized me, held me strongly, and I slept.

Awaking, I found my aunt, Margaret McCrudden, my mother's sister, bending over me with a nurse.

One day my brain was perfectly clear of fever, and, days later still, Doctor Mudd informed me that now I was able to return to Pittsfield for rest. After that I was to return to St. Louis and have the vermiform appendix removed.

HOSPITAL TO ROOMING HOUSE

My aunt called a cab and away we sped, she and I, for the St. Louis Union Depot and Pittsfield, Illinois.

But even the greatest surgeons oftentimes are mistaken. I could not even reach the St. Louis depot. When my aunt and I had gone but a few blocks, the pain in my side broke out with ten-fold fury, my fever and delirium again began. My aunt said, "I know a place near here, a Mrs. Taylor's boarding house. There we must stop at least for the night."

There indeed we stopped, but not for the night—for many long pain-filled, fever-filled months.

My father and mother, telegraphed to, arrived that evening. The Companion also would have come with them, but was not permitted by my mother. She loved the Companion almost as deeply as did I, but who was this woman to take *her* son—and so forth. I was still too young to marry anyhow, she said. My father was full of a terrible repentance because he had failed to believe in the existence of appendicitis, thus perhaps condemning me to die. For months those blessed parents and the aunt remained beside me.

But into the jungle plunged I again for all that. Sometimes it seemed I was partly in the jungle yet also partly in some bed—somewhere—somehow—why could I not remember these kindly people who stood beside me? Sometimes I could easily recognize Dr. Will Shastid, sometimes Dr. Mudd. Dr. Bernays likewise came—in consultation and when Dr. Mudd was absent. Neither could bear the sight of the other. Then came Tuholsky—*with* Mudd.

By now I had lost my fever, but not my pain. My lower extremities were terribly swollen with phlebitis. Night after night, day after day, I went without the slightest sleep. O pain, pain, pain! Then I caught an embolus in my right lung and had in consequence a pulmonary abscess—something almost uniformly fatal.

I remember distinctly that, on the following night, Mudd and Tuholsky both sat at the side of my bed—Mudd at the foot Tuholsky at the head.¹

¹ My father had asked that Dr. A. C. Bernays, of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Marion Simms College of Medicine, St. Louis, be present at the consultation. Bernays was more than willing but both Mudd and Tuholsky had objected most emphatically because of certain professional misunderstandings which had occurred long before between each of them and Bernays. On the street, later, Bernays made his own willingness

My father begged them to give me a hypnotic. Both said, "No hypnotic!" Mudd, taciturn and secretive as usual, said no word more than that. Tuholsky, however, with characteristic frankness ran on, "Vat's de use of drying to

in the matter quite clear, also his very good will toward my father, my brother William and myself.

Bernays, in that decade, the 1890's, was by far the most striking and picturesque character in medical St. Louis. Of him I shall write quite fully in my forthcoming "History of Medicine in the Mississippi Valley." Born at Highland, Illinois, October 13, 1854, he graduated at McKendree College, 1872; received the M.D. at Heidelberg, Germany, 1876, became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, 1877; settled in practice at St. Louis in 1878, was an inventor of numerous surgical methods and instruments and famous as a teacher of anatomy, surgery and surgical pathology at two medical schools.

He and my brother, William, had long been warm friends before I myself first saw Bernays—in 1902. I had then recently received at Ann Arbor an injury to the left side of my throat, which, at times, made, and still occasionally does make, speaking quite difficult. Bernays removed a fractured portion of the hyoid bone, thus giving me much relief. I, thereupon, was permitted to see him perform a number of difficult body-cavity operations, and was truly astounded at his diagnostic and operative skill. The man, I remember, was so small and so quick that he sometimes seemed to me to resemble a grasshopper jumping about. Never a trace of dignity. "Leave dignity and plug hats to the charlatans," he used to say. He was ever at his best when operating on cases that had been pronounced "inoperable." Throughout the world, in fact, Bernays was known as "the daredevil surgeon."

Earnest though he really was, at heart, he nevertheless was seemingly quite jocular and facetious when operating. Often he would personify and talk to a pathologic product, say a tumor, about like this: "What! Hide from me? No, you don't, no you don't. Come out of there and quit sticking so tight to that artery. Easy now! Easy now! There you are. Told you you'd have to come out. And Mudd and Murphy both said you would have to stay in."

One day, as he was washing up for an operation, I quoted him, apropos of nothing in particular, a passage from the Bible. Quick as a flash he pulled out, apparently from one of his sleeves, a playing card, saying: "I will now quote *you* a passage from *my* Bible—the first chapter of the Book of Spades." Holding up the ace of spades, he pretended to read from it, "Verily I say unto you, If ye cannot deal either from the sleeve or from the bottom of the deck, ye shall nowise see prosperity."

He himself, in fact, had seen a great deal of both prosperity and adversity. Sometimes rich, he was also sometimes poor. And his fees for surgery varied according to his financial status. Once when a wealthy man on whom he had successfully operated asked for his bill, Bernays replied in a casual way, "O-h-h-h, twenty thousand dollars." Said the patient abruptly, "I won't pay it." "Call it then ten thousand," said the famous surgeon. "I won't pay that either." "You'll pay me at least five thousand," was the little fellow's ultimatum. "I owe that much on the races, and, if I can't meet my I. O. U's, there's something serious that's going to happen to me. *But it'll happen to you first.*" The man paid instantaneously.

Bernays followed the races. He loved them as he loved his life. He always attended them in the season and once he told me that the greatest pleasure he ever had known was when a race horse was "christened," in his honor, "Doctor Bernays." In time he came to own a number of race horses himself, and these he proudly named, "Doctor," "Surgeon," "Lord Lister," and so on.

When I left St. Louis—I was there detained for a number of weeks by business—the Doctor gave me his signed photograph, which I herewith reproduce, and, for a number of years, we exchanged letters. In that correspondence, as he had done in our personal conversations, he was very frequently using the madcap adage, "A short life and a merry one." And that was the kind of life that the Doctor led to the end. He was always merry, sometimes in a very good way sometimes in a way that was not so good, and departed this world—at St. Louis, May 22, 1907, aged only fifty-three years.

In all the history of medicine there has been but one Paracelsus, but one Joseph Nash McDowell, and—also alas! But one Bernays.

fool de young tockter. *He* knows he's kot to die. *He* knows he's kot pulmonary apscess. And alzo he knows dot hyp-notics are not for him goot."

The counsellors gone, my father bestirred himself a little then came to me with something hidden in the hollow of his right hand. "Son," said he, "are you willing to trust Father in spite of the counselings of these two great men?" "Yes, I will trust you in anything." He showed me the hypodermic syringe.

"Euthanasia?" I asked, jestingly.

"No, not beautiful death, but beautiful life. At all events you cannot live without sleep.—Where are the pains hardest?"

"In the outer side of my right thigh."

There, fantastically reasoning, he gave me my puncture. Then he pulled the covers up about my shoulders, asked me if I remembered our many happy Christmases at home and whether or not I knew it was less than two days just now until another Christmas.

Well, it was late in the morning. I had awakened after eleven fine hours of undreaming sleep. Father, Mother and Aunt were all bending over me. "I am much better," I declared, superfluously.

That night was Christmas Eve. I was perfectly free from pain all over, and had not even a tenth of one degree of fever. Why, I do not know. Neither does anybody. Father and Mother went out into the city. I slept without assistance, awoke to find a pair of my pinned-together socks swung over a chair-top. Therein were lovely presents—besides a few such things as jumping-jacks and kaleidoscopes. Lest auld acquaintance be forgot! I still keep the toys I received that night.

I have greatly condensed this account of my long sickness, partly because I shall have to speak of my much worse "jungle" herein hereafter, partly because hereafter I shall need more space than I shall be able to find for speaking of the sickness of others.



CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT (1834-1926)

President of Harvard University from 1869 to 1909.

As now I look back on him and up to him, he seems to me the justest man that ever I have known: yes, the justest and the least afraid of the mob's, or of the general, or of the very highest opinion—and for far more reasons than can appear in this book.

His picture—that from which this "reduction" was made—hangs in my bedroom along with those of my own people. He is indeed, in a sense, one of every man's very own people, though not every man has been able to learn that little bruited, so highly important, fact.



HARVARD SQUARE AS IT LOOKED IN MY DAY

The building at a little distance in the center was the University Press of John Wilson and Co. (The Harvard University Press was founded some years later.)

Should it matter to world history, I, with many other students, used to take my meals in the building at the left, second story room whose window shutters are both closed, and to get shaved upstairs in a building near the street-car.

The fence in the foreground was that of Harvard Yard.

CHARLES McBURNEY

Even as I speak, as now I do, of that greatest of all operators for appendicitis, Charles McBurney, of New York, I shall have to be brief—extremely.

After my recovery at St. Louis Mudd, once again proposed that I should go to Pittsfield for a rest, then return to him for operation. But hardly had I reached my native town when my fever began again to arise. I was just starting for the office, there to follow my mother's desire *and* my own to lie down for a time in the beautiful waiting-room there to let the beauty of the place, especially that of the lovely wall-paper, sink into my soul and give me rapture.

On my way from house to office, however, I heard my mother behind me. She called, I turned, and, at that very moment, as it happened, felt my "jungle" (delirium) coming.

I so stated to Mother. We returned to the house. "Let us not go back to Mudd," said she, "great man though he is," but to the greatest man of all in appendicitis—McBurney." "Agreed!" said Will, Father and I. Mother began throwing things into trunks and satchels.

In New York, it was of course an operation. We had known that to begin with. Into the Presbyterian Hospital went I, and, on the 15th of March, 1894 ("the Ides of March remember") I was relieved of that rat in my side for then and forevermore.

Six long hours I was under ether. Reason: The sigmoid flexure of the colon had, by the contraction of adhesions, been drawn from its proper position in the left iliac fossa (lower part of my left side) till it had come to overlie completely the cecum and its little, teat-like appendage in the right side, the vermiform appendix. So declared McBurney.

I seemed to be making an uneventful recovery, until, one day, as my mother walked into my room with Father, she, all at once, cried out, "You getting ready for another jungle, Tom?" She counted my pulse—one hundred and forty-five; took my temperature, one hundred and four and four-fifths. At that moment in walks Dr. McBurney.

Up rushes he to my bed, looks at the chart, grabs my wrist for a tenth of a second and starts rapidly away.

But not so rapid he as was my mother. She, reaching the door before him, fairly shouted, "You will not leave this room, Doctor McBurney, until you have actually examined my son."

"Why! I *have* examined him."

"No, you haven't—pardon me. Just come and note his fever."

McBurney, with a look of some annoyance, came back, actually counted my pulse. Then he thoughtfully took the temperature, looked at my side, called for a nurse, a table, certain instruments.

The long and short of it was that I presented a tremendous stitch abscess, which the Doctor opened immediately under cocaine anesthesia only. I do not tell this anecdote by way of disparaging Dr. McBurney. There was no greater operator in his day than he. But—

"Ther nis no werkman, what-so-ever he be,
That may bothe werke wel and hastily."

After the opening of the abscess I recovered promptly.

Then a brief period of rest at home, a few months in New York City at the Post-Graduate Medical School (life-long friendships formed there with Vulpius, Valk and A. E. Davis) and then back into medical practice, this time in a much larger town than little Pittsfield.

GALESBURG, ILLINOIS

Even after the McBurney operation I still was subject to a chronic inflammation of the veins in the lower extremity and to a chronic intestinal inflammation—or, as certain surgeons put it, "to the pull of intestinal adhesions," I, at all events, was very sick—hardly able to stay on my feet. But there was no more fever or delirium.

It was a terrific struggle, that parting with the Companion. She had waited so long, so long, been so extremely patient. And now, once again, I was unable, at least I supposed myself unable, to take her with me—though now I can see that I was really unable not to do so. I needed her constant care and companionship. I could have built up my practice at Galesburg better by far with her than with-

out her, and, in addition, have been healthier, happier, better indeed and wiser.

She, however, though still the prettiest girl—old maid, perhaps they now began to call her—in all Pittsfield, would accept no other masculine company or escort, even for a single occasion.

Tears, bitter tears! I can hear her sobbing even yet, as she fell to the floor and I ran away.

As soon as the practice was built, I was to come back and get her and marry her and take her with me.

Galesburg at that time was—perhaps it even now is—a great railroad center. Or perhaps to-day there *are* no great railroad centers, the railroad, like the stage-coach, being a moribund institution. Well, in that time to a certainty, the place was a great railroad center. About eight times as large it was as my native Pittsfield, and wholly unnecessary it therefore was to combine, in that town, a general practice with the so-called specialties. I therefore was, at that location, a specialist and a specialist only—a specialist on the branches I had studied in Vienna: the eye, ear, nose and throat.

THE FREE EXAMINATION

Thus far in this volume I have said but little about the “free” examination—a kind of quackery which then flourished, and which to a large extent still flourishes, throughout the regular medical profession of the United States. Concerning this palpable fraud I have written quite extensively in my “Tramping to Failure,” therefore in the present volume shall say but little about it. Worse in the smaller towns and villages, it still raged rampant even in the larger places, such for example as prosperous Galesburg, Illinois.

The free examination is the lowest depth, the very nadir, of corrupt practice. If it be true, as is often alleged, that, out of nothing there cannot possibly come something, then it is ten times true in medicine. If, in the sphere of mathematics, as the Procrustes of that subject at old Inveni had informed me, there was indeed a “nothing” which was “something,” as well as a “something” which was “noth-

ing," still, in medicine, these things assuredly could not so be. What doctor on this globe can treat a patient properly if, first, he has not taken time, abundant time, and then time more abundant still, to ferret out accurately the causes of his patient's distress? With examinations free, he can merely make a bluff at a diagnosis, because for nothing he cannot give very much of something. The doctor's overhead, twenty to thirty dollars daily, is running steadily on. So are the expenses of his family.

I have had, in the free examination country, as many as nine patients come into my consultation room in strict succession, not one of whom had had the slightest intention of taking treatment, no matter how much he might have stood in need of it. Triflers! Patients have even frankly told me, at the examination's close, "O well, I didn't want anything done, even if I needed it. I just wanted to see if you understood your business." Many of these triflers, no doubt, had, after that, gone to all the other specialists in the city, on the same ridiculous errand. "It didn't cost anything, and I was waiting for a train," said to me one of this class.

Some who were really in earnest and wanted to take treatment and get well, would, nevertheless, and even while still under treatment, run to other physicians continually, thus to check up, daily, twice daily, even more times daily, on the doctor that had the case in hand. Adverse opinions by some of the other physicians would invariably be brought to the medical attendant; the attendant, sometimes, would—foolishly, of course—reply bitterly. These replies, in turn, were, by the over-busy sick one, taken to all the commenting specialists. And so on back again. A sorry state of affairs, surely! All these mostly qualified and well experienced men allowing themselves to be stultified, duped, made mere silly asses of, by the least of lay ignoramuses in the city!

And, all the while, of course, the attendant's time and all the time of the criticising physicians in addition was being frittered away to absolutely no purpose whatever—to far less purpose indeed than merely none.

So little time was left by that method for actual scientific work on the case!

And, when the most of a doctor's time is thus frivoleed away, the doctor must see very numerous patients. Many

patients, just a little time available of course for each. Hellish—but inevitable under the free examination system.

MEDICAL INSTRUCTION OF THE LAITY IN THE LAY PRESS

Many other abuses there were in the medical profession but one in particular that filled my soul with indignation. That was leaving the laity to stumble round in the densest and darkest ignorance as to practically all matters of medical and surgical science. The natural consequence was that nearly all laymen thought that you were either a "born doctor" or else that you were not. If you were not one, why then did you assume to practice medicine? And, if you were really born a doctor, why did you, then, not cure your patients—all of them? The conception of a doctor as merely a person who is attempting to diagnose and cure diseases by means of the science of medicine as that science has been developed up to and including the given moment—in other words, the really scientific conception of the situation—did not so much as enter their heads.

With such instruction, furthermore, it would never have been possible for the people to believe that appendicitis could be produced by eating grapes—a foolish doctrine which had wrought much woe to thousands of perfectly innocent raisers of a very wholesome fruit.

As it was, people received no training whatever on medical and surgical subjects, saving and excepting only the very wrong sort which they got from signs, billboards, the sides of country barns, patent medicine advertisements in newspapers and magazines, and the still worse patent medicine almanacs.

And it might all so easily have been different!

Over and over I wrote for journals and spoke before medical societies on this and many other abuses. But again I merely tramped to failure.

"What!" those old-time doctors would ejaculate. "Charge for examinations?" "Precisely." "But why charge for them?" And I never could make them quite see why. Just another case of what now is, is necessarily right.

And when I spoke of medical instruction of the laity in the lay press, they would cry out in astonishment, "Any

physician who would attempt to teach the laity in the lay press, would be ADVERTISING!"

Since those Galesburg days I have attempted again and again to rectify these matters. But still I have tramped to failure—not, perhaps, failure complete and absolute but failure nevertheless.

Only in the matter of instructing the laity in the lay press, has there been much actual progress. And that progress, I feel certain, has not been owing, to any particular extent, to my own efforts.

Yet it has, in some degree, come about.

To-day Drs. Morris Fishbein, Royal S. Copeland, Logan Clendenning, Irving S. Cutter, Wm. Brady and even other very capable physicians, are doing, or have already done, the exact thing I so long advocated, and with great benefit to millions of their readers.¹ Nor do I think that the consequent "advertising" has done anybody any harm. The efforts of these men have chiefly advertised (and very properly, of course) the necessary limitations on the healing art; taught people to quit expecting miracles; and, finally (the very best thing of all, of course) shown them how to keep from getting sick.

JOHN MICHAEL HEWITT

I could not properly present my three strange Galesburg years without some small additions to what I have already stated in this volume under "The Doctor Who, Born to Be an Actor, Became Instead a Surgeon of Remarkable Skill." The purpose, of course, of what I there said about him and the purpose of what I say about him here are absolutely different.

I had been in Galesburg but a very short time when, one day, as if our meeting had been a rendezvous written in the stars, I, plodding along a wind-and-rainy street with my umbrella wide open and held fixedly in front of me, suddenly ran spang into somebody! Apologies followed. The person I had run against was Hewitt, Dr. Hewitt. I of course was Dr. Shastid, and we went up to my office to get further acquainted.

¹ Dr. W. A. Evans, of Chicago, for very many years was a most excellent leader in this field.

The immediate consequences of that meeting, that day, I have already related in the Sixth of the "Dozen Doctors You Should Know."

HEWITT IN TOWN

Born in this country of natives of Ireland, he was Irish in almost every particular save that he did not use the native Irish brogue. All the other characteristics of "the big dark Irish" were there—the size, the blackness of the mustache, the eyebrows, the hair. The eyes were so dark and at the same time so brilliant that they seemed actually to have been carved out of polished obsidian. The whole face was remarkably expressive, even in repose, of friendliness for every one, of wit and humor, of intense hatred of formality and of anything like commercialism. As I said quite near the beginning of this volume, "he would have been picked out instantly as thoroughly distinguished on any operatic stage of the world or in any brilliant court of Europe."

The population of Galesburg and the county of which it was the capital, Knox, possessed an underlying layer of old-time American stock, also, added thereto, a little German, French and Irish. But mostly the population was Swedish, and the Swedes are a clannish people, at least they were then. Vivacious as they are and lighter-hearted too than Norwegians, they are clannish in the extreme. In Galesburg Swedes employed Swedish doctors.

Until Hewitt came. Then all at once a considerable percentage of them became his permanent clientèle. He was one of the speediest practice-builders, as well as swiftest operators, that ever I have known. One of the oldest physicians in the city said to me, "His very appearance on the street is unethical, he is so vivid and attractive."

I have already spoken of Hewitt's histrionic ability. Another of his traits was his flair, his almost hound's scent, for human characters, especially odd characters, Dickensian characters. Other kinds could interest him, but the Dickensian was his forte.

After office hours, of a night, he would "just drop into" my consultation room with, perhaps, "Fellow was in my office to-day," and go on to describe him till I would laugh

myself quite sick or almost melt into tears. Then, all at once he would jump up: "Had an ovariectomy too to-day and three fractures." And away he would dash.

SEVENTY YEARS WITHOUT ATTENTION

Sometimes, reversing the rule, I would, after hours, go to visit Hewitt.

One of the first cases he told me about there was that of a man, a cheap sort of half-sensed unmarried old fellow who, as Hewitt described him, was "small, but heavy of bone, with mere piggy eyes and not much head above them, and a round, solid face too with a chronically set-upon expression. He looked as if he had been made to withstand shocks yet he also had the punch-drunk look of one who had had too many of them—yes, even before this accident.

"I had gone 'prancing' around town this morning (as you, Shastid, call it)¹ when, down the sidewalk, I beheld this half-sensed fellow as the focus of attention from a quickly gathering crowd."

Hewitt went on to say that he had picked the old man up, commandeered the horse and buggy of a friend, started to lift and carry to the buggy the bleeding form of little old "Jerry." But all at once he met clamorous objections from Jerry. "I said," continued Hewitt, "'O, do I hurt you?' full of sympathy of course. 'Bend down,' whispered Jerry. I bent and the old fellow again whispered, 'I ain't never had no attention from anybody before.'"

I laughed heartily.

"Don't laugh," admonished Hewitt, softly. "That was tragedy—stark, staring tragedy. Here was a human being who had lived to be seventy years of age, and who, though he was badly hurt and suffering from pressure against the hard sidewalk, was nevertheless very glad to lie there and suffer, because, throughout his long seventy years of life, nobody 'hadn't never paid no attention to him before.'"

THE BUMSTONE CASE

I went into Hewitt's office early one Sunday morning. (We both visited in each other's office quite often on Sunday

¹ He had, in fact, so easy and happy a tread that it seemed almost a "prancing."

mornings early, because at those times there were seldom any patients waiting and we therefore were able to do a great many things not doable at other times. Hewitt was poking around here and there, not especially in the neighborhood of his desk and account books. Answering my inquiring expression, he replied: "O, just looking for my account in the Bumstone case. I wrote it down on a piece of brown wrapping paper (*think* it was brown) which there was on a bundle—because, at the time I couldn't find anything else to write it on. Later, when some patient had gone—can't think of his name—I took the paper off the bundle—I *think*—and did something else with it, and—O, all to h...l with the Bumstone case."

SCIENTIFIC COLLECTING

A man would come into Hewitt's office. "How much do I owe?"

"How much? Owe? O! how much do you owe?"

"Yes, that's what I said. How much do I owe?"

"I don't know how much you owe. Maybe you mean how much do you owe *me*?"

"All right. All right. How much do I owe *you*?"

"Haven't *you* kept any account?"

"Why! of course I haven't kept any account. That's *your* business."

"Well then, I suppose I can lam h...l out of you. I'll see if I've got anything down." Taking up his account books: "I see nothing here. O yes, here's the place."

I knew he was bluffing, had simply failed to make the charges.

"O yes, I had to take off Terence's finger. Then there was that felon on your own hand. Then when the baby came. Then—let's see—five, six, seven, eight. O, suppose we call it all fifty dollars."

"Seems a little high, Doc."

"Well, say twenty-five."

"Here she air. And mighty good work too you done me."

The man gone, I would say, "Fifty dollars was dirt cheap for what you had done for that man."

"O yes, but twenty-five was all he could afford to pay."

"All he could afford? What do *you* know about what he could afford?"

"Not a d...n thing. Let's get down to the X-ray now."

FIRST X-RAY PICTURE IN AMERICA

The story of the first X-ray picture made in the Western Hemisphere—that of my left hand by this same Dr. Hewitt—I have already told herein in the sixth of the "Dozen Doctors Many Know." I will therefore not repeat it now.

I wish to add, however, to what I have already said in that story that, not infrequently there in the privacy of our inner rooms, he would oftentimes say, "I'm going to write up our experiments with the Roentgen ray—some time."

"Yes," I would answer, "exactly as you've written up all the interesting characters you've run across here in Galesburg in your practice. What a fictioneer you'd make—and with the literal truth. Barrett Wendell would surely kiss you—if you ever wrote. Look at that big stack of letters on your desk—most of them still unopened. How long since you opened a letter?"

"Six weeks. Two months maybe."

"Well, open them all—now. Go to it." Like the Shakespearian boy moving "unwillingly to school," he would open the letters. Many would contain money—cash, checks, drafts, money orders.

"Now credit those payments on your books."

"O I'll deposit them all at the bank. If any question arises I'll have the bank look it up."

I'll now run forward for a moment to say that this excellent surgeon but poor money-maker, three or four years later left Galesburg with his beautiful wife for Alaska—in the mad "gold rush" of that time—seeking in the far north the gold he could have found so much more easily at home. Later still he became a U. S. army surgeon, and, as such, was in his proper sphere. No financial problems to worry him in that capacity. Through the Spanish war he went, next through the War to Make the World Safe for Other Wars. At least he helped the sick and suffering mightily, then, at last, settled down on a comfortable military pension.

No more money troubles then than if in heaven. No account books to keep or letters to write!

He certainly deserves it all—but back now to old Galesburg and the curios of medical practice—more curious by far than those of the army.

THAT "LITTLE" BILL

Hewitt operated in the city for ovarian tumor on a very fleshy patient. She and her family were all opposed to hospitals, so the operation was done in the home. I gave the ether.

The patient made a prompt recovery.

The Doctor had already done a great deal of practice in the same family (a very wealthy one) before he removed that tumor.

Well, one day, as I had gone into Hewitt's rooms, the head of that family came in to pay his bill. "What's the hurry?" asked Hewitt. He was himself owing money, so there should have been considerable hurry, but I knew very well that he simply hated to be bothered about business.

"No hurry, but I want to keep all the little things paid up." So said the paymaster, with just a suggestion of emphasis on the "little." At once I saw the Hibernian fire in the good doctor's eye. He was ready forever to make a bill quite "little," even for a wealthy man, but he did not want the wealthy one to do any belittling himself.

Hewitt picked up an account book, went and studied it near a window. I knew perfectly well he was looking at a blank page, for, over and over, at night, when he was making his charges for the day and I reminded him of this item and of that, he would answer, "O I don't bother to set down things about *him*. These perfectly good people will pay without itemized bills."

Nevertheless, there stood Hewitt by the window, book in one hand pencil in the other, totalling the "little" amount which the big man owed him. Finally, he said, "O I'll be sort of easy on you—four hundred and fifty dollars."

The paymaster well-nigh fell off his chair. "You say \$450.00? That's four-five-o?"

"Yes, it would have been much more than that of course, but I appreciate you people's practice."

The paymaster looked barbed arrows, but paid dollars and left without a word. (Later, he employed Dr. Hewitt again.)

"What's come over you, Hewitt?" I asked.

"I got mad," he answered. "A minute longer and I'd have weakened." He wiped the cold sweat off his face.

In fact he had weakened already as he spoke. The only thing on earth that Hewitt ever dreaded was telling some person what he owed—*him*.

A WIDOW'S TEARS

A Mrs. Kate Vasaberg brought her little son to Hewitt for tuberculosis of the hip joint. "I have nothing at all to pay you with, Doctor Hewitt," said she. "All the same to me," said Hewitt.

I gave the ether and assisted.

And if ever a patient with tuberculosis of the hip joint made a fine recovery it was little Ole Vasaberg.

Now in general the Swedes, both in the new country and the old, are, like all other Scandinavians, frank, open, straightforward, absolutely honest. But Mrs. Vasaberg was a decided exception. She was in fact a very wealthy woman who had represented herself to Dr. Hewitt as being extremely poor for the one sole reason that she wished to steal a fee.

One day in my office a patient of mine complained that he could not pay me what he owed me because of the cruel exactions of a creditor of his—a widow, by the way, named Katherine Vandenburg. Investigation brought out that this very cruel creditress and the beneficiary of Dr. Hewitt's charitable services to her son were, actually, one and the same person. My patient had simply got the surname a little wrong. I told Hewitt about the matter.

Hewitt thereupon called on the lady, pointed out clearly the trick she had played on him, and, in a word, demanded a reasonable payment for the services which he had rendered to her son.

She admitted the deception, but relied on the fact that the good doctor had really offered to treat her son for nothing.

"But that offer," quite logically replied Dr. Hewitt, "was obtained by fraud."

Still she stood like adamant for not paying.

Hewitt sued her.

At the trial I was a star witness, for I had been present when Mrs. Vasaberg had flatly represented herself as worth not even a dime. Mrs. Vasaberg "could not remember" that she had ever made any such statement as that. She did, however, admit freely the great value of the operation. (She could not have done otherwise, for the fact was notorious.) Success seemed surely ours.

But Mrs. Vasaberg had a good (which, in her case, meant a bad) lawyer. Already I knew not a little about this good-bad lawyer, and—though I could not have foreseen it on the day of this trial—I was myself to learn much more about his ways hereafter in a case of my own.

I can see the cunning fellow now, as he stood before me in the crowded court-room—tall, lean almost to the point of emaciation, bright-eyed, active, keenly intellectual. It was warm in the room, but the fellow wore a heavy overcoat and a woolen scarf around his neck. (After the trial I learned that he had had pernicious anemia for years.)

O how skilfully he cross-examined me!

He did not, contrary to what many a cross-examiner might have done, ask me to repeat that vitally important conversation between Dr. Hewitt and Mrs. Vasaberg, relative to her alleged inability to pay a doctor's bill. He did not, of course, wish to deepen the impression which that alleged conversation had already made upon the jury. But he did ask, "On the day when Dr. Hewitt and Mrs. Vasaberg discussed the subject of an operation for her son, did you hear her say that she did not believe in operations? and did you thereupon hear Dr. Hewitt answer, 'Well, I'm rather new in Galesburg, and so, if you'll just give me a chance to operate in this case and in that way to show the public what I can do in these matters, I'll gladly operate for nothing?' "

"No, sir; I heard nothing of the sort." (Mrs. Vasaberg, when her turn came, actually did testify that such a conversation had occurred.)

The lawyer also asked me: "Doctor Shastid, you have not practiced in Galesburg a great many years?"

"No."

"At first you had no practice here at all?"

"As a matter of course."

"And a little later than yourself Dr. Hewitt located in Galesburg?"

"True."

"And you then helped him get started into practice?"

"As well as I could."

"And his 'take' here was simply phenomenal?"

"He has been very successful."

"Then Dr. Hewitt reciprocated your great kindness to him by referring numerous eye, ear, nose and throat cases to you?"

"Yes."

"So that now you two are not only prosperous persons but also close friends?"

"Yes."

"Have you any other professional friend in this city who helps you in your practice—helps you, I mean, both scientifically and financially as much as does Dr. Hewitt?"

"No."

"Would it not then seem like treachery if, for such a close friend, a friend like Dr. Hewitt, a friend who has built your very practice for you—sent you scores and scores of cases—*not* to help him in this one single case?"

The question had purposely been framed in such a way as to make it difficult to answer. I was taking some little time to think my way to the heart of that question, which was of course its implied falsehood—and to smash that heart. In this thinking I was greatly perturbed by the cross-examiner saying from time to time, "We are waiting, and, remember, you will *have* to answer." The attorney for Dr. Hewitt, I have always thought, should really have objected strongly to the question. However, he probably thought that I could answer it calmly and to his and Dr. Hewitt's

advantage if permitted to do so. If he did so think, he was not entirely wrong.

I finally answered: "You have asked if it might not seem like treachery if I did not swear a lie to help a friend. Such a course would almost certainly 'seem' different to different persons. To persons whom *you* no doubt know it might indeed seem like treachery *not* to swear such a lie. To this jury it would probably seem like treachery if I *did* swear it. And to Dr. Hewitt himself and to the entire profession to which he and I belong—a profession which does so very much work for the poor without charge—it would also seem, as to this jury, to be a treachery both to friend and to foe throughout the country to swear a lie for any purpose whatsoever."

Swedes are not ordinarily demonstrative, but that audience, which was mostly Swedish, did applaud that answer.

I then had to leave the court-room for my office, but I felt that our case was surely won, all the more as Hewitt had two or three other witnesses who, in his office, had heard Mrs. Vasaberg say that she was unable to pay for an operation or for anything whatever.

But the best laid plans of mice and men go oft astray. Lawyer Lantern discovered that Dr. Hewitt, although he had a perfectly valid license to practice medicine in Illinois, had nevertheless neglected to have it recorded in the office of the County Clerk at Galesburg. And the Illinois law declared plainly that any physician, who, although he had a license, had still not recorded it, should not be able to collect bills for services rendered during such time as the license remained unrecorded.

So Dr. Hewitt did not collect his bill against the wealthy Mrs. Vasaberg.

Lawyer Lantern, shortly after that, put up a malpractice claim against me. I, he alleged, had treated a certain Mr. Stanchion's eyes and thereby blinded him. I, after a time of waiting, had a first-rate spy from a near-by city, go out around Galesburg as a book-agent. At my plaintiff's boarding house he showed a beautiful prospectus of the book he was selling, and, to my plaintiff, displayed the entrancing

pictures. He even read aloud, but quite incorrectly, some of the legends underneath the illustrations—legends that were printed in very fine type—and my plaintiff, in each case, unthoughtedly set him right and read off the legends correctly. Then my spy, to the various persons who were gathered about him and my plaintiff, shouted out, “and this man’s suing Dr. Shastid for having put his eyes out.” He also got the names and addresses of a number of those bystanders, then shouted to the faker, “Sue.”

There was of course no suit. But, one day, a little while thereafter, my would-be plaintiff broke his neck and died by falling out of a tree *wherein he had been picking cherries*.¹

FOOLING A FRIGHTENED MOTHER

At one place Hewitt was going to operate at a private house for obstruction of the bowel. First, he caused the patient to swallow a dime. Then by the X-ray, still so new a discovery, he determined the location of the coin and hence of the obstruction—at least he thought that he had done so. Then he proposed to operate. The patient—a fine, sensible young man—agreed immediately. But his mother—aye there was the rub. She, on being told of the proposal, objected with all the objecting power in her obstinate little system. If her son underwent that operation, she declared, he would surely die. She had personally known of several persons who had died of appendix operations, and this was much like those.

Then the patient grew more cunning than even his mother was obstinate. He suggested to Dr. Hewitt, that is to say,

¹ Another characteristic anecdote of Lawyer Lantern. Given by a farmer an account for collection, Lantern collected the money—three or four hundred dollars—and being, as usual, short of money, spent his client’s cash. Now that sort of thing is known in the law as embezzlement, and a serious crime it is. But what did Lantern? He intentionally drove out past the farmer’s residence. The farmer being in the field and seeing him, stopped him and asked him if he had collected that money? “What money? O yes, of course that Mackline money. Yes, I have collected it, but I forgot to bring it with me. Say, my health’s not very good and I may happen to die at any time, so, to make assurance doubly sure, I’ll give you my note to cover the amount.” That he did, writing with an indelible pencil and keeping a carbon copy of the note. The following Saturday, Mr. Farmer came to town, went to Lantern’s office and asked for his money. “What money?” “The Mackline money.” “O I paid you that money.” “What with?” “With my note.” Intensely angry, the farmer shouted, “I’ll prosecute you for embezzlement.” At another lawyer’s office, however, he learned that he could not prosecute Lantern for embezzlement, inasmuch as he himself had, by accepting Lantern’s promissory note, converted a trust fund (the use of which for a trustee’s own purpose is embezzlement) into a debt—a debt which was covered by a note, it is true, but a note which was worth precisely nothing.

that his mother be deceived as to the exact nature of the operation, be made to believe it was only a "fake"—except indeed that a harmless anesthetic would be administered, and that then an equally harmless incision would be made just through the skin. Then, if anybody should grow suspicious, he could be shown an operation scar. All of that would be done merely for the purpose of securing newspaper publicity for Dr. Hewitt (he would tell his mother) and twenty-five dollars in cash for him, the son and patient, from the operator—which sum, by the bye, the said patient intended to turn over to his mother, to be and remain hers only and so on.

The mother consented. The son gave her the cash. I, wholly ignorant of the harmless deceit which had been practised upon the mother, gave the ether.

But now behold! We had *not* avoided "all appearance of evil." So—women being women, some of them more so—the fond mother in the case, rejoicing over what she still considered to be the easy money-making of her son, leaked copiously upon the subject to all her friends and relatives, who, thereupon, to others, leaked more copiously still.

The patient did his utmost to correct his mother's damaging tale. (Poor chap, *he* knew full well how terribly sick he had been.) But many of the laity, aided and abetted by certain medical enemies of the honest and thrice capable operator in the case, kept the story going for a considerable time. Fortunately, Dr. Hewitt's surgical skill was so phenomenal, so plainly demonstrated on so many occasions and before the very eyes of so many other doctors that the story simply could not live indefinitely.

That abdominal operation, however, was the last that I know about which probably could have been done in a hospital and yet was actually performed in a private home—a home very carefully cleaned beforehand, it is true, but still only a home. Of course, even at the present day a serious operation is still sometimes performed in a home—if the case be one of great emergency.

IRONICAL ADMISSIONS

There was a curious trait of this man Hewitt which I must mention now. Whenever anyone accused him of having practiced from base motives he would simply admit the charge. "It's always the better way to do," he would say, in response to my protest. "If a man understands you so little that he charges you with doing, say, an unnecessary tracheotomy for his child and thus risking its life for the very few dollars its father can probably pay you in these hard times (not so very hard either in comparison with the Republican times that just preceded them¹), why, he just won't believe any facts or arguments that you can give him to the contrary."

One day when a man accused him of unnecessarily resecting his almost dead little boy's tuberculous hip-joint, he exclaimed: "Of course I tried to rob you, you fool! Did you have so little sense and knowledge of human nature as not to understand that I was a quack? If I hadn't been a quack, that boy of yours would have got well [he had in truth made a wonderful recovery] instead of being in the terrible condition which now overwhelms him. Rob you? Yes, by the Mighty!" Then all at once his manner changed to one of calmness. He seemed to be apologetic, almost. His tones grew round and deep, like those of a mighty organ in mournful sorrow. Suddenly he leaped to his feet. "Rob you? Yes, by the Mighty, I'm going to rob you *now* and wr-r-ring the last penny you owe me out of your throat!"

The foolish complainer, seeing an apparently irate madman advancing with a mind supposedly given up to nothing but thoughts of gore, ran like the deuce from the building—while Hewitt, his lank form folded up across the sofa, yelled and twisted with laughter.

Next day the histrionic physician received from that same complainer a good-sized check.

"This is for the acting," Hewitt declared to me with great satisfaction, "not for the operation. Say, Shastid, they ought to have a chair of surgical histrionics in everything that calls itself a medical school."

¹ Hewitt was a Democrat.

THE CHARACTER HUNTER

That same evening into my inner office walked Hewitt, singing, "Hap-hap-happiness!"

"What now? Take in some more money?"

"No. Found a new character. Such a splendid d...n fool as never was seen before," etc.

How Barrett Wendell would have loved Hewitt, and what a novelist Hewitt would have made! *He* could see—see in the Wendellian sense.

But, strangely, though he loved to see and to reproduce, he did not, as I have stated, love to write. Therein much loss to the world!

NICKNAMES

I started, once, to make some sort of record of Dr. Hewitt's characters and the nicknames that he had given them—but alas I started only. A very stylish physician who dressed showily and performed many stylish operations he called "Flossy."

At a meeting of the Galesburg Doctors Club a rather illiterate but extremely pretentious doctor read a long paper in which he urged "sympathy for the patient and still more sympathy for the patient." This he did, however, as he admitted, almost entirely for pecuniary reasons, winding up, "Remember that, for any physician, a warm heart maketh a full purse."

Hewitt at once arose to discuss that paper. However, he said merely, "I am proud to learn that Dr. Blankinstone urges the highest possible standards of medical practice for the lowest possible reasons."

Blankinstone did not seem to be much perturbed by the "discussion." In fact to me he whispered, "Ain't Hewitt the beatin'est feller? Always sayin' somethin' funny."

And Hewitt, forever after, referred to Blankinstone as "the warm-hearted purse."

A short, dull-faced fellow, who used to be interminably remarking, "I have a number of cases which puzzle me greatly," he called "Stumped."

Another physician he used to designate as "Universal Satisfaction." If questioned why, he would answer, "Be-

cause he has never been complained of by anyone he has killed." It took me some time to get the full point of that.

Himself he invariably referred to as "Johnny-on-the-Spot." Me he called, with or without good reason, "Human Interest." Sometimes I thought he used the expression complimentarily; again that he employed it ironically, in the sense, that is, of one who is himself (not) a very interesting human. Anyway, he always laughed when he called me that.

A CASE, PLEASE

There was one young doctor whom he sometimes referred to as "Stiffs," sometimes as "Case, please." This young doctor had a way, you see, of referring to all his patients—the few that he had—as "stiffs," i.e. corpses, and, as he had but little practice, he was oftentimes beseeching other doctors to send him their surplus patients whenever they happened to have any.

Hewitt, for some reason, detested this young doctor.

One bitter-cold Sunday morning the young doctor, presumably thinking to curry favor by so doing, dropped into my office—where Hewitt chanced to be, as Dr. Case-please would very well have understood. The young fellow complained to Hewitt of indigestion. "Anything for it?"

Hewitt departed to and returned from his own office, handing then to Dr. Case-please an effervescing mixture.

Dr. Case-please drank, sat again and started into familiar converse with us, when, all at once, Hewitt jumped up and cried, "Twenty degrees below zero and I've a case ten miles in the country—as well as a bad cold here" (tapping his chest).

"Ho, ho!" cried the young fellow, "this is your chance at last to do me a favor. Let me have the case, please."

Hewitt consented. Dr. Case-please phoned to a livery-stable for a rig, went downstairs to meet it.

"Twenty degrees below zero," mused Hewitt with manifest self-satisfaction.

"And just what does that mean?"

"It means that any man in his senses, on a day like this, who happens to be out of doors in the country, would rather have his trousers up than down."

"Hewitt, what did you give that young doctor?"

"All the Epsom salts I had."

That young chap never begged any more cases from Hewitt.

DOCTOR NO-DOCTOR

Hewitt, like all histrionic persons, was temperamental.

One day he and I had to go by train to a near-by town, there to consult on a syringo-myelia case, with certain peculiar, though perhaps accidental, complications. Hewitt did not like the attending physician who had called us, so on the train, he was irritable and grumpy in the extreme.

He sat riding forward. I, however, was perched on the seat before him—a seat which had been reversed so that I was riding backward, facing him.

At a small country stop an old fellow came into the train, looked observantly round him, finally sat down by the side of Hewitt.

Presently he asked Hewitt, "Be you a doctor?"

"No!" shouted Hewitt with Hibernian vigor.

"Well, you *look* like a doctor. An' you act like a doctor."

"No doctor." (More vigorously even than before.)

Happening to catch Hewitt's eye, I foolishly grinned. He, thereupon, grew angrier still. There was no real reason to be angry, though the stranger was unduly prying.

"An' I heard ye, jest afore I took this here seat, talkin' to that there other feller (pointing at me) jest as ef ye wuz a doctor."

"No doctor, I tell you." He turned and gave his inquisitor a deep frown.

The inquisitor, unabashed, sniffed two or three times. Then he added, "And I'm d....d ef ye don't *smell* like a doctor—you know, carbolic acid and them kind of perfumery."

Hewitt paying no attention, the man turned to me. "Say, what kind o' occupation *is* this here doctor-like feller?"

I was tickled to the gizzard, Hewitt's out-of-sortness contrasting so comically with the persistency and unlimited inquisitiveness of the farmer. So I answered, though

of course quite improperly, "He's what is called in learned circles a syringo-myelia."

"A what?"

"A chorio-retinitis."

The train jerked to a stop. The old inquisitor jumped up and cried, "Here's where I get off. Jest as well be goin' anyway, I reckon." He looked hurt.

A moment later—a tapping at my window-pane. It was the inquisitor. "You fellows done somepin' to me," he said. "I don't know what it was but you done it. An' know what I think of you? No-o-o-o. You two ain't no doctors at all. You're jest two plumb, dirty, lyin', cheatin', *gamblin'* sharks."

And Hewitt joined me in laughter. Seldom had I heard him laugh so loudly.

There were somehow always funny things when Hewitt was around—funny things or sublime things or things full of tenderness and pity and great tears. He seemed somehow, though forever unintentionally, to bring such things about, at least to attract them unto him. Or, say, he emotionalized his environment wherever he went.

One day when I was sick, and my father had heard of the fact, he wrote to Dr. Hewitt about my condition, and, though Hewitt was so laggard and skimpy a letter-writer, he nevertheless wrote to my father about me in full. "A beautiful letter," my father declared when next he wrote to me. And the correspondence, thus begun, did for a considerable time continue.

TWO HIBERNIAN DOCTORS

The temptation to contrast those two fine Irish doctors—Hewitt of Galesburg and Dublin of old Pittsfield—cannot be wholly set aside. Both were men of striking personality—large, quick, athletic, and vivacious. Hewitt, however, was dark Irish, Dublin light Irish. Hewitt, was, of course, partly of the "black Spanish" stock that had come into Ireland through the wreck of the Spanish Armada, when so many Spanish sailors had been cast upon the friendly shores of Ireland. Dublin was old-Irish absolutely. Both were boldly intellectual, assertive in the extreme. Both emotionalized their environments. Hewitt, however, had by far the finer

judgment, much less egotism and a keener sense of humor. Both were born to be surgeons, as have been so many other fine Irishmen—John B. Murphy, the Mayos and so on. Nine-tenths of all the splendid surgeons I happen to have known have been of Irish stock.

HEWITT IN THE COUNTRY

Thus far I have spoken almost entirely of Hewitt in his office. Now I want to show him in the country. If anyone ask why I devote so much time to so unique a character, I reply that his character was not by any means unique. It was so in certain matters only. Otherwise he was typical of the various surgeons of his day in the United States, especially those of Irish nativity or extraction.

The population in and around Galesburg was, as I have stated, chiefly Swedish. But there was also an underlying stratum of old American strains. One of these old-time families that had moved up generations earlier from the south of the state and had probably originated somewhere in New England, now had sickness in it, sickness serious and repeated again and again. A call to Hewitt to go and see some member of this family came one Sunday afternoon, a time when I had no office-hours. Hewitt invited me to ride with him. I rode.

The man of the house himself proved to be sick, also two of his daughters. In the course of his examinations Dr. Hewitt began asking whether or not the farmer, in accordance with instructions which the Doctor had given him before, had taken to covering the deposits in his privy—"Mary Ann" he called it—with sand—of which the farmer had a very great abundance near by.

But the farmer, sick as he was, bristled up.

Said he, "That ain't no natural way to treat the human dung. Therefore, treatin' it thataway would be an offence against the Almighty." (I wonder if anything that a human being has ever done has escaped being called by some one at some time a sin against the Almighty.)

Hewitt insisted.

Mr. Rilestone persisted. Said he, "Show me some place in the Holy Scriptures where it says that human dung should be covered up against the action of the natural atmosphere." Now Dr. Hewitt's strongest point, although he was one of the best and most useful of men, was not familiarity with the "Scripters." But all at once there popped into his head a funny story that I had told him about a happening in old-time Inveni.

Away back in my Inveni days there had been at that institution both of learning and of superstition a so-called student whom I have named, Eliphalet Hack. Now Eliphalet had no ambition at all to become a scholar; in fact he hated both learning and all its professors. One day a professor at Inveni, praising the Hebrew Scriptures in the hit and miss style to which he was accustomed, declared that there was not a passage in all the Bible which was not perfectly proper to be read in any mixed company (Inveni was co-educational) yes, which could not properly be used as the very text for a sermon before a mixed audience. Eliphalet piped out, "How about Deuteronomy 23: 12 and 13?"

The professor answered, "Well, what about it? Mr. Hack, it has been recommended at this institution—though the rule is not strictly enforced—that each and every student keep always along with him a copy of Holy Scripture. Have you a copy of it with you?"

"Yes, sir." Hack pulled out his copy. "Turn to the passage in question and read it, please." The professor had walked into the trap.

Eliphalet then read (from the Authorized Version): "Thou shalt have a place without the camp, whither thou shalt go forth abroad: And thou shalt have a paddle upon thy weapon; and it shall be, when thou wilt ease thyself abroad, thou shalt dig therewith, and shalt turn back and cover that which cometh from thee:"

Now to a reader of the present generation, the passage does not sound very obnoxious, but to the young ladies and young gentlemen of that day, and particularly of that institution, it sounded improper indeed.

All were deeply and quite obviously shocked. As for the professor himself, he was absolutely bewildered, scarlet, speechless.

After a time he recovered his composure and then made one of the most dishonest defenses (to a passage too that needed no defense whatever) that ever I have heard. "That passage," he defended, "though seemingly improper, was undoubtedly placed in the Bible for an excellent purpose: namely, to show the bacterial origin of disease—although, of course, in an obscure manner, so that its real content and significance should remain wholly hidden until this present generation should arrive upon earth and, by scientific investigation, discover that passage's deep, underlying, scientific truth."

Of course all this did not determine at all whether the passage was or was not a proper one to be read in "mixed company." Moreover, I had, with my very ears, heard this same professor again and again condemn the microbic origin of disease as merely "pseudo-science" and "a piece of atheistic nonsense." Only a day or two before this very day in question I had heard him do so.

The truth was, of course, that the military order in question was issued simply for the purpose of preventing the tracking of foul-smelling ordure all about the camp, thus befouling the scene. Even had the instruction been issued with full knowledge of the fact that filth does breed disease, that would not show that the person issuing the order knew anything at all about bacteria or other microscopic producers of disease.

For Dr. Hewitt's purpose, of course, the question of the microbic origin of many diseases did not need to be discussed. Mr. Rilestone had probably never heard of such causation. What he had said was, "Show me some place in the Holy Scriptures where it says that human dung should be covered up against the action of the natural atmosphere." Dr. Hewitt (very kindly, for he loved the whole farmer population) borrowed the objector's own Bible and therein showed him.

The farmer still pretended to be unconvinced, but Hewitt, on his very next trip, discovered that his sanitary instructions had all been carried out. Not only that but some of the obstinate neighbors of Mr. Rilestone were now following his example.

So the world was being slowly—very slowly indeed—revolutionized, even through the distant influence of Eliphalet Hack, clear to the outer-most margins of Knox County.

MUTUAL HELPFULNESS AND COMRADESHIP

On Sundays and of nights I often rode with Dr. Hewitt.

Occasionally I made suggestions to him, and, once in a long while, he would say, perhaps: "Sometimes you give me a good idea: you're not so d . . . d ignorant as you look." That was his shamefaced way of being affectionate. In his turn he too would be assistive with good suggestions about my eye, ear, nose and throat work. Then, perhaps, I would comment: "I'll do it. Sometimes you're almost as brilliant as you think you are." It is marvelous how much two or three doctors, who greatly wish to do so, can help one another.¹

Out in the country, as I have said already, Hewitt was a kindlier and gentler physician than ever he was in the town. Toward *me*—I in those days was little better than a constant invalid—he was solicitous in the extreme. As I look back now it seems to me that almost always as we drove together, it was either raining and thundering, or else piling up great drifts of snow across our road or pouring down upon us tropic waves of heat almost intolerable.

Out in a storm, I see him now and again and hear him clearly, "Pull up that leather apron, Shastid. *You* mustn't get wet.—Here, let me tuck it round you."

Again in pleasant weather, he, if not by emergency calls forbidden, would pull up his horse repeatedly to let me out with my camera. The terrain around Galesburg was not like that of Pittsfield and Pike County. In the latter region there were, it is true, fine prairies indeed, but those were mostly rolling, and, particularly in the southern area, they broke into deep gullies—almost chasms—and high hills—almost little mountains. Here in Knox County the country was flat in the extreme and, being black and rich of soil,

¹ There was a third physician up our stairway, George Luster by name. He was a man of skill and excellent judgment, who referred many cases both to Hewitt and to me, as in fact we did to him. But he was of a cold and almost silent nature and I never could have with him the same joyous professional companionship that I had with the life-loving, death-hating, laughter-and-tear-provoking John Michael Hewitt.

was used almost entirely for corn-growing and cattle-raising. Everywhere the delightful pastures, the fine breeds of cattle, and, as a rule close by the roadside fence, a great drinking tub.

On these trips Dr. Hewitt was oftenest interested in my accounts of old-time practice and old-time ways in Pike County. Only one year younger than I as a man, he was, in effect, by far the younger doctor, for I, at the age of ten, had become my father's apprentice, while he had not even begun to study medicine till after he had reached his majority. He was also greatly interested at my office in my Grandfather Shastid's Bible and the lumps of tallow from his reading candle still upon it. My grandfather, after perusing his bed-time chapter in the book, had been accustomed, after reversing his candle, to let it drip melted tallow on the stout leather covering of the volume, and then, as he turned the candle right-end-up once more, to stick the butt thereof into the pool of hot tallow. Presto! the candle and the Bible were one! This was a common practice in those early days. It saved buying handles for candles.

My mother's sewing-machine—one of the very earliest sewing-machines that ever were manufactured—a genuine first type Elias Howe—also interested him greatly, also my stories of the mobs (composed of sewing women's husbands, fathers and brothers, who thought that sewing-machines would ruin sewing women's jobs). These mobs had gone everywhere about the country, with destruction for all sewing-machines wherever they could find them. "Labor-saving machinery," they declared, "will absolutely ruin the nation by the unemployment it will produce." Those ignorant persons were decidedly surprised when they found, as they did a little later, that sewing-machines had actually increased the demand for sewing-women's services by ten and twenty times. Well-to-do women now, instead of just one extremely durable dress in five or fifteen years and always of only a single style and pattern, had innumerable styles and patterns and many flimsy garments yearly.

Of all such things we talked as we drove, and of history, and of general science, and of astronomy, etymology, geology

and chemistry—but, most of all to be sure, of medicines and of people.

“WHAT CAN COME OF A KISS?”

The very day I took the flat pasture picture herewith reproduced we visited a place whereto not Hewitt alone, but I as well, had been dilatorily summoned. What had happened was this.

The hired man, a native American, had attempted to kiss a big Swedish hired girl who worked at the same house. Strong as the woman was, she really could not keep the man off. So, at length, she had gripped in her mighty, red hands a big bowl of stewed beef tongue—still boiling hot. This bowl she had inverted over the criminal's head then brought it down over him. The bowl had fitted quite snugly over the bullet-shaped noggin, and staid there, covering his eyes with the boiling hot gravy. The man, when at last he had clawed off the bowl, started out for the girl, but, unable to find her, and hearing in the yard the voice of her big brother, he had called the brother to him, and then, when the brother came, he, though thoroughly blinded by the gravy, got a good grip on the brother and administered to him the unmerciful beating which he the gripper, probably would have given to the victim's sister in case he had been able to get her in his hands. Thereupon the owner of the place, a very excitable Swede, happening in on the scene, began without the slightest preliminary questioning to beat up both the native hired man (the would-be kisser) also the man that had been beaten up (the Swede brother of the Swede hired girl). And he was making a good job of it too, when all at once there returned to the scene the Swede hired girl, who sailed into her employer with a stick of fire wood and a perfectly bloody result.

No word was sent to a doctor until the wife of the owner of the place had returned from her shopping in town, had found everyone about the place *hors de combat*. She then had stopped a passer-by—a neighbor who had one of those early telephones in his house—and asked him to phone at once for Drs. Shastid and Hewitt. The one applied to, finding at his house his own wife sick, did not telephone at once, and,

even when he did phone, laid no particular stress on the need of the injured persons for immediate attention.

Hence, when Hewitt and I arrived, we found a group not only furious with anger but decidedly sick and suffering.

I went at once to work on the injured eyes of the would-be kisser. "I—I alone am responsible for all this," moaned the Swede hired girl—who, by the bye, had also been accidentally injured by the owner of the place when he had taken the fire-wood away from her. "I—yes I—am alone responsible for all this damages."

"You damned, double-damned so and so," responded the blinded one.

"Yes, swear on me all you want to," sobbed the girl, "but kiss me too all you like, and I will be your wife hereafter because I love you so much and a mighty good one I will be for you too."

Hewitt at this point exploded. Never, I think, have I seen him so helpless with loud laughter. Then he began that happy, vivacious, absolutely masterful, universally joshing way he so frequently exhibited. Everybody got joshed thoroughly. In no time at all everyone had lost his anger for everybody else, had been transformed into a laughing, loving perfectly contented human being. A Christian, let us say.

Those injured eyes got well, somehow. Everybody else at the house recovered too. Whether or not the Swedish hired girl and the native hired man married each other and lived happily ever after, I do not now recall, even if I ever have known. Perhaps both of them are dead, poor souls, for that was nearly half a century ago. Yes, perhaps both of them are dead. All the Galesburg doctors of that time, too, are dead—save only Hewitt and myself.

Perhaps we are living still only because we have laughed at and loved so many human beings.

DR. DUBLIN CHARACTERISTICALLY DEPARTS

One of the great changes in the world—my world, I mean—which, however, is a microcosmic symbol of the medical macrocosm of my time—occurring in those days was the death of old Dr. Dublin down at Pittsfield, Illinois. It had, no doubt, been foreordained that, when his time came,

he would simply explode, bomb-like, by the sheer force and excess of his own inner energy. So, at all events, did he die. No death from any external and plebeian disease germ!

One day in Pittsfield, on the Public Square sidewalk at the foot of his office stairway, he began harrumping and hoo-hooing in his customary manner. All at once he actually fractured a number of his ribs. My brother, Dr. Will Shastid, who had always been a great favorite with Dr. Dublin, was called to the case, and everything was done for the magnificent old fellow that could have been done. But the sharply fragmented ribs had penetrated the lung, perhaps also the covering of the heart. Shortly, the fine old Irish doctor was no more.

"Old"?

So he seemed to me then. Yet he had, at his death, attained only to the age of sixty-three years, a quite early age as it seems to me now—to me who now am more than a decade and a half older.

The salty old medic who had let himself go without restraint whenever he pleased and who had invariably pleased, who had had an unbreakable habit, perhaps even an inborn instinct, for private and public candor, as if his booming voice were the voice of deity itself—was dead. He had detested me. With all the ardor of his energetic and aristocratic soul he had detested and despised me.

And yet—I confess it with a stirring at the heart—I missed him.

I had never seen his like to the very moment of his death, and I have never seen it since. With all his ponderosity, pomposity and intensely bombastic overuse of supercilious energy, he was really, in his soul, a fine old man and a most excellent doctor. I do not forgive him for the attitude he took toward me, because he would not have wanted me to do that. What! Forgive *him*? Anybody forgive *him*? He had never in all his life done anything to be forgiven for. But I respect him nevertheless (though he would not want *me* to do even that, I think). I respect him because, in my memory, he is so striking a personality, was so helpful to his patients, and—most of all—because, despite his offish attitude toward my father at times and his occasional touches

of professional jealousy, he was my father's very true and dependable friend.

After one of the most beautiful of eulogies,¹ delivered by Judge Harry Higbee, of Pittsfield, his remains were, by his own request, cremated.

Peace be to his imperial ashes, honor and long life to his memory.

CLARK E. CARR

It was early in my work at Galesburg when I met Colonel Clark E. Carr. The meeting took place, as so many of my social contacts did, through the courtesy and kindness of Dr. John M. Hewitt. I was a poor "mixer," he a most excellent one. In fact I am tempted to say that he knew about everybody in Galesburg at 6:00 p.m. on the day of his arrival in that city. But that would be a slight exaggeration.

Carr was short, stout, of a ruddy complexion and more than a merely assertive manner. He was the very personification of force and energy, withal genial and kindly.

Carr had been U.S. Minister to Denmark from '89 to '93. He had also been a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, and, indeed, in 1863, commissioner from Illinois for the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg. In fact it was largely through his efforts that Lincoln had been allowed to speak at the dedication of that cemetery—in other words to deliver his now famous "Gettysburg Address." (The highfalutin' members of Lincoln's own party indeed had not yet ceased to regard him as a kind of country yahoo, who had simply been tolerated as their presidential candidate because he appeared to be the only candidate so influential with the masses that he "could pull the ticket through." When he had pulled the ticket through they were even more ashamed of him than ever and determined to keep him, so far as possible, clean out of public sight and hearing.) When Lincoln had delivered the Gettysburg Address, Carr, as I

¹ See *Pike County Democrat*, May 27, 1896. In the course of his remarks, Harry Higbee said, "Large of body, commanding but genial in manner, his very presence in the sick chamber was an omen of returning health and was almost as potent for good as were the remedies prescribed by his skill." That was the simple truth.

All the various eulogies that were published about Dr. Dublin in the Pike County newspapers and in various medical journals, I still possess, carefully preserved in the Companion's scrapbook for 1896. Dr. Dublin is a part of that past which is still so very precious to me.

recall his saying, had sat on the speakers' platform just behind him. Many were the anecdotes which Carr related to me about Lincoln, and, when he learned that my father had known Lincoln well and had told me many things concerning him, the Colonel pumped me day and night for the last, least vestige of information about his old-time idol that I could possibly remember, and as I had had it from my father's lips.¹

I tried to tell Col. Carr various matters also about Hay and Nicolay, with whom my father, in his youth and early manhood, had been intimately associated, but he seemed to care little about those men. He was completely engrossed by Lincoln.

THE COMPANION

I had promised to return to Fannie Fidelia and marry her only in case, at Galesburg, I should succeed in avoiding "rank failure." I had not so succeeded. For one thing, the United States, at the time, was in the midst of the great "Cleveland depression." Scarcely a well-established doctor could collect, at least in Galesburg, even a modest overhead. Inevitable then that I likewise should fail. Nevertheless, exceedingly sick and lonely beyond expression, I went down to Pittsfield, Ill., once again "just to talk matters over" with Fannie Fidelia. The result was that *she* talked *me* over. Poor child! She had waited so long, almost seven long years. She was nearly dead with waiting. Two could live cheaper than one: she would show me how. And she did. I married her, and she showed me what good management was, also

¹ Some of these memories of Lincoln by my father appear in an article by me in *The Nation*, February 20, 1929, page 227, entitled "My Father Knew Lincoln."

My father's mother (born Elizabeth Edwards) was own cousin to Ninian Edwards, who was chief justice of Kentucky in 1808, 1809—1818 last territorial governor of Illinois, 1818-1824 United States Senator from Illinois, and 1824-1826 U. S. Minister to Mexico. From 1826 to 1832 he again was governor of Illinois.

Ninian Edwards' son, Ninian Wirt Edwards, was a distinguished lawyer at Springfield, Illinois, and at *his* house it was (not that of the first Ninian Edwards) that Lincoln married Mary Todd, sister to *that* Ninian Edwards' wife. This explanation I make because most persons, including a number of careful historians, have taken it for granted that Abraham Lincoln's wife was a sister-in-law to "Governor" Ninian Edwards. Abraham Lincoln's brother-in-law was never governor but was attorney-general of Illinois in 1834 and superintendent of public instruction from 1854 to 1857. No other public offices, so far as I know, were ever held by him.

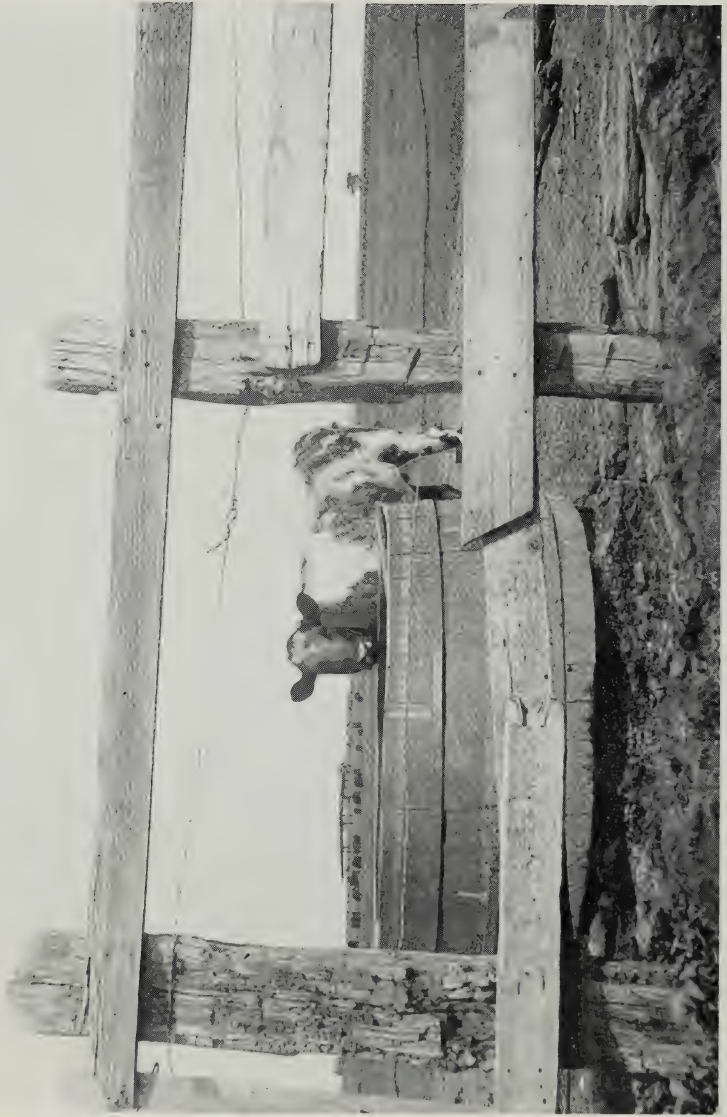
Ninian Edwards, Sr., died in 1833.



AUGUSTUS CHARLES BERNAYS

Born 1854, died 1907

A man of wilful ways and picturesque character yet a true friend and marvellous surgeon. In many ways he assisted in the reception of the Great New Medicine throughout the Mississippi Valley.



A TYPICAL KNOX COUNTY FARMSCAPE
(Photograph by T. H. S. on a Sunday with Dr. Hewitt among the Sick. 1897)

good nursing, good housekeeping, good mothering, affection beyond measure. She was only a little bit bigger than a child's big doll. Yet work and plan and contrive! I never have seen her equal excepting in another little woman—my mother.

My mother, whom she so very much resembled!

We would not fail, at least not so fast as I had been failing when she came. And we didn't—although, to succeed, actually to succeed, in times like those, was impossible even for a Rockefeller.

After seven long years! "Anyway," she used to say to me, "it is better, if we fail, to fail together. Do we not at least have happiness?"

She was right. We did have happiness. My Pittsfield savings diminished much less rapidly than before, and, in addition, our happiness increased continually and incredibly.

THE GALESBURG DOCTORS CLUB

A contributing factor to that happiness was a medico's club that was founded about this time, or somewhat earlier, by Dr. Hewitt and myself.

The medical profession of Galesburg, as a whole, had become a perfect orchestra of hate. Hewitt said, "No, but it understood only how to play dissonant chords." I could not see the difference. Every new doctor coming to the town was anathema to those who had been there longer. And the more nearly successful he was when he came, the more dissonant were the chords that the orchestra played about him.

One bright crash of medical music broke into that professional inferno like sweet melodies from heaven heard far away in hell—the discovery of the X-ray. I have already told, in this volume, though briefly indeed, that story of the X-rays coming into Galesburg, and, in "Tramping to Failure," at very much greater length. Suffice it here to repeat that, almost certainly the X-ray picture which Dr. Hewitt made of my left hand was the very first roentgenogram to be made in America. Hewitt was also very probably the first to use diphtheria antitoxin west of New York.

ANTITOXIN ON CHRISTMAS

Speaking of antitoxin, it was on a Christmas day that Dr. Hewitt was suddenly called out to give antitoxin in the country. "Bring your camera along," said he to me, "and get some fine snow pictures. Besides, there's a very bad eye in this family that you surely ought to see."

It was to the house of a Swedish settler and his comprehensive family that we went that day. And there was no true diphtheria in the family, so Dr. Hewitt said, not even a trace of it. Nor any bad eye trouble, so said I, but only a very mild case of simple conjunctivitis. But we staid in that family for hours. "Clannish," that family? Not a bit of it. Nor any other family where Dr. Hewitt was at any time.

Many in the big family that day had opened their boxes from Sweden, and we two doctors must see all and admire. Smoked reindeer from Lapland, Swedish cheeses of all kinds, fresh from hemlandet, and raspberry jam and strawberry preserves. And of each and everything we had to taste. Also we had to listen to tales from the children (there were something like twelve of them) about the Tomtar, those little old men with long gray beards who live in closets and under the floors and who, in the night, come out to do a large share of the work for the people of the house—if these have been "real good" the month before. Especially in those sacred days preceding Christmas they are helpful and kind.

Thank God that, on that blessed Christmas, all the other people in all the other houses that we visited were also doing extremely well and were also happy. How different the situation was from that sad Christmas in Pike County when I, all alone, drove "in a kind of vacuum," my father sick at home nigh unto death, and all the rest of the world either dead or gazing, helpless, into the hollow eyes of the common enemy of mankind.

ON WITH THE GALESBURG DOCTORS CLUB

Well, we founded the Galesburg Doctors Club, Hewitt and I, and it proved successful from the start.

The organization meeting took place on December 23, 1895. Says the *Daily Republican-Register* of Tuesday evening, December 24, 1895:

"A DOCTORS CLUB

"It was Organized Last Night—Who the Officers Are.

"The Galesburg Doctors Club was organized last night—with a membership limited to fifteen. The meeting was held at the office of Dr. Anderson [A mistake for Dr. Shastid]. Dr. Shastid was elected president; D. C. I. McIntosh, vice president; Dr. Anderson, secretary; Dr. Tovey, treasurer. The club meets weekly for the discussion of subjects connected with medicine and surgery. The subject for discussion next Monday night is "Asepsis and Antisepsis in the Treatment of Wounds."¹

The underlying idea in the establishment of this club was to get together the better educated physicians and surgeons of Galesburg, also those (they were in fact precisely the same group) who played no instruments whatever in that "orchestra of hate." For these two reasons the membership of the Club was necessarily quite limited.

The next meeting of the Club was to be held on December 30 (still in 1895). I insist a little on the date because it was at that very time when first in public I propounded and advocated the popular referendum on war—specifically, what I called "The War-Check Vote."²

THE BEGINNING OF MY PEACE WORK

I had, as I have said, been elected the first president of the Club, and, for my inauguration, I was to write an inaugural address. On what should I write?

"Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I pondered, weak and weary,"

¹ Even yet there were doctors in Galesburg who fought bitterly "the germ theory of disease," hence both asepsis and antisepsis. In the Doctors Club there was no opposition at all, I am happy to record, to the germ theory.

² A typographical error in one of my earlier articles gave the date as September 30, 1896. After that the date has often been so stated, and I myself, twice or thrice, refreshing my memory as to the date by referring to the clipping in which the error had been committed, simply repeated the error. Some years ago, however, having before me as I wrote (just as I do now while writing this footnote) my old-time Galesburg scrapbook, I corrected the error and, since then, have not repeated it.

I fell to reflecting, as so often I had done before, on the little white house and its long black shadow extending over all the earth.

Filled with inexpressible melancholy I pulled down a stack of historical works, which happened to be at my home, and soon was absorbed in long accounts of the various Napoleonic campaigns and especially in the Napoleonic methods for forcing draftees into wars and ruses whereby millions of young men had purposely rendered themselves unavailable for military service—chopping off the trigger finger, for example, blotting out the sight of one eye, etc.

As I read and read and kept on reading, I began to be surfeited with all those scenes of perfidy, trickery, stench and horror, ineffectual dead bones and blood.

Of what use, I reflected, are all the efforts of the medical profession to improve the human race—to stamp out and prevent disease, to cure disease—and of ministers and pedagogues to teach the people right ways of living, if, after all, once in each decade, or decade and a lustrum, the politicians of the various countries are to be allowed to draft their respective nations into war, and so, in a very brief space of time, to undo a hundred-fold all that the doctors, ministers and schoolteachers, with so much stress of mind and so much expenditure of other peoples' money, had been able to accomplish?

Let a farmer treat his herds as, from time to time, the profiteers and politicians treat their respective peoples—and what would surely happen? Suppose that a sheep raiser, now and then, in a senseless rage, would select the eugenically best males from his flocks and lead them out to slaughter. Would that improve the flocks? Hardly.

Here, then, I began to think, might be a topic suitable for an "inaugural address" to physicians.

I had always been much interested in history. But now I began to read it more deeply (as in fact I should have done away back in Vienna) and with a far more definite aim. To my astonishment I found that, in practically all wars, the people themselves had, by all the facts and figures available, been bitterly opposed to wholesale murder as a means of settling all or any international disputes. In our own par-

ticular wars, for example, from the very beginning of our revolution against England till the close of our Civil War, the people—quite contrary, of course, to the patriotic representations made in our little school histories—had been deeply opposed to almost any kind of war. Talk about governments being “controlled by public opinion”! Why! the governments, I found, as I read on, were actually accustomed, in war time, to suppressing, so far as they possibly could, even the very slightest expression of any anti-war public opinion—suppressing it even to the extent of preventing themselves from ascertaining how great or how little that anti-war opinion was.

And then—the drafts! How the full extent and necessity for the drafts had, in all our major wars, been carefully, cunningly, dishonestly concealed. Take our Civil War for example. Only at the very beginning of that strife were volunteers forthcoming to any considerable extent. And, even at that stage, the enlistments were secretly forced in ways that school historians seem never to understand.

Then, of course, dishonest *labelling* of troops.

There were hundreds and hundreds of thousands of draftees, yet each and every company and regiment of them was carefully labelled by our government “volunteers.” There were in the army “regulars” and there were in it “volunteers.” All who were not in the regular army were called “volunteers,” true volunteers and draftees alike. No such persons as draftees were known, officially, at Washington.¹

This was merely a small specimen of what I began to discover, as, filled with amazement and hottest indignation, I dug deeply and still more deeply into the truth.

Then, too, I began to learn that, in each and every nation, all through each and every war-time, not only the Great Power Seekers but also certain Big Business men had been standing steadily and greedily behind the bloody scenes, and, like maniacs at a fire, taking what they wanted. No ques-

¹ A similar situation prevailed in World War I. For example, draftees were practically compelled to let themselves be listed as “volunteers.”

Then, in World War II (the direct result, by the way, of World War I, which was, according to the world’s political crooks, a war to end wars) the fact that nearly all U. S. soldiers had to be drafted was thoroughly disguised by calling them “selectees.”

tion at all about these things. There were the official documents, the absolute, the undeniable, truths.¹

It was well to know that a good many persons who did not care at all for money, were, nevertheless, strongly motivated by the greed for power. Political power, however, incidentally implies the power to get money, so that, in effect, the two great motives for war-making are, in the Caesars, the Napoleons, the Charlemagnes, and so on, inextricably intermingled.

I dug still further. Then I found that the same war-profiteers (for money or power) had always, before each war had begun, been busy intriguing and contriving to bring that war about.

And, while the war was on, they had been busy precisely to the very limits of their power, deluging not only their own land but all other nations with lying propaganda concerning the conflict and its causes. And ever the biggest lie of all was that the liars themselves had not desired the war, but that the common people, the masses, had "pushed" them into it.

And the government had always, without one single exception, done the will of those mendacious profiteers, or else the will of political power-seekers.

Talk about "representative government"! Whom did the government represent—the people or the profiteers and power-seekers?

Most astonishing of all was the fact that many of the Christian clergy, who, in times of peace, had always and emphatically urged the doctrine of absolute non-resistance, right-about-faced, just so soon as any war threatened, and followed no longer the doctrines of the Prince of Peace, but, instead, the commands, express or implied, of the outrageous profiteers and power-seekers. "War! War! War!" they had

¹ See, among other authorities, Rhodes, "History of the United States," Vol. V, pages 209 ff.

Rhodes, for example, quotes Olcott, a special commissioner appointed by Secretary of War Stanton to investigate the war-frauds, as follows: "It is my deliberate conviction, based upon the inspection of many bureaus, and the examination of some thousands of witnesses, in every walk of life, that at least twenty, if not twenty-five per cent of the entire expenditures of the government during the rebellion were tainted with fraud. That is to say that over \$700,000,000.00 were paid to public robbers," etc.

Many persons think of the Northern Government, during the Civil War, as composed exclusively of men like Edwin M. Stanton and Abraham Lincoln. How different the truth!

shouted, not once but invariably, whenever a war had threatened, and always they had either believed or else had professed to believe in the silly excuses which had been given out for even the most unrighteous of all our wars.

I was hurt and indignant almost beyond expression. Myself a churchman, I could hardly believe my eyes, as I explored the *Congressional Record*, the reports of official committees and other of our public documents, as well as old volumes of sermons and of religious journals. I read again and yet again. But always with the same or more astounding results.

Whenever a war had threatened, a few brave Christian ministers, it is true, had always stood up for their peace-time doctrines without the slightest hesitancy and without hedging. But the great majority of ministers had shifted with the wind, had done as commanded by the chief contributors and power-holders in their churches, and, in a word, had been, next to the venal portion of the press itself, the chief and most persistent and universally submissive mouthpieces for the war.¹

One of the most disgusting points about the matter was that, almost as soon as the war was over, these complete tergiversators invariably began speaking as if no tergiversation on their parts had occurred. "The only way to end war," they would then shout, "is by teaching the world the Christian spirit." As if, when the Christian spirit could not keep the ministers themselves from shouting for war whenever a war threatened, it was likely to do much better with the profiteers and politicians who, under every constitution beneath the sun, still held the unlimited war power!

Many more things, as I read, I learned about war, about who make war, and how those who engender it invariably attempt to produce the impression that *they* could never afford to have a war, and that it was an actual axiom that the common people (whose ears they had filled with lies, and whose mouths, even so, they had had to close by law and by force, and whose blood and whose bones they had seized by organized violence) that had compelled them, those

¹ Anyone who doubts this statement needs only to turn to war-time and just-before-war-time files of American religious journals and magazines and read for himself.

secret intriguers, together with the government with which they had intrigued, to enter into the conflict.¹

Even in times of peace, as I found, the lying propaganda went steadily on, especially the doctrine that not the politicians and the profiteers, but the masses (the "mob" as the propagandists disrespectfully referred to them) do in fact want and do in fact produce the wars.

Filled with indignation, I wrote my address. Nothing did I extenuate or aught set down in malice. I told simply the hideous, but, in those times, deeply hidden, truth.

And then I proposed to the members of that club the one and obvious remedy for war—not for all wars, but for outside (extraterritorial) wars. Inside wars (wars to suppress rebellions and to repel invasions) could not by any possibility, I said, be stopped. That impossibility I believed that I thoroughly demonstrated at that time, and I think so still.

But wars produced by governments' sending armies outside their own boundaries, these, the great planet-shaking catastrophies, could, as I showed by the facts, readily be stopped and by what seemed to me a very common-sense method indeed.

Always we had heard that "public opinion" was what really made or prevented wars. But, in war-time, public opinion was precisely the one thing which governments carefully, vigorously, systematically suppressed. I proposed an amendment² to the various constitutions which would give to public opinion an actual opportunity for expression, and an advantageous position where it would have to take effect—*i.e.*, at the polls.

All this, of course, implied that, in any country adopting the War-Check Vote, there would be no dictatorship, no

¹ There is grave reason to believe that, both before and since the years which I passed at Galesburg, foreign financiers and governments, working in the background at our presidential nominating conventions, have bought the votes of many of our delegates thereto, not merely in the convention of one major political party but in both. Then, howsoever the people of America voted at the election, they were simply putting into office a president who, at no time, would do anything whatever to reveal the true nature of pro-war, pro-foreign propaganda broadcast in this country by every available avenue of misinformation. Neither (though perhaps assuming publicly a pacifist attitude) would he do anything whatever to prevent the drawing of this country into war.

² Since then I have added a second amendment, one relating to governmental foreign gifts and loans. Of this hereafter.

concentration of power in the hands of one person or small group of persons. Under a dictatorship, of course, a vote would not be truly a vote—being militarily controlled. And the War-Check Vote would be nothing where there could not be a vote. In fact it *was* just one kind of vote. If not a vote it was not anything whatever. All this, of course, implied that, to stop extraterritorial war-making, there must exist both the War-Check Vote Amendment to the given country's constitution *and also* a democratic government.

In other words, to get people to understand that the War-Check Vote is the only possible means for stopping (outside) wars is *the very best possible means of getting them to see the inevitable necessity for barring all dictatorships and preserving democracy unhampered forevermore.*

That amendment, to sum the matter up, which I proposed for adoption to our Constitution—later, to the constitutions of as many other countries as possible—provided for a referendum to the people before its government could “make or declare” any war whatsoever, even the very tiniest, beyond its own boundaries.¹

I proceeded by superabundant evidence to show that, in practically all wars, the masses had been opposed to the wars, and that, further, to compress the matter into a nutshell, it was simply insane to leave the power to make wars any further in the hands of those who prosper, either in wealth or in power, and prosper enormously, by war.

There was, however, another side to this matter. What about an invasion of, say, this country by some foreign power? No “War-Check Vote” could possibly stop an invasion from without. It could, and undoubtedly would, stop our own government from compelling us to invade the lands of other peoples, but how could our voting “no war” keep us from becoming invaded—something that a power-seeking, war-desiring U. S. president could actually himself bring

¹ A careful investigation into the constitutions of nearly all countries which I made a little later, revealed the astonishing fact that, in absolutely not one of them had any provision whatever been made at any time for a check on war in the hands of the people themselves. Researches which I have made in the last few years have yielded the same results.

about by Machiavellian maneuvering should world conditions become sufficiently unsettled?

To cover what seemed to be the entire range of war possibilities, therefore, I created the slogan, "Heavy armament at all times to keep others from invading us; the War-Check Vote at all times to keep us from invading others." The great difficulty, of course, involved in putting this slogan completely into the form of constitutional amendments lay in the fact that the word "heavy" as applied to "armament" has a very indefinite meaning. Just *how* heavy is "heavy"? The heavy armament amendment would not be effective, and therefore invasions of this country could continue to occur, in case either some pacifistic administration or some war-desiring administration should provide this country with very light armament only and then declare that the armament was in fact "heavy." Moreover, the divisional requirements (air, navy, ground forces) as well as the equipment requirements for each of these three divisions of the military service would necessarily vary from decade to decade, even perhaps from year to year.

Of course as to the weaker nations—Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and so on—this armament side of the matter could not be of great importance in any case, because none of such nations could ever sufficiently arm to keep out strong invaders. Such nations would, in any case, have to rely upon the War-Check-Vote Amendment—i.e., its adoption by the peoples of the powerful countries, to keep those countries from invading the weaker ones.

As to the most powerful country of all, and the most important one of all, for us, the U. S. A., the term "heavy" could indeed be defined as, for example, "heavy enough to protect this country against invasion by the two next strongest powers combined." Even so, of course, there would be some ambiguity. And, in any case, the War-Check Vote Amendment, which is clear and specific in the highest degree,¹ would of itself prevent practically all international wars because, as I then proved by history and, since then, have proved much more thoroughly, no people on this earth ever demands that its government either declare or make international wars.

¹ Especially as enlarged and improved in later years.

For all these reasons, I did not, at that time, include in my peace plan any other amendment than just that for the War-Check Vote. I did, however, insist very strongly on the slogan, later just a little enlarged to this: Heavy armament at all times to keep others from invading *or attacking*¹ us; the War-Check Vote at all times to keep us from invading *or attacking* others." And I made it clear indeed that I, for one, should have no objection whatsoever to the adoption of a "heavy armament" amendment to the U. S. Constitution in addition to the amendment for the War-Check Vote, in fact that I believed it would constitute at least a clear and convincing command from the sovereign people of the United States to their servants, the government, always to keep sufficient military protection on hand to prevent any probable invasion of this country.²

THE PLAN—HOW RECEIVED

A strongly militaristic physician, as I finished, cried out: "O Hades! Why do you make such a fuss about slaughtering human beings? A man is only a bit of mud and water."

Another, more calmly: "There are plenty of human beings. The most of them need killing anyhow."

"But those," I answered, "who need the killing do not, in war time, get it. They receive instead power and *safety* and honor and profits and, after the war, high diplomatic positions and other social and political preferments."

Still another said: "Doctor Shastid's plan would involve a change in our Constitution. I never could tolerate that, although I believe that his plan would indeed stop all wars between the nations."³

¹ The words, "or attacking," were thus twice added, because a foreign power could, in fact, start a war with us by attacking our vessels on the high seas, though without an invasion of our territory.

² After the close of the First World War, in 1918, I, having learned from that conflict the necessity for so doing, proposed an additional amendment to the Constitution whose general tenor and purport may be sufficiently indicated by its opening words, as follows: "Neither in peace nor in war shall the United States or any of their subdivisions, official organizations or agencies, give or loan to any foreign nation or nations or any subdivision of a foreign nation, or to any person or persons or organization or organizations on behalf thereof, any money, credit, or supplies, or act as guarantor or surety in the case of any foreign loan or loans as above described, without first submitting the question or questions to a vote of the people of the United States at an election at which no other question or questions shall be decided."

³ How often, in the following decades, I have heard that forceless objection! The plan would stop international wars—thus, probably and eventually, save the human race—but

Yet another said, "I cannot believe other than that it is never the governments that make or want wars. It is the peoples, always, who push their governments into wars."

My answer was, "Doctor, you are well read in history. You therefore know that, until the American Revolution against Great Britain had given this country political freedom—a freedom which now has extended to some other (but by no means to all other) nations of the world, the masses in no country, from the very beginning of history until 1776, had had any more voice in government (therefore any more voice on war or no war) than had their masters' horses, cattle, sheep and swine. Yet all the world was full of wars in all those centuries and millenaries before that date. Who, then, during that enormously long period, made all the wars—i.e., when the peoples themselves could not possibly have made them, peoples who were not permitted to learn even how to read and to write and who oftentimes did not know that a war was on till some messenger from a government came into the workshop or the field, and, spear or gun in hand, commanded, 'Follow me and ask no questions'?

"And do you think that, after thousands of years of war-making, the governments of the world all of a sudden, in 1776, turned anti-war?"

Well read as he was, he could not dispute the facts.

One man, a very earnest Christian, said: "When we follow the teachings of the ministers of Christ, there will be no more wars." When I showed him a few of the facts about ministers in war-time—how, for example, whenever a war had threatened, the great majority of Christian ministers immediately forsook their peace-time doctrine, and, in its place, began preaching war—became, indeed, the loudest and most persistent mouthpieces of the pro-war party—he was speechless.

The great majority, however, of those present at the meeting, received the paper with considerable approval—greatly, I confess, to my surprise.

it would necessarily mean an alteration in the Constitution. Therefore it should never be adopted.

You would think, to listen to such objectors, that constitutions had not been devised for the benefit of people, but that people had been invented and that they even still exist solely for the benefit of important legal documents.

However, no war at the time was anywhere threatening, and, soon after, my address had been forgotten. Forgotten, that is, except by one physician only, the first militarist above mentioned, who did not like so great a palaver to be made about the killing of human beings, mere little messes of "mud and water." Always thereafter this man hated me, and lost no chance to show me that he did.

He was the first of a very long line of enemies that, in the course of decades, I have made simply by my teaching that it is lunacy to leave the unlimited power to make war between the nations in the hands of the kind of people who extract vast fortunes or vast powers and sometimes both out of war.

As to the fellow's talk about men being only mere messes of mud and water, nothing, I think, could have given my soul a deeper offense. The only real value in life, to my thinking, was life. Sans life, what else could matter?

So deeply imbued in fact had I early become with the infinite meaning and the plainly inexpressible value of life that I could not help respecting it even in the humble worm or ameba. Sometimes, as I think I have already said, I could not resist the most intense conviction that the rocks themselves are not merely vast graveyards—a fact quite plainly apparent on the least investigation—but that, in addition, they, even the rocks of igneous origin, all possess a sort of inherent, howsoever dim and indefinite, life—a dull, but all-pervasive consciousness.

Impossible to think of the innumerable heavenly bodies as being devoid of life, howsoever low or high their temperatures!

And, with a feeling like that in the inmost depths of me, I never could honestly fellowship again the crude, inappreciative scoffer at the highest forms of life and all life's profound mysteries and lofty connotations—especially after he had shown me plainly that he disliked me because I did not also scoff.

I spoke frequently on peace, my particular plan for peace, in Galesburg, Abingdon, Peoria, and also was very busy

with my practice.¹ It was, too, in Galesburg that I published the first of my long succession of medical articles. Yet, too, I found much time for tramping. I read books by the scores, by the hundreds, chiefly at the midnight lamp.

THE HOBO'S INSTABILITY

The sickness continued. Nothing, to be sure, but the results of that old appendicitis, and yet, because of our lack of true knowledge about such matters in that day, very terrible indeed.

Then, too, the tramp had begun to get quite restless at his much too steady job.

Old dreams began to float about his disrespectable head—old dreams, this time, as it happened, of the law.

There were several reasons why I wished to study law, not all of which can here be stated. Three were: 1.—At Inveni I had often wished to be a lawyer. 2.—(quite obvious) To indulge my old propensity for tramping. 3.—To enable myself to deal more adequately, because of the Peace Plan, with questions of public international law, of our own Constitution and its judicial interpretation, and, in addition, of comparative constitutional law.

But, first of all, I must get back health—if possible.

Three black, unspeakable, pain-filled years at Galesburg—lost, all lost, so far as health and true happiness were concerned, so far also as concerned material acquisitions.

Yet they were not quite all lost either. Out of that raging hell of pain and incapacity and the intense longing for continued life and the blessings of abundant health which it engendered, had been born, I rather believe—The Plan.

¹ This account of the beginning of the War-Check Vote movement is somewhat fuller than the highly condensed one given in my "Tramping to Failure." Even this one, however, is not presented as a verbatim account of everything which passed, relative to the W. C. V., at that meeting of the Galesburg, Ill., Doctors Club on December 30, 1895.

THE COMPANION DOES THE PACKING

The Companion would not let a professional packer pack—nor any other kind of packer either. As for myself, I was much too sick at the time of our leaving to pack or even to assist at it. I insisted on a professional packer coming. "It would be the cheapest in the long run," I urged, and no doubt it would. But the Companion would not have it so. "I told you I would show you how to save money," was her repeated answer.

She was radiantly beautiful. The weather was terribly hot, I was always worse in hot weather, and she felt quite certain that, when we had removed to "the cool country," I should be quite well again. If so, the making of money would again be easy, and, as she had stated so often, so now yet again she would state, that she would teach me how to live on thin air and get fat at it.¹

There was a man who had been "blind" in one eye for many years, a matter which suddenly assumed great im-

¹ I cannot leave the Galesburg part of my story without supplying this catch-all footnote.

There was the townsman who ended his life because he was afraid to die, also the countrywoman who said her legs had turned to glass so that, in consequence, she did not dare to walk. Hewitt made her walk—run rapidly in fact, also go to work again and be a good, happy housewife. There was the fellow who imagined he had murdered a man that had died suddenly and mysteriously. He said that, catching the man out on a country road, on the night in question, he had run a sharpened nail through the hairy part of his temple and into the brain. At the earnest solicitation of the dead man's wife the body was exhumed and examined, not far from the family graveyard, by Drs. Hewitt, Tovey and myself. There was no sign of a wound in the temple or elsewhere. Later, the young man was placed in a sanitarium, not for this but for other reasons. There was also the dead body that Hewitt and I "posted" away over in another county. This body when alive had been connected with a head which thought it had invented a breast-armor that was absolutely bullet-proof. The head then had picked a quarrel with its wife's paramour. The paramour had shot the body in the bullet-proof armor before the head had thought to cause its hand to shoot the paramour. Something had happened then *behind* the armor. Hence—our post-mortem. In yet another case a northwest Illinois blue-blood and only child of a wealthy widow, having gone to a large city, mounted the stair to a bawdy-house door, rang the bell. The person responding to the summons struck for reasons unknown the blue-blood on the noggin with some hard object—from which assailment the blue-blood, after having been brought to his northwest Illinois home, had died. Hewitt had attended. The doctor (not Hewitt) who "posted" the case reported, "Death from injury by hold-up man." (The blue-blood had not been robbed.) There was the maiden lady who, because of old age, had forgotten her own name but who remembered clearly the name of a husband she never had had, together with several never-existent children and a whole host of equally never-existent grandchildren and great-grandchildren. God mercifully took this good woman in the night and without pain.

There was *my* patient who imagined himself deaf. "But," said I, "you do hear me and easily." "Yes," said he, "but you are only an imaginary person." There were a dozen more young women who, at different times, had gone suddenly blind and then been brought to see me, but who had no sign of trouble in their eyes. A very few days, or it might have been hours, without the slightest treatment, sufficed to restore the vision.

portance. In a quite recent brawl he had had the sighted eye completely knocked out with a pair of brass knuckles, so that I had to amputate that eye. Then, all of a sudden, the sight in the formerly "blind" eye became normal again. (This patient, I was clearly informed later, had been handsomely compensated years before by a well-to-do man for having, through negligence, caused the "total blindness" in the eye which now so suddenly and opportunely recovered its vision.)

Hosts of less important memories also float back to me—memories, however, with which I would not willingly part—zillions of stories, for example, about his numerous patient-characters wherewith Hewitt regaled me after his office hours or on our rides. "What *is* 'money'?" Hewitt had asked jestingly, he told me, of a patient who had come to pay him some of that article. The answer: "Money is that which, when you've saved his little boy's life, they have to give you some of theirs." "That," said Hewitt, somewhat hyperbolically, "was the finest use of the English language that ever I have known." Another night: "I saw a Swede at the post-office window to-day. The clerk said to him, 'Your letter is overweight.' 'Then I yust trim him off vit' my knife.' 'No. It needs another stamp.' 'Vat you mean den,' said the Swede, 'is dat de letter is understamp, not overveight.' Shastid, we need that new word, understamp."

I remember, too, the visit which my father and mother made to Galesburg in the hope of benefitting my health—in particular the many little scraps of conversation I heard pass between Hewitt and my father. How extremely different the two men were, yet how strongly they attracted each other. The one young—only thirty, a year younger than I; the other sixty-six (very old to me *then*). Both quite tall, but the one blue-eyed and blond, the other as dark as an Italian. My father shy, quiet, always anxious about something. Hewitt bold, eternally vivacious and absolutely care-free, come what might. How they compared notes about surgery, about medicine, about obstetrics, about Latin and Greek particularly: Hewitt was an excellent classicist yet my father's Latin and Greek were an eternal surprise and astonishment to him.



AN OLD-TIME OCULIST'S OFFICE AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS

(1895)

The Tramp's Waiting-Room at Galesburg, Illinois. In this apartment was held, December 23, 1895, the organization meeting of the Galesburg Doctor's Club.



AN OLD-TIME OCULIST'S OFFICE AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS
(1895)

The Tramp's Consultation-Room at Galesburg, Illinois. Here it was that John Michael Hewitt, of a night, regaled me with unparalleled characterizations of his patients—incidentally with accounts of his new surgical operations.

Observe, the old-time Harvard leather operating-chair, the bone-handled operating instruments,



AN OLD-TIME OCULIST'S OFFICE AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS (1895)

The Tramp's Dark-Room. Oculistic instruments, left to right: refractometer, ophthalmometer, Stevens phorometer (invented by Geo. T. Stevens, New York). The large cabinet at the right is an Edison cauter battery, the only successful electro-cautery then in use. Above and farther back, suspended by a metal standard and arm, is an electrically operated drill for removing bone from nose or ear.



AN OLD-TIME OCULIST'S OFFICE AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS (1895)

The Tramp's Refraction Room and Drug Room. In the glazed case, above the trial case and the perimenter, are papier-mache models of the ear, larynx and some other organs.

It was in this room, should anyone care to know, that the War-Check Vote was first proposed by T. H. S., at the second meeting of the Galesburg Doctor's Club, December 30, 1895.

The X-ray and its meaning to the future were often in their talk. Hewitt knew all about the action of those rays as then understood, but he did not think they had much future. My father saw more clearly what was coming: in fact he scarcely beheld anything except in its relation to the future and to the past. What had brought it about? What would it lead to? I was with the two quite often both in the Cottage Hospital and in the country. Always Hewitt was quick, bold, his very presence and manner a stimulant to recovery, to perfect health. My father was such a stimulant too, but in a different way. And always when the three of us had got back to the buggy, my father would point out numerous dangers, possible disappointments, pitfalls, and the like, which Hewitt had never thought of but for the mention of which he was always decidedly grateful.

Both these men were inventive. Hewitt, I remember, was working on a new kind of splint, showed the model thereof to my father. Father at once suggested a number of improvements which Hewitt as quickly accepted and later incorporated in his model and used in his cases. Yet I doubt if ever he gave the world that splint. He was like my father also in the fact that he did not like to write. My father liked only to write affectionate and instructive letters to his boys. Hewitt detested writing in any way, shape, manner or form and for any purpose whatsoever. Besides, he had no children.

When the two fell to talking about people—patients and doctors alike—I had more chance to edge into the confab. I remember that, one day, as we walked along the street, Hewitt began asking questions of my father about old Dr. Dublin, of Pittsfield. Father replied eulogistically, and, when a pause came in the conversation, I told Hewitt a number of new things that I chanced to remember about Dublin—winding up, as it happened, with this remark, "So you see that he had a terrific and wholly undisguised superiority complex."

Hewitt seemed nettled. "*Superiority complex?*"

"Yes."

"Hadn't he a right to it?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"Didn't you say he was Irish?"

I did not press the debate, and, anyway, that night—the night before my parents left for Pittsfield—we all ate dinner at Hewitt's house—Mrs. Hewitt and the Doctor, my parents and myself—and we sat up talking (quite sick though I was) until long after midnight.

A few days later the Companion and I left Galesburg for the cool country. She, poor child, worn out by the packing of household goods and office effects, went into the sleeper and lay down. Hewitt and I, sitting on a railroad truck by the side of the sleeper, talked on and talked on. Presently the whistle blew, the bell rang.

We both rose. Hewitt turned away his head. "It's going to be mighty lonesome." He did not look at me again, but ran quickly across the tracks and to where his horse and buggy still stood that had brought us to the depot.

It had been a great friendship. It still is—though Hewitt never writes.

THE "CRICK"

We settled, at first, in Battle Creek, Michigan, not for me to practice medicine there but to recover my health. For a considerable while I was much too sick to walk, therefore spent my time completely at the sanitarium. Later we bought a Lilliputian house at 175 Manchester Avenue, and I, grown stronger, walked daily to and from the "San" for treatment. In the matter of walking indeed I grew at length quite capable again, though the intestinal trouble continued. In our little house I wrote a number of medical and general articles, also a tiny book called "Practising in Pike," which was published also in *Bulletin of the American Academy of Medicine*. "A Country Doctor" (a brief eulogy of my father, which is rather widely known) I had already written at Galesburg and published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, February 27, 1897. Afterwards it appeared illustrated and in the form of a very little book.

THE PEACE-PLAN TESTED

And now, for a very short time and for obvious reasons, I shall have to break the rule I have generally observed in this volume: namely, not to repeat any matter, save only

the bare chronology, I had used in the former story of my life, "Tramping to Failure."

As I sojourned at "The Crick," I had, as it happened, a perfect opportunity to find out for myself and while a war was impending—later, actually in progress—just how the masses of the people did feel concerning war. At first I thought that the masses were, without an exception, in favor of that war. The most of the newspapers said flatly that they were. So did the leading magazines. So, too, did many public speakers. So, even to this day, do most of the histories.

I was especially shocked and amazed—though I had not any cause at all to be so—to find that the ministers of Jesus, almost without exception, were doing as always they had done theretofore—laying aside their doctrine of non-resistance under all circumstances, and out-shouting all the other wild shouters for the conflict.

By the *Congressional Record* itself I discovered that Congress had sent down into Cuba a committee of investigation to ascertain the so-called truth about affairs in Cuba, and then to report it to Congress. No less a person than Clara Barton herself, organizer and first president of the American Red Cross, had already testified, after the most careful and accurate personal investigation in Cuba (1) That the destruction of property and the various alleged personal atrocities in Cuba had been very grossly exaggerated. (2) That the most of these that had really occurred, had been committed not by the Spaniards but by the insurrectos themselves. (3) That, in consequence, the Cuban Republic ought not to be recognized by the United States.

A few fair newspapers told the truth about the situation, about for example the American interests¹ which were doing their utmost to engender a conflict, even to the extent of sending filibusters and ammunition to the insurrectos, and, secretly, intriguing to get the ammunition into the most effective use.

President McKinley and Vice-President Garrett A. Hobart, who, through the State Department, understood the situa-

¹On the part which "Sugar" played in begetting the Spanish-American War, see Hamlin, "War Myth in U. S. History," page 64.

tion, were both bitterly opposed to the war. So were all the members of the cabinet, except two. Better than almost any others in the United States could possibly have done, they knew that war's non-necessity. Mark Hanna, leader in the Senate, was against it tooth and nail. So was the Speaker of the House. According to General Woodford, our then Ambassador to Spain, there was not the slightest necessity for the war. "Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the relief of Americans in Cuba, but, up to the fall of 1897, only \$6,000 of the \$50,000 had been used, so little need was there for it." (Hamlin, "The War Myth in U. S. History," page 66.) "United States *citizens owned wealth* in Cuba to the amount of \$50,000,000 and our commerce with Cuba amounted to \$1,000,000,000 annually. These interests, of course, demanded intervention. Our Department of State in its correspondence with Spain estimated that \$16,000,000 worth of American property had been destroyed in Cuba at the close of 1897, for which property Spain was held responsible. This was a greatly exaggerated figure, for at the close of the war a claims commission was created by Congress to investigate those claims, and this commission recognized as valid claims amounting to only about \$362,252." (*Op. cit.*, page 67.)

But all general knowledge of the really important facts about the war were, so far as possible, suppressed. Powerful interests, standing in the dense dark behind our central government, nagged, even compelled, Congress on to the war.

On February 15, 1898, the U. S. warship, *Maine*, at anchor in the harbor of Havana, was blown up. Not a competent historian in all the world to-day believes that that vessel was blown up at the instigation of the Spanish government or of Spanish business interests. But the very convenient accident was seized upon by the American pro-war party both in Congress and out of Congress, and, willy-nilly, we had the war.

No conscription, in that small war, had to be resorted to by our government. Only a few more than 200,000 soldiers were asked for, and that number was easily obtained by voluntary enlistment. However, not one man in eighty of military age in the United States offered his services to his

country for that war. Of this last, all-important fact you seldom hear the slightest mention.

At the Battle Creek "San" I met people from various parts of the United States, and, much to my surprise—for these were chiefly members of "the classes"—nearly all were "with the President"—*i.e.*, opposed to war.

Then I went out and talked with factory hands, section hands, farm hands. At least nine-tenths of these were also "with the President."

I made a visit to Chicago and vicinity. There too I found that identical situation. Said one man on a hand-car, "We're with the President. He's ag'in the war, an' doesn't he know the facts? An' the Vice-President an' the cabinet, an' Mark Hanna, an' the Spayker av the House. But most of Congress wants the war. Now there's *some* nayger in the woodpile. Not all of Congress naither, but a majority."

But most of the newspapers and the magazines declared without cessation that the masses were wanting the war.

And, to this day, very many historians, although they brand that war as both unjust and absolutely unnecessary, nevertheless emphatically declare that it was forced upon our government by the "great masses" of the United States.

Poor scapegoat masses!

Almost immediately after the close of the Spanish-American conflict, came our war in the Philippine Islands. This, too, was absolutely unnecessary. Says Prof. C. H. Hamlin, of Atlantic Christian College, in his "War Myth in U. S. History," page 75: "During this period, the American army resorted to every description of barbaric torture. Among other measures, the policy of concentrating the inhabitants in camps was resorted to, which was the same policy we had objected to the use of by Spain in Cuba. Prisoners of war were executed in retaliation for crimes of which they knew nothing. One of our notorious army officers known as 'Hell-Roaring' Jake Smith commanded that every building in a certain area be burned and every native over ten years of age be slain.

"These three years of guerilla warfare cost the United States \$170,000,000. All of this expensive cruelty, aside

from being unjust, was wholly unnecessary, for the natives of the Philippines were willing to co-operate with the United States to develop their civilization by peaceful methods. The resistance was caused by the presence of United States soldiers on the islands."

THE LAW SCHOOL

So far—as I have formerly stated—my health would improve, and then no farther. Therefore went I one day over to Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, there to consult with Dr. Charles B. de Nancrede, professor of clinical surgery in that institution. "If you'll stay in this city for one or two whole years, I believe that I can cure you." So said he. My old-time dreams of study at a law school began, at this, to become more vivid.

One day, up we pulled our tiny stakes and moved over to Ann Arbor.

Getting back health and studying law could now very conveniently be carried on together.

Tramp-like, though, at the University, I entered—having already received my Bachelor of Arts at Harvard—on what was termed "the three-year combined course" for the Master of Arts (one year of study in the Literary Department) and the Bachelor of Laws (three years of study in the Law School).

Four years' work altogether, to be accomplished in three years.

One day, shortly after I had got started in my studies, the dean called me into his office and handed me—actually!—an anonymous letter to read, postmarked "Inveni." Who had written it could have been told in three guesses. The dean, as he gave it to me, said: "You may keep it if you like. I have not read one-third of it. It is too bad that people who write such things cannot be punished without the expenditure of much energy, money and time."¹

Soon after my matriculation, I began to see the law as something very different from what I had always imagined it to be. Not indeed a vast confusion or hodge-podge of

¹ Even in these old-age days at Duluth I have received an anonymous letter, this one direct from its author, which, though postmarked with the name of a large western city,

(as a whole) meaningless regulations, but a truly gigantic attempt to impose upon what would otherwise have been such a hodge-podge, some semblance of sanity, system, and order.

My respect for the law was enormously increased. This was a science, not indeed a natural science such as biology, but a science of human relations—and, therefore, beyond all others interesting. Another phase of life! A bird's eye view of human life!

Much illumination, too, it would, no doubt, spread, that incomparable science, over the all-important subject of peace and war.

Well, it certainly did—in some ways.

I studied, I believe, as never I had studied before.

And my health, too, began greatly to improve, thanks to the ministrations of Dr. de Nancrede.

I had always, on my trappings and at my various hand-outs, been something of a chap—as heretofore stated—to put queries. Now, at Ann Arbor also, I decided to ask questions and to ask them abundantly—questions, for example, on comparative constitutional law, on private and on public international law, also on the history of such significant matters for the human race as peace and war, the real causes which underlay these supremely important things, the prospects (if any) for an early development of some trustworthy method for stopping wars—wars, at least, between the nations.

Sooner or later, of course, as I talked with the more accostable of the professors, I broached (quite as gently as I could) my own particular plan for peace.

The varied “reactions” which I noted I have already described at considerable length in “Tramping to Failure.”

was filled to the brim with the odd-enough spirit of *Inveni* and revenge. After these long years too!

Inasmuch as the President of *Inveni* and all his curious faculty had passed over the horizon years and years before, this letter had been written by a former student of that institution.

I filed it away alongside the numerous letters, nearly all commendatory, which had come to my parents from my old-time teachers at *Inveni*.

It is a great curiosity, that letter—a strange human document. After all these years! Of no importance, of course, except as a human document!

SALLY

I cannot recall "those old Ann Arbor days" without at least one word of heartfelt tribute to my old-time chum at the Law School—Mr. Broussaix Sallee.

Sallee had taken his freshman year at the school the year before I had taken my own. Then he had dropped out for a year. Then he returned to the school in the fall of 1900—which fact, as it happened, made us co-juniors.

He, too, was older than the average of our class, though not so much older as I. By natural consequence, we, one day, drifted together, and, having talked simultaneously and continuously for perhaps three hours, discovered, each, a certain fitness in the other, a common tramp-hood perhaps, and so became as thoroughly sealed in that mysterious order called "friendship" as were ever any twain in the European universities of the middle ages.

He was a short, chunky, chap, with brown, curly hair, lustrous and very active hazel eyes, and, withal, quite ruddy cheeks and the shiningest of coral lips that any mere young maid might have envied. A rather girlish-looking young man. For which reason, the more especially as his surname chanced to be Sallee, it was quite inevitable that, by a gang like '02 Law at Michigan, he should be nicknamed "Sally."

"Sally" he is to me still. So I ever addressed him through after-years in my letters.

For which plain reason it happened that, once within these later days at the Lakehead, when the Companion lay ill, our temporary maid, who was "righting up" my study, chanced upon a letter which I had started to "My dearest Sally" and then had left unfinished upon my desk, and took it instanter to the Companion with bright, bulging eyes and lips filled with startling information and loud exclamations.

Well, Sally was my chum. As my health improved, Sally and I took walks together—great, long walks and many of them.

On these we discussed the universe (for he, too, was an incorrigible drifter and zigzagger) zoologically, botanically, astronomically, geologically (not mathematically at all,

you understand, at any time), medically, legally, and—most of all—politically and historically.

“When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sails of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me.”

So we used to shout together, as we hoofed it over the roads of “Washtenaw County, ss.”

And, of a truth, the tide of time did flow fondly back with both of us, as we discoursed of kings and queens, dead dynasties, deceased (if still secretly active) political principles, and all the sense and nonsense of past ages that we knew.

But when we talked of things historical, I gave to the field of irenics (the science of plans for lasting peace) a good, wide, berth. There was always in Sally at least a touch of the highly aristocratic. He had come from one of the blue-blood families of Kaintuck, and I feared lest—So I gave to the Plan a good wide berth.

Then, long after our Law School days it was, in a letter of effusion—after Armageddon in fact—I turned loose and laid before him the whole War-Check Vote.

And behold he was heart and soul for that Plan, and would gladly have been so all the time.

Which would have been a great advantage for the War-Check, for, of all the quick and accurate minds it had been my pleasure to know, Sally’s I believe was the quickest and most accurate.¹

THE COMPANION AT ANN ARBOR

The Companion was one of those women who live not their own lives but those of their husbands, who, in other words, belong to the great Sisterhood of Self-Sacrifice. In this respect, again, she was the counterpart of my mother.

Loving her home, she went little into society. She did her housework all by herself and in addition the typewriting for all my work, the law work included.

¹ Concerning the death of Sally on August 20, 1930, see “Tramping to Failure,” page 474.

It was here, while I was still a student at Ann Arbor, that there came to the Companion and me the blackest tragedy of our lives.

For here it was that our only child was born, a girl whom we had decided to name for my mother, Louisa Minerva. We had employed for the occasion of her birth what we at least had thought to be the highest available skill. And yet, when she entered this world, the back of her head had been carelessly crushed and the respiratory center paralyzed.

For long hours I performed artificial respiration for her, and, so long as I did that, she lived. But whenever I ceased to do her breathing for her, she at once began to pass away.

Intolerable as was the thought, there was nothing else to do than merely, at last, to hold her very tight against my breast and let her return into the unknown.

Adding to the tragedy, the Companion, for well-nigh two years after the coming and the departure of the baby, was completely paralyzed in the lower extremities.

Since then we have had no children.
The years and the years!

Always and for everything, as Emerson has told us, there are compensations.

A few years after the baby's death, when I was engaged in medical practice in southern Illinois—the Companion acting as my assistant in the office—there arrived, one day, with eyes needing attention, a tiny maiden, who, on being questioned by the Companion, turned out to have been born on the very day whereon little Louisa had come to us—and left.

This little Maiden, then, Miss Helen Margaret Lehman, daughter of Professor Philip Lehman, Principal of the Carterville, Ill., Public Schools, we took to ourselves as a blessed compensation for her we had lost; but, later, we knew her clearly for her own sweet self in addition.

In such ways the world does somehow manage to move bravely on.¹

¹ Helen, in 1923, married Donald R. Husband, widely known attorney, Eugene, Ore. Children: Patricia Jeanne, Donald Shastid and James Harris.

FINIS AT MICHIGAN

I had greatly feared lest my too frank talk with some four or five of the faculty members at Ann Arbor about my referendum on war had so prejudiced the entire group against me that, on the final examinations, they might, unconsciously perhaps, be somewhat less than fair to me.

But Ann Arbor was not Inveni.

I received at that institution, just as I had planned to do, not only the Master of Arts at the close of the second of my years, but, at the close of the third and last of them, the law degree also. I was, too, I add with not a little pride, made one of the associate editors of the newly founded *Michigan Law Review*, and my graduation thesis (an unusual honor) was requested by the faculty for publication in that scholarly magazine.

And away went all our class to Lansing, there to be admitted to the Michigan bar. Then, some of us, myself included, to Detroit for admission to the Federal courts also.

Graduation! Good-byes! A last look at Ann Arbor from car-windows. Loud voices, trembling lips!

THE DARKNESS OF EGYPT

We tried, the Companion and I, she as my assistant in the office, a number of the smaller towns in eastern and southern Illinois, and, at length, the earlier towns having proved *too* small for an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, wound up at Marion. We did not dare to locate in a very large city at first, because we had too little cash to support us while establishing a practice. To Chicago we meant to move eventually.

And now a little word of self-defense. In my "Tramping to Failure," when describing the removal of the Companion and myself by wagon train from Harrisburg to Marion, I wrote of our truly frightful experiences when crossing the Tom Cain bottoms and, in particular, of the harrowing suicide of a horse which occurred in the course of that trip. I said, "Egypt¹ was a land, then as now, of innumerable

¹ A common nickname then, as now, for southern Illinois. Another nickname was "Eden," a term first applied, I believe, to southern Illinois by Charles Dickens in his novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit."

freshets and floods, and, about half way over to Marion, our little caravan found that it had to 'negotiate' the Tom Cain bottoms, half a mile in width, through 'three feet' of water. The 'three feet,' however, we discovered when about one-third the way across, were almost four. Moreover, the causey or road-on-embankment whereupon we had thought to cross the bottom, was narrow indeed and, besides, flanked, we were told, by very deep troughs, or running excavations on each side. There was, therefore, much danger that—inasmuch as nearly all the landmarks were now under water—one of the drivers might, by missing the way, tumble his wagon down into the roaring gulf either to the right or the left of the causey.

"Nothing of the sort happened, but, all at once, something else did take place which, the Companion averred, could never have come to pass in any other country on earth than 'Eden.' The 'near' horse, that is to say, of the front-wagon team, deliberately leaning forward, attempted to drown himself. Believe it or not! I had never heard or read of such a thing before, but there it was going on before my waking eyes.

"When this strange thing began, the entire procession, of course, stopped stock still. The drivers of the front team—there happened to be two such—shouted and cursed, and one of them, running forward on the pole, attempted by grasping the horse's collar to pull his head up out of the water.

"In vain! The horse, it is true, would, from time to time, when well-nigh suffocated, slowly draw up his head himself, cough thick jets of water to long distances and utter demoniac yells of beastly disappointment. Then down he would thrust that head again beneath the waves—which, of course, rolled close enough around his nostrils anyway.

"The other driver ran up the pole, joining his eager efforts to his companion's.

"No use. The alternate immersions and withdrawals of the horse's head and the loud insensate shrieks of the 'crazy' animal continued.

"The landscape turned blue-black. More rain began falling. Lightnings forked the sky and thunders split the

darkness. The bitter Autumn wind raged fiercely and more fiercely still.

"At a shouted command from one of the front drivers—an owner of the caravan—the hinder wagons bunched together so that all their drivers could run forward over the entire train and so join forces at the front wagon.

"Various devices were set up, some quite ingenious, for the purpose of holding the horse's head up out of the water.

"But all to no purpose.

"That horse finally, definitively and forevermore committed suicide. Even as his body, relaxing, showed that the struggle had attained its end, the men, releasing its harness, somehow caused the 'off' horse to crowd the suicider nearer and nearer to the raised road's edge. All at once the dead body went over the edge and into the deeps."

Now it would hardly seem that an incident like that, although it occurred in the very obscure district lying between Harrisburg on the east and South America¹ on the west, should have excited in very many readers of my "Tramping to Failure" a bitter and persistent incredulity.

¹ Always, it seems, any person when naming a small town, does his utmost both to emphasize its insignificance and to produce confusion in the minds of those who see or hear the name employed. Thus, minute villages are ridiculously christened Paris, Liverpool, London. Sometimes towns, minute or somewhat bigger, are given the names of states. Kansas, Illinois, is such a town. A resident of Illinois therefore, will oftentimes ask such a question as "Where is Billy Stickwell now?" The answer will then be, let us say, "O Billy's moved to Kansas." The inquirer, supposing that Billy Stickwell has moved to the state known as Kansas (perhaps he has never heard of Kansas, the small town) says to himself, "Moved into another state, has he? Well, I suppose I may just as well not attempt to collect that bill he owes me, now that he's moved to another jurisdiction." Years later, perhaps, he learns that Billy Stickwell had removed only to the town of Kansas—a town that stands in the state of Illinois and, perhaps, is only thirty or forty miles away from the town where the bill-holder still lives. But, by now, the bill may have become outlawed.

Is it not confusing that Mark Twain, who was born in Florida, was also born in Missouri? There is a Wyoming in Delaware, an Iowa in Louisiana, an Ohio in Colorado, a Georgia in Vermont. Very few states there are in the Union which do not have one or more other states inside of them. Some states even contain whole nations. Thus England is in Arkansas, Holland is in Michigan, Panama is in Nebraska, Norway is in Kansas, Peru is in Massachusetts, Denmark is in South Carolina. And, as already stated, three or four shacks near the Tom Cain bottoms in southern Illinois are dignified and uplifted by the sonorous appellation of an entire continent—South America.

Then, too, why have so many towns, even in different states, been given the same name—Marion, for instance? There are actually in the United States 33 Marions. (There are only 31 Washingtons.) People in Marion, during the years that I lived there, were constantly being bedevilled, delayed and confused by their mail matter, which had been addressed correctly to Marion, Illinois, going first to Marion, Indiana, then to Marion, Ohio, then to Marion, Iowa, then to Marion, Kentucky, and so on. The man in the mail car out of Chicago, had, of course, simply sighted the "Marion," and then, without looking at the name of the state, had thrown the item into the wrong bag—done it repeatedly.

Yet such was actually the case. Letter after letter I received on the subject. Several of the writers were kind enough to say, for example, "all the rest of the volume bears the earmarks of frankness and truth," yet at the same time they were *unkind* enough to doubt that any considerable part of my story about the wagon-train trip from Harrisburg to Marion was fact, especially the part about a horse's having committed suicide. Now these and similar matters I treat at some length in a later section of this volume called "Repercussions of Autobiography." At this present point, however, this Marion portion of this volume, I wish to deal with this particular phase of incredulity, and, for the purpose, reproduce herewith photographically and in full from the Companion's Marion Scrapbook her clipping of an article which, on December 4, 1905, appeared in "*The Marion Evening Post*." The matter might seem of little importance, but it appears to me essential that the reader understand that both "Tramping to Failure" and "My Second Life" are as true to fact as they can possibly be made without any unnecessary and perhaps quite painful revelations of personal identity.

Indeed in that former narrative of our journey into Marion there was a subordinate incident which, in "Tramping to Failure," I intentionally omitted but which now, for reasons to appear hereafter, I desire to include. While the Companion and I, in our vehicle, were gloomily waiting for the suiciding horse to die, a man in another wagon who evidently had either been drinking a little or else was in strangely high natural spirits, played a curiously colored violin long and loudly. For a time he would be telling a story which, obviously, was leading on to something very smutty, and then, just as he came to the offensive word he had all along been rushing toward, he would suddenly stop talking and—*play* the word, play it on the violin, and *mirabile dictu!* more clearly, sonorously and even more far-reachingly and intelligibly than his or any other voice could by any means have sung or spoken it. The impression produced by this really skilful but of course low-bred performance—and in the middle of that raging flood, and with the blood-curdling yells of the suiciding horse resounding across the waters

from time to time—the poor animal's death cries, of course—was truly more strikingly brutal and more lastingly horrible (to appear again in my dreams from time to time) than ever I have known from any other source.

EATING AN APPLE "OUT LOUD"

Immediately after I settled in Marion, there came before me the following strange, yet, for Egypt, somewhat typical, case.

In one of the rural schools, a few counties away from ours, a small boy, one day, while school was in session, amused himself with eating an apple out loud—*very* loud. He had a grown brother who was large and strong, likewise something of a bully, so—well, the small boy probably thought "why not eat apples in just the way you like to eat them?"

Man-teacher tried to punish noisy lad. Noisy lad resisted. Teacher, becoming angry, struck noisy lad, accidentally, I am certain, in one eye with the end of the ruler he had intended to use on some other portion of the boy's anatomy.

Big, strong brother brought the little lad to me, but I could do nothing for him. The eye had been destroyed.

The father of the lad then brought a claim for damages against the unfortunate teacher, but got no money because the teacher had none.

The injured boy's big brother and the injured boy himself waylaid the teacher, hog-tied him, and the injured boy himself, with a dirty pocket-knife, destroyed one of the teacher's eyes forevermore.

Then the teacher's sweetheart went back on him because one of his eyes was now of glass. He left Egypt, and I never heard of him again.

All of which long chain of eventful tragedy was set into action merely by a schoolboy's eating an apple "out loud."

THE Y. OF P. AT CHIGGER CITY

Shortly after we had settled in Marion I received one day a telegram that ran: "Have young man schoolteacher nearly blind. Want your consultation. Meet me tomorrow at my office in Chigger City. I guarantee fee collection.—James Gunsaulus, Y. P."

This was certainly an unusual message. In the first place I had never in my life before known of any un-M.D'd doctor to advertise, emphasize and deeply stamp-in the fact by appending to his signature the give-away letters "Y. P." This must be a man of the very frankest nature. Still, an extreme of frankness is not always a good quality. Then, as to the likelihood that my fee would be promptly paid, "Doctor" Gunsaulus did, it is true, guarantee the payment. But I had never heard of Dr. Gunsaulus before, and who would guarantee his guaranty?

I betook me, there in Marion, to the office of a well educated and very shrewd practitioner. To him I exhibited the telegram.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, "Dr. Gunsaulus! Well, as Dr. Gunsaulus guarantees 'collection,' the fee will almost certainly be collected. Whether, then, he will hand it on to you is problematical, but I'm inclined to think he will. At all events, when meeting Dr. Gunsaulus you will be associating with one of the most unusual, dumbfounding, and altogether memorable bits of humanity that anyone has ever known. He has been about everything from bill-collector, auctioneer, and deputy sheriff, to quack surgeon. He swears before women and children, and has been known to blow and wipe his nose on the patient's sheet."

A few minutes later I was on the train. Over the hills and far away to Chigger City!

After two or three distressing changes of cars and a night in a bad hotel I found myself, late the following forenoon, climbing the most important thoroughfare—in fact there was only one street in the "city"—and looking for the office of James Gunsaulus, Y.P. (I do not use his actual name, of course). All at once I was struck by the sight of a ramshack, unpainted, two-story-and-a-half structure, with a large sign in front jutting out from the stairway entrance clean across the sidewalk. The sign read as follows:

JAMES GUNSAULUS, Y. P.

NOT M.D., BUT Y.P.

NOT MUCH BOOK-LEARNING BUT GREAT EXPERIENCE

With sore misgiving I mounted the dirty stairs to arrive in a hall running at right angles to their axis. After I had passed from the faint light yielded by the stairway head, I



THE DICK BUILDING, GALESBURG, ILLINOIS (1895)

Above the word, "Bicycles," appear the windows of Doctor Hewitt's office; farther to the left those of Dr. George Luster; farther still to the left, those of The Trump. The picture can have little interest except for those who care for the War-Chek Vote, or to know that, behind the Hewitt windows, Dr. John M. Hewitt produced what was, almost certainly, the first X-ray picture made in North or South America—possibly anywhere in the world outside of Germany.

TROUBLES DIDN'T COME SINGLY WITH SHASTID

Doctor Moving From Harrisburg Has Many Misfortunes.

If the saying, "Bad start, good end," has any truth in it, Dr. T. H. Shastid, who is moving from Harrisburg to this city, should have great success in Marion.

He certainly has had his share of hard luck in getting moved to this city.

His household goods were being moved from Harrisburg in wagons Saturday morning, having been taken out of that city early that morning, but have not all arrived in Marion yet.

A horse of one of the teams, which belonged to John Moody of this city, fell in some high water a few miles this side of Harrisburg and was drowned. The wagon to which he was hitched was set out to one side of the road and left.

Then when the other wagons were about half way from Harrisburg to Marion, a team driven by a man named Jones, from Harrisburg, balked and could not be induced to move any farther.

Jones put up for the night with a farmer and the next morning he got another to bring part of the wagon load of goods into Marion, the latter arriving Sunday afternoon.

There was yet another wagon load of Dr. Shastid's goods in Harrisburg, so Jones returned to town after that and was expected to get into Marion this afternoon with that and that part of his first load which was left at the farmer's house.

Jones was the hindmost man of the several who were hauling wagon loads of Dr. Shastid's goods, so that the others did not know of his misfortune and didn't know where he was until the farmer arrived with a part of his load Sunday afternoon.

The Moody team was being driven by one of Mr. Moody's boys, when one of the horses was drowned, and the boy came on to town with the other horse. He was sent back Sunday afternoon with another team and was expected to reach Marion with the wagon load of goods this afternoon.

In regard to why the Moody horse drowned, several theories have been advanced. One is that the horse was warmed up by his pull out of Harrisburg and when he struck the high water in the Tom Cain bottom, where the accident occurred, he was stricken with cramps and fell. Another is that he slipped off a grade and fell, after which he became entangled in the harness and could not rise. But probably the true theory is that the horse became obstinate and laid down, as he was known to have a habit of doing that.

The same horse had been rescued from drowning under similar circumstances on two or three different previous occasions. Dr. Shastid says he saw the horse lying in the water before he died and that it looked like a case of deliberate suicide to him, as the animal didn't appear to make any effort to hold his head out of the water, which the doctor says was shallow.

The loss falls very heavily upon Mr. Moody, who is a poor man and had only the two horses, with which he made his living.

Dr. Shastid is an eye, ear and throat specialist, who has been visiting Marion for the past few months. He has now located permanently in Marion and has moved his family into Mrs. Augusta Snider's residence, property on South Market street.

NEWS ARTICLE FROM *THE MARION EVENING POST*, DECEMBER 4, 1905

On our journey to Marion and the suicide of one of our horses. Despite considerable carelessness and inaccuracy on the part of the newspaper's reporter, the fact must plainly stand out that that horse did actually commit suicide—the important matter.

(Photographic reproduction, but reduced in size to ¾)

could do nothing but inch my feet along with the utmost care while at the same time searching with a hand for some indication of an office door. At last the hand struck a knob. I paused, turned the knob, threw the door open and stepped into a fairly well-lighted and extremely curious room. To the left hung a huge male skeleton by an immense brass ring in the top of his head. To the right, against the wall, stood a four-shelf book-case. The upper two shelves were filled with medicines, empty bottles, corks, and a pair of rusty scales. In the lower two shelves reposed a number of cobwebbed volumes—Gunn's "Family Doctor," Flint's "Practice of Medicine" (edition somewhere in the 70's), a number of free reprints, several drug-store almanacs, and a framed license to practice medicine, granted on the ground that the recipient had already practiced medicine for a decade or more before any law had been passed in Illionis to regulate medical practice.

In the center of the room was a table. Investigating, I found it covered with old-time joke books, a leather-bound volume on horse-doctoring, and, to crown all, a very recent copy of *The American Journal of Clinical Medicine*, with a large and highly colored blotter sticking out from among its leaves, and, quite evidently, now employed as a ready-to-hand book-mark. Turning to the place denoted by the blotter, I beheld, in all its glory, one of a series of excellent articles on "Eye Symptoms in General Diseases," by Thomas Hall Shastid, M.D. I could hardly miss the compliment, and yet it was not too brazenly set forth either.

But where was Dr. Gunsaulus? Looking at the farther end of the room, I beheld a primitive writing desk, an empty swivel chair behind it. Beyond the chair draped a dusty curtain, and, two or three feet behind the curtain, a dusty and cobwebbed window looked upon the street.

For a moment or two, although I stood between the curtain and the window, I did not perceive the chief feature of the apartment—a tall step-ladder. The top of the ladder, I now noted, stood level with the sill of a small attic door, a door which plainly opened into a part of the attic which came down lower than most of the ceiling of the room I was in, and whereon appeared these letters, crudely painted—

CONSULTATION ROOM

I shouted toward the attic door, "Doctor Gunsaulus! Doctor Gunsaulus!" No response forthcoming, I cupped both hands to my mouth by way of preparation for shouting still louder, when all at once—bang! Some heavy object struck the floor-center of the room wherein I stood, and shocked, as it seemed, the entire building into terrific vibration.

I whirled, and lo! A rather tall, certainly very paunchy, gentleman who had obviously slid down toward the floor behind me from a large round opening in the ceiling by means of a piece of thick rope—and then let go.

"Dr. Shastid, I suppose," he shouted, waving his hand. "Dr. James Gunsaulus at your service!" Without giving me time to reply, he went on: "I suppose you wish to proceed now and see those schoolteacher's eyes. Very well. We go. My horse and buggy will be here in a few minutes, but them I am saving for a very long ride."

When we had reached the sidewalk at the bottom of the stair, he went on, "The young man—name's Wyerbush—lives with his widowed mother, several sisters and brothers, in the family farmhouse just across the edge of town." Then, as we kept walking, he gave me a detailed history of the case. It all amounted to this, he finally said: "The young man has been too ambitious, much too ambitious, worked too hard—by *far* too hard—and so he has consumption. Lately the disease has attacked his eyes. Now he is blind. I have already told his mother that the case is hopeless, perfectly hopeless, but when she insisted on having counsel, I told her I'd wire you to come if she and the other children would feel better satisfied."

Now that I had the case-history in hand, I began to ask the doctor about the possibility of my starting back home on the 3:00 o'clock train. Finally, looking at my watch, I observed, "It's almost half an hour since we came out of your office, and I thought that this patient and his people 'lived just across the edge of the city.'"

"It's really a pretty good joke," he said. "The smaller a city, now and then, the broader is its edge. And this little place is nearly all edge—like London. However, here we are at last. What think of the place? I like it."

I paused at his side and looked over the farmstead. Indeed it was no ill-looking affair. Like most of the Egyptian farmhouses, to be sure, it consisted of a pair of small log cabins connected by a central-porch, or porch-roof, wide-open to the weather both in front and behind. One point, however, strongly in favor of the family's being intelligent, therefore excellent to work for, was the fact that the logs, instead of having been left round and unworked after the fashion of most of the Egyptian houses, had been chipped and squared, also deeply notched (scribed) and fitted together at the corners. Then, too, there was glass in all the windows, while the fireplace and chimney, instead of being built with split sticks and yellow clay, had been neatly and solidly constructed of good red bricks and sharp-sand mortar.

Most impressive feature of the whole place, however, at least by way of index to the character, intelligence and good taste of the owners, was the fact that there was (actually!) a privy. This little structure, although unpainted, displayed in its gable end (the one turned toward the street, or road) and for the purpose of constant ventilation, a large, lovely sawed-out crescent and a little star. The tiny building, moreover, had not been relegated to some obscure spot in the rear of the cabin, but had been erected prominently and proudly in the front yard—not really close to the front gate, but not very far from it either—just where its presence could not possibly be ignored.

And here it is necessary to explain that, as to the homes of all the more shiftless, less up and coming families, the only provisions made for sewage-sanitation and the like, was that the field, wood, or cane-brake, on one side of the house, was set apart for the women and girls of the family, while, on the other side, the corresponding field, wood, or cane-break, was set aside for the men and the boys.¹ And

¹ I once knew a Mr. Alfred Tyman, now long ago deceased, who lived in the "crotch of a big creek," in other words, a place where two smallish branches ran together to form a sizable stream. At the very point where the branches came together, and inside, not outside, the land embraced between them, he had constructed his house. This situation was not quite so bad as, at first blush, it sounded, for, at the seemingly unstrategic point, the terrain was good solid rock upstanding several feet above the surrounding mud formation. The boys' side was to the right of the right branch of the Y, the girls' to the left side of the left branch. Several times a year a freshet occurred. The two bridges which crossed the two forks of the stream were carried away, and then both boys and girls resorted to "indoor crockery," or, as the less fastidious people of the North say, to "chambers." In the morning the crockery would all be duly emptied into the corresponding forks of the

one of the most highly condemned misdeeds in the criminal calendar of southern Illinois was for any man or boy to trespass on the distaff side of the field—unless indeed he was compelled to be there by stern necessity: plowing or cultivating, cutting down trees or the like.

Inside the house I meet the teacher and his family—he must have twelve or fourteen sisters and brothers all told. I find not tuberculosis of the eyes, but syphilitic iritis. Gunsaulus understands my polysyllabic diagnosis, and so does the teacher—saying nothing. The eyes water too fast for the atropin to take effect. I inject morphine into an arm. The eyes dry. The atropin absorbs, the pupils dilate, the young man begins to see again. His pains are not so bad. I prepare and leave him adequate anti-syphilitic treatment for a month (we had no 606 in those days), instruct the doctor how to watch its effects, and then—all at once the doctor falls into a panicky rush to go and make that ride.

Breathless we run back to the fleshy doctor's office, and there, puffing like a steam calliope, he hands me a twenty-dollar bill saying, "I told you I guaranteed collection. There you are. That was the best I could do for you—they would not pay more—now I must be going." We rush down street together for about fifty feet, to where the doctor's rig is waiting. Into it he suddenly jumps, and away he drives speedily—giving me no time whatever in which to comment on the adequacy or inadequacy of the fee he has just handed over.

Going down to the depot I found I had four more hours to wait. All at once it popped into my head that I had not left with the mother the bottle of atropin drops with which I had told her to keep her son's pupils dilated. Back went I to the farmhouse and handed over the drops. Mrs. Wyerbush reached out both her hands to mine and fairly dragged me into the living room. Her face was radiant, and so too was that of the young teacher. In my absence the drops had kept on releasing the two imprisoned irises of those eyes.

stream. One day, when I had dropped into this house to treat an eye for Mrs. Alf, one of the boys, perhaps six years of age, came up and demanded brazenly, "Why can't I, Pappy, go over on the girls' side?" "Just because," was the answer, "the little boy-birds and the little girl-birds each has their own side to go to, and we can't none of us run ag'in 'natur'."

With this explanation the little boy seemed not wholly satisfied.

And now the young chap was crying ecstatically, "I see as well as ever! I see as well as ever! And there isn't any pain in my eyes any more!"

To these very acceptable remarks Mrs. Wyerbush added, "That's once old Gunsaulus didn't lie to us. You shore are one good eye-doctor. An' we don't mind paying a big fee when we get real skill—like yourn. And now set right up to table, dinner's ready and I'm so glad you've come back an' kin eat with us."

I joined these excellent people in one of the pleasantest social functions I have ever enjoyed. In the course of our conversation it came out that Dr. Gunsaulus, when he had received his license to practice medicine and surgery, had in fact not practiced the full ten years required by the law of a Y. of P. man, but a short three years only. There were, however, people of standing who had certified in writing that he had treated them ten and even fifteen years ago. For this and for that and for the other. And, in that way, he had actually got his license—he, an old-time keeper of a billiard hall and athletic parlor and so on. "The only reason that weuns ever has had him for our doctor," commented Mrs. Wyerbush, "is that he is the only doctor in this place and fer several miles around it."

Over and over Mrs. Wyerbush expressed her gratitude to the Creator for having guided her, as she in her prayers had requested, to the skill which had restored to her son his sight. "Thank God, thank God, thank God!" So she cried again and again.

After a time she began quoting passages from the Scriptures at such great length and so very, very accurately that I was truly amazed—the more especially as she herself informed me that she was totally unable to read either writing or print. "That's why," she explained, "I have to carry most of my Bible in my head." Always interested in the Egyptian character, I asked her numerous questions about both her religious and her social life. She believed that God himself had actually written the Bible with his own hand and in the English language. When, in connection with some or another matter, she recited for me the whole of the Ten Commandments, I learned that she did not know that what were supposed to be the same Ten Commandments

were stated in the Bible three times and in two almost entirely different forms. Neither did she understand that, in their first form (Ex. XX and Deut. V) the Ten Commandments forbade adultery but not fornication, while in their second (final) form (Ex. XXXIV) they forbade neither adultery nor fornication. Neither did she understand that "the five books of Moses" were not so called anywhere within these books themselves, and that they had been mistakenly so designated only hundreds of years after their composition in their present form. Neither had any of her religious instructors ever told her that the so-called "five books of Moses," in the form in which they now stand, had not been composed earlier than 400 B. C. and that, at that time, they were simply made up, or put together, from clippings, each book not from one former author of it but from several. These and many other elementary facts about the Bible she knew nothing at all about. God himself had written the book all at one time and in the English language and handed it to the preachers. Nevertheless, she had a prodigious memory, and every word she uttered disclosed at least a beautiful personality—a fine, sweet, even sublime and enduring way of life.

In the midst of my reflections about her and the beauty of her mind, I was interrupted by the son's enthusiastic question, "What do you think of my mother, Doctor?"

"One of the finest I have ever known," I answered. But "Mother" herself, far from any readiness to discuss her own virtues, questions in her turn, "And what do you think of my son?"

"A bad, bad son," whispered the young schoolteacher, knowing I understood him and lowering his head.

"Now I must be gone," I said. "May God bless you both."

"God bless you too!" cried the mother, her eyes full of grateful tears for the really simple services I had rendered. "And now I got to ask yer forgiveness, Doctor," she admitted. "Yes, I surely done you wrong—I suppose Dr. Gunsaulus told you what I said about you when he insisted you would charge us \$50."

"Fifty dollars!" I cried.

"Why yes, of course," she said, standing aghast. "He told us, the very first thing, that you had wired him back that you wouldn't stir a step in our direction till first he had collected from us for you the sum of fifty dollars."

I was too dumbfounded to speak.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked Mrs. Wyerbush.

"Matter? Matter? Oh yes. And did you *pay* Dr. Gunsaulus \$50, all of it to be turned over to me as my fee?"

"Shore did.¹ He said his own trouble in the matter would be just \$3.00, all put together. We paid him that too."

"And do you by any chance happen to have taken from Dr. Gunsaulus a receipt for my part of the bill?"

"I shore have. Look at this." Going to the cupboard, she returned with a bit of cheap paper. I took it, looked over its illiterate scrawl in amazement. It actually ran—

"Got fifty for Shastid and all is well.

Them as don't like it can go to hell."²

There was no signature whatever to the paper, no date, or name of the person from whom the money had been received.

For a moment I thought I would ask the privilege of taking the "receipt" home with me, afterwards to use it for the purpose of straightening up the crooked Gunsaulus. But when I reflected that I had no means whatever of actually proving that this ethical gentleman had paid me only \$20, and had kept the rest for himself, I saw that, almost illiterate mountebank though he was, he was master of the situation.

I, however, did plainly inform both Mrs. Wyerbush and her son of the smallness of the sum that had been paid to me.

Thereupon she, like the fine woman that she was, offered to make good to me the thirty-dollar shortage. Needless to

¹ In the matter of southern Illinois dialect I have from time to time refreshed my memory by reference to the excellent little treatise by Wm. O. Rice, *Anna, Illinois*, entitled "The Pioneer Dialect of Southern Illinois," and published by the American Dialect Society in 1902.

² Many Egyptians had even more peculiar ways of writing receipts. Into this subject I have no space to enter here in detail, but can only say that many a man in Egypt, if he did not like the size of a bill, would, oftentimes, pay it, and then demand a receipt reading, "In full from the birth of Christ to the death of the Devil." Just what did that mean? It meant that the payer of the bill would never again do business with the payee so long as time lasted—the Devil being doomed never to die, of course. Sometimes, I was credibly informed (by Dr. Edward M. Cates, of Wayne City, and others) an Egyptian who had demanded a death-of-the-Devil receipt, would, after folding it up and tucking it into a pocket, give you even far more emphatic disapproval of what you had called your "bill".

say, I refused to let her do so, but listened intently to what she was saying about this same Gunsaulus "once when he was collecting money for our church after it'd been hit by a storm.

"He jest went out hisself into the big light of a gasoline torch on the street in this little city, an' got a crowd around him by playin' his old fiddle an' singin' dirty songs to it, only when he come to the very *dirtiest* words, he let the fiddle say 'em instead of sayin' 'em hisself."

Oho! at last I recognized this man, Gunsaulus. For several hours it had been running round inside of me that I had met the curious fellow before. And now— Well, he was the very same person who, as the Companion and I were moving from Harrisburg to Marion, had dead-headed his passage on one of our wagons, and—as when he was begging for the church—had sung lewdly and played the dirtiest of all his words on the fiddle.

"Mother" was finishing her tirade. "Some says he stole most of what he collected. I could almost wish he did, seein' the how he got it, and in fact I was goin' to object to our church's takin' even a penny of that money—but laws! the most of the members says, 'Well, if that money's tainted, spend it on the church and untaint it.' 'Pears like some folks don't get offended at nobody ner nothin' in these days, 'specially when money—but you ain't eatin' all your chicken."

SHASTID'S UMBRELLA

There was another event in connection with my settlement—rather my later professional success—in Marion, which I related in "Tramping to Failure" and which has excited in some of my correspondents considerable incredulity. I refer to "Shastid's Umbrella." Just why any human being should think it "ridiculously unbelievable" (as one writer puts it) that any student at the University of Michigan Law School who carried an umbrella more frequently perhaps than the average rainfall of the southern portion of that state would appear to justify completely—even to the tenth of one little precipitation inch—should be jibed and joshed and hilariously roasted, for that least bit of excessive anxiety to keep his hide dry—why, I say, any person on earth should show himself skeptical about any group of students ever

doing such an unseemly thing as that, I do not know. Why! *all* students in *all* places josh *all* sorts of persons, even extra-solemn persons like myself, for all sorts of reasons, semi-reasons and no reasons whatever. As, for example, that he has a heavy head of hair, or that he has no hair, or that he has too much or too little information inside the knob on which his hair either should or should not be.

At all events, it is a fact that the story—I ought perhaps to say the stories, for there were very many of them—about Shastid's umbrella, which had created so much laughter-soreness in the embryonic legal bellies at Ann Arbor, did, in precisely the manner I have hitherto narrated, get transported from Ann Arbor to Marion, in which somewhat clan-ish little city they played a curious and not unimportant rôle in the medical affairs of Egypt. But further about this matter can be read in the footnote below, in case the reader be skeptical enough or otherwise interested enough to peruse it.¹

¹ Along in the spring of 1937 I was repeatedly urged by members of the Nought-Two (my) Law class of the University of Michigan to appear in Ann Arbor at the thirty-fifth anniversary re-union of that class and to speak before it. The joke was that I am a very poor speaker.

Unable to attend, I wrote not only my regrets to the inviters but also to my classmate, Att'y Schmiedeskamp, of Quincy, Illinois, a letter which follows and which ought, in all conscience, to be self-explanatory.

207-208 Sellwood Bldg.,
Duluth, Minnesota
June 28, 1937.

My dear Schmiedeskamp:

Your letter of June 24 is at hand, and I do certainly appreciate it. I have learned from it with an especial pleasure about the reading to the class of the letter I had written for our thirty-fifth re-union. In fact I had thought for a time I would send to Walsh or Mac or you or Veasey a letter written for this recent meeting, but circumstances conspired against my getting round to write it.

Even more I regretted my inability to attend, but Mrs. Shastid at the time was far too sick. She is much better now and has become quite jocular and like her old self.

I was certainly sorry to learn that Ohlinger is totally bald. They say it is a great advantage to almost any lawyer to be bare-faced, but there is certainly nothing desirable in his becoming bald-headed. (The true expression of the scalp might then be noticed.) Even the rest of the class, you say, are all at least "gray-heads." Well, of course. I suppose the very youngest among them must be 56 years old by now, and the average 59 or 60. I, of course, am considerably older than the average: in fact I shall be 71 on the 19th of next month. (Yet I'll wager I'm in nearly as good condition as any of the younger chaps: a fact due chiefly to my habit of going about always well-sheltered beneath a good, strong umbrella.) For the reason that I am so much older than most of the other members it was that I recently completed my autobiography (wherein I give myself completely away) ere the days draw nigh wherein my hand shall have lost its cunning to write—or to hold up a rainshed.

Speaking of bumbershoots, I have handed to my trusted umbrella a laudatory notice in the aforesaid autobiography, where I also tell the tale of how, when I was well-nigh starv-

Anyway, reader interested or reader uninterested; reader skeptical or reader absolutely credulous, the fact remains that silly stories about Shastid's umbrella built Shastid a good practice in southern Illinois when, otherwise, he would

ing in the deeps of southern Illinois (Egypt) that same umbrella (at least the-story, or one of the stories, about it) was the means of establishing a (somewhat) lucrative practice for me.

By the bye, in a restaurant the other day I found a piece of newspaper containing an article by the celebrated columnist, O. O. McIntire. Part of that article said: "To me there is always something substantial and well-nigh respectable about a man who carries a neatly folded umbrella. It's a badge of steady-going dependability. [Think of that—in a member of '02 Law!] Among the umbrella carriers [he runs on] that pop into my mind is Professor Wm. Lyon Phelps. I have seldom seen him without an umbrella." Now Schmiede, if a mere professor of English in a university so unimportant as Yale, can achieve almost respectability by carrying "a neatly folded umbrella," what cannot be said for a member of '02 Law at a university like Michigan, who goes forth, not just on some days but on almost every day, carrying an umbrella—sometimes *two* umbrellas—and, in addition, wearing rubbers, raincoat and a waterproof muffler?

I tell you, Schmiede, the more we think about such matters, why—the more we shall go on thinking about them.

I have another newspaper clipping which concerns this same serious subject. It runs: "*Singapore*:—Eleven-year-old Prince Amada Mahidor was proclaimed King of Siam today, brother of the moon, supreme arbiter of the ebb and flow of the tides, and possessor of 24 umbrellas."

I do not believe that I can ever supremely arbitrate "the ebb and flow of the tides," but I do have two moon-faced brothers, I *can* keep out of the wet and I *am* confident that, in my day, I have been the possessor of more, far more, than just two dozen umbrellas—not all simultaneously, of course, and possibly not all of them exactly my own, but sorta.

This reminds me of a certain ingratitude even among some non-legal persons. I happen to have (strange as the fact may seem to you) here in Duluth, a ministerial friend—one who has often treated my umbrellas with unseemly jocularity. One day when I was out in the rain—with, of course, one of my ever-trusty umbrellas—I ran across this wolf in wet clothing and he asked me to share with him the shelter of my umbrella. Being a better Christian than he was (I always admit the truth) and forgetting and forgiving everything, I granted his shivering plea. And about the first thing he said then was, "Dr. Shastid, you do carry an umbrella rather too much of the time, don't you?"

I said, stiffening considerably, "Yes, and I expect to take my umbrella with me up to heaven too."

Said then the reverend gentleman, after a moment's reflection, "You'd better make it a parachute, Doctor: you won't stay there long."

Do you remember "Caps and Gowns"? Do you recall how incongruous they were with umbrellas?

Inasmuch as I cannot indite a separate and individual missive to every member of '02 Law (a thing I should very much like to be able to do) I think I will just send to each of them a copy of "these presents" in order that there may hereafter be no more misunderstanding on the subject of Shastid's umbrella.

Yours very classmatically,
T. H. SHASTID,
(The original umbrella man.)

That this letter may possess for the casual reader of this volume at least some probative value, I herewith submit (for the most part of course condensing) some of the replies I received from various members of the class—giving in almost every instance of course the real name and address of the writer:

The first reply was from a prominent attorney, Exhibit A I shall call him, who lives in the East and who does not want his name revealed in connection with this or any other

surely have tramped to failure there, failure utter and complete. A travelling salesman, sojourning in Marion, had heard the umbrella jokes from one of my Law School classmates, Broussaix Sallee, and, seeing my name on my Marion

too serious matter. Says he: "That preacher to whom you gave assurance that you would take your trusty umbrella up to heaven with you, and who quite appropriately answered, 'You'd better, Doctor, make it a parachute!' Well, he ought to have added, 'And be sure too that the parachute's made of asbestos.'"

Well, maybe so, A, all lawyers should find such precautions timely.

Exhibit A. later wrote, "Do you keep a card-index on your umbrellas? You might sometimes get confused." Also, "Do you *always* carry *all* of them with you? Why not lay by something for a rainy day?" Also, "Haile Selassie carries bright red ones. Why don't you? It would be far less conspicuous than the ones you do carry with other peoples names all over them."

Two or three others replied anonymously. Of these one wrote: "In just what part of your home do you keep that stock of umbrellas?" Underneath ran, "You know who," and, under that, stared a bloody finger-print.

Another wrote on a postal card: "You are indeed a man of courage. I have seen you on two or three occasions, when the weather seemed doubtful, start out without an umbrella. But you always did go back and get a few."

A maiden lady in Ann Arbor wrote me, "I did not know you were so hopelessly mid-Victorian as to carry two umbrellas in wet weather and only three in the dry." Also, "Jonas Hanway, the first man to carry an umbrella, was not half so courageous as were you on that day when you first went into the Law School Building without any. I can hear those tears of happy laughter falling still." (If they are falling "still," how can she hear them falling?)

Then came this from W. H. Dyer, Lawyer, Kankakee, Ill.: "In response to the copy of your letter which was written to Mr. Schmiedeskamp . . . I am going to be very frank and say that my recollection of you was that you were considerably older than myself and I am 57, very reserved and dignified and I as a young man and doubtless because I was a young man, formed that unexpressed opinion, probably without even knowing I had formed it, that you had never been guilty of anything intended to be humorous, and that you would never see the joke about yourself, as being constantly equipped with an umbrella, rubbers, raincoat and muffler."

This from Vern E. Thomson, attorney at Joplin, Missouri: "I acknowledge with pleasure a copy of your very humorous letter to Schmiedeskamp. [Note that the learned judge admits that the letter was "humorous."] I am glad to know that during all these years you have been able 'to keep out of the wet.' I sincerely hope, Brother Shastid, that you will not be compelled to use your umbrella as a parachute for the purpose of returning to this mundane sphere." You will note that the gentleman does not appear to be quite certain about the matter. Yet he does have "hope" and has it "sincerely"—rare qualities for a lawyer. He also hopes that if ever I do leave this "mundane sphere" I will not return to it. Kind—to the sphere.

Dell H. Thompson, attorney at Adrian, Michigan: "I give you full permission as one of your well-wishers, to carry that old umbrella just as long as you are able to navigate, and I further wish you all the happiness in the world." A right fine gentleman is Mr. Dell H. Thompson.

Gustavus A. Ohlinger, of Toledo, runs on: "We regretted that you were not at the re-union—in fact we thought you rather ignored us. We felt that you could at least have sent by express insured your umbrella to represent you. Looking forward to the next re-union, I hope you will not overlook this—the members of the class will appreciate the token, and I am sure we will arrange to have the article appropriately enshrined in the Clement Memorial Library. [Others have referred to S's U. as the "class mascot"—which probably explains the unusually large percentage of successful lawyers in this class.]

"I was interested in the article about you in *Time*¹ some time ago, and about your researches in animal ophthalmology. I could have told you that dogs are color blind. I have

¹ A U. S. magazine of considerable intelligence, which nevertheless has occasionally deluded itself into publishing some of my "dope."

shingle, had called on me. A fast friendship ensued. And to my office, he, on his travels, referred patients almost innumerable—a good many of them inevitably asking me about my umbrella.

a very intelligent dog—we call her the League of Nations. She barks for 'yes'—so one day I asked, 'Are you color blind?' and she gave a loud yap. You see there are short cuts to knowledge—and you don't have to carry an umbrella always to gather it in."

My old-time partner in the Moot Court at the Law School, Herman L. Stevens, of Port Huron, Mich.: "When my wife handed your letter to me and I read your name on the envelope, I said to her, 'Why, that's the fellow who always carried an umbrella' so the fact that you covered the umbrella so thoroughly made your letter most interesting and I am sure that the members of the Class will at least know the true facts about the great emblem of the class." Mr. Stevens, also, is a very fine gentleman.

Willard A. Knight, a most learned man of the law, Battle Creek, Mich., humorizes as follows: "To the Perpetual Umbrella Carrier greeting: Fear not. You will never need to use your umbrella for a parachute. Your eternal reward will be other than perpetual torment by fire: water is your appropriate punishment. Your umbrella has kept you too dry to make GOOD firewood anyhow."

Homer J. McBride, Atty, Flint, Michigan: "A man is known by the company—no, the umbrella—he keeps, no matter in what way he has acquired it."

Floyd A. Wilson, Atty, Saginaw, Mich., runs on curiously: "O. O. McIntire [the columnist] may be an expert in his line. But—To him the umbrella may be a 'badge' (that is, have the appearance) of 'respectability.' But did you ever notice when you went into a store with your umbrella how the clerks and store detective kept their eyes on you, particularly if your umbrella was unfolded? [Now just what did this attorney mean? Sometimes I almost think I catch his drift and then again it seems to escape me.]

"Now again as to an umbrella's being a 'badge' (appearance) of respectability. Several years ago, during the late unlamented 'drought' a minister was announced as a caller in my office. He was dressed as a minister even as to the collar, had the low, round, black hat, and, as I remember, carried an umbrella. Here was *all* the appearance of respectability. But, as a matter of fact, he was a bootlegger in disguise, trying to take orders. He was a jolly good fellow with a sense of humor even though I did not give him an order. [Believe those last seven words who can.]

"Possibly 'the umbrella' at one time may have helped you at Egypt, Illinois, but are you sure of the reason? Down there they may have thought that it was a new way of carrying a machine gun, or a shot gun, and that the possessor of 24 umbrellas instead of being 'brother of the moon,' was 'King of the moon.'"

Frederick H. Stone, Manistee, Michigan: "I remember your habit of striding across the campus with earmuffs, fur cap, overcoat, rubbers and the ever-faithful umbrella. . . . My son will follow the medical profession and be an undertaker. . . . I dreamed one night lately I saw you going into the front entrance to the Law Building without a stitch of clothing on you, but, over each arm, there was casually hooked—'hooked,' of course in the ordinary meaning—an umbrella."

Last man that I shall quote from, Bernie Alexander, once indeed a lawyer but now sincerely reformed and keeping a store: "You see I come from a thrifty stock that believes in laying up something for a rainy day. And I ask you brother carrier what could be better than a good old fashioned full ribbed portable rainshed. I have two of them. One I just prosaically took from the stock in our store, surely no thrill in that. But the other is a great joy to every craven crevice in my heart. Its very acquirement is a secret thrill. I plead guilty to the sin of it and to the fact that I am a Bridge addict. Every week friends come to my house to indulge in our favorite game. They prefer my house because I am still one of those lonesome unmarried things of no use on earth and I hear not wanted in heaven. There are no complications in my house, no wife to fuss about cigar remnants on the rugs or cigaret burns on the furniture, just a paid house-keeper who expects the worst and is never disappointed. One rainy night a bridge player brought this treasure and forgot it. Well I am just as forgetful as he was as I forgot to inquire who left it, and I know you will not blame me when I tell you about it. I feel that you are the one man in whom I can repose all this confidence. I know your love for an umbrella will cause you to forgive the moral

Is it not really important that medical, even specialistic, practices can be established on so bizarre, so irrelevant, or call it crazy, a foundation, when skill, education and so forth are regarded as matters of no particular consequence?

lapse. For this is an umbrella among umbrellas, worthy of the companionship of the famous 24 owned by the young prince. Not that you or I would think it a thing of beauty. Far from that as the cover displays all the scars of long and faithful use. Even the handle is plain and ugly. But to the dyed in the damp fan it is precious. You press a little lever and behold it flies open all by itself eager to shelter you. Now what more could your heart or mine desire? It reposes in the rear of my car all the time, it went to the re-union with me and strange to relate, it came back with me, and, pardon the thought, but perhaps that was because you were not there."

No longer can the doubters doubt the existence of a Shastid's umbrella, for the writers of the above-quoted-from letters—yes, and of far more writers than those, but to similar effect—are, being lawyers, all honorable men. "So are they all, all honorable men." Skeptics have only to write to them, and they, being lawyers, will acknowledge the truth—there being nothing at all to gain in this particular case by doing otherwise.

And yet, too, I have a dull feeling that I may—quite unintentionally of course—have revealed also herein the suspicion which some of these excellent gentlemen appear to have formed—not indeed toward the existence of my umbrella or umbrellas but toward the absolute perfection of my title thereunto.

Even more doubtful still were those curious doubters who doubted what I had said about the old farm-lady who, on my pedestrian excursion out of Inveni, I found hanging, dead, in a barn. (See "Tramping to Failure," pages 86-88.) One correspondent declared frankly, "I do not believe a word of it." Another, "Suicide among farm-women must be extremely rare, if not wholly unknown." (The truth is that, in those days, suicide among farm-women was commoner by far than in any other group of the population. The incidence, indeed, among farm-women was so high as to cause much comment in newspapers and magazines concerning it. The cause assigned was the undeniable fact that farm-women's lives were monotonous and drab in the extreme. No rural free delivery in those days. Almost no newspapers or magazines, either, on farms. No phonographs, telephones, radios. Once in two or three weeks the farmer drove to town to do a little trading and to get his mail at the post-office. Sometimes his wife accompanied him, sometimes she did not. If churches were near by, the farmer's whole family, wife of course included, went to church and listened to damnation sermons, wherein almost every pleasure in this world howsoever simple and harmless in truth, was bitterly condemned. In some neighborhoods there were husking-bees and sewing societies, wherein the farm-wife found variety of experience especially "escape from reality." For the most part, however, everything for the farm-wife was humdrum, prosaic, heavy toil from long before daybreak until long after sunset. No wonder so many farm-wives in those days sought out one little bit of excitement eventually at the end of a rope.) Yet another objector—he was twenty-four years of age—declared, "I was brought up on a farm, and I never heard before of a farm-wife committing suicide." He did not know that farm lives had changed and that farm-wives had changed with them.

But the most curious objection was made to me by an experienced attorney of about my own age. "It simply could not have been," he declared to me personally. "I believe in everything else in your volume, but that sounds like a story made up for effect. Hardly anybody, in truth, ever does commit suicide."

Late that evening, this same attorney called me on the phone to inform me that, after all, I might have been telling the truth in my tale of the farm-woman's suicide. "I have changed my mind," he went on to admit, "because I have just happened to remember a certain occurrence in my very own practice. A middle-aged prosperous gentleman years ago came to my office and asked me to procure him a divorce. His wife had been unfaithful. As soon as the divorce had been granted, his wife took train for her parents, and the client came into my office to pay his bill. He expressed much pleasure at the price I had made him, joked about the frailty of all women, then went back home. Next morning, when I entered my office, my stenographer the first thing asked me, "Heard the news?" "No. What?" "Mr. So-and-so committed suicide last night—revolver." He had not been able to

And, further, thousands of practices have been established in this country, truly in all countries, on just as slender, as utterly irrelevant, foundations.

But, first of all, it must be shown that Shastid's umbrella is not a myth. Hence the long footnote.

MARION THEN

Marion in those days was just entering upon the great mining boom for which it was later so justly celebrated, but which, twelve or fourteen years ago, absolutely petered out, along with every bank in the county. (The latter, in fact, did such a thorough job of petering that, from those days until the war broke out, there was not one bank in the county—or, perhaps, using a little exaggeration, so much as one single dollar.)

What a busy place it was *then*! Twenty-eight languages, I understood, were at that time spoken on our little city streets. And forty-eight separate smells had been enumerated—garlic, sweat, burnt lavender, whiskey breath, fresh tobacco breath, stale tobacco breath, and so on. As background to all this modern Babel and odorosity, there dragged and drawled and scuffled the old-time “cracker” population—one of the kindest-hearted peoples that ever I have known, but slow, unambitious and discouraged because of a debilitating past—just as, at present, those modern invaders having somewhat departed, they are truly once more almost as of old: slow, unambitious, and rather discouraged.

Marion was the county-seat, the “heart,” of Williamson County. The Public Square was the heart of Marion, and, after a brief period of residence and practice down on South

get along *with* her, and he had not been able to get along *without* her. If that had been in *your book*, Dr. Shastid, instead of in *my practice*, I would not have believed it.”

None of the journalistic critics of “Tramping,” so far as I know, has ever expressed the slightest incredulity concerning that volume. Most of my private correspondents too have been satisfied completely with the book, at least on the score in question. And, indeed, wherever it had been possible, I had submitted documentary evidence for the actuality of all that I had said. It is, however, in all my reminiscences—both those in “Tramping” and those in the present volume—so extremely important to have the reader understand that, in these books, I am indeed and in truth attempting to reproduce a by-gone age with absolute fidelity, that, in this second life of mine, I stress the matter again and yet again and again.

Market Street, the Companion and I removed both our home and our office to the southwest corner of the Public Square, second floor, an eight-room flat. There the Companion was my office assistant, and, in the front room of the flat, after the long day's work was over, we two used to sit together in the dusk and, looking out into the brilliantly lighted Square before us, watch Egypt (with all the modern improvements and additions thereto in the way of humanity) pass by.

In "Tramping to Failure," for reasons now quite obvious, I could not set forth in its entirety the whole of my story about Egypt. Nor can I do so now. At present I shall merely try to add a number of curious or instructive experiences, limiting myself of course to such as do in some way depict the medical practice of the place and time—together with the inevitable and necessary "background" of it all.

FEATURES OF THE ENVIRONMENT

North of Marion about three miles began the coal-mines—"strip mines" at first: mines where the "big vein" of coal lay so close to the surface that all that the miner (who, as a rule, was the farmer-owner himself) had to do was merely to strip off the soil—and there lay the jet black coal! Farther north stood a perfect forest of tipples—high steel buildings which towered above the mining shafts. All round the landscape, scores of miles in each direction, ran labyrinths of switch tracks, where clinked and rattled and clanged innumerable switch-engines with their smell of coal smoke and their short, choking coughs.

South of the strip mines clean down to Marion, simply poor farming. Poor soil, poor horses, poor corn crops, poor all crops, poor farmers. Farm machinery all outdoors all winter, and fairly rusted to the devil.

South of Marion, still worse farming—flat farms, rolling farms, hilly and even gullied farms, and all farms poor farms and farmers poor farmers—I mean financially. To the east—conditions even worse. To the west and southwest, even

much worse still, yes till you reach Giant City¹ or, farther onward, Bullfrog Lake.

Drive east toward Harrisburg and soon you see Eagle Mountain, rising from the flat surrounding country with an effect of sublimity which the actual height of the mountain hardly seems to warrant.

THE FOLKS

The people of this Egypt are surely a race apart.

They are, first of all "leaners." When they come into your office they lean against a door jamb, or the drug-case, or the operating-chair—or if you don't look out, on you, the doctor himself. I have seen them lean on their wives, on their elder daughters, but never on their older sons. The latter were always wanting to do some leaning for themselves.

Also, when first he arrives, the typical Egyptian is shy, as shy as any little school-girl. For that reason it is that, for a considerable time, he seldom utters a word—or, if he does, it is a very short and non-committal one.

Thus, to such an entrant I say, "Won't you sit down?" He, after looking all about him for a time unhurriedly, replies, "Stand—I reckon."

I take out a history card and prepare to write. "What is your name?"

"Name my pappy give me?"

"Your last name."

"Henderson—I reckon."

"Your first name?"

"Have to know that?"

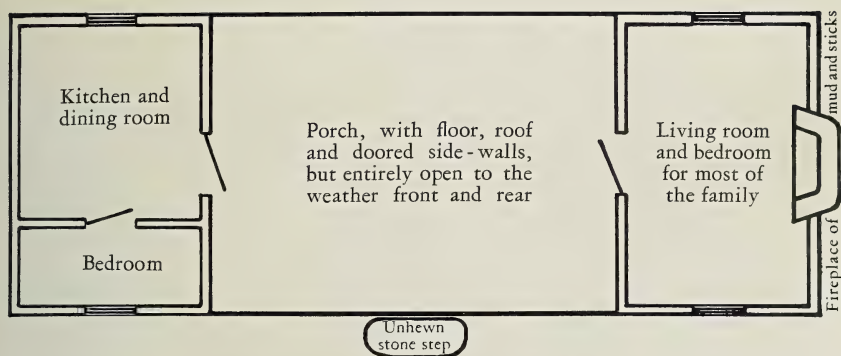
"It is better."

"J. R."

¹ A sublime, if somewhat ghostly place, composed of tall bluffs and deep chasms, which, at a distance, have the appearance of a mighty metropolis, but which, on nearer approach, are found to be nothing but uninhabited rocks.

Uninhabited? Here and elsewhere throughout all Egypt, there inhabits and sings, heartbreakingly, the southern mockingbird, not perhaps the true *Mimus polyglottus*, but the somewhat larger *M. p. leucopterus*, or mockingbird of the West. Its song is sweeter than that of other's and even than the English nightingale's, and it inhabits ubiquitously the trees and hedges of great cities, the bushes near country homes, yes even the lone rocks of Giant City. It sings almost continuously throughout the day and the night, resting little, nesting little, always filling the air with song—not merely the mimicked pips and peeps and little summonings of other bird species, but with its own incomparable arias, so exquisite at times as to be well-nigh intolerable.

"Listen to the mocking-bird! Listen to the mocking-bird!"



Ground-Plan of a Typical Southern Illinois Log Farmhouse.
The central porch, open to the weather in front and behind, was called the "dog-trot."



Elevation of the Same House, Showing Vista Through the Dog-Trot and Beyond.

So down goes "J. R." as his "first name."

Next question: "Did you want to consult me about your eyes, your ears, your nose or your throat?"

"I don't want to consult nobody about nothin'. I jest come in to have an examination—I mean you don't charge nothin' for examinin' nobody, do you?"

"No. Examinations are free."

"Well, first of all I want to ask you a few questions about eyes jest to see if you understand yer business. I ain't goin' to let nobody examine my eyes fer nothin' 'less I see first of all he understands his business. What's the difference between granulated eyelids and cataract?"

And so it goes. You have to handle these people carefully too. If you make a good impression on them, win their confidence, their esteem, their affection, they will talk for you over wide districts of country, help to make your reputation, and—what is no small matter—you will often come to like them very much, for beneath his rough exterior, the hillbilly ofttimes has a heart of pure gold.

He also has a sense of humor, though not humor of all sorts. The kind of humor that plays on words and their meanings he hardly understands at all. Thus, one day a lady patient unburdened her mind to me about the terrific "lickings" her husband had been giving her. "Would you," she asked, "*leave* a man that'd give you a beatin' up?" "I'd leave what was left," said I. And she sat there and pondered the meaning of what I had said for a very long time—speechless, her lips moving softly, and her entire face looking puzzled in the extreme, but determined to solve the problem.

Their pet humor was chiefly that of Americans in general—gross exaggerations. Thus, one man told me about "the scientificest doctor" that ever he had "seed." "The time Grandmother had a pain in her belly an' I called him, he first taken out a tape-line an' taken the dimensions of the shanty—set 'em down in a book. Then he taken the distance of the shanty's back-door to the front door of the chicken-house—set it down in the book. Then distance of shanty front-door to front-yard gate, to hitchin' post and center of roadway—set it down in a book. Seemed as if he couldn't ever *remember* anything. Taken the height of the

trees by the roadside with a trigonometer and the bushes with a yardstick—set 'em down in that book. 'Peared like he still couldn't remember *nothin'*. Had a portable scales an' taken Granny's weight—standin' up, sittin', an' lyin' down. Then put Granny to bed, slipped off 'er night-gown, weighed it separate, put the gown into a box labelled 'Chemical Analysis'—and set all *that* in a book. Took an' taken all kinds of her natural offal and put all *that* in *another* box labelled 'Chemical Analysis'—and set all *that* down in a book. Then he taken an' trimmed her hair an' finger-nails an' weighed 'em, put 'em in the box—set all *that* in a book.

"And when he'd got all through—pulse-countin' an' tongue-lookin' and ever'thin'—he says, 'What you need, Gran'mother's, a good big dose o' castor oil, an' that's all. Good-day.'

"An' say, it did *cyore* 'er—quick. He said he was a statistical doctor, kept statistics on ever'thin', cause he might need 'em some day, say he ever wrote a book that was different from the one he'd already been writin' so many things down in."

If the people of Southern Illinois were, many of them, "leaners," even more of them were "shouters." They had voices that had been developed not only by hog-callin', but also by callin' the folks themselves across the fields or to supper, likewise "by argyfyin' on politics an' maybe a little later shoutin' 'enough!'"

These megaphonic voices were carried by habit into the county seat and all around the depots, the stores, the Court-house Square, and into the doctors' consultation rooms.

Even a more outstanding characteristic was that of nick-naming and being nicknamed. Down Egypt way in fact, no man could be happy unless he had either been the recipient of a nickname (like an honorary degree) or conferred one on somebody else. Women, I found, very seldom used nicknames, either for men or for one another. Sometimes they would use one in connection with a genuine name, but always even then as a mere necessary instrument of identification. Thus, a woman in my office once said, "There's a man from our neighborhood comin' up to this office to

see you soon—I sent him. His name's Walson, Henry Walson—'Bug-eye' some people call him, 'cause his wife's got bug-eye disease.¹"

Not infrequently rough men would refer to women of a certain class by names which indicated their class sufficiently; as, Camp-meetin' Sue (an "unfortunate" girl who had "contracted pregnancy" at a notorious camp-meeting), Rocky-Mountain Nellie, the Spanish Jade, Cantharides Kate, and so on.

I was always greatly interested in the subject of nick-names, and nearly always I, like any other stranger, would, if I asked for it, get a fairly good story about the conferral of the name. I nearly always asked for it, and some of the stories I wrote down.

One of the men, a prosperous farmer of huge size, was called "Gallows," and the story about him was that, being both wordy and abusive, he not infrequently had a fight on hand. He wore, incidentally, a single gallows to his trousers, as many of the farmers in that district did—a great, thick, strong, inelastic affair his wife had made him, and this gallows he always wore passed from the left hand button behind, to which it was fastened, then over the shoulder and on to one of the right hand buttons in front. He "never felt comfortable in a two-prong gallows." Also, he never would wear an elastic gallows, "for fear it might lose me my pants."

One day another big man came up to *this* big man, and said, "I done heard you called me a taker" (thief).

"Thank God somebody can carry things straight."

Thereupon the first big man, knowing from long experience the advantage which "lays in strikin' the first blow first," struck the first blow and struck it so hard that he ripped loose his one and only gallows.

There were women around, and the trousers began slip-pin' [as the gravitational attraction of the earth would naturally incline them to do]. So *this* big man grabbed his trousers with his left hand, for the purpose of holding them up—there were still women around, and Si he never wore

¹ Exophthalmic goitre, which is simply big-talk for bug-eye big-neck. ('Exophthalmic"—bug-eye, and goitre—*tumidum guttur*, big neck.) "Bug-eye big-neck," or "Tremblin'", is very common in southern Illinois—at least it was in my time there.

no underclothin' in summer time—and then he started fightin' with jest his right hand only.

But *that* big man he took an unfair advantage of *this* big man, the man that had to use one arm instiddier galluses, and he bunged *this* big man in his right eye, then *this* big man in his left eye, then *this* big man in his mouth—an' the blood come a-runnin'.

Then the missis of *this* big man, the wife, she yells, "Si, ye're licked," she says, "better'n I could a' done it myself." O' course they ain't no one-hand fighter that can do nothin' worth no mentionin' so long's he's one-handed.

But *this* big man, he yells, "Trousers, damn ye, git off, an' women look the other way—there's real fightin' to be done."

An' he shore done it too.

An' sence then we called 'im "Gallows."

A young married man was "Toehold." Reason: Two small families had a good-sized feud. One family was quite rich the other quite poor. The oldest boy in the poor family married the oldest girl in the rich family. The "pappy" of that girl then tried to whip the boy, but the boy whipped the pappy. It was easier then for the children of the poor family to marry the children of the rich family. And that they did. Six married six (those were "small" families). But the first one was ever afterward called "Toehold," because he had given his family a "toehold" in the other family.

There were two men who lived in the same neighborhood, both bearing the same name, Tom Rogers. One was a big man, the other not so much so. To distinguish the two apart, everybody who knew them termed them, respectively and respectfully, Tom Bigger Rogers and Tom Smaller Rogers.

Tom Bigger Rogers came to my office one day, supported by his wife. He had been bleeding at the nose for several days and nights. There was an ulcer on the nasal septum. This I cauterized, thus saving Mr. Rogers' life.

Not long after that another man came into my office almost wholly drained of blood, who said he had come to see me because he had heard of what I had done for Tom

Bigger Rogers. His own name, he declared, was Harmonica Bobbins. He was called "Harmonica," he stated, because he had never been able to learn to play the harmonica. He seemed quite proud of his nickname, in fact referred to it repeatedly.

And this reminds me that, after I had almost been lynched by the extraordinarily hot-headed people of Marion, as narrated in "Tramping to Failure," pages 327-330, section entitled "The Stone-Cutter's Nose and My Neck," there appeared a remarkable tendency to apply the sobriquet above referred to in another connection, namely, "Gallows," to myself. Not that anyone supposed I wore but a single "gallow," but the whole almost tragical, transaction had ended happily—indeed, in the mouths of many, with a big, Egyptian laugh. Why not, then, celebrate by plastering a nickname on "Doc"? Now I never have had any of the way-up feeling so manifest among some doctors, yet the gallows-idea—because I had in fact approached so close to an actual, if illegal, and wholly improvised, gallows—did not appeal to me as something I should like to have appended at all to my name—or, worse, used in place of it.

I frowned on the idea whenever addressed as "Gallows." The intended compliment, for such it was certainly, at length died out.

I have sometimes wondered, however, if it wouldn't have been far better to encourage a little the use of that nickname, instead of frowning it out of existence. Did it not, after all, carry with it the story of how I had cured a patient? I might have been much assisted by the tale, in fact, as were, for other examples—the "Little Corporal" of France, who, for a time, ruled Europe, "Sockless Jerry Simpson" of Kansas, and "One-Shirt Magee."

Anyhow, I went sobriquetless, and, no doubt, not at all so popular as I might otherwise have been in joke-loving, name-calling Egypt.

People had other things down there to be proud of than merely their good humor, the strength of their voices, and their usually pertinent—sometimes also impertinent—nicknames. There was a fellow from Polecat Lake who had come to me about other matters but who also had a string of

supernumerary lobes hanging from each ear. I suggested that he let me amputate the disfiguring things. He wouldn't take a million dollars for them, he said. "Why not?" "My father and my mother both had 'em and so have my brothers and sisters now. They hain't no family in *our* deestrick that has articles like *them*."

This same patient was the chap who taught me the art of extracting foreign bodies from the eye. Said he, "Got somepin' stickin' in right eye? Shake your left foot. Got somepin' stickin' in left eye? Shake your right foot. Always shake the foot that's kattycornered from the eye. Never seen it fail to work. But don't never shake the foot on the same side as the eye ef ye don't want nothin' that's in the eye to go on deeper in it still."

Why anyone should believe such stuff who could test out the truth or falsity thereof in five minutes, I do not know. But know I do that similar medical nonsenses abounded there then and, according to some of my present Marion correspondents, still do. For example, the way to cure "sore eyes" is to pour hot milk over the place where the patient's after-birth was buried. To cure a sty, rub it with a gold ring. A red string wound tightly about the left little finger will stop nose-bleed. A cold key on the back of the neck will do the same thing if cold enough. To drink one's mother's urine will prevent the drinker from ever having the mumps.

There was no use arguing about these things. People believed always not what they had tested, but what they had heard—an attitude of mind quite deadly of course to all manner of progress in all matters affecting humanity.

Indeed both the people and a good many doctors in southern Illinois seemed never to have grasped the idea of what had happened in and to the world when the Germ Theory of Disease and Antiseptic Surgery had come into it. They knew something of George Washington and the American Constitution and what that man and that document had meant to the world. They also knew about Abraham Lincoln, the Civil War and the Abolition of Slavery, and what *these* things had meant also. They also understood, in

a vague unconsidering way what the telegraph had done for the world, what the railroad, the telephone and so on. But the Germ Explanation of the Nature of Most Diseases and what it really signified for all the other sciences, for all economics, all philosophy, all theology, all the modes and manners of human thought and feeling, they had no more idea about than if that mighty hinge on which the history of this world had just turned so many degrees was nothing more *at all* than a new instrument, say a forceps, or a new way of rolling a pill would have been.

And, after all, this is not much to their blame. For even in the largest and most learned volumes of the greatest of our great historians, both of medicine and of mankind, there was not much greater evidence of a full comprehension of what had just been happening.

The folkways of the Egyptians always interested me, especially the medical superstitions, but these, if I entered into them scientifically, would fill several large volumes by themselves. Therefore I hasten to depict a few individual characters only of the Egypt of that day. Most of the curious Egyptians I cannot consider here because they necessarily appear hereafter in the section of this volume to be called "The Appendix", subdivision "Cruel and Unusual Patients."¹

MR. MARDI GRAS

I seldom think of Marion without beholding myself again treating the eyes of men who had been injured in some coal mine accident—not indeed in one of the "mines" near Marion² but always some mine farther north: a deep mine

¹ I must in fairness add that by no means all the people in southern Illinois were odd and superstitious. Some of them indeed were highly intelligent, even well educated. The lawyers were almost every one of them men of this class, particularly W. W. Clemens, Wm. H. Warder and Judge Rufus Neely—the three I knew the best of all. As for the ministers, they ranged from highly intelligent to densely ignorant, even superstitious. L. L. Smoot—a first cousin, by the bye, of U. S. Senator Reed Smoot—a Baptist evangelist, was one of the very finest. Outside these professions there were the Stotlars, the Warders, the Campbells, the Goodalls, the Hendricksons, the Swans, Lenzes, Claridas, Scobeys, and many others. To Mr. Edward H. Scobey, a retired school principal, I am specially indebted for valuable data and suggestions about the old times in Marion which, otherwise, I would surely have had to omit from this book. Recently he died, and many of the others mentioned in this footnote have long since passed away.

² The "big vein" of coal, as I have stated, came to the surface of the ground two or three miles north of Marion. There was no large vein at all south of that out-crop. If, however, you passed north of the out-crop line and there "probed" for coal, you found the

with a tall steel tippie over it and long dark shafts running down into it, and galleries—long miles and miles of them—running out in various directions from the shaft. In these galleries the coal was continually being loosened from the main mass (the vein) by the miners' drilling holes systematically into the mass, then inserting the "blast" (charge of explosive) and then "tamping in" the blast by packing dummy (non-explosive) cartridges in the drill-hole all around the "blast." When the explosive was discharged (by means of a fuse, so that the men at the time of the discharge could be standing at a considerable distance from the spot) the blast would, if properly tamped round with cushioning material, throw down a considerable quantity of coal and without danger to the men.

Strangely enough, spite of all the safety devices the companies provided for them, the workmen would be careless (many of them told me so themselves) so that, often, the "shots" were fired "prematurely"—i.e., before the workmen could easily reach a proper distance from the place of explosion. Or the "tamping" with the dummy cartridges would be done badly, resulting in a "blown-out shot"—i.e., a shot with a flame running out of the hole. The flame would sometimes ignite the gas or fine coal-dust that happened to be floating in the air, with horribly mutilating effects on some of the workmen.

Then there were "foreign bodies," bits of flying coal or steel from the workmen's tools getting into the depths of their eyes continually.

These three kinds of accidents produced much surgical practice for the only eye-specialist in the county. Amputations of eyes? Yes, scores and scores of them.

A sad part of the situation was that Illinois law, at that time, had no Workmen's Compensation Act, that the "accident insurance policies" which the workmen generally held, almost invariably contained weasel words and phrases almost any one of which would have rendered a policy

big vein lying at a greater depth, and the farther north you went the deeper the big vein lay. The consequence was that, near Marion, there was only "strip-mining" done—i.e., the farmers under whose soil the big vein lay had nothing to do when "mining" their coal but to "strip" the thin soil-layer off it. Cheap coal, that! Many local people indeed, both farmers and town folk, drove in their wagons to the farms of the strip-coal farmers and shoveled the coal themselves directly into their wagons, and then, having paid some small price for it, drove back with it to their homes.

worthless. A suit for damages against the company, moreover, was well-nigh always defeated on the ground either that the injured miner had himself been guilty of contributory negligence or that the damage had resulted from the act of a fellow workman.¹

So the plight of the sometimes wholly blinded miner and his dependents was oftentimes truly pitiable. No more jobs—anywhere, no compensation, workman or common law, no—well, as one of them once put it to me, “no nothin’.”

A strange case of human interest I beheld in connection with a burn from a badly tamped shot. The miner, who had come to me from, I think, some deep mine not far from Mt. Vernon, had a face that looked like anything in existence except a face. It had already healed before he came to me, and it resembled in fact a piece of gnurly white-and-pink oak, and, when I tapped on it, it gave forth a sound like that of resonant wood. All deep scar, the entire face.

And the scar was still, months after the injury, contracting strongly. Already it had contracted so very extensively that both the upper eyelids had been drawn tightly upward, while both the lower ones were drawn as tightly downward. Neither when the man was awake nor when he was asleep could the eyelids be closed. The result was, as always in such cases, that the eyeballs began to ulcerate. Blindness, total blindness, if the functions of the lids could not be restored, would result inevitably.

I was fortunate in being able to restore the function of those lids and so in saving the sight of both eyes.

But that face! It was more grotesque than all the masques in Mardi Gras and the Veiled Prophets of St. Louis combined.

The man was, say, fifty years of age. A girl of good family and about seventeen years of age fell in love with him, or else with his mask, and, in spite of her family's strong antipathy to the injured one, she married him.

They did not “live happily ever after,” or at all, not even for a day, but not because the lady did not love her husband. She loved him to distraction and kept on loving

¹ The proper tamping, I was told, was wet clay, which could always be found in the floor of the mine, but nevertheless many of the shot-firers *would* tamp the holes with dummy cartridges—filled too not infrequently with coal-dust, itself a frightfully destructive explosive.

him to that extent until, in fact, he compelled her to divorce him—*him* whom all the schoolchildren had nicknamed "Mr. Mardi Gras."

Concerning the psychology of the situation I prefer not to speculate. The reader may do that to his own liking. We should, however, remember that a good many explanations are conceivable.

THE BLACK LADY WHO WAS BLED WHITE

Southern Illinois was a veritable happy hunting-ground for the old-time travelling, open-air performance, doctor, who carried on chiefly at night not far from the Public Square, and who, between his grandiloquent medical lectures and sales of "magic" medicine, "put on" numbers from a brass band, sometimes snake numbers by himself, and war-dances by Commanche Indians.

Whenever, among the buyers of his medicines, he saw what he took to be an unusually "easy mark," he made a special appointment with the "sucker" to meet him "tomorrow" in his room at the such-and-such hotel.

His "cures," of course, were rare indeed, and, besides, almost always ostensible rather than actual. The only one I now recall was of a case that resulted in much laughter among the loafers round the Marion Square.

She was old, fat, and as black as a moonless, starless night in Africa, without any torches. Her name (not the right one) we will say was Rebekah Garner. She lived somewhere beyond Dewmaine, and she had had excruciating pains in her arms for many years.

She had tried every doctor in the city,¹ she told me one day when, in my office, she had asked to have a foreign body removed from her left eye. The last doctor she had had for

¹ She had not needed to consult any doctor at all in Marion. At Dewmaine in fact, a town she had passed on her way to Marion, she could easily have consulted a doctor of her own race, the highly skilful, A. W. Springs, M.D. Rather, he was half negro, half French, and all physician. With him worked his very efficient wife, Birdie McLain Springs, M.D., who was, as I remember, half white, a quarter negro, and a quarter Amerindian. She, poor girl, has been in her grave these many long years. They two were "company doctors" in the all-negro mining town of Dewmaine, and many were the interesting cases they used to send or bring me. The first case, in fact, of pronounced pellagra that ever I had seen was brought to me by them.

I am glad to pay this little tribute to these fine professional comrades.

her arms was a Y. of P. man, old Dr. Joly, whose office was on the Square and whom I knew very, very well. Now Joly, despite his lack of the medical degree, was really a man of much learning and skill.¹ He was also, I may add in passing, perhaps the greatest stickler for medical ethics that ever I have known. Indeed he went much farther than even the framers of the medical "Code" had ever dreamed of going. Thus, he would not even have his name on his office windows or doors. To do so would have been "advertising." Nor would he even permit a patient to have him called out of any public gathering, howsoever badly that patient might have needed him. He used indeed to warn his patients carefully against such "highly immoral" conduct.

Here is what had happened in Dr. Joly's office. The old colored lady had taken therein just one single treatment. Then her pains had become much worse. So she had given Joly a first-rate tongue-lashing, paid him his dollar (she was scrupulously honest) and bade him farewell, as she tragically expressed it, "forevuhmo'."

That night, going round the Square, she had heard at a little distance the sound of a brass band. Following the sound, she came to an unbuilt place in the city where a travelling doctor and his retinue were triumphantly performing. She had been specially convinced of his powers when she had seen him draw out of a box an immense blacksnake, which then, as he held it firmly just behind its jaws, coiled and uncoiled about his naked, very muscular, right arm.

When the full-throated invitation to buy medicine arose, she rushed up to the doctor, determined to buy two bottles. But when the doctor discovered that she had painful arms and had had them for years, he tearfully informed her that a case like that demanded especial attention. "You had better, far better," he said, "Madam, come up to my room tomorrow in the Goodall Hotel. You need careful and personal attention." Yet he sold her two big bottles of his

¹ Except in the matter of antisepsis, or asepsis. One day, at his kind invitation, the Companion and I went into his office to be vaccinated. After he had boiled his scarifier carefully he laid it down on a dust-covered table. When I had called his attention to the dust, he nonchalantly remarked, "O well, this antisepsis or any other sepsis does just as much harm as it does good."

medicine right then and there, cash down, so that she might "get started on the treatment immediately."

The next morning she went to the hotel, saw, was seen, and was conquered. Conquered to the tune of three treatments a day for seven days, price \$5.00 per treatment, total bill, \$105.00.

The treatment consisted only in rubbing the painful arms with "magic salve" and in administering strong alkaline draughts to "kill" the uric acid in her system. (Even the regular medical profession, in those days, was almost maniacal with enthusiasm over the view that practically all human diseases of a chronic character are produced by an excess of uric acid in the system. Professor Haig, of London, England, had said it was so, and thereupon almost the entire medical profession of the world had, of course imitating, shouted, "Yes, it is so!" And so it was so—for fifteen or twenty years. The nonsensical doctrine then raged on to some extent till Doctors Frank Billings and E. C. Rosenow (1909-1916) demonstrated that a very great number of chronic diseases are demonstrably produced and continued by focal pus-infection (infection introduced not by germs from without the body but by germs already existing within the body—say in a suppurating tooth, such germs being carried from the tooth to, say, a heart valve. Then the doctrine of uric acid as the cause and continuation of practically all chronic diseases died almost as suddenly as it had been born.)

Well, the old lady, honest as the blondest of Swedes could ever have been, did pay that bill instanter and with what she had there in her bosom.

Next day she met on the Public Square old Dr. Joly. Having heard of her recovery and of the price that she had paid for it, he, going up to her in a fatherly way, sweetly murmured, "Well, Rebekah! *Aren't* you Rebekah Garner? Well, I rather thought so. But how comes it you are so white?" He walked all round her in feigned astonishment. "Do tell, Rebekah! You certainly are all white."

"Yes, I knows," Rebekah replied. "I'se heard dat joke a dozen times befo'. I'se been bled white. Yes, o' course, I'se been bled white. I know it. I'se suttinly done hyeerd

about it often enough. But dese hyer arms is well now, and I'm jest a-goin' ter—"

But the doctor was scooting for safety, while yell after yell went after him from the fun-loving crowd of southern Illinoisans.

After that the loafers and even some of the business men around the Square used to shout after the old doctor: "Ran from a nigger woman!" And, in the meetings of the Williamson County Medical Society, the doctors used solemnly to complain that old Dr. Joly, in getting the colored lady to chase him round the Square, had simply been attempting to attract attention to himself—to get publicity, in the very grossest violation of our Code of Ethics.

FAITH, HOPE AND NO CHARITY

One day when I was in Dr. Joly's office—which by the bye consisted of just one room (if patients waited, they waited in the hall or on the stair) a white woman entered and began talking to the Doctor about her case. Dr. Joly motioned me not to leave the room. "Being a doctor," said he to the patient, "he is naturally interested in difficult cases presenting new and unusual features."

The Doctor, quite obviously, was anticipating vigorous complaint from the patient about the failure of his treatment.

He was not disappointed. She, having first consented that I should remain in the room, added that she had, long before, gone to me about her eyes. And she added, "which never done me one bit of good."

Then she complained that she had now been taking Dr. Joly's "so-called cure" for a "great misery" in her back for a very long time and still could not see that she was getting any better.

"It is a Nature cure!" cried the Doctor all at once and with conviction. "The cure comes slowly because Nature does cure slowly. It is a wonderful cure, a magnificent idea, an original idea, my very own idea. In fact it could not be better."

And so, as the Doctor kept on talking (thus beginning to convince himself of the value of his own cure, in which to begin with he had evidently had not the slightest confidence) he began also to convince his patient.

"The la, la, la!" she marvelled, at length. "If I'd 'a' know'd all that in the first place, I wouldn't of had no suspiciousness.—Here's the money I owe you, and thanks."

When the last of the lady's footsteps had quit its joyful echoing down the stairway, the Doctor turned to me and, after a burst of heroic laughter, shouted, "That woman'll get well."

To tell the truth, she did. Even her eyes got well—eyes I had "failed to cure."

One day I asked the Doctor, referring to his medical magic, what was that "Nature cure" he had given to the lady in question. "Just water and a little Epsom salts," he replied, "and a great deal of faith and hope. Never leave out the faith and the hope, my boy. These are the 'Christian graces'—faith, hope and charity. But the least remunerative of these is charity."

On another occasion, too, he talked "hard boiled," although in fact about the tenderest-hearted person on the Public Square. That day *he* was in *my* office. A man had come in to pay for services I had rendered some time before to three members of his family. (Ordinarily I asked "cash in advance" of my southern Illinois patients, but this man was so honest and had had such very hard luck that I had gladly worked for him "on time.") I said to the man, "Thirty dollars." "O!" he almost shouted, "that's mighty cheap: I appreciate it," and he peeled off the bills.

When the man had gone, said Dr. Joly: "You will never have business sense. When a man comes in to pay for work on several persons, and you mention an amount—say thirty dollars—and he admits his great delight, then that's a signal, always, that you can go right on and say, 'for the wife, then there's twenty for the boy and twenty-five for the girl—O call it all seventy.' You see you know, *when he's expressed his delight*, that you can go on and collect more. Of course if he bellyaches about the thirty, you can stop right there and be glad to get *that* much." He was really jesting.

He had brought with him a patient he was anxious to have me see—a man who had been beaten up with unusual

severity even for southern Illinois. "Fight?" I asked the man. "Look like it?" "Yes, how'd it start?" "Well, old man Stanhope—I'd never seed 'im afore, but I went down to his place to lick him, an'—well the battle went the other way." "Why did you try to whip a man you'd never seen before? Had he said anything about you?" "Nope, but 'twas like this. Old man Stanhope one day he give 'is wife a lickin'. She was a little bit of a thing, so it wan't no wonder he licked her. Then, woman-like, she got cross, and went an' took her spite out on her oldest gal, who was twicet as big as she was but who didn't dare to fight back 'cause ef she'd 'a' done so, then she'd 'a' had to lick her daddy. He always told his children, so I've been told, that he wouldn't never stand fer none of 'em lickin' their little mammy—he reservin' that pleasure for himself. So the eldest gal, she, woman-like again, got crabby, an' ready to lick the first person she met—which happened to be my eldest daughter, comin' down the road. My eldest daughter come to me a-cryin' an' sayin', 'Judith Stanhope she gin me a lickin' an' I hadn't even teched her.' So I think says I, 'I'll go see this Judith Stanhope.' Judith showed me the fault was her mother's and then the mother, right here on the Public Square, that the fault was her husband's—old man Stanhope's. I went to see that feller then, the starter of all the ruckus—and just behold what a little fire kindleth and endeth up with among good Christians."

BRASS ANKLES

In a certain Egyptian town which here shall be nameless there dwelt a curious man who was neither a white man nor a black one, but a "brass ankles." He had come from South Carolina and was very proud of the condition of his ankles, for "brass ankles," as you may possibly know, are mulattoes who have descended from South Carolina slave parents who were freed before the Civil War, and who, by serving in the War as Confederates, acquired a legal right in South Carolina to be regarded as not-negroes, also the right to vote and to serve in the militia. They are not, however, allowed to attend white schools, yet, being prouder than Lucifer, each and every one of them, they refuse, wherever they live, to attend negro schools or to associate

with negroes. So they get separate schools for themselves.

In the big town I now recall, there were three brass ankles—three pairs of them, rather. There was, first, the head of the house—"Dark and Handsome" was his other name. Then there was the headess of the housess—"Small and Rancid" was the additional moniker that other colored ladies bestowed upon her. Then there was the daughter, "Little Straight-Hair"—so called because in fact her hair was very straight. And one surely could never take umbrage or other disagreeable psychological condition just because of the conferral upon one of so plainly Caucasian a cognomen and undeniably eulogistical designation.

Little Straight-Hair, the daughter of both "Dark and Handsome" and "Small and Rancid," was highly desirous of being given the chance to attend—in Illinois, mind you—a whole tiny school for her little brass-ankled self. And her brass-ankled parents warmly seconded the idea. That was law in South Carolina; why couldn't it be law in Illinois? Why should not Illinois tax-payers be at least as chivalrous and obliging as tax-payers in South Carolina?

Well, the Illinois tax-payers, in this particular case at least, were not chivalrous and obliging. So Little Straight-Hair had to go to school in the same common building as all the other children—who, although they also had straight hair, were most assuredly defective in the matter of brass ankles.

The worst thing about the whole matter was that Little Straight-Hair was a born scholar. Under that straight hair of hers lay better brains, believe it or not, than under any other straight hair that attended that school. She beat all the other students in her class, then in her room, then in the room above that room, and so on. She was specially good in music of course, but mathematics did not "phase" her either. She was growing stately too.

No, the worst thing about her was probably *not* her scholarship. It was her beauty, plus—spite of her demureness—her extreme and spontaneous vivacity. She laughed like the waves in a sunny sea of loveliness. Her one-fourth or one-eighth or whatever the negro constituent in her figured out at, taking back what I just now said, did not mar either her looks or her vivid sort of expressiveness—

added to them, rather. The consequence was that even white-ankled boys began to go crazy about her. And then she sometimes smiled at them, sometimes did not even know of their existence. "Little Chills and Fever" they called her then, though at that time she was not so very little, but, as I have said, was growing rather stately.

Well, the son of the richest man in town fell in love with her. So did nearly everybody else, for that matter, young and old, though many of the afflicted affected to despise her. Then a brass-ankled uncle of hers who had made a fortune in the lumber business down in Arkansas, left his entire fortune to the stately "Chills and Fever." And who is there with soul so dead that never to himself hath said, This is my own, my lumber land?

The son of the richest man in the city flatly proposed to her. His father, a widower, came near doing it himself.

The Brass Ankles turned him, the son, down without hesitation. He thereupon became quite persistent. Her father (the handsome one himself) emphatically forbade the suitor his house. Then an overgrown colored boy whom all the brass-ankled ones despised as no white family could ever have despised him, became persistent also, likewise was forbidden the house.

The white suitor and the black suitor, like two wild bulls in a tropical garden, met accidentally one night in the alley behind the girl's house. The black one beat the white one into a—well you would not have known a name for it.

The white one, whatever he looked like, went to his father, ashamed—as the father of the not-so-fair-yet-decidedly-beautiful young lady informed me with his own lips—ashamed, I say, to have been whipped by a negro youth, therefore lied to his father abominably, saying that it was the lady's father [the brass-ankled man now speaking unto me] not her dark, young suitor, who thus had beaten him up—and down.

The white father, a man of great size and corresponding strength, then took him a good strong black-jack, and, laying for the dark father, beat him with the jack unmercifully, notwithstanding that the beaten one possessed the highly aristocratic "brass ankles."

Well, it may sound quite funny to some persons—at least up to this point. But funny it surely was not in the slightest.

The beaten dark and handsome father was come into my office with one eye torn into shreds, so that nothing was to do then but amputate it and fit into its former socket an artificial eye.

The white father, shortly before the operation (the dark father being almost *in extremis* from the other wounds the white man had inflicted on him) came to me and almost prayed to me to save the very man he had harmed so—also, incidentally, promised to pay my doctor bill himself, whatsoever the result in the case might be.

The dark man recovered fully, except as to the lost eye, and then—did the only sensible thing he could have done in the terrible situation—the conflict of two irreconcilable sorts of aristocracies. He took his belongings, himself, his wife and his still truly lovely daughter away from the northern town and down into Arkansas—there to look after his daughter's lumber interests.

The white man never paid the dark man's bill, in fact he was quite insolent when refusing to pay it. I had not had him put his promise into writing he said, and so on.

The dark man, however, had already told me that, if the white one did not pay the bill, then he himself would do so.

Well, he did pay it. He was proud—had a pair of brass ankles.

I want to add, moreover, that seldom have I had a negro patient—brass ankles or black ankles—who has tried to "beat" his bill. Some negroes have been able to pay but little, yet that little they have paid with courtesy and with gratitude. The thieving propensity of the old-time negroes—a propensity born of bondage, wherein the slave would "steal" a watermelon or a chicken which his own hands had, by force, been compelled to produce, has about died out. Even those in bondage who had kind, religious (actually, not ostensibly, religious) masters,¹ seldom formed the pilfering habit.

¹ My mother's great-grandfather, Peter Clemmons, of North Carolina, was such a master. To him, therefore, I wish to pay this little footnote tribute. Turned Quaker, he freed all his "children" (blacks). For his views on slavery and on the colored people whom he had taught to read and write long before he had enfranchised them, see his book, "Poor Peter's Call to His Children." [Salisbury, N. C., 1818, pp. 153. Chapter III, pages 43 to 67 inclusive.]

The negro in the United States has done well. In the few short years wherein his race has had a chance to do for itself, he has done well. He will do much better. I resent particularly, and with all my heart, the motion picture plays in which he is forever represented as a pop-eyed coward. The typical negro is nothing of the sort, but a man of loyalty and courage. He was found to be such indubitably during both the World Wars. What the final solution will be of the tragic difficulties arising from the presence together in the same nation of free negroes and free whites, I do not know. Probably it will be a slow miscegenation at the lower levels of both races—slow at first, but proceeding more rapidly upward as the black element becomes more and more whitened. That is what has almost always occurred where two distinctly different races have long lived side by side.

At all events, God bless the black people of America. I have seen many of them in financial disaster, in sorrow, in horrible pain, in the great ordeal of having to face death for long periods of time without hope, and in the still greater ordeal of standing by and witnessing the deaths of those they loved; and I have almost always found them steadfast, good-natured, trustworthy, affectionate, courageous, truly religious to a high degree.

We laugh at "Sambo," but he always laughs with us—yes, even at himself—and in a world like this!

May he long endure to infect us with his incurable laughter, his merriment, his song.

SENTENCES OF DEATH AND, WORSE, OF BLINDNESS

Actually the patients who paid me the most at Marion were those who gave me jocularly and gratitude. (The negroes were all good about this.) Money I had to have; of course. But at least a little money we all do somehow get. Laughter, however, laughter and good comradeship and some appreciation, God knows how much we need them!

And even when money is paid, it can sometimes be so paid as to be a minus quantity. A patient at Marion, who had come to me from a distant county-seat, arose in response to my statement that he had tuberculosis of the larynx and

that he would very soon die, and asked, "What do you charge for a death sentence?" Told, he threw his money to the floor and huskily whispered, "Get down there and grovel for it."

After leaving the office he returned. "You're a G . . . d . . . d liar, Shastid. I have no tuberculosis and I'm *not* going to die. Besides, even if I had it instead of this catarrh, you'd no business to have let me know."

"Didn't you say you were a general merchant at?"

"Yes."

"And that you had a wife and several small children?"

"Yes."

"And didn't I ask you if you'd made a will and had all your business in shipshape?—You'll live long enough to thank me for what I've done for you."

He did. A week or two later, having gone to both St. Louis and Chicago and having received in those places full confirmation of my diagnosis and prediction of an early death from men who knew no more about the subject than did I, he returned to his home completely convinced, and then made his will. Moreover, he had for some time been on the point of buying out a competitor whose store stood next to his own and then merging the two—borrowing heavily of course in order to do so. "Good God!" he cried, "suppose I had done that and then died. My wife knows nothing of business. She would have lost everything—everything. And the tiny children!—As it is, I sold instead of buying. And now I've got everything in fine income-condition for my family. That's what you did for me by what I thought brutality. And I cursed you, Doc!"

A few weeks later he died.

Which reminds me of another case of the same disease—laryngeal tuberculosis. When I had given the young man—a rather rich one, by the bye—the name of his affliction and told him he soon must perish and that, therefore, he had better not enter into any more long-term undertakings, he gave me a look of fearful hate, and, even as I spoke to him kindly and with much intended helpfulness, he languidly cleared his throat and then, instead of spitting into the cuspidor, he—still seated close before me for the use of the

laryngoscope—suddenly ejected the entire gob of sputum into my open mouth.

I had on my tongue at that time, as it happened, a deep, ragged ulcer, the result of a tooth which my dentist had badly mistreated, and so I was gravely alarmed for some time because of the possibility of much further implication of the tongue.

Then, on the other hand, there was the fine young chap (he was really fine, even noble) who had accidentally and quite innocently acquired syphilis, and now, in the later stages of the disease, had developed a rapid atrophy (wasting) of the optic nerves. Did he want to know the whole truth? He did. I told him.

"Yes," said he, "I know I've got the social disease. They told me that three years ago in St. Louis—I had no eye trouble then. But, Doctor, as sure as God's in heaven, I don't know how I got it."

I believed him thoroughly. I knew just how he'd probably got it. From his very much younger sister, a sister he almost idolized and to whom he had been as a father—for their father had died in their early childhood. She, however, was not the saint he thought her. A mistress she to several travelling salesmen. I had treated her two or three years previously for syphilitic sore throat, had warned her not to kiss anyone because the little white sores on her lips (*mucous patches*) were exceedingly contagious, and then had been told by my fine young lady that, already, her brother had been kissing her thrice daily, as had always been his custom, and that, surely enough, he had gotten "a great big button of a sore right in the middle of his lower lip."

No place of mine, of course, to tell fond brother who it was that had "betrayed him with a kiss" and now was consigning him to impenetrable darkness, even this side the grave.

And then—would you believe it?—up gets my fine young gentleman and says, with a pretended gay laugh: "Time to change my business anyhow. Old one's rotten. How's this?" And he takes up his cap and pretends to be a blind beggar of a very comical sort.

I nearly cried—all the more when, suddenly donning his cap and changing his tune, he asked, "Poor Emily, who'll take care of her *now?*"

He did not ask me who'd take care of *him*.

HYSTERIA

Worse even than the dead beat for a patient is the hysterical woman. Most persons do not understand at all the nature of hysteria, so a word or two upon that subject. First of all, hysteria is really an insanity, though not usually so regarded.¹ Now one of the commonest symptoms of insanity is the "delusion." An insane patient, for example, believes that he is a billionaire or Napoleon Bonaparte or Jesus of Nazareth or the man who assassinated President Garfield or the holder of a mortgage on the moon. In the great majority of instances the delusion is so obviously a delusion that no difficulty is experienced in deciding that the patient is crazy. But, strangely enough, in hysteria the fact that the patient is insane is seldom obvious. That is because, in hysteria, the delusion almost invariably relates to the condition, or supposed condition, of the patient's own body. If the patient declares she is Mary the mother of Jesus, you know at a flash that she is crazy. So too, if, being an hysteric, she says her legs have turned to glass, for which reason she can no longer venture to walk or stand upon them. But suppose she asserts that, whenever she reads, she suffers from intense and long-continued headache. Well, she may in fact be either crazy or not crazy. Suppose, further, that, examining her eyes, you find she is far-sighted—a condition in which almost as a rule the patient does indeed and in truth, after reading, suffer from intense and long-continued headache. Very well, you prescribe the correct lenses for her far-sight.

Now, in the normal situation, your patient is relieved at once of her distressing pains, and becomes your professional friend forever after. Not so, however, in the case of the hysteric. She, God pardon her, returns to your office to complain of your glasses. Returns once more. Keeps on

¹ Thus, too, the delirium of fever is not generally thought of as a form of insanity. Yet a form of (temporary) insanity it most undoubtedly is. (Wharton and Stillé, "Medical Jurisprudence," I, 475.)

returning. She even says she cannot read with her glasses at all now, is far better off without them than with them, and to cap the climax some day declares that your glasses have actually made her blind in one eye.

I have had such a patient come to my waiting-room early and remain there, wholly without necessity, all of a crowded afternoon, complaining to all my other patients about the terrible thing she supposed that I had done to her.

Had she thought herself Joan of Arc the listeners would have had no difficulty at all in setting her down as insane. But the delusion she actually did have was not plainly a delusion.

Sometimes the hysterical woman's delusion has no foundation whatever. She imagines, in other words, that she has intense headache when, in fact, there is nothing at all discoverable whereby headaches could be produced. As a rule, however, and most unfortunately for the doctor, she does have an actual and discoverable basis for her trouble—in the case above supposed, far-sight. So if, after he discovers that the woman is also hysterical, he attempts to explain to the husband, father or other relative that the patient is hysterical, and that that is the reason why she is so dissatisfied, he is promptly countered with the question, "Why then didn't you say she was hysterical in the first place?" If you go on and attempt to explain that, in the first place, you found an actual, demonstrable cause for the headache which appeared to be the only origin of the patient's distress, then again you are met with the poser, "Why then have the glasses made her worse? They ought at least to have helped her in part." Well, of course they have, but she, being an hysteric, actually grows worse as she gets better—a state of affairs which sounds quite fishy to Mr., Mrs., or Miss Relative.

Men, too, are sometimes hysterical, but, thanks to the gods, very seldom.

A curious fact about hysterical women is that their hysteria is often commingled with more or less malingering. Sometimes indeed a seeming hysteric is purely only a malingerer. Thus, one woman who had been referred to me by

her family physician for an eye trouble, made a very good recovery from that affliction, but, a short time later, was found by her husband, as he came back home from work, stretched out on her bed, unconscious. Six whole days and nights she lay on that bed motionless, eating and drinking nothing, and, at least apparently, dead to all surroundings. Not even did she, apparently, visit the toilet or kitchen. The husband, who had more or less given up work to care for her, was growing distracted.

Being a sensible chap, he listened to reason and so, one day, at our suggestion, pretended to don overcoat and hat and leave the house—although in fact he had merely closed the hall door from the inside and quietly hidden in a spot whence his wife could be observed.

Shortly she arose, went to the kitchen (the door was wide open) and ate ravenously. Having visited the toilet she went back to bed and became once more "unconscious."

After awhile the husband pretended to return, slammed to the hall door, took off his things (ostensibly) and hung them up, then went to the room of the wife—who was still "unconscious."

A quite salutary scene ensued—after which no more "unconsciousness," occurred, except at the usual times for everybody's sleeping.

This case, it appeared, was really an attempt on the part of Madam Unconscious to force her husband to employ a maid (which he could ill afford to do) to look after her house work for her.

A plain case of malingering, not hysteria at all.

The patient, moreover, in that particular instance, had selected a difficult kind of disease to simulate. Most malingerers are more astute.

And the true hysterics! They themselves are thoroughly deceived by their sickness. Doctors dread them as they dread no other undesirables in their practice. "What a magnificent profession," once exclaimed in my presence an old physician, "medicine would be were there no hysterical women!"

Lay people often suppose that doctors make the most of their reputations and their money (when they have any) on hysterical patients. As a matter of fact they could more than easily pray, "Lead us not into hysteria, but deliver us

from that and its seeming double, worse half-sister, malingering."

Yet, after all, hysterics, both male and female, are not infrequently curable. For this, two things are essential (1) a strong desire on the part of the patient to be well (2) a profound mental impression of very unusual character. The trouble, however, with the scientific physician is that he hates to resort to the humbug and deception which are almost invariably necessary for the production of "the profound mental impression of unusual character." Better fitted by far for this kind of work are the travelling mountebanks, the red-light burners, the faith-healers and so on. Over and over I have seen religious faith-healers apparently perform great miracles of cure, especially for the lame. In every large community at any given time there exist scores of sincere persons who go about on crutches but who no more need artificial supports for physical reasons than do I. They merely *think* that they do. That is their great delusion. Get them to think that they do not, and, presto! they are well.

To get them to think that they don't, the scientific physician stands at an obvious disadvantage. The rules of his profession forbid and his soul abhors the "burning of red light." Yet red light is what these people truly need.

PROGRESS IN BACKVIEW

Having come so far in this book—so far, that is, in the way of medical progress, whereof there was so little in Marion—it is time to turn and secure a retrospect, or back-look, over the medical distances we have come. This in order to perceive the journey as a whole, instead of by mere scattered fractions as, in this volume, it has until now been necessary to do. Let us also, for the sake of further clearness and deeper interest, go back to the beginnings of scientific medicine and cast a mere glance at the road which medicine had taken ere I, the writer of these memoirs, had come upon the scene. If the reader, smelling technical instruction ahead of him should cry out testily, "Entertainment, *not* big words, if *you* please," he may, "if so disposed," just turn to page

so-and-so, where the instruction very clearly terminates and thereafter read on for entertainment unhurt.

Besides, there are few big words in the following brief summary.

THE OLD MEDICINE—400 B.C. to 1876 A.D.

The Old Medicine—Old *Scientific* Medicine—began with Hippocrates. Hippocrates, a Greek, born 460 B.C., became quite active as the founder of the scientific healing art at approximately B.C. 400. Born on the island of Cos, he studied medicine chiefly with his father, flourished at Athens in Greece's golden period, practised a good deal at a little town called Larissa, and, at the age of 90, passed painlessly away at Larissa—where he was long remembered for his high degree of skill and innumerable kindnesses.

Hippocrates had much to say about disease but only a little about diseases. To him in fact disease *in general* was an entity, a definite thing-in-itself—something which, assuredly, "disease" is not to-day. To Hippocrates there was no such fact as a vast number of diseases, each in itself as distinct and clearly apart from other diseases as a camel, for example, is, and even then was, from a dog, a horse or a cow. And the whole development of medicine through the ages does truly exhibit a continually increasing development of the idea that there are a great many distinct diseases—each a thing in itself. This development, of course, in the concept of sickness generally took place slowly at some times, rapidly at others. Especially after the establishment of the microbic origin of most diseases it took place rapidly indeed.

Now "disease," in the Hippocratic view, this vast, un-integrated concept, was supposed to be caused by one single thing only—an improper commixture of the liquids, or "humors," of the human body. These liquids were the blood, the mucus, the yellow bile and the black bile. Let us see just how this theory was applied. If a patient had fever, no attempt was made to answer the question *What* fever? There was just fever, and fever was not a disease, nor was it a symptom of any particular disease: it was a symptom of "disease." Fever was not by any means alike in all cases. It appeared, in truth, as the Father of Medicine well understood, in a vast variety of forms. In whatsoever form it

came, however, it was as it was just in accordance with the particular misproportion that the humors of the patient in question had got into.

Hippocrates, unfortunately, was not an experimenter. But he was an observer and a very good and close one, considering the fact that, in his day, no medical instruments of precision existed. He was also a great recorder of his observations. He wrote case-histories by the thousand. Then he compared the histories with one another, drew many justifiable conclusions.

Tradition, to Hippocrates, meant nothing, tradition and her wildeyed daughter, superstition.

Hippocrates was almost as important for what he was not as for what he was. The world of his time was full of theurgy and magic. He would have none of these.

ROMAN MEDICINE

When Rome completed the subjugation of Greece in 146 B.C. by the Battle of Corinth, Greek medicine passed from Greece to Rome, becoming in truth a much altered science, what is known to-day as Greco-Roman medicine. Yet the earliest Greco-Roman doctors were in fact Greeks, often even Greeks bearing Greek names, though the most of them resided in Rome.

Asclepiades (flourished B.C. 100) taught, quite to the contrary of Hippocrates, that "disease" is not due to some disturbance of the humors (liquids) of the body, but of its solids—too great constriction or too great relaxation of the solid particles. This theory was called "solidism." The doctrine, like that of Hippocrates, lived for a long time. Friedrich Hoffman, in fact, of Halle (d. 1742 A.D.) taught it quite persistently. Rasori of Italy, well over into the 19th century, was also an earnest advocate of it, and even the great Frenchman, Broussais, until his death in 1838, preached it with all his might. (He also, we may add in passing, taught that to speak of "clinical entities," or "definite diseases" was to be "foolish in the extreme.") The more fanatical of Asclepiades' pupils were called "Methodists."

Athenaeus of Attalia, who flourished about A.D. 69, likewise differed from Hippocrates, in that he taught the

causation of disease is some or another disturbance of the "pneuma" (gas or vital spirit of the body, which the lungs extract from the air). He and his followers were known as "pneumatists."

There were, therefore, in Greco-Roman medicine, three schools of practice, according to the belief which each school held as to the true causation of disease—Humoralists, Solidists and Pneumatists. The most quiet and conservative of these practitioners were the Humoralists, less so were the Solidists, and the most radical and noisy of all, the Pneumatists. Surely a sufficient variety of opinion: disease (which meant all diseases) is seated in the liquids of the body, or in its solids, or in its gases!

In addition, however, there was still another class of doctors—the Eclectics. These took something (whatsoever each one chose to take) from each of the three other schools. The greatest of the Eclectics was Clarissimus (ofttimes erroneously written "Claudius")¹ Galen. He was, in fact, the greatest physician of antiquity except Hippocrates. He began practice in Rome 164 A.D. He was in greater part a humoralist, but to some extent a pneumatist also. He was, for his day, an excellent anatomist: in fact he studied anatomy at first hand and not only in apes and swine as others before him had done, but also, so far as he could, in the human subject. (His was a time wherein the common man's body, while alive, was treated with great indignity, but, when dead, was all at once regarded as so highly sacred as to be absolutely undissectible.) Galen, despite the fact that he was a great egotist, a blow-hard, was a fine first-hand observer, just as his master, Hippocrates, had been before him. Best of all, he was an experimenter. Indeed he was the introducer of experimentation into medical science—one of the greatest of all advancements in the field.

Galen died 201 A.D. His fame, enormous even then, increased with each passing century until at last he became an actual incumbrance, a hindrance instead of a spur, to further medical progress. Physicians would no longer experiment, or even observe, for themselves, because they be-

¹ See, for example, Garrison, "History of Medicine" (1917) page 97, footnote: "From the fifteenth century on, the erroneous form 'Claudius Galen' has been much employed. Edwin Klebs and others have shown it to be a misreading of Cl[arissimus] Galen. (Sudhoff.)"

lieved that everything of any consequence in medicine had already been attended to by Galen.

Galen, too, was a Greek who simply practiced at Rome. Rome itself, however, by the heads and hands of its own citizens and other inhabitants, did make mighty contributions to the science of human health. These contributions were in the line of public and private sanitation. Rome, that is to say, built easily cleaned houses, well-lighted by day (not by night) and well-ventilated at all times. Also, a vast system of aqueducts, drains and sewers. Also many public baths. Most of these improvements, however, were constructed for purposes of convenience, military advantages, and luxury. They were not at all thought of as conducive to private or public health. The ancient Romans, in other words, like millions of supposedly civilized Americans at the present day, gave little thought to health and disease problems, either public or private.

The Middle Ages (476 A.D. to 1492 A.D.) produced, relatively at least, very little medical advance. Not only was the paralysing hand of Galen everywhere in control, but, even in the great universities—the very spots where progress might most reasonably have been expected, the subjects taught were almost always dialectics, moral science, theology. There was little of natural science, no first-hand observation at all or experimentation. In the eighth century, it is true, there came into the medical field a fertilizing factor—the Arabic invasion,¹ but this was important for medical progress chiefly in a negative way. That is, the Arabs did not so much *increase* the sum of European medical science as they *preserved* that science through the centuries when the Europeans themselves had forgotten it. Then they turned the precious treasure of learning back to the Europeans. They had, however, it is true, added a number of important and valuable discoveries in branches collateral to medicine—mathematics, chemistry and pharmacy.

In the post-Arabian part of the Middle Ages, too, a number of important additions to medical science were made by non-Arabians—notably spectacles by Roger Bacon, Eng-

¹ The first successful Saracenic invasion of Europe occurred at the great battle of Zeres, in Spain, A.D. 711.

land (d. 1294) and some other person or persons unknown.¹ Clocks also were invented—in the 14th century—instruments of precision which, later, were used in pulse-counting, exact-interval treatments and certain other medical matters.

Then, too, it was during the Middle Ages that hospitals, in the present-day meaning of the term, began to be organized and established in a wide-spread way. However, the mortality in medieval hospitals was frightfully high and these institutions helped little if at all to stay the ravages of the unparalleled epidemics of those days—the Black Death for example, which, about the middle of the 14th century, destroyed a quarter of the population of the earth.

The Middle Ages ended with the discovery of America (1492).

THE MODERN PERIOD

The 16th century too showed little advance in medicine. Disease was still disease, not definitely differentiated diseases, except, as with Hippocrates, in a very few affections indeed.

The most outstanding physician of this century was A. T. Bombastus von Hohenheim, *alias* Paracelsus. This man was

¹ I have often pointed out the tremendous consequences which soon followed the introduction of spectacles—notwithstanding that for a very long time spectacles were employed for old-sight only. Indeed I have shown that the Renaissance itself, with all its vast consequences to mankind, must have been largely the result of the introduction of spectacles. Until that introduction all but short-sighted persons—then but a small percentage of the entire population—were obliged at about the age of forty to give up reading and writing—all close work indeed with eyes whatsoever, and that until the end of life. This, to a peasant, perhaps was no great calamity. To a scholar and thinker, however, it generally meant the end of his career. Imagine the stimulus to human thought and inventive genius which must have resulted from the extension of the active-eye age from that of forty to that of sixty, to eighty, yes—as in the case of many famous men—even to over ninety years.

There were of course other causes for the arousal of the human spirit in the 14th and 15th centuries, but all of them together could not begin to equal in value that world-shaking occurrence, the introduction of spectacles (containing convex lenses) for old-sight.

Spectacles for many other purposes than the extension for years of youthful vision to the aged, came much later. Concave lenses began to be used for the relief of short-sight about the beginning of the 16th century, and, a little later (1623) convex lenses began to be employed after cataract operations to take the place of nature's convex lenses, which, by the operation, were removed from the line of sight (to-day, from the eyes). Then came the highly convenient bifocal lenses, introduced by Benjamin Franklin, 1784.

Near the middle of the 19th century, owing chiefly to the efforts of an M.D., Dr. Arlt, at Vienna, the fitting of glasses was taken up by ophthalmologists. The movement was, however, even till long after the present writer had entered into medical practice, bitterly opposed by the medical profession generally on the ground that it was "unethical." It was not, of course regarded as "unethical" for general practitioners to keep on administering morphine and coal-tar products for eyestrain.

It remains to be added that both the grinding and the fitting of spectacle-lenses has now become an art and a science of truly vast proportions.

as egotistical as Clarissimus Galen himself had been. He was self-assertive, vulgar, profane and obscene. He bullied and browbeat auditors, readers and fellow practitioners alike. The family name of his father, therefore also of himself, was really Hohenheim. The son, however, invented for himself the substitute surname, Paracelsus, the meaning of which is "beyond" or "higher than" "Celsus." Celsus, though never a physician, was an old Roman medical author of the first century A.D. who was still in high repute in the 16th century. The "Bombastus" was the father's middle name, which had been passed on to the son despite its vile connotation of bombast, pomposity. "Paracelsus" was born at Einsiedeln, Switzerland, in 1493 (the first year of the Modern Age), received the Doctor in Medicine at Ferrara in 1515, and, after travelling over all Europe and much of Asia, taught medicine at Freiburg and Strassburg. He spoke and wrote the language of the common people rather than the ponderous and degenerated Latin, fought both humoralism and solidism, believed in witchcraft and devils but not in the devil-production of disease. He believed in scrupulous cleanliness, though he had no knowledge of micro-organisms at all—the compound microscope was yet to be invented (by Hans and Zacharias Jansen) the simple microscope to be improved (by Leeuwenhoek). Therefore he was, unawares, something of an aseptician. He introduced mercury for syphilis (exact date unknown) wrote well on cretinism and goitre. One of his greatest services was the destruction of innumerable petty medical superstitions. Another was his break-away from Galenicals (highly complicated mixtures of numerous vegetable ingredients) and his simultaneous adoption and advocacy of quite simple medicines of mineral origin.

The greatest work performed by Paracelsus consisted in his sweeping away many worthless, even utterly senseless, things from medical theory and practice. Thus he prepared the way for a more scientific medicine, that which, in the 17th, 18th and first three-quarters of the 19th centuries, in turn made possible the Germ Explanation of Many Diseases and, through that marvellous explanation, produced the greatest revolution ever known in human thought.

THE GREAT PREPARATION FOR THE GREAT REVOLUTION OF THE WORLD

We have passed by Andreas Vesalius (1514-1564), the father of anatomy; also Michael Servetus (1509-53), the discoverer of the pulmonary circulation of the blood, who was burned at the stake by John Calvin, founder of the Presbyterian Church, likewise Ambroise Paré (1510-1590), who abolished the use of boiling oils in wounds and who reintroduced the ligation of injured arteries—all these great men we have passed over because they do not bear directly on the development of the Great New Knowledge of Disease Causation which was to come into existence with Pasteur, Weigert, Lister and Koch. (This brief review is not by any means intended as an all-aspect history of medicine.) We have also passed by the invention in 1590 of the compound microscope,¹ the actual inventor of which has hardly been determined beyond doubt. Probably the credit does belong to two Dutchmen, Hans and Zacharias Jansen. However, it was not the compound microscope of 1590 that gave to medicine in particular and to all other natural sciences in general their well-nigh incredible microscopic impetus. That never-to-be-forgotten impetus was supplied by the (still a "simple" instrument) microscope of Anthony van Leeuwenhoek.

The simple microscope is nothing but a convex lens. It had been in use since Roger Bacon first described it, A.D. 1276.² Its value arises from the fact that it permits the human

¹ The word, "microscope," was not invented till April 13, 1625—by a physician, Giovanni Faber.

² Roger Bacon, as we have already stated, described his discovery of the simple microscope (the use of the simple convex lens for magnification purposes) in his great book, the *Opus Majus*. Now, there being no such thing as printing in the time of Roger Bacon, this book was only in manuscript form, and only one copy, the original, existed. Bacon, because of his scientific discoveries, was accused by the pope of being a sorcerer (dealer in "black magic") and imprisoned for ten years. To prevent the destruction of his manuscripts, these were hidden away by his friends and did not see the light again until, in 1733, a learned English doctor, Samuel Jebb, introduced them to the world. In that year a London edition of the *Opus Majus* was printed and published.

The question then arises, how did Hans and Zacharias Jansen (or whoever the inventors of the compound microscope in 1590 may have been) come to invent the compound instrument while still the manuscript recording the discovery of the simple instrument by Roger Bacon lay hidden away until 1733.

The explanation, which seems to be far from generally known, even yet, is this: Shortly after the discovery of the simple microscope by Bacon, spectacles were invented (whether with or without the knowledge of Bacon's work is unknown) by some still nameless person. Then, about 1285, one Salvino degli Armati was busily engaged in manufacturing them, and, about 1350, the use of spectacles (face-frames containing two convex lenses) had be-

eye to focus on an object at a very short distance—in other words to see it large (because very close) yet at the same time to see it distinctly. If a dime, for example, without benefit of lens, be brought quite close to the eye, it will be seen so large as completely to fill the field of vision—shut out all else from view. And yet it will be seen so badly that it is in effect not seen at all. With the help of a lens between the eye and the object, the view (if the three factors in the situation be spaced just right) which is had of the object by the eye will be not only large but distinct as well.

A simple microscope, however, never can give an enlargement of more than 120 diameters (linear magnification). Such enlargement for scientific, particularly medical, purposes is far from being sufficient. In the higher powers, also, of the simple microscope there is much apparent distortion of the object looked at so that its true nature is not revealed, and there is in addition much "coloration" of the object (chromatism) due to the fact that the light even from a white object is composed of rays of various colors which look white when seen in combination but which assert themselves as colors after passing through the lens. (This is due to the fact that the rays of the different colors of light when passing through a lens do not get focussed to the same point beyond the lens, therefore to the eye they assert themselves as colors.)

Now the compound microscope (1590) had the advantage over the single lens that the eye-piece (lens nearer the eye) of the compound microscope magnifies not the object itself but the magnified image of the object which it is the business of the object-glass (lens nearer the object) to produce. This is a magnification of a magnification. Therefore the compound microscope yields to the eye a far greater enlargement of the object than any simple lens could possibly produce.

come very general. It is, therefore, no mystery at all why Hans and Zacharias Jansen (or whoever the actual inventors of the compound microscope may have been) should, 240 years later, have had some knowledge of the simple microscope. They saw that instrument daily, two of them at a clap, before dozens of pairs of eyes.

To-day, it should be added, a "simple" microscope is not necessarily one single piece of glass, in other words a "simple" lens. No matter how many lenses are combined to constitute a given lens-system, the result is still a "simple" microscope if, through the system, the observer views the object directly. Only when the image, not the object itself, produced by a "single" system is, in turn, looked at by yet another lens or system of lenses does the instrument become, to-day, a "compound" microscope.

But here is the catch. The compound microscope, though it increases the simple lens's magnification, at the same time enormously increases its distortion and coloration. So greatly, in fact, did that first (1590) microscope increase the distortion and the coloration that the instrument turned out to be of little use. Afar off in time (in the 19th century) distortion and coloration were to be gotten rid of. But now we are speaking of the 17th century, the century wherein the Grand Preparation for the Great New Medicine began. In that century the compound microscope was still an interesting but impractical toy, nothing more.

What, then, about the simple microscope in that century? There lies the magic of a tale. Another Dutchman, Anthony van Leeuwenhoek, born 1632 at Delft, Holland, a man of leisure and incidentally a lens-grinder, before 1673 had invented a vastly improved simple microscope which was to do wonderful things. Each instrument was provided with a very small lens of short focal length "fixed between two plates of metal that had been pierced with a very small opening." Those arrangements reduced coloration and distortion. With these simple instruments Leeuwenhoek instituted the beginning of the Grand Preparation for the Great New Medicine which was to produce the Endless Revolution in All Human Thought.

Leeuwenhoek was not a physician or even a man of liberal education, but, being a person of leisure, he spent the most of his time "fooling round" in the microscopic underworld. He finally produced, all told, with his own hands, 247 microscopes with 419 lenses. Many of his instruments he gave away. To the Royal Society at London he shipped as a gift at one single consignment 26 fine microscopes.

In 1674 Leeuwenhoek was the first to describe spermatozoa, the red corpuscles of the blood and the structure of the crystalline lens of the eye. In 1674¹ he also discovered protozoa (the simplest forms of animal life) and in 1676¹ bacteria (the simplest forms of vegetable life). Either of these last-named two discoveries would, of course, entitle any person to the very highest seat in the human hall of

¹ According to most authorities, protozoa were discovered by Van Leeuwenhoek in 1675 and bacteria in 1683. But these dates are undoubtedly incorrect. See on this head the master-work, Dobell's "Anthony van Leeuwenhoek and his 'Little Animals,'" London, 1932, large octavo, pp. 435ff.

fame forevermore: in fact they were not merely the cornerstone, they were almost the entire foundation, of the Great New Medicine yet to come. Further developments of Leeuwenhoek's discoveries, however, were to result, of course from the use of the compound microscope, when that instrument, in the 19th century, should also be greatly improved.

Leeuwenhoek, although the full importance of his discoveries were not at all apparent to his generation, or even to himself, received the very highest honors of the day from the world's most learned institutions.

In 1723, aged 91, Leeuwenhoek died in his "old hometown," the place wherein he was born, Delft, Holland.

Another great medical discoverer of the 17th century and Preparer of the Way for the Great New Medicine, was William Harvey, an Englishman. Michael Servetus (who, as already mentioned, was burned at the stake by the kindly John Calvin) had already, in 1553, discovered that some (*he could not say all*) the blood in the right side of the heart was propelled to and through the lungs for aeration, whence it came back to the (left side of) the heart.¹ This is named the pulmonary, or minor, circulation of the blood. The major, systemic, or general, blood circulation, however, remained for Harvey to ferret out. That great discovery he revealed in one of his medical lectures in 1616.²

Another great Preparer of the Way for the Great New Medicine was a Jesuit priest, Athanasius Kircher (1602-80). We now know to a certainty that when (in 1658) Kircher declared he had found a microscopic cause of the pest in the blood of pest patients, he could not possibly have done so with the 32-power microscope he used. As Loeffler pointed out, what he probably saw was pus cells and rouleaux of red blood corpuscles. However, as Garrison well remarks, Kircher was "the first to state in explicit terms the doctrine of a 'contagium animatum' as the cause of infectious diseases." Thus he was one of the great Preparers of the Way.

Another Preparer of the Way was Malpighi (1628-94), the "founder of histology," who completed the work of

¹ See his great book, "Restitutio Christianismi."

² By those who like mnemonics the date may be remembered thus: Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood in the year when the blood of William Shakespeare ceased to circulate.

Harvey on the circulation of the blood by discovering in 1660 the blood capillaries. This was the "missing link," anatomically speaking, in Harvey's blood-motion chain. Even Malpighi's discovery, however, had to be supplemented later by the much completer demonstrations of the capillaries by the already illustrious Leeuwenhoek.

A minor Preparer of the Way, and yet an important one, was Francesco Redi (1626-94), who opposed the then almost universally accepted idea that the lower forms of life can generate or be generated spontaneously by non-living matter.

To what extent the world was in need of a new medicine in the 17th century can easily be seen by a very brief statement of the medical doctrines of Thomas Sydenham (1624-89) perhaps the chief internist of his day. Sydenham still taught the humoral theory of disease propounded by Hippocrates. He made few attempts to differentiate "disease" into distinct "diseases," although, necessarily, he wrote of gout, measles, scarlet fever, bronchopneumonia, dysentery, hysteria and chorea. He had a vague idea that all differentiated diseases could be in some way grouped and classified (as, later, living things were classified into genera, species and the like) with, however, the different classes passing into one another by imperceptible gradations. He practised venesection (blood-letting) for almost every affection that he ran across, whether "a disease" or just general "disease."

For the great majority of doctors in the 17th century alchemy, astrology and witchcraft were still valid. The great van Helmont (next greatest physician of the 17th century to Sydenham) believed with all his soul that every process in the body, normal or abnormal, is presided over by a spirit appointed from on high—a specialist no doubt in its particular line of work.

Before closing, however, this brief discussion of the 17th century, I wish to point out what appears to me to be, medically, the strangest fact about it—its inability, namely, to follow up the suggestion of Athanasius Kircher that a *contagium animatum*, some living thing, must be the direct cause of many diseases. Already the ancient Greeks had discovered the tape-worm, the various round worms, yes

and so had the Egyptians long centuries before them, as well as other macroscopic parasites in the human intestine. True, these creatures were easily visible to the naked eye, but surely it might have occurred to physicians of the 17th century that parasites too little to be seen might also be acting as causes of disease—each of them indeed as the cause of one distinct, separate, individual disease—when those learned men had only to remember that the Arabian (Jewish),¹ Avenzoar, who had flourished at Cordova in the 12th century, had discovered and described the itch-mite (*Acarus scabiei*)—an animal so tiny that it lay on the very boundary of things microscopic, actually trying to point, as one might almost put it, to that great world of microscopic disease-causation which lay just beyond and whose discovery would mean so much for human health, human life, human thought, human everything.² When, *in addition to all this*, van Leeuwenhoek, in the same 17th century, actually, with his much improved simple microscope, *saw* both protozoa and bacteria and wrote up his marvelous findings for the learned societies of the world; and, still further in addition, and still in that same century, when Athanasius Kircher made public his theory of a *contagium vivum*: it is, I say, the very strangest fact about that century that it did not at least adopt the theory of a *contagium vivum* as a theory—not as a demonstration, of course, but as a theory—yes, the “germ theory” of disease.

But it did nothing of the sort. It treated the whole subject with very great indifference.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Just how the following century, the 18th, treated the same subject and why it so treated it, we shall now attempt to make clear. Once again it is to be understood that this historical chapter of this volume, *My Second Life*, is by no means meant for an all-round history of medicine even in outline. The invention, for example of the obstetrical forceps

¹ So great was the reputation of Arabian physicians, even in Europe, throughout the Arabian part of the Middle Ages that innumerable non-Arabian doctors—Orientals, Persians, Syrians, Christians, Jews—took Arabic names and practised as Arabian physicians.

² Avenzoar: “Sometimes there arises on the body, under the external skin, little swellings which the common people call *soab*. If the skin be removed, there issues from various parts a small beast, so small that he is barely visible.”

by one Peter Chamberlen in the fourth decade of the 17th century was one of enormous importance. Yet it had nothing whatever to do with the chain of events which, acting through the centuries, finally led the medical profession to the Great New Medicine and, through that, produced the mightiest Revolution in human affairs that the world has ever seen. Now it was my great good fortune to behold the ending of the old-time medicine and the beginning, as well as a great deal of the beautiful development, of the new. That mighty alteration became a part of my "life," my life's experience. Therefore, it, as *I* saw it, belongs in this book, and, moreover, as it does belong in this book and cannot be clear to non-medical readers, unless I place before them this brief account of the events of medical history which led up to it, I herewith give that brief account—but only, once again, the events which led up to and made possible The Great New Medicine and the Great New World which that New Medicine produced.

THE SYSTEMATISTS

The systematists, as the copious speculators about disease-causation were and still are termed, were numerous and unhampered throughout the 18th century by any great reference to facts. They believed, that is to say, in arriving at the cause of diseases by ratiocination—thinking things out. They did not *ferret* things out by the use of Leeuwenhoek's and other men's then available discoveries and inventions. They endeavored instead to *think* them out.

The speculators, however, of the 18th century were, as a class, somewhat different from those of the centuries preceding. The earlier speculators had attempted to think out the causes of "disease"; those of the 18th century, in larger part at least, endeavored to think out the causes of "diseases." They, in other words, had arrived at and very largely worked in accordance with the conception of disease as differentiated into a very large number of separate disease entities.

This, at first, would appear to be quite in line with the practice prevailing at the present day. The 18th century speculators, however, lacking as they were in all knowledge of microörganismal disease-production, had no facts by

which to check their ratiocinations. The consequence? They differentiated "disease" into *almost innumerable* individual diseases. Not only did they make an individual disease of each and every known symptom-complex, or syndrome (oft-occurring group of symptoms) some of them went even farther still and made a separate disease of each and every known symptom. To us of to-day such things appear ridiculous. But we of to-day can take, for example, the sputum from some throat, examine it carefully, and, if we find in it the Klebs-Löffler bacillus, declare that we there have a case of diphtheria, or if we do not find the Klebs-Löffler bacillus in it, we can declare that we have not there a case of diphtheria. We do not say, "diphtheria" merely because we can find in the case some symptom that sometimes occurs in diphtheria sometimes in other diseases. Neither, on the other hand, do we say "no diphtheria" because, in the particular case, we find some symptom that sometimes occurs in diphtheria sometimes in other diseases. In other words we are not misled either on the one hand into an endless multiplication of diseases, or, on the other hand, into the old-time Hippocratean equally erroneous lumping together of almost all the diseases that exist and calling them, as if they were a single entity, simply and solely "disease."

What I have ventured to term *the integration of diseases* was in fact not in the 18th century to any great extent possible. Even had the 18th century doctors noted carefully the words of Athanasius Kircher, as well as the plain implications of macroscopic parasitology, of the intermediate (itch-mite) parasitology, and also the discoveries made with the little but quite efficient simple microscope by Anthony van Leeuwenhoek, they still would have been unable to determine the microbic causation of most of the microbic diseases, *except in a very few instances*, for the simple reason that the staining of bacteria was, in their day, unknown.¹ It was in fact not invented until in the 1870's—by Carl Weigert.

¹ In the sentence to which this footnote is appended I have said "except in a very few instances." And it is perfectly true that there were bacteria which did not need to be stained at all in order to be visible under the microscope. Thus, before Weigert, in 1871, invented the staining of bacteria, Goodsir, in 1842, had discovered Sarcinae in the stomach, and Davaine, in 1865, had discovered the anthrax bacillus. Both of these bacteria should have been visible with Leeuwenhoek's instrument.

A few more words about that marvelous man and his microscope should be added. Leeuwenhoek, to the moment of his death, made a great mystery both of the way in which

PATHOLOGICAL ANATOMY

Eighteenth century doctors, however, did make some progress in what I have called "the integration of disease"—the separation and grouping of symptoms into integers, or "whole things"—things that are not disease proper-fractions (things less than unity) nor on the other hand disease improper-fractions (things greater than unity). One of the steps in this progress was pathological anatomy—all departures, naked-eye or microscopic, from the normal anatomy of the body.

The real founder of pathological anatomy was Battista Morgagni (1682-1771) of Forlì, Italy, and later professor at Padua. In 1761 he published the results of his investigations in a book, "*De Sedibus*," of seventy charming letters, almost conversational in character. This book, with its almost entirely new science, or department of science, pointed out, mostly for the first time, the post-mortem appearances of the viscera (internal organs) in patients who had had this, that or the other, symptom or combination of symptoms during life. Even this "pathological anatomy," however, although it did to a considerable extent degeneralize the prevalent conceptions of disease giving to each of a considerable number of syndromes (symptom groups) "a local habitation," at least a definite, physical background, nevertheless failed

he produced his lenses and the manner in which he employed them. He presented a good many of his microscopes to learned societies and to individual friends. Yet even to these elect he never revealed his methods for grinding the lenses which his gifts contained. A great many accurate drawings, too, and descriptions of what he had seen in the microscopic world he made and gave around to his friends. Yet on October 9, 1676 (two years, therefore, after his discovery of protozoa, and the very year in which he discovered bacteria) he wrote to the Royal Society of London: "My method for seeing the very smallest animalcules and minute eels, I do not impart to others; nor how to see very many animalcules at one time. That I keep for myself alone." Nevertheless it is the truth that other observers than Leeuwenhoek himself, Robert Hooke, for example, a slightly younger contemporary of Leeuwenhoek's (he was born three years later only) had little difficulty in seeing all that Leeuwenhoek had seen in the microscopic world. Why, then, did not the medical profession of the late 17th century discover the microbic causation of at least a few diseases?

The mystery of course increases when we ask the same question with respect to the century following—the 18th. Consider how vastly the microscope was improved in that century. In 1716 Hertel added the plane mirror, both above and below the stage, for indirect illumination of the object. Benjamin Martin, in 1742, added the micrometer eyepiece, which assisted in the taking of accurate measurements.

The greatest obstruction to the full use of the microscope, especially of the compound instrument, had been chromatism (colored rings round the object looked at) and spherical aberration (distortion of the object looked at).

In the 18th century the first of these obstructions was considerably done away with. Beelsnyder, in 1791, made the first achromatic objective—i.e., by placing between two bi-convex crown-glass lenses one biconcave flint-glass lens.

And still the germ-theory of old Athanasius Kircher was absolutely ignored!

to produce much progress in the integration of diseases. For one thing because, to a very large extent, and even by some of the foremost physicians of the century, the book was ignored. For another thing, to show that, in a patient who had in life exhibited such and such a symptom or set of symptoms, there was, after death, to be found in his kidneys such and such abnormal appearances, was *still* not to show that *both* the symptom-set and the postmortem appearances, even when taken together, constituted *one* certain disease entity—an integrated disease, a neither more nor less than just one disease-whole. For it was plainly true then, and is even more plainly true now, that the abnormal appearances in the kidney, just like the symptoms and symptom-complexes which had been known for so many centuries, might, because of the overlapping of appearances, be due either to tuberculosis or to syphilis or to pus infection or to yet some other infection or to several concurring infections or to all possible infections combined. So long as the *germ* of each sort of infection could not be plainly discriminated and identified, there was bound to be confusion both in the diagnosis and in the naming of diseases—briefly, in disease integration.

Pathological anatomy, however, it needs to be strongly emphasized, did give to disease, so far as the subject was attended to by the doctors of that day, an anatomical or localized, a visceral or definite, not a merely humoral or all-through-the body location. Moreover, it made for greater accuracy of knowledge when at last, in the fourth quarter of the 19th century, very many kinds of disease-germs began to be discovered. At that time of numerous discoveries, whenever a new sort of germ was ferreted out, there were already known to physicians many fairly definite pathological conditions with relation to the causation of which the new germ could be quite rationally tested.

MATHEMATICS AND MEDICINE

It was in this century—still the 18th—too that mathematics, which in the 17th century had made great progress—began to show its powerful influence in the department of medicine. Medicine, in other words, began to become quantitative. Some doctors, content no longer with such

expressions as "he has fever," or "he has a hot fever," or "a little fever," began to want to know exactly *how* hot a given fever was, exactly *how* cold a chill. In the middle ages the doctor's naked foot was oftentimes employed as a thermometer, because more heat-and-cold sensitive than his hand.¹ About 1579 Galileo invented a rude thermometer. Sanctorius, in 1625, devised a very poor clinical thermometer. In 1714 Fahrenheit constructed his 212 degree thermometer; in 1736 Reaumur his of 80 degrees; and, in 1742, Celsius his "centigrade" (100 degrees) instrument. Clinical thermometry was treated in 1742 by George Martine, a Scotchman, with considerable fulness. Even yet, however, the thermometer was mostly ignored. To complete the subject while upon it, clinical thermometers (also hypodermic syringes) were practically unknown throughout as late an event as our own Civil War. Wunderlich's volume, "Das Verhalten der Eigenwärme in Krankheiten," Leipzig, 1868, laid the first real foundation for clinical thermometry. I shall hardly be believed perhaps by some of the younger physicians among my readers when I say that when I, in 1876, became the "apprentice" of my father, even then there were few clinical thermometers in use in Pike County—perhaps three all told—and absolutely not one single hypodermic syringe.

Pulse counting fared better. Sir John Floyer, in 1707, published his "The Physicians' Pulse Watch." The watch he had invented, a special kind of stop-watch, ran for one minute only. This watch, moreover, was the first to display a second-hand—an addition which persists in all watches to this day.² During my apprenticeship not only did almost all physicians count the pulse, but even the most illiterate nurses generally did so and reported the results to the physician when he came to see the patient.

Stephen Hales, an English Clergyman, in 1733, published his "Hemodynamics" (part of a larger volume) which de-

¹ It is a curious fact that my great-grandmother, Eunice Richardson Clemmons, of Milton, Pike County, Illinois, who was "neighbor doctor," "neighbor nurse," and midwife in the early days of Pike County when doctors with diplomas were exceedingly scarce, used to test patients' temperature with her right foot. Why the right, I do not know.

Eunice Richardson Clemmons sleeps—has slept for three-quarters of a century—in the little Milton Smith Cemetery near Milton, Illinois, absolutely forgotten of course by all except the present writer and four or five of her other descendants.

² Floyer, it is interesting to note, employs the word "finger" to designate that part of a watch which we, to-day, call a "hand."

scribes his (the first) instrument ever used for taking the blood pressure. It was not much employed in the 18th century, but still it had a considerable influence in the way of making physicians think and act quantitatively.¹

So, too, did the vital statistics movement which originated in the latter part of the 17th and early part of the 18th centuries.

So too, to an extent, must have done the brand-new science of chemistry with its fairly correct integration of matter—rather of the different constituent forms of matter, what to-day are called “the elements.”

Empedocles (5th century B.C.) had taught that all things are produced from the admixture of four elements—earth, air, fire and water. Aristotle (4th century B.C.) added the view that all these four elements are constructed of one “prime” element (*materia prima*). These views, incredible as the fact may seem at present, prevailed throughout the civilized world until the 18th century. In the 17th century, it is true, Robert Boyle, from speculation only, propounded certain approximately correct modifications of the old views of matter. He, for example, defined “element” as a substance which analysis cannot resolve into anything simpler. An element, said he, must be perfectly homogeneous. It can contain no ingredient but may itself be an ingredient of other substances which are not elements. He, however, could not by experiment prove the existence of any given substance as an element, or draw up any list of what substances should be termed “elements.” He, therefore, allowed the science of matter (physics and chemistry) to pass over into the 18th century without what I have ventured to term the integration of matter—i.e. the determination of the elemental integers, or units, of matter as matter is known to us.

That great advance was actually achieved, however, in the 18th century by Antoine Lavoisier (1743-1794). Basing his work on the speculations of Boyle, Lavoisier drew up his (the first modern) table of elements—substances each of which is distinct in its properties from all the others, does not contain any other element as an ingredient, and more—

¹ Poiseuille, in 1828, added the mercury manometer; Ludwig, in 1847, added other improvements; and, finally, T. C. Janeway, at John Hopkins University, by his book, “The Clinical Study of Blood-Pressure,” 1904, drafted the entire science of haemo-manometry into the service of mankind.

over cannot be analysed into simpler parts than itself without destruction of its essential character. And all these points he largely established experimentally.

His "table of thirty-three elements" has had to be corrected since his time to some extent, especially by the addition of many other elements (the total is now 92, instead of 33).

But matter had at last received its (at least approximate) integration. No longer were admixtures or chemical combinations of two or more elements (such as water, air, fire and earth) regarded as "elements." So, too, in the 19th century, there were to come the Lavoisiers of disease—not only Pasteur, Weigert and Koch, but also Marchiafava and Celli.¹ After these no one again could do, as, for example, many of the ancient and medieval physicians had done when they wrote of "malaria" as if it were disease, merely expressing itself in different persons or under different circumstances as quotidian, tertian, semitertian, quartan, etc.,² or as John Hunter, in this very century—the 18th—did when he thought that gonorrhoea and syphilis are one disease and one only.

An out-at-elbow, absolutely unknown doctor in the "wild and woolly" wilderness of Kentucky—a doctor with only a little more than a year of medical education all told—in 1809, the birthyear of the man Abraham, who was soon to cast out forever the curse of human slavery from his land—that Messiah of a country doctor, I say, long years before the introduction of antiseptic surgery and perhaps, as has been said, "in the physically dirtiest way possible," and for the first time in history, did an actual ovariectomy (amputation of the ovary). This was really the beginning of abdominal surgery.

The man was so extremely ignorant in a general way that he could not write a proper case-report. He sent his "report," so-called, to be published eight years after he had done the operation and when he had done two more successful ovariectomies.

¹ It was in 1889 that Marchiafava and Celli showed that the protozoa of the pernicious, the tertian and the quartan forms of malaria are not the same.

² Some physicians too did likewise even in my own time, and, conversely, almost every physician in my boyhood, youth, and early manhood, would at times say to a patient, "Your trouble just now is malarial fever, but, if you're not careful, it may run into, i.e. become, typhoid." Malaria does not become typhoid any more than a giraffe becomes an elephant.

This man, the very Messiah of all modern abdominal surgery, was treated by the wise men of the East—New York, Philadelphia, all Europe in fact—with derision and contempt.

The greatest surgical operation that had been performed in all this world, down to and including its day—an operation that was amply worthy to open the greatest of all surgical centuries that have been or probably ever shall be until the end of time—that operation was received at first with nothing but derision and contempt.

And so it went, too, as to the introduction in the 19th century of surgical anesthesia. Sir Humphry Davy, in 1800, put himself to sleep with nitrous oxide (laughing gas) and, in his volume, "Researches, Chemical and Philosophical, Chiefly Concerning Nitrous Oxide" (London, 1800) he, after relating the fact that, with nitrous oxide he had put himself to sleep (thus rendering himself invulnerable to pain) went on to suggest, "it may probably be used with advantage in surgical operations."¹ Yet nobody paid any attention to that unquestionably first discovery of general surgical anesthesia.

¹ As Davy's book in the original edition (1800) is rare and difficult to buy, beg, borrow or steal, the reader may find it more convenient to consult the passage above referred to in the edition of 1839—wherein it forms Volume III of "The Collected Works" of Sir Humphry. In that volume the passage is on page 329, and runs in full: "As nitrous oxide in its extensive operation appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place."

Apparently, in all the thirty-nine years which had elapsed between the publication of the first edition of this book and the "collected edition" of 1839, not one physician on earth had made the slightest use of the information which had been so plainly given out by Davy, excepting only one young English surgeon, Henry Hill Hickman. Hickman had in 1820 reported to a number of British and French medical and surgical societies the performance by him of a number of serious surgical operations experimentally on various animals under general anesthesia produced by nitrous oxide. He also had proposed to these societies that this substance should be employed to render painless the performance of similar operations on human beings. So promptly and so thoroughly, however, were the young man's proposals rejected and he himself derided that he made no further attempts to bring about the acceptance of general surgical anesthesia. "Here," in effect, had said both Davy and Hickman to the entire world, "is surgical anesthesia all ready for your use." And yet no one had used it. In all those years not the very slightest use. For this reason—the gross inertia of the medical profession—Sir Humphry Davy should, according to nearly all medical historians, be debarrd from the honor to which he is so clearly on all other accounts entitled!

Other passages in Davy's book disclose that certain scientific persons, notably Dr. Mitchell, of America (p. 299) had come to think that nitrous oxide in a very dilute form is the cause of contagious diseases. Could anything more clearly set forth and demonstrate how the world, before Pasteur and Koch, was floundering around in a sea of etiologic ignorance?

Devils, bad air (*malaria* means "bad air") dilute nitrous oxide, and so on. These, for examples, were the causes (supposedly) of contagious diseases before the arrival of the Great New Medicine.

Was it not such a discovery? The man had put himself to sleep, had seen the value of such sleep for surgical purposes, and he had made publicly known both the find and its value. It has often been said that "to find and not to make known" does not constitute discovery. Similarly, "priority dates from publication." Again, "discovery" includes three things: (1) finding something important (2) realizing what the importance is (3) publishing the find and the nature of its importance. If Sir Humphry Davy's discovery does not comply completely with all these three tests, then wherein does it fail to do so?

Yet so stupid, so thoroughly asleep, were scientists at the beginning of the boasted 19th century and for decades thereafter that they completely ignored this plain discovery of surgical anesthesia by Sir Humphry Davy. Scientists even of the present day still do so, and all the storm that they have raised about the discovery of anesthesia relates only to the relative claims of Dr. Long, of Georgia, who in 1842, performed an operation under ether anesthesia, but who published no report of the matter; of Horace Wells (Hartford, Conn.) who, in 1844, used nitrous oxide as an anesthetic in dentistry; of William Thomas Green Morton (Charlton, Mass.) who, having learned from a chemist (Jackson) that chloric ether is an anesthetic, used it in 1844 when filling a tooth, and who, having learned from the same chemist that sulphuric ether is also an anesthetic, used that in filling a tooth and liked it better, therefore persuaded Dr. John Collins Warren (Boston) to use it in a surgical operation (October 16, 1846)—with, as all know, a successful result. Morton then tried, most unethically, to patent the drug and would not even reveal its identity till 1847. A great hubbub grew up about the whole matter. To this dirty squabble there later was added an even dirtier one as to who was the true discoverer of general anesthesia. Astonishing to relate, the *plainly* true discoverer, Sir Humphry Davy, was absolutely ignored, as, in fact, he practically always still is.¹

¹ The United States government, in its all-wisdom, has attempted to settle the matter by issuing a commemorative stamp in honor of Dr. Crawford Williamson Long, of Danielsville, Georgia. Concerning the claims of Long, Dr. Fielding H. Garrison's "History of Medicine," 1917, p. 531, has the following: "In March, 1842, Dr. Crawford Williamson Long (1815-78), of Danielsville, Georgia, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania (1839), having previously noted some accidental anesthetic effects of ether, removed a small

So, in the midst of stupid opposition and mercenary bickering the medical progress of the 19th century was born and so in fact it continued until well beyond the beginning of the final fourth of that century. To multiply examples would be easy but pointless.¹

And then, in 1876, on his birthday the tenth, there came upon the medical scene in the "sticks" of Pike County, Illinois, little Tommy Shastid—one who in no way, shape, manner or form contributed to the Great New Medicine or to any remarkable extent to the Great New World which resulted from it, but who, nonetheless, was selected by his country doctor father to be an apprentice unto him, and who, having two eyes, two ears, a smeller and ten feelers, made fair use of these organs while noting the passage off the stage of the Old Medicine and the entrance onto it of the New: all the while attending of course to the back-scene of the play—the surroundings and their reactions to the ever-changeable drama.

In 1876, when little Tommy Shastid (or let us say again I) became an apprentice, doctors, as to internal medicine,

cystic tumor from the back of the neck of a patient under its influence, and subsequently used it in other cases (1842-43), which have been amply certified and vouched for by resident physicians of his locality. But Long published no reports of his results, and, as Welch has admirably said, 'We cannot assign to him any influence upon the historical development of our knowledge of surgical anesthesia or any share in its introduction to the world at large.''' Welch might very well have added that, if Long really had understood the value of ether as an anesthetic then his failure to discover his "discovery" to the world (not merely to himself and his tiny circle) was nothing short of a crime whose magnitude exceeds that of almost any other crime in history.

In any case how can 1842 be regarded as earlier than 1800?

¹ Both the world-astounding operation (ovariectomy) of Ephraim McDowell and the discovery of anesthesia played important parts in the preparation of the way for the Great New Medicine.

Before McDowell the surgical branch of medicine had been but little developed, and, in addition, it stood in the blackest disrepute as compared with internal medicine. McDowell's operation gave to surgery not only a higher standing in the estimation of the world but it started that branch of medicine on an unprecedented era of development. This new surgery of course created at once two universally recognized surgical needs (1) surgical anesthesia (2) some means of reducing the then terrible mortality from operation wounds—a need which was later supplied by the Germ Theory and Antisepsis.

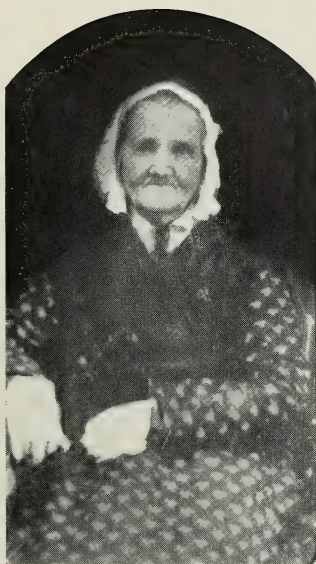
Anesthesia, coming first, became in turn one of the great preparers of the way for the Great New Medicine. Prior to anesthesia, he was the best surgeon who performed an operation in the shortest time. Had antisepsis been proposed before anesthesia had come into use, antisepsis could hardly have been adopted. As Sir Clifford Allbutt remarked (*Johns Hopkins Hosp. Bulletin*, Baltimore, 1898, IX, p. 281), "What place could there be in record-breaking operations [he means record-breaking in the matter of time] for the fiddle-faddle of antiseptic precautions?" Antiseptic precautions are not "fiddle-faddle," but, very plainly, there was no chance at all for their adoption so long as the old-time surgery required the utmost possible operative speed.

paid most attention to the pulse and the tongue.¹ They did not at that time make use of the clinical thermometer, but, instead, employed the hand. They had hammers and plessimeters, also fairly good stethoscopes—though often they tapped on a chest with their fingers and listened with ears applied close (direct auscultation). The ophthalmoscope had been invented (1851), the laryngoscope (1854) and the otoscope (1861), but country doctors in those days used none of these diagnostic instruments. As to the nose and throat my father examined them both by daylight, employing the handle of a spoon to hold the tongue down. On a dark day he usually employed me or some other person of equal proximity and skill, to hold a lighted coal-oil lamp and a clean mirror (not all of them were clean) in such a manner as to illuminate the mouth and throat considerably and, just a little, the auditory canals. The look of the skin those old-time doctors noticed with rapt attention. They were truly great students of symptoms, in fact at this present day I know of no such symptomatologists as I met quite frequently then.

In treatment they used of course quinine—"the sheet anchor of medicine" my father called it. (The world in fact was full of malaria then: doctors did not know the cause of it or how to prevent it, but they could almost always cure it as well as its various complications.) They also used blue mass and other forms of mercury with much skill. A large number of antidotes to pain they possessed, but hardly, as yet, the hypodermic syringe. Tonics too they had in abundance. Laxatives and purgatives they had galore, also alteratives, expectorants, antisyphilitics. And they understood the use of heat and cold, likewise of galvanism, faradism and massage, far better than most physicians do to-day.

In preventive medicine they had no power except vaccination for smallpox, and quinine for malaria—which latter

¹ This brief review of the old-time medicine as it existed just before and for some time after the beginning of the Great New Medicine, I set forth here and now, despite the fact that *to some extent but very slightly* I have mentioned the same facts before (when writing of my boyhood, youth and early manhood) but that I now do because, when writing before on the subject, I necessarily commingled the facts with a very large amount of other matters which prevented the *collective significance* of those facts from becoming at all manifest. Just now it is necessary to bring out and to emphasize that *collective significance* before proceeding to the brilliant advent upon the scene of affairs of the Great New Medicine and all that it has meant to a suffering and blundering world.



EUNICE RICHARDSON CLEMMONS

"Neighbor doctor," "neighbor nurse," and midwife at Milton, Illinois, in the early pioneer days. From one of the earliest tintypes, much damaged by time, especially in the subject's hands.

I have but one distinct recollection of her. On that occasion she, my mother and I were standing in a yard just two doors south of my father's home. The day was sunny, all around us were flowers. Great-grandmother Clemmons, in lace cap and shawl, short, chubby, bright-eyed, held in her hand a bunch of marigolds on which she was expatiating to my mother. Just what she was saying I cannot remember.

That is the only recollection that I have of my great-grandmother Clemmons. And glad am I that it is so beautiful a memory: my mother, then quite young and comely and manifestly very worshipful of her grandmother. My great-grandmother, so happy and vivacious, as sparkling as the day itself!

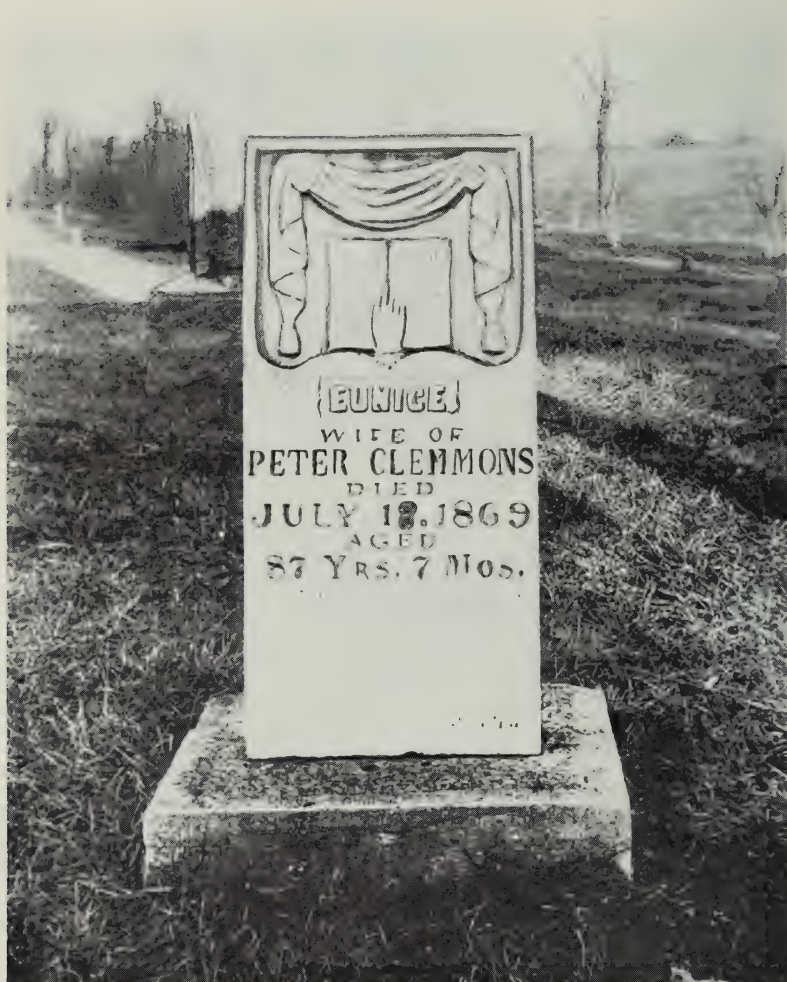
Two days later she was dead.

She was born in North Carolina, December 27, 1781, 18 years therefore before the death of George Washington. (So brief indeed is the history of our country, when I, who am still among the living, can distinctly remember one who was full 18 years of age at the death of George Washington.) She removed with her husband, Peter Clemmons, to Pike County,

Illinois, in 1829. Settling in Milton it was there and in that vicinity that she officiated (as, long after her death, my mother informed me) in the capacities of neighbor doctor, neighbor nurse and midwife. It was there, too, that she used to take her patients' temperature by applying to their cheeks the sole of her right foot.

Just how this neighbor doctor, even in the seventh decade of the 19th century, was still taking sick folks' temperature by a method which has long been supposed by medical historians to have died in the later Middle Ages, I do not know. Had this method, so long rejected and forgotten by doctors, come on down into the 19th century as a bit of medical folklore? Or had it been re-discovered by Great-grandmother, or by some one else from whom she had learned the trick? I do not know. I do, however, know that it was a very much better method of taking sick folks' temperature, so be the foot was clean, than that which was commonly employed by the M.D. medical profession even so late as the days of my general practice in Pike County—i.e. laying the (perhaps cold) hand on the patient's cheek or forehead.

Great-grandmother lived to be more than 87 years old. She died July 17, 1869, just two days before I was three. My recollection of her, therefore, is probably the earliest memory-picture I possess.



GRAVE OF MRS. EUNICE RICHARDSON CLEMMONS

The Tramp's Great-grandmother and old-time "neighbor doctor," "neighbor nurse," and midwife at Milton, Illinois. The grave lies in the Milton Smith Cemetery, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles north and west of Milton. She was possibly the LAST person to take the temperature of the sick by application of a naked foot to the patient's cheek.

preventive did not so much prevent malaria, as it kept on curing it as fast as it arose.

Of surgery there was much, indeed by far too much, to do on the farms. Doctors ligated cut arteries; sewed back in place many chopped off fingers; opened boils, abscesses, felons; catheterized bladders often; set fractures and reduced dislocations. They also performed amputations, a great many of them, and had better results by far in this work than did the best of operators in the cities—where the work of course must be carried on in hospitals, and hospitals in those days were merely “entrances into graveyards.” Even in private houses the results of the old-time surgery were oftentimes bad in the extreme.

As the capstone upon this old-time practice, let us merely remark that both the incidence and the mortality of the commonest of all diseases except malaria were almost incredibly high. Tuberculosis, scarlet fever, diphtheria, dysentery, cholera infantum, typhoid fever, pneumonia, and many other terrors of the time raged and raged and raged. There was no way at all in which to prevent them: their causes were not understood. And, as to treatment, doctors mostly attempted to make the patient comfortable, to “increase his resistance”—and prayed and prayed and prayed.

Some of the prayers were destined, in time, to be answered.

THE 19th CENTURY PREPARERS OF THE WAY

Already we have spoken of Preparers of the Way for the Great New Medicine—but preparers who lived and worked in centuries preceding the 19th. Now, in the 19th, more preparers still were necessary—and forthcoming. Preparers were necessary particularly in the line of improving the compound microscope. The possibilities of this instrument were plainly enormous if only two of its greatest defects could be got rid of—chromatism and spherical aberration (distortion of the image). Chromatism was due to the fact that, in ordinary (white) light, the constituent rays are of different colors—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. All of these, combined in one beam, are necessary to constitute white light. But, unfortunately, these rays of different color, having passed through a lens, do not come to the same focus—i.e., do not come to a focus at the same

distance from the lens. The violet rays form a focus at the shortest distance from it, the indigo at a little longer distance, and so on, in the order wherein the various colors are just-above listed, the red rays of course reaching their focus at the farthest distance of all. The result of this state of affairs was that objects viewed through a microscope containing un-achromatic lenses showed themselves surrounded by either a red color fringe or a violet color fringe. Moreover, even the non-fringe part of the image, consisting as it did of *all* the different colors of rays commingled, some of which, for whatsoever rays the instrument was focussed, would be decidedly out of focus—the non-fringe part of the image, I say (and that was of course the most of it) would be decidedly blurred.

Spherical aberration was due not to the fact that the different constituent colors of white light focus at different distances from the lens, but to the fact that any ray of light of any given color which passes through the margin of a convex lens is bent to a focus which is nearer the lens than is the focus of rays which pass through the lens's center or thereabouts. And all the rays which pass through the lens at points *between* its margin and its center are bent to focuses which stand at varying distances from the lens precisely in accordance with the distance from the lens-center the point is through which the ray passes. The nearer to the center the ray passes through the lens, the farther from the lens that ray will find its focus—and *vice versa*.¹

A most important feature of aberration, both spherical and chromatic, was that the stronger the lenses the greater the aberration. The microscopist, of course, would far rather have had it the opposite way.

For a long time after the invention of the compound microscope (1590) it was thought that neither chromatic nor spherical aberration could ever be got rid of.

In 1733, however, Hall, an English philosopher, did construct achromatic lenses. But he failed to publish his invention and priority dates from publication. The meed of praise therefore goes to a London optician, John Dollond,

¹ Mirrors, it is worth remarking, have no chromatic aberration. Nor do plane mirrors have any spherical aberration. Spherical mirrors have spherical aberration only when the aperture of the mirror exceeds 8 or 10 degrees. (The "aperture" of a mirror is the angle formed by joining opposite edges of the mirror with the principal focus.)

who, in 1758, constructed achromatic telescope lenses by combining two lenses (called a doublet) one a double-convex crown glass lens, the other a concavo-convex flint glass lens. The concave surface of the flint glass lens being applied to one of the convex surfaces of the crown glass lens, the chromatism of both lenses was overcome without destroying the magnification.

For almost seventy years, very strangely, the achromatic principles applied by Dollond to telescope lenses were *not* applied to microscope lenses. In fact it was thought by scientists generally that the small size and extreme convexity required by the lenses of microscopes debarred them altogether from the application of such principles.

A Mr. Tulley then, in 1825, produced a microscope in which those principles were applied, not indeed to doublet lenses but to an instrument which contained a pair of triplet lenses, and which was fairly achromatic as well as somewhat aplanatic (free from spherical aberration).

Then came upon the scene Joseph Jackson Lister, a London wine merchant, whose son, Joseph Lister, was destined to become the founder of antiseptic surgery and, thereby, one of the mighty four who gave to the world the Great New Medicine.

Now the father, Joseph Jackson Lister, discovered (1826-27) a great law which applies even yet in the manufacture of compound microscopes—the law of relative position, i.e. the law that a certain spacing must be observed between the source of light and each multiplet element in the optical series contained in the microscope. By such correct spacing he in fact, at a coup, got rid of both chromatic and spherical aberration almost absolutely. As he was already the father of Joseph Lister, later to be the father of antiseptic surgery, he was, of course, through him, the grandfather, so to speak, of antiseptic surgery. But, in addition, and as if the former honor were not sufficient for one human being, he was, in a sense, the father of the Great New Medicine as a whole, for the microscope which he devised was one which, very largely, made that Medicine possible. Perhaps we ought to admit this modest gentleman to the great little company which will always lead the van of human immortals—that

great four: Louis Pasteur, Joseph Lister junior, Carl Weigert and Robert Koch.

At all events Joseph Jackson Lister was one of the greatest Preparers of the Way.

In 1837 Agostino Bassi found the *Botrytis Bassiana*, which he showed to be the fungi, probable cause of the silkworm disease, the parasitic fungi, calcino or muscardine. (Note how one thing leads to another.) John Goodsir (in 1842) discovered *Sarcinae* in the stomach. Davaine, in 1865, the *Bacterium anthracis*.

LOUIS PASTEUR

Then came the first of the big four, Pasteur. Born in 1822, he was professor of physics at Dijon (1848), of chemistry at the University of Strassburg (1849) and so forth. His discoveries in physics and chemistry were of permanent value, but those in biology are of even greater value still. Contrary to the then prevailing view, he proved that micro-organisms cannot come into being spontaneously but that they are all begotten by previously existing micro-organisms. Without this great incontrovertible underlying truth the Great New Medicine itself could never have come into existence. It would have done no good to kill even an entire generation of a given kind of disease germ, no nor even to kill all the disease germs of all kinds that may exist upon this planet at any given moment, if, then, by spontaneous generation (in other words, without ancestors) disease germs could still continue to come into existence and play havoc with the race. He discovered the microbe (*Mycoderma aceti*), which, causing the acetic fermentation, produces vinegar. He discovered the preservative effects of heat on various foods, "pasteurization," of practical application even to-day throughout the world. He discovered that the silkworm disease is really two diseases—*pébrine* and *flâcherie*—also how to cure both. As a result of his arduous labors in these matters he suffered in 1868 a severe stroke of paralysis. Nothing daunted, he proceeded thereafter to accomplish even the greatest labors of his career. Gradually this Parisian chemist, physicist and bacteriologist became transformed

into a physician—a research physician, with all the advantages that his chemistry, physics and bacteriology could confer upon him.

The rest of Pasteur's wonderful discoveries, at least the chief thereof, will be mentioned just a few pages hereafter under the section-head, "Growth of The Great New Medicine."

The man was granted the greatest honors that his own country and even some others could bestow, the long list culminating in his glad admission to the Académie Française, the French Immortal Forty.

One of the French Immortal Forty? He was one of the world's immortal four—the four who founded the Great New Medicine and who, through that, revolutionized the world both of human life and human thought.

JOSEPH LISTER

The second of the World's Big Four was Joseph Lister, son of that Joseph Jackson Lister who, though only a wine-merchant, yet had given to the medical world—and to all the other worlds in the world—the aplanatic and achromatic microscope, the means whereby to see disease-germs and to see them accurately (without distortion of shape and without false coloration).

Lister the younger was born at Upton, England, in 1827, the very year wherein his father had discovered the great new principle of "the proper relative positions of light-source and lens-units" in the manufacture of aplanatic and achromatic microscopes. His medical diploma he received at the University of London in 1852. In 1854 he settled in Edinburgh, where he was house-surgeon under the celebrated Syme. A little later he married Syme's daughter. In 1860 he became professor of surgery at the University of Glasgow.

Lister was often depressed in spirit by the high mortality in even the best of hospitals from septicemia, pyemia, tetanus, erysipelas, and hospital gangrene. His own mortality after amputations was 45 per cent; that of some other distinguished surgeons ran even to 75 per cent. Nearly all wounds suppurated (formed pus) in those days. So true this was that a certain amount of pus that did not smell too badly was in

those days called "laudable" pus. Such pus was thought to facilitate healing. It merely facilitated the arrival of the hearse.

Lister noted too that mortalities did not run by any means so high in homes as in hospitals.¹ In very clean homes it ran the lowest of all.

Lister, while musing on these matters, learned of Pasteur's germ theory of fermentation, of disease, and of wound suppuration. Soon he became convinced that "putrefaction," as he then called suppuration (believing that it was in fact putrefaction) was caused by the micro-organisms of which Pasteur had written so much, or else by others of similar character. Could not, perhaps, he meditated, these micro-organisms be in some way destroyed and thus the putrefaction forestalled? Well, in *what* way? Certainly not by pasteurization, the application of heat. A degree of heat sufficient to kill the germs would be sufficient to destroy the human tissues also wherein the wound lay. He decided to try out, then, chemical antiseptics. Chloride of zinc, also some of the sulphites. These proving unsatisfactory, he resorted to carbolic acid, having heard of its use for the disinfection of sewage. On August 12, 1865, a most memorable date, he used it in a case of compound fracture with perfect success. In 1867 he published a number of cases in the *London Lancet* in two papers, the later called "On the Antiseptic Principle in the Practice of Surgery." Even the term, "antiseptic," had been invented by him. Undaunted by the storm of criticism which his papers aroused, Lister continued with his "antiseptic surgery." He believed, however, that the germs of "putrefaction" got into the wound

¹ The very reverse, of course, of the situation now. In those days many homes were fairly clean, all hospitals were very dirty. To-day no home is really clean in the surgical sense. Whenever a serious surgical operation has to-day to be performed in a home, very strict measures are, except in case of urgent emergencies, taken to render some or another room in the building exceedingly clean for the particular occasion.

Even as late as 1886 to 1888, when I was a student in medical colleges, "laudable pus" was still laudable, praiseworthy, highly desirable. Pus, be it known, consists chiefly of certain kinds of white blood corpuscles which, commingled with blood-serum, have passed through the walls of the smallest blood-vessels and so into the tissues or into a wound. The function of these white cells is to attack and destroy disease germs—a laudable function indeed, but, inasmuch as the patient sometimes dies as a result of the excreta (poisons) which the germs, even during their battle with the white cells, give off into the tissues, far better it would be to have a clean—i.e., a germ-free—wound and hence no need for the white corpuscles.

If any pus is "laudable" then all is.

almost entirely from the air. So, in surgical (operational) wounds, he attempted to prevent putrefaction by means of a "vaporizer" which cast a spray of carbolic-acid-solution not only over the wound and the surrounding parts of the body, but also through the atmosphere in the room—the latter being regarded as far the most important matter. In accidental wounds, of course, the carbolic solution was simply applied to the wound (which already had been made) by means of cloth tampons or by just dropping the solution into the wound from a spoon.

Later, it became known that little if any infection ever reaches a surgical wound from the atmosphere, but that the sources of infection are nearly always the patient's skin and clothing, the surgeon's instruments, the hands and clothing of the surgeon and his assistants. The changes in surgical technique which resulted from this new information will be mentioned hereafter; suffice it now to say that the antiseptic methods even at first adopted by Lister were highly successful. Out of forty patients who had submitted to amputations at the hands of Joseph Lister between 1867 and 1869, only six had died.

Almost miraculous results! Yes, as I have already stated in an early portion of this volume, even in 1876, when I became my father's apprentice, and for years and years thereafter, both the germ theory of disease and its necessary outgrowth, antiseptic surgery, were regarded as a kind of scientific lunacy. Not only that, but as a terrible sin against God. Did not the Bible, even the New Testament itself, in very many places represent disease as resulting from the possession of human bodies by devils—emissaries of Satan, who could talk and even argue?

Already in this volume I have told of the country preacher in Pike County who, in his own church, on a Sunday, turned the most of his sermon into a diatribe against my father and his belief that many diseases are caused by micro-organisms.

In some of the largest cities of the world, particularly in Pasteur's own city (where then he was living) Paris, the fight was even more bitter than it was in the backwoods of Pike County, Illinois.

CARL WEIGERT

The third of the founders of the Great New Medicine was Carl W. Weigert. He was born at Münsterberg, Silesia, in 1845. In 1871, being only twenty-six years old, he reported in *Centralblatt für die medicinische Wissenschaft*, pages 609-611, the very first staining of bacteria. Until this time all workers with the microscope had been obliged to observe only unstained bacteria. That meant that a great many kinds of bacteria had gone completely unobserved by anybody, because many bacteria so closely resemble the media in which they occur—pus, blood, mucus, sputum and so on—that, with even the best of microscopes, they cannot be seen.

Weigert had used at first a dye taken from cochineal. Later, Paul Ehrlich, of Strehlen, Silesia, had begun to use the aniline dyes for staining human tissues, and this suggested to Weigert the use of these dyes, which are almost endless in number and variety of hue, for the staining of bacteria. Weigert's results were published in 1875, and behold almost the entire invisible world of bacteria was brought clearly into the view of everybody—save those who would not see.

It was in fact Carl Weigert's staining methods which rendered possible the achievements of Robert Koch, achievements which constituted the crowning contribution to the Great New Medicine.

ROBERT KOCH

Notwithstanding that a number of micro-organisms had been, as already stated, discovered by earlier observers in association with certain diseases, no absolute proof that one definite microbe does actually cause one definite disease, that it never produces any other disease than that one, and that the disease in question is never produced by anything else than that particular microbe—such proof of such fundamental matters had never been forthcoming.

Such proof of such matters would even as to one single disease and one single microbe, have established what (once again) I have ventured to call the "integration of a disease"—the concept of a given disease as a disease unity, something neither more nor less than one thing apart from all other things.

Henle, in 1840, had laid down several requirements for the establishment of proof that a definite microbe does cause a definite disease. These requirements were later improved and elaborated by Koch, since which time they have been called "Koch's postulates." In condensed form these run as follows: The micro-organism must be found in association with the disease; a pure culture (unmixed reproduction) of that micro-organism must be successfully produced; inoculation of a healthy animal by this pure culture (one containing no other kind of germ) must reproduce the disease; the same kind of micro-organism must now be found in the second animal.

In 1876 Robert Koch established the absolute truth of the Great New Medicine and for all the ages to come. He, in other words, fulfilled his own exacting requirements, or postulates, with regard to the *Bacillus anthracis*. After that his great discoveries were legion. Also after it the world could never be the same again.

FURTHER GROWTH OF THE GREAT NEW MEDICINE

In that same year of 1876 it was that I became my father's medical apprentice. The bitter public conflict which arose at about that time concerning the Germ Theory of Disease and about Antiseptic Surgery—in a word, about the Great New Medicine—I was myself a witness to in the backwoods of Pike County, but of all that matter I have written herein already.

But there yet remains to be gathered together the most important further developments of the Great New Medicine and in such a manner as to exhibit that period of history, however briefly, as an interrelated whole.

Koch, in 1878, established, as in the case of anthrax, the bacterial origin of six traumatic infectious diseases—a whole galaxy of achievements. These achievements explained and justified thoroughly the Antiseptic Surgery of Sir Joseph Lister, which, until then, had been to some extent empirical though marvelously successful.

Pasteur, in 1878 and 1879, discovered the *Staphylococcus pyogenes* of boils ("pyogenes" means pus-producing), also

the *Streptococcus pyogenes* of puerperal septicemia (child-bed fever).

Pasteur also, in 1880, published his remarkable aggregation of preventive vaccinations (though that of hydrophobia not till 1885).

Koch, once again, became the star-performer. In 1882 he discovered the bacillus of tuberculosis—an achievement of the very utmost importance to the human race.

In the year following he was the star-performer once again. In 1883, that is to say, the whole of Europe and the Americas was shocked to the heart by the re-appearance of that old-time dreaded scourge of man, Asiatic cholera. Beginning in India, it passed into Egypt. There paused, so to speak, for a time, preparatory for a devouring leap into Europe. The German Government established a Cholera Commission for the investigation of the disease and, if possible, the discovery of a cure or preventive thereof. At the head of the Commission it placed Robert Koch. Koch, visiting Egypt and India, discovered the cholera *Vibrio* (1884)¹ also its mode of transmission—by clothing, food, and especially drinking water. While engaged in this work he incidentally and as if merely for good measure, discovered the bacillus of Egyptian ophthalmia.

CARRIERS ON

Others now, though not indeed the founders of the Great New Medicine, nevertheless carried the great work onward.

There was, for example, Klebs, of Königsberg, who, in 1878, made experimental inoculations of monkeys, thus proving that man is not absolutely the only animal that can have syphilis, and at the same time providing an animal other than man that could be properly experimented on for the purpose of discovering cures for the terrible disease. In 1881, he discovered the typhoid bacillus, and in 1883, bacillus of diphtheria.

Löffler, in 1882, discovered the bacteria of glanders; in 1882-83 those of erysipelas in swine; in 1898 he discovered that foot and mouth disease is produced by a filterable virus, and the following year produced a preventive inoculation

¹ The *Vibrio* is a genus of motile bacteria.

for it. The very term and pathogene, "filterable virus," were respectively invented and discovered by him.

Hansen, already in 1871, had discovered the bacterium of leprosy. Nicolaier, in 1884, discovered the bacterium of tetanus (lockjaw). This occurred while I was still a student at Inveni, but my father wrote me repeatedly about it, so that it seems, even yet, to have been a part of my life.

In 1887, while I was still a medical student at Columbia my father was also writing me frequently about Weichselbaum's discovery in that year of the germ of cerebro-spinal meningitis. These contemporizations, otherwise unimportant, I mention only that the reader may thereby understand how easily and distinctly I can remember and why I should almost necessarily remember even now the great original pageant of the Great New Medicine as it passed before my eyes. My thanks I give to the Great Mind of this universe that my life has largely coincided with that time, that, in fact, I saw in detail and clearly understood both the old medicine and the new, saw the old pass out forever and the new come into being—likewise forever as we have good reason to believe.

The year in which I received my medical degree (1888) saw the discovery of the bacterium of fibrinous pneumonia.

In 1889, when I was beginning my practice at Pittsfield, Buchner established the bactericidal effects of blood-serum. In 1890 von Behring was demonstrating "that the serum of animals immunized against attenuated diphtheria toxins can be used as a preventive against diphtheria in other animals."

All through my time at Harvard (1892-93) these procedures were being perfected, and during my long convalescence at St. Louis my father discoursed upon them to me continually. Later, after my complete recovery, he could not cease writing to me about them.

While, later, I was practising at Galesburg, Ill. (1894-97) there were terrible epidemics there of diphtheria. Von Behring's antitoxin now was being used throughout the world, and was tried in Galesburg—but with almost complete failure. Twenty-eight times I was called in that winter to do tracheotomies for the dreaded disease, the antitoxin having failed. Many of the tracheotomies failed also.

But, that winter I did the last of all my tracheotomies (cutting the throat into the windpipe and inserting a breathing-tube) for diphtheria, because, beginning with the next winter, diphtheria antitoxin "worked."

And it works to-day.

Thank God for the Great New Medicine!

And there was more of it, far more, to come in the years following.

Nevertheless, for a very long time the fierce and remorseless opposition to the Germ Theory of disease and to Antisepsis continued. It was only in fact during the dying years of the 19th century that the Great New Medicine may be said to have come to life. Even so late as 1898 the very scientific "International Encyclopedia," a work in fifteen mammoth volumes, could speak as non-committally as follows (Vol. VIII, page 549): "Koch and his supporters claim that each disease is caused by a specific micro-organism; while other equally able physicians contend that these organisms are merely illustrative phenomena, and wholly without causative functions."

Such a passage in so famous a work as "The International" shows how badly, even so late as the close of the 19th century, the doctrine of the true nature and causation of most diseases needed to be inculcated and fought for, not only by professors in the medical colleges of great cities, but also by country practitioners in every portion of the world.

THE GREAT NEW MEDICINE MOVES ON

In 1897, Sir Almoth Wright, of Dublin, Ireland, put the finishing touches on effective anti-typhoid vaccination. (Others before him had done preparatory work.) Before that time the micro-organisms of typhoid had killed more soldiers by far than spears, swords and gunpowder projectiles all combined—to say nothing of the hundreds of millions whom the microbes had destroyed of the civilian populations, not only while each given war was going on but even in the years and years to follow that war.

In 1899 the U. S. Army appointed a Board consisting of Major Walter Reed, James Carroll, Aristide Agrimonte and Jesse W. Lazear for the purpose of investigating the cause and devising some cure for yellow fever—which, at the time,

was devastating Cuba, and which at frequent intervals throughout long centuries had been decimating the human race. This Board, as nearly all attenders at the screen shows know, discovered that the unseen cause of the disease¹ is transmitted to human beings by a mosquito (*Stegomyia fasciata*), and that epidemics of the disease can be prevented easily by the screening-in of yellow fever patients and the destruction of mosquitoes by spraying all stagnant waters with crude petroleum, covering water-tanks and "establishing colonies of top-feeding minnows in pools." The experiments as to the cause of the disease cost Carroll and Lazear their lives.

Laveran, of Paris, already in 1880, had shown the parasites of malarial fever. Golgi then, in 1889, showed that the plasmodium of quartan differs from that of tertian malaria. In the same year Marchiafava and Celli showed that the germs of the pernicious, the tertian and the quartan forms are all different. In 1899 Grassi and Bignani showed that all three parasites develop only in the anopheles mosquito. Finally Ronald Ross, in 1902, learned how to destroy the anopheles mosquito and thus to stamp malaria out.

In 1905 Fritz Schaudin discovered the causative germ of syphilis (*Spirochaeta pallida*).

August von Wasserman, then, in 1907, devised the hemolytic diagnosis of syphilis. Many cases of the dreadfully destructive "social disorder" were not clearly diagnosable until that time!

Then that discovery, in turn (so one thing leads to another) caused Paul Ehrlich to point out that, inasmuch as the *Spirochaeta pallida* is not a bacterium but a protozoön (microscopic animal), it is capable of rendering itself in time immune to all such drugs as do not kill it immediately.

Thereupon von Ehrlich found out that salvarsan (or "606") destroys the *Spirochaeta pallida* immediately, or at least very promptly. Injections of the drug were made into the veins of syphilitic patients, or into their spinal canals,

¹ The Board believed that this unseen cause was an ultramicroscopic organism (virus). About two decades later, however, a Japanese, Noguchi, discovered that it was the micro-organism, *Leptospira icterohaemorrhagica*. As a result of his experiments Noguchi died.

The name of the carrier mosquito, *Stegomyia fasciata*, has now been changed to *Aedes aegypti*.

with the result that such patients were oftentimes cured permanently.

And so the Great New Medicine moved on.

THE NEW MEDICINE CHANGES THE WORLD

It was not merely in medicine that the Great New Medicine operated for the benefit of mankind and in every direction.

Take, for example, dentistry. That profession, like medicine in general, was highly resistant to the Germ Theory and the Doctrine of Antisepsis. Almost as fast, however, as new developments in the Germ Theory took place in medicine, they were to some extent adopted into dentistry also.

Dentistry, through the centuries, had been more of a lag-gard even than the parent profession. From Herodotus we learn that in ancient Egypt, there were specialists even for the teeth. In Europe and America, throughout the 18th and early half of the 19th century, dentistry consisted almost entirely in tooth-pulling and the making of dentures. Teeth were now and then filled with gold, silver, or lead, but not till 1854 were plaster and enamel introduced for that purpose. The first dental school in the United States was also the first in the world—the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, founded in 1840, with a course of study covering four long months.

The earliest article I can find in a dental journal on the Germ Theory and Listerism (antisepsis) is "The Principles of Antiseptic Surgery," by Jarvis S. Wight, M.D., Professor of Surgery and Clinical Surgery at the Long Island College Hospital, in the *Dental Register*, Vol. 31, pages 31-40, 1877. It is an excellent article.

One of the first, quite possibly the very first, dental professor to lecture on and strongly advocate the Germ Theory and Listerism in Dentistry was Dr. Greene Vardiman Black (already remarked upon herein) of Jacksonville, Illinois, and Chicago, known throughout the world as "The Father of Modern Dentistry." To him is due the honor of having secured the reception into dentistry of the Germ Theory and Antisepsis at a far earlier date than could possibly have been the case without him. He was in fact the Lister of Dentistry.

Pharmacy, the handmaiden of medicine, adopted the Germ Theory and Cleanliness almost as promptly as did medicine—which is to say not promptly at all but in the course of several decades. Drug-stores, however, did in time clean up. No longer were they full of flies, spittoons, sputum on floors, on counter fronts, and on the unspeakably filthy space behind the prescription desk.

There is a tendency to-day to poke fun at the pharmacal profession, to pretend that it has deteriorated into a mere group of general storekeepers who sell almost everything and even a few drugs. Already, however, in the Pittsfield part of this volume, I have shown that, sixty-five and more years ago, the American drug-store was doing the same thing, and I there have given photographic reproductions both of drug-store advertisements in the newspapers and of drug-store exteriors with signs on windows and doors, to substantiate my statements. The chief difference between the old druggist and the new is that the former was filthy and ignorant, whereas the latter is clean and well-educated, and, as a result, is placed in a separated compartment of the general store—wherein, as a rule, he no longer functions as a seller of paints, chewing gum and soda-water but as a professional man of truly high rank.

Nurses, in my boyhood, youth, yes and early manhood, even those who worked constantly for hire, did not have to be literate in the least. Soon after the Great New Medicine had won its recognition in the world, nursing necessarily became a learned profession of which not only its members themselves but all the rest of the populations of civilized countries are proud.

Veterinary medicine was the slowest of the collateral branches of the healing art to respond to the revolutionary influences of the G. N. M. Say Merrilat and Campbell, in "Veterinary Military History," (Chicago, 1935) pages 290 and 291: "What were veterinarians doing in the 80's? Examining horses for soundness and attempting by means of a keen eye to diagnose lameness and to cure it by 'balancing the foot.' These were the gigantic problems of the equine clinic, and the subject of extensive discussions and published

articles. No animal plague ever brought out more controversies than did the infirmities charged up to flaws in shoeing, mostly imaginary. In this they were but repeating English thought of a hundred years before. Faulty shoeing was an etiological obsession. It was the poor horseshoer who caused all of the spavins and ringbones, according to the voluminous literature, lectures, discussions, and wise cracks of the professors." Again, *loc. cit.*: "The main flaw was ignoring the teaching of Lister which in human medicine had become a craze.¹ Veterinarians were slow to practice clean surgery. Not even in the colleges were instruments sterilized or even kept reasonably clean. We have seen, during this decade and later, professors of surgery wipe their scalpel on bloody overalls before making the next cut. Such men were denouncing asepsis as impractical and the germ theory as a passing hobby. Pus was still 'laudable.'² "

But at length even "horse doctoring" passed *beneath* the uplifting influence of the Great New Medicine and became a new and blessed thing on earth. Smith, Curtice and Kilborne discovered the cause of Texas fever. Antitetanus serum soon was saving thousands of animals of all sorts yearly. Animal tuberculosis was soon well-nigh stamped out. Mallein, a specific for glanders, proved itself the greatest blessing which the animal kingdom had ever known.

The benefits of the Great New Medicine, including its basis, bacteriology, spread even throughout agriculture. It was found that many bacteria instead of being inimical to man are among his greatest friends. Such are those which aid in the enrichment of certain soils, in the special production of certain kinds of crops.

Farm surgery, too, was changed into a newer and better thing. Among all the farmers I know to-day—and these are many—not one there is but sterilizes carefully all his instruments before he "makes a steer or a barrow." Rubber gloves?

¹ With the utmost respect to the learned authors I would suggest that Listerism has at no time, even to the present moment, become a "craze." It is in fact the finest piece of sanity that the world has ever known. And, so far as the 1880's are concerned, Listerism, in that decade, was still fought tooth and nail by a large proportion of the medical profession themselves not only in the "sticks" of Pike County but in the medical centers of this country and Europe.

² That is, *some* of it was supposed to be.



ASEPSIS IN ITS SURGICAL APPLICATION

A surgeon of the present day in full aseptic equipment—sterilized operating gown, rubber gloves, hair-cap, face-mask, and even the Johnson anti-dimmer—a highly useful device introduced by Donald W. Johnson, Fairmont, Minnesota, in 1940, to prevent the dimming or clouding, of the surgeon's spectacles during the course of an operation.

All this equipment, excepting only the anti-dimmer, was already in general use by 1912.

(Courtesy of Dr. Johnson and MINNESOTA MEDICINE)



JULY, 1912

MY FATHER

Dying as a result of his Last Call.

(The Close of One of Innumerable Humble
Lives Spent "Behind the Veil.")

MY MOTHER

At the Age of Seventy-One and a Half Years.

(My Father's Efficient Assistant for Well-
Nigh Half a Century. The ruffled waist and
the elaborate heavy watch-chain—a gift long
years before from her mother, which she had
almost never worn—she donned, for the oc-
casion only of having this picture taken, at the
urgent insistence of all her family.)

No, not generally. Nevertheless, a fairly clean, "aseptic," operation.

Then in industry many bacteria are found to be highly useful—some to make vinegar in immense quantities, others to produce artificial butter-milks, some to regulate the texture and flavor of butter. In the ripening of cheeses many sorts of bacteria are employed, as also in the production of numerous "plastic" substances.

When it was discovered that certain disease germs are distributed by kissing—those of syphilis and tuberculosis notably—kissing became taboo in "wise" society. Wire screens for windows and doors were soon introduced into all buildings as preventers of disease. Clean reservoirs of water, proper aqueducts, all plumbing and sewerage in fact became revolutionized for the same reasons. So did the very food we ate. The architecture of the world was altered for the benefit both of the public and of the private health.

As a result of public health measures, something highly important became possible which had never been possible before, and which was destined to produce the most extensive and profound repercussions in sociology, economics and finance. Until the Great New Medicine and the vast improvements in public hygiene which resulted from it had come into being, it had not been possible for the so-called "large" cities to become exceedingly large. Increase the number of persons living in a very small urban area beyond a certain limit and behold! the death-rate rose enormously. The consequence was that, in spite of the vast improvements in almost all machinery which began to appear in the latter portion of the 18th century, the tiny factories in villages and homes—the multitudes of spinning-wheels, the little hand-looms, the little dye-vats, the little blacksmith shops and so on, continued to live and function—for the simple reason that immense machinery could not be used in home or village or even in small or big town. Large manufacturing establishments could exist only in places whose populations were really immense.

And in places with immense populations, the populations soon died.

Then along came the Great New Medicine and its natural, its inevitable, result, the Great New Public Hygiene, and so the trick was turned. Big cities, then, in fact, became so healthy that they often were healthier by far than even the villages and farms.

And so—the “Industrial Revolution” was born. Spite of all the diatribes of theorists, that revolution has been a blessing to the human race, and will be a greater one still when all the necessary re-adjustments growing out of it have been properly effected.

So very wide-spread indeed were the effects of the Great New Medicine that they showed themselves in absolutely every branch of human industry, even of human thought, yes even in religion. Until that time it was common, perhaps I may say universal, in pulpits, to declare that the Bible is an “infallible book”—not a solitary mistake being discoverable therein from cover to cover. To anyone really conversant with the actual origin and history of the Bible, the statement was, of course, preposterous. Not only did our English translations of the Bible differ considerably from one another, but the ancient Hebrew and Greek manuscripts (the original Bible) differed far more. Some of the later of those manuscripts in fact contained passages (sometimes whole narratives, like that of “Jesus and the woman taken in adultery”—*John*, VIII, 3-11) which appeared not at all in the earlier manuscripts, whereby they were proved to have been unquestionable interpolations. But a people devoid of education, and especially a ministry that is only half-educated, did not care what is in and what is not in the original Bible—or Bibles, for *each* of the old manuscripts is in fact itself “a Bible.”

To each of such persons as those *the* Bible is the particular English translation (of a composite of the various ancient and some of the later manuscripts) which the individual in question happens to have been brought up on. Manuscripts? You might as well have tried to talk to such persons about the other side of the moon.

But along comes the Germ Theory of Diseases—no longer a “theory” (Greek word for “explanation”) but a demonstrated fact, about whose truth there can be no more ques-

tion than there can be as to whether ten cows sold at thirty dollars a head should bring the farmer who sells them three hundred dollars or only six dollars and ten cents.

In other words the Germ Theory (Explanation) of Disease went right into the backwoods farmer's home and made a demonstration he dared not try to back away from. In a certain diphtheria epidemic, for example, farmers whose children were treated with the diphtheria antitoxin lived almost without exception. Farmers whose children were not so treated died almost without exception. And it was so not merely in one neighborhood but in all neighborhoods. And not merely in one county, but in all counties. And not merely in one state but in all states. And so with all the nations too.

And it was so not only as to diphtheria and as to all the nations. It was so as to numerous other diseases also, and, as to them, with all the nations.

The doctors had been right and the Scriptures had been wrong—not as to all things, but as to the causes of many diseases. The doctors had not only discovered the truth concerning those diseases, but they had proved the truth incontrovertibly. Diseases are certainly not “all” produced by devils sent into peoples' bodies by Satan—devils who could talk back, even argue, about various matters. “What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?” Those were not bacteria speaking. Bacteria have nothing to speak with—nothing even to squeak with, as crickets do have.

Were the doctors right? So right that the farmers even accepted mallein themselves and used it to eradicate glanders. They even took tetanus antitoxin and with it eradicated lockjaw from the farms. No discussion about ancient manuscripts there, or about ancient languages. The farmer absolutely knew what the cause is of the great majority of diseases. The Bible was not an infallible book. It was the greatest book on earth, because, here and there, it contained the greatest of all truths. But it was not “infallible.”¹

¹ Many ministers in those days actually declared, attempting to discredit the Germ Origin of Many Diseases, that bacteria had not existed in Biblical times but had only been created quite recently—possibly for the purpose of testing people's faith in the Scriptures. Inasmuch as some such ministers still exist, I would respectfully call their attention to the science known as paleologic bacteriology. As the subject is somewhat technical I may sum it up by quoting Arthur Selwyn-Brown, M.D., etc.: “The Physician Throughout the

And in other ways too, the Great New Medicine corrected and purified and gave good health to human religion—to everything, indeed, both human and divine.

MY FATHER

My father, wherever I chanced to be tramping, wrote me, as ever, a great many letters. In these, even when I had been only *away* at Inveni, he not infrequently discussed the Great New Medicine, its continual progress, the thorough revolution it was effecting in every large branch and also every tiniest ramification of the healing art. Especially he was interested during the 1890's in the change of Antisepsis into Asepsis. "No more," he wrote me, "could you stand in an operating room and, as once you did, pump carbolic acid solution into the atmosphere." It was the truth. It had been discovered that not the atmosphere of an operating room was full of death-dealing germs, but that the walls, the ceiling, the carpet on the floor—from which great puffs of infectious dust arose at every footstep, to settle, some of it, in the operation wound. And then, still worse, there were the hair and beards of the operator and his assistants. These abounded with infectious micro-organisms, which, in the course of an operation, could fall off into the wounds and cost the patient his life. Even worse still, there were the dirty hands of operator and assistants, the black borders underneath the finger-nails particularly. Even the skin of the patient's body needed thorough disinfection, and (worst source of infectious material of all, perhaps) the saliva and mucus from the bystanders' mouths and noses. Anybody, when talking, oftentimes ejects saliva from his mouth, and, when sneezing, expels infectious mucus from his nose.

The remedies? Carefully cleaned and disinfected operating rooms. Carefully cleaned and disinfected bodies of operators, assistants and nurses. Carefully cleaned hands and nails and then, later, carefully boiled rubber gloves upon

Ages," Vol. I, page 3: "Wounded animals, plants and insects appear in remote antiquity. They became infected with bacteria and bacilli precisely as they do today. . . . Parasitism is often seen in fossils as far back as Devonian times. Pre-Cambrian rocks are rich in the remains of bacteria, microscopical fungi, and other disease-causing organisms." Long before there were human beings on earth!

them.¹ Carefully sterilized white clothing for all concerned. Sterilized white caps for the hair and face and so on.²

DEATH BEHIND THE VEIL

Concerning all these things my father wrote to me as fast as they arrived upon the scene. But he was still more interested in the wider effects of the Great New Medicine—its repercussions even in the barber shops, the butcher shops, the grocery stores. In no light vein he deplored the multitudinous urinary deposits of those incurable urinoscopists, the town dogs, upon every large or small exhibit of human foodstuffs before the ubiquitous grocery store. Largely owing to his efforts, the foodstuffs in Pittsfield were kept clean, the drinking waters filtered or boiled, refrigerators introduced in place of tin buckets hung down wells.

Most of all, however, he enjoyed writing me about the effects of the Great New Medicine in the seemingly unrelated fields of theology and war.

And always there was fun in his letters: he could not have lived without fun—so he said quite often. But the fun was funny. There was point to it. Of black cats and of yellow cats and stories about their curious fighting he wrote repeatedly. But there was point to it. Under the fun there was always a more or less deep meaning. Yet more and more, too, he became sadly reminiscent—asked if I remembered that and this of the old days. In those letters he could make me see the old-time faces, hear the voices of our old-time friends—the Moomaws, the Pettys (Jim, W. T. F. and Alvin) the Goodins, the Elliott Bakers, the Thomas Jameses, the Robert Fraziers, the Adamses, the Weekses, the Worleys, the Millers, the Jaritzes, the Turnbaughs, the Dolbows, the Billingses, the Wests and the Zumwalts, the Townsends, the Madison Chapmans, the Metzgars, the Ike Winanses, the Ransoms, the Osborn Davises, and so on—people whose very names were dear to us both and still are dear to myself and my brothers.

¹ Rubber gloves, it is interesting to note, were introduced in 1890 by Dr. W. S. Halstead, of Johns Hopkins University, only, at the time, for the purpose of protecting the hands of one of his nurses from the corrosive effects of mercury bichloride solution. Later, the rubber glove was made by the profession a *sine qua non* for each and every hand that chanced to be in an operating room at the time of an operation.

² Those who are specially interested in medical history should consult the fascinating works of Charles Singer, Victor Robinson, and Henry E. Sigerist.

Late in December of 1911, he was suffering from a mild attack of influenza. One night, as my mother wrote me, the north wind was especially terrible and his fever had become hot, when all at once he was called to the telephone

In vol. 5 of *Science & History of the Universe*
by "Current Literature Pub. Comp. N.Y. City,"
p. 29. "Consider the question of personal
identity in relation to that of molecular form
— After a while comes the sentence so beautiful
in thought & peculiar in form that I call your
attention to it: "Like changing sentinels, the
oxygen, hydrogen & carbon that depart
seem to whisper their secret to their
comrades that arrive, and thus, while the
Non-ego shifts, the Ego remains the
same." (Having reference to cell changes in
the tissues). Then, "Life is a wave which in
no two consecutive moments of its existence
is composed of the same particles."
Wonders that I had had these books when young.
(Of course they were not then published.)
Not only that, but the way it is expressed.
There is music in prose when the words are
elegant & proper & rhythmically arranged.
Just as cloud-land ^{and with} enrapture the soul of one
of another, the oft asked question, Is it going
to rain? What a beautiful world we live in!
I hate to leave it. Write as soon as you get
this. Love to you both —
God bless you sweet children,
Your loving father,
J. W. Shastid,

My father, whenever in reading he came across some passage of exceptional beauty, would slowly close his eyes and silently kiss the words that had so moved him. Generally, too, he would copy such a passage and send it to his absent children, that they might share in the beauty he had found. In all my life I have never known another man so filled with affection for mankind and with love of the true and the beautiful and at the same time so utterly devoid of every sort and kind of frivolity.

by a woman in the country. He declined to go out because of his severe sickness. The patient, her husband, however, was an old client of my father's. In fact my father had brought him into the world forty years before, and then had enabled him to live by artificial respiration.

The patient himself took the phone, implored.

My mother hitched horse to buggy, dressed my father, wrapped him in the big wolf-robe and packed him round about with hot rocks. Crying the while, of course, but Father would go—the air might cool his fever, he thought.

Aged eighty and more, in an open buggy and with the temperature at thirty degrees below zero. But he had always worked behind the veil regardless of danger. Besides—only four or five miles out!

Doctors in these times, riding over hard roads in overstuffed coupes, have little understanding of what it meant in older days to go out in an open buggy over an open prairie facing a twenty-mile wind at thirty degrees below zero.

And then, in addition, to be old and sick and yet feel obliged to attend a contagious patient—one with grippe and pneumonia combined!

He came back home chilled and with a frightful pain in his back. "It'll soon be gone," he said, but it never left him, even to the end of his life.

Instead of getting better, it got worse, extended into his right hip, down his right thigh.

In February, despite his own increasing agony, he responded to a call from Pleasant Hill township. An old-time friend there had been stricken with double pneumonia. Wild horses could not have kept him from that old friend, although there was nothing he could do for him when he arrived, other than to console his widow and orphans.

After the funeral my father seemed to be worse still. In July, as was his wont, he went to Petoskey, Mich., accompanied by my mother, to escape hay fever. Very soon he became confined to bed.

A large and painful swelling appeared on the anterior aspect of the right thigh. Local physicians assured him, after the manner of physicians generally, that it was a matter of very little consequence—although, of course, quite plainly, as I knew, he had psoas abscess.

At length my mother wrote that my father was sinking slowly away. What to do?

I was myself at the time afflicted with phlebitis, therefore incapable of journeying. My father's old-time friend, Dr. Albert J. Ochsner, of Chicago, however, sent to my father his partner and co-author, Dr. N. W. Percy, who opened the thigh abscess.

At first there was much relief, then alternating rigors and fever.¹ Dr. Percy, accompanied by my brother, Dr. Will Shastid, removed the patient to Chicago, where he was operated on twice or thrice. Dr. Frank Billings arose from a sick-bed to be present at one of these operations. Ochsner himself performed that final operation, his voice so choked with tears he could scarcely speak.

The anesthesia was local only, and, near its close, the patient, in a delirium, thought that he still had not yet seen that last patient—the one who, in the fall, had caused his own final illness. Father kept urging my mother to hitch up the horse so that he could go and see the man. "How could I have forgotten all about it? And now I can't walk." Those around him restrained him with difficulty.

¹ One of the last letters I ever received from my father ran in part as follows: "Your mother says today I'm getting funny again. (That's because I'm soon going to die, I suppose: every man should die with good fun in him.) You'll remember riding under the stars with me, Tom—with me or alone. The great, silent stars, the creaking of the buggy leather, the hot smell of the road, the sight of the campfires in the dusk. Those are the things that will remain, those and the look of grateful faces. You'll forget the heat, and the dust and the dirt, the vermin and the flies. The bad water and the worse food. The intolerable smell of mistreated wounds. The foul sermons against our idol, Lister, true man of God. The way a person sounds when he's whimpering with fever and you haven't any ice with which to cool him—just as they haven't any ice that'll cool me now.

"O a green peach pudding and a blackberry pie!
A black cat kicked out a yellow cat's eye.
Behind the veil! O a black cat and a yellow cat—"

The pen had stumbled and sputtered and stopped. My mother had then added: "I didn't *want* your pa to write this. He gets so delirious when he tries to write in his fevers. And in his chills he *can't* write. But what can I do? He *wants* to write. Says he never wanted to write articles or letters or anything to or about anybody else, but only letters to his boys."

His fever abating, his mind cleared and he began to joke again.

And then he died.

Death came to him not stealthily or benignantly but like a torturing despot, with all the sufferings that monstrous ingenuity could devise. He who had stilled so many pains for others, smoothed wrinkles from so many others' brows, went down through the clashing gates of death himself in agony intolerable.

He can hear ^{the} splash of Charon's oars as he is pulling for the shore to go. Be seated as you must across the Dreaded River, (OTYX to fear, dread, hate) Styx, to some unknown shore where you must stay forevermore. You have lived your life - you can never come this way again. Ages on Ages will pass away but you can not return. When you bid your children Farewell you can never see them again nor hear their voices anymore. Jim Stoly was buried to-day here, & so they go - So some day daddy will write to you his last letter, & he will worry about you no more. When you come home you will see the Old Pill Bag & see the old medicine jars - but dad is gone. You go to bank & call you may ^{look} down the street hoping to see him drive up - but you will look in vain - Life is over -

A BRIEF EXTRACT FROM THE LAST LETTER I EVER RECEIVED
FROM MY FATHER

Sick as he was, he still remembered to spell "dad" and "daddy" with small initials. His giving the derivation of "Styx" (the dreaded river of ancient Greek mythology) was likewise characteristic.

But behold, when the gates had closed behind him, they proved, or so we believed, not gates of death at all but of life.

Both natural and revealed religion still so teach us; and, anyway, I myself cannot think otherwise.

My father died as he had lived, "behind the veil." He had never deserted it or renounced it.

I have said in the dedication of this volume that my father, my mother, and my wife, would at any time gladly have died for me. It is the simple truth. My father did in fact die—at a time when he seriously needed attention himself too—for a patient who was not even related to him.

At best perhaps it was only two or three or four thousand persons who were dependent on his services—to keep them living; to keep them loving too, if he could; to keep them strong and well in every sense; to keep them happy and contented—if he could. And almost all these people were humble and obscure. The great world did not even know of their existence—never would know. But his view of the importance of his work made the whole thing seem colossal, magnificent. (Now, after sixty and odd years of thought about the matter, I am disposed to think his view the right one. Is there any more important work than that of a village and country doctor—"the life behind the veil"?)

Chicago Ill

PITTSFIELD, ILLINOIS,

Nov. 5 - 1912

Father not so stricken otherwise
no better. Been trying to get
Billings for days but he is
quite unwell will come
as soon as he can

mother
L. M. Shastiz

Dr. Frank Billings rose from a sick-bed the next day to be present at my father's operation.

There can be little doubt in the mind of any one who knew my father, that, had he done as his old-time friend and preceptor, John T. Hodgen, had long, long years before, wanted him to do—leave Pittsfield for St. Louis, in that great city to become a partner with Hodgen himself and a professor in some or another medical school, he would have become one of America's great surgeons or physicians. But there was always lacking in my father the necessary ambition—ambition, I mean, in the every-day sense of that term. There was in him a deep-rooted kinship always with village and country people. They were *his* people, *his* friends, *his* brethren, his *charges*—charges too not merely in the scientific meaning of that term. These people were, in a sense, his spiritual, not solely his physical, charges. He had in him the mind which leads some men to become missionaries, both medical and lay, to far-away places. Not that he ever talked religion very much to anybody, but that a kind of universal fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man seemed to be implicit in all he said and did.

Like thousands of other humble physicians throughout the country, Father was of great service not in the discovery of course of the Germ Theory and Asepsis, but in securing the acceptance of those world-developing ideas among the people—a far more difficult task than would ordinarily be supposed.

And this too was a spiritual, as well as a physical, matter.

The Germ Theory and Asepsis were both undoubtedly from God.

THE DOCTOR WHO FATHERED A TRAMP

PART III—WITHOUT THE FATHER-PRECEPTOR

The years passed swiftly in such an environment as that of Marion. Characters and incidents world without end!

During my stay in Marion too I wrote numerous articles, several books and even contributed to two or three encyclopedias. As to my books, I made very little money writing them, because so much money was spent on them and so little was received for them.

Along in 1907 I was appointed professor of the History of Medicine at the American Medical College, St. Louis—an institution which had been formed by the merger of the Barnes Medical College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons. My call was largely due to the kindness of the Dean, Dr. James Moores Ball, between whom and myself a very fine friendship sprang up immediately.

On every trip that I made from Marion to lecture at the medical college—every trip without exception, so far as I now remember—Dr. Ball and I would meet, and, at night, after the close of my lectures, meet again—missing not one single occasion—and then, seated in his Dean's office at the College or in his private office at 4500 Olive Street, we would talk till long after midnight.

When I had resigned my professorship, then, after my very last lecture at his college, Dr. Ball and I tramped round the streets of St. Louis for many hours. At length said he, "Shastid, here is something that I know you do not have. Don't open it till you get back to Marion. I don't think I should now go to the depot with you. God bless you."

He was gone.

No one who has ever had a friendship as fine as that which I had with James Moores Ball can be said to have tramped to failure absolutely.

The gift, a book, as I found when back at Marion, was a copy of Greive's English translation (1838) of Celsus' "De Medicina," the rarest and the only one of the three English translations of that work which I did not possess. Inside the cover he had pasted his "compliments" card, and, un-

attached, had laid in the same place an affectionate note which I have always kept.

For years afterwards I had a delightful correspondence with Ball—who, by the bye, was a great student of medical history and an unbelievable spender of money on behalf of that part of his library which dealt with that subject. I contributed various chapters to the various editions of his highly successful "Modern Ophthalmology," always received gift copies of whatever he wrote, to and including his last volume, "The Sack 'Em Up Men."

Then, all at once, our delightful correspondence ceased—as his great heart ceased to beat (March, 1929).

MY FATHER'S AFTER-THOUGHTS

Some time after my father's death my mother wrote to me: "Your father, during his last year or thereabouts, drew up several sheets he called his after-thoughts and which he was just going to send you when he took down with his last sickness. I happened to run across them today and herewith send them to you, to keep, of course."

These after-thoughts I found to consist of a more mature forecast of the final results for humanity of the Great New Medicine than he had formerly made. They may, being somewhat pessimistic, be regarded as, in a way, a reflection of the profound depression of spirits from which he was suffering as a natural result of the psoas abscess. They nevertheless are founded on actual facts and should be regarded as at least a caution and a warning to all who love humanity.

I will sometimes quote, sometimes condense in my own language.

"We have often, Tom, painted for ourselves the most beautiful pictures of the New Medicine and of what it will mean for mankind in the great new years to come. Beautiful pictures, all very, very beautiful! 'The light that never was on sea or land,' but which is to be hereafter—celestial light! Unlimited light and unlimited life and happiness, even here upon this earth! But I see shadows now in those erstwhile beautiful pictures—shadows, very dark shadows.

"Here is the first shadow. In our beautiful pictures we have always shown man's conquest of disease as rushing

steadily onward. No stop, no stay, till the last of our common enemies—diseases—has been destroyed. We have even depicted the victories as coming faster and faster still, each conquest that is won making further conquests easier. But is not the very reverse of that the necessary truth of the future? Have we not, and quite naturally, solved the easiest problems first, won the easiest victories first? I can see signs that that is correct, that the rate of progress in the conquest of disease is already slowing considerably down, and that it will slow down soon perhaps to just nothing whatever. There must be diseases which are *not* produced by germs at all, others produced by germs that never can be identified.¹

“The second shadow is this. The relative immunity which, before the New Medicine, had been acquired by the human race through countless ages of unassisted struggle against infectious diseases, seems now about to be lost through the very stamping out of those diseases. Are not our natural defensive mechanisms wasting away, becoming practically non-existent from non-use—from reliance on the artificial measures which the authors of the Great New Medicine have brought into use? (In this connection recall the extreme sensitiveness of all the negro African peoples when first the white people introduced syphilis among them. They died of this disease, to which they never had had a chance to develop even a relative immunity, sometimes in a few days—not infrequently within a few weeks. In other words, syphilis, for them, was an acute and an almost uniformly fatal disease. All because their defensive mechanisms had never, among their ancestors, been under the necessity of overcoming the germs of syphilis.)

“Yet another cloud. In addition to the survival of the unfit as a result of their preservation artificially by the kind New Medicine (kind to the individual, unkind to the race), there is also a survival of the unfit produced by war. On this point I need not write you in detail, as *you* have taught

¹ There was much truth in these guesses, as witness the number of diseases which, since his demise, have been found to be due not to germs of any sort, but to lack of sufficient vitamin this and vitamin that in many persons; diet-diseases which, however, contrary to his expectations, have been successfully identified and treated. Then there are the numerous so-called virus-diseases. As to the latter, his gloomy prognostications have thus far been almost perfectly fulfilled. Almost nothing has been done toward identifying the particular virus causing this or that virus disease, and but little has been accomplished in the way of treating such diseases successfully.

me all about it in the first place. I will merely remind you that, as you say, among the lower animals, war puts an end to the weaker males (sometimes females also) and preserves the stronger; whereas, in human conflicts, the very best sires for a future human stock are selected, then taken out and slaughtered, while the unfit, staying at home, survive.

"The last cloud of all is not so much a survival, as it is an actual and tremendous *production*, of the unfit—i.e., by the interbreeding of the highly creative white race with the very uncreative and unfortunately far more numerous colored peoples. Miscegenation of whites and blacks, for example, is said to result in the production of offspring which—though with remarkable exceptions—are inferior to both their parents. Is this true? I know not. It is, however, yet one more cloud in the shining pictures that we used to paint."

THE FAMILY DOCTOR VANISHES

The country doctor still exists and carries on. The family doctor does not even exist any more.

Let us see what it is that has vanished—the points of distinction between the present-day general practitioner and the old-time family doctor. Again take my father as an example.

My father knew the lore of symptoms, "symptomatology," as no modern, unfamily doctor of my acquaintance can even begin to know it. The latter has a great assistance it is true from his modern medical laboratory, yet that very assistance tends to make him forget about symptoms. And the old-time doctor knew families too, and their hereditary tendencies, "inheritance in disease," as few modern doctors can know it, for all the recent discoveries in genetics. With the country doctor of the old times the family was the unit of which he chiefly thought. He saw each patient as a part of an inheritance complex, something which the patient could not get away from any more than he could lose his mammalian characteristics. My father knew that the Creek women would nearly always have milk-leg after childbirth, that nobody in that family ever took scarlet fever; that nobody in the Corkwell family ever lost his malaria till his quinine had been preceded by calomel; that all the Chuzzler

children, every time they contracted a cold, got running ears, and that some of these "ears" turned into "mastoids;" that the Anstruthers, young and old alike, often had high fevers which meant nothing in particular; that the Hardigoes never could stand an amputation, even of a finger; that child-birth in the Rocknell family meant, not infrequently, permanent insanity, "if you didn't watch out"; that old man Turgo not infrequently had "spells in the night" which a shot of anything whatever in the arm would immediately cure—"both his father and his mother had been just like that." Patients in certain families always had to be jollied and joked-with, no matter how sick they were, otherwise they thought that you thought that they were going to die, and then they would in fact die. Patients of other families always wanted a doctor to be dignified, attentive, thoughtful, no matter how trifling the disorder from which they were suffering. Otherwise they thought he was not sufficiently concerned about their welfare. A good many, in those days, liked a doctor, each time he came, to quote some passage from Scripture. That did not always run in families, but sometimes it did.

In these days of universal hospitalization, even for slight colds and splinters in the fingers, the patient is seen as an isolated entity, something that was born in a vacuum. Family histories? O yes, they take family histories to-day, and always write them down, and then—forget them. What, in any case, can a doctor in a city hospital to-day learn about the average patient's family history? *Just whatever that careless and medically ignorant patient tells him.* What does the patient know about it? The great majority, I have found, cannot give the names of their grandparents. "What was your mother's father's name?" "I don't know: either Johnson or Johnston, I forget now which." "And it *might* have been Jones?" "O yes, it *might* have been." "And what did he die of?" "The doctor never told us: he wasn't much of a doctor anyway."

Do you call that learning a patient's family history?" Why, it is simply encumbering the patient's record card.

My father had almost always personally known the patient's brothers and sisters, their parents, their grandparents, sometimes their cousins, their uncles, and their

aunts. He *knew* them. And not as an ignorant, indifferent layman would know, but scientifically, intimately, conscientiously. And he carried that knowledge in his head, not on a long-forgotten history sheet.

It is not simply hospitals (which, in so many ways, have been beneficial to the human race) that have destroyed the family as a unit in the modern physician's mind. There is also the vast movement of country populations to the industrial centers, also the vast immigrations into this country in the 1890's, and in the first decade of the 20th century. Young people, almost invariably, who, breaking loose from European families, came into this nation to settle, to live, to marry, oftentimes to forget intentionally. Not the fault of the modern U. S. doctor, of course. Nevertheless a vastly different situation from that in which several successive generations in the Mississippi Valley were born on the farm, stayed on the farm, died on the farm, oftentimes even were *buried* on the farm—yes, on the *very same farm burial-lot* wherein father, mother, brother, sister, grandparents and great-grandparents had been buried. Some of the children would oftentimes stay on the farm to help their aging parents carry on the farm work. Others would build or purchase their own homes near by or at least in adjoining neighborhoods, and the great majority, quite naturally, went back home at last to be buried.

The family doctor in those days was in truth a *family* doctor. Nor did he depend for his knowledge of his families on what some related layman might have told him. He observed the whole history for himself, wrote it all down in his brain for himself, kept it eternally alive there for himself—and always as accurately and scientifically as the knowledge of that day permitted.

But the arrival of hospitals and of the industrial migration were not the only causes for the disappearance of the family-unit, and, by natural consequence, the family doctor. The Great New Medicine itself, though great was its value indeed to both doctor and patient, also contributed very largely to the metamorphosis of family doctors into doctors of individuals. The discovery, that is to say, that a very

large number of diseases are produced by germs (microscopic vegetables or animals) seemed to say to everyone, "Diseases do not come from parents any more than they come from devils—emissaries of Satan. They come from microbes that get into the system either *via* wounds or *via* the mouth and nose, or, again, *via* drink and food. They do not come from the heredity but from the environment. The country doctor still understood—he could not help understanding—that the susceptibility to and the immunity from any or all of these disease-producing organisms, and whether the susceptibility or the immunity was relative or absolute, was considerably a matter of inheritance.

The modern doctor, therefore, whether in the city or in the country, with little or no fault on his part has not been able to remain a family doctor. The germ explanation of many diseases has necessarily lessened to some extent the emphasis that was formerly placed on inheritance, and the presence almost everywhere to-day of hospitals, together with the breaking up of families by the various industrial migrations, have, as I have already stated, lowered that emphasis almost to absolute zero.

I should, however, did I not advert to this subject, even though sketchily, be failing in the picture which, in this volume, I am steadily endeavoring to paint of the old medicine as contrasted with the new, of the old doctor also as contrasted with the new.¹

LOOKING NORTH

The Companion and I had stayed in Marion for almost eight years, a very long time at one place for a restless in-

¹ A trait of my father's which was largely peculiar to himself rather than typical of old-time village and country doctors, I here include because I see no other place in this volume wherein it may properly be mentioned. I mean the aptness of his illustrations when discussing scientific matters. Remember that the open buggy moving along the country road, that and the wayside farmhouses, were, taken together, more the source of medical instruction in those days than were the medical colleges.

Well, there occurs to me at the moment one of my father's illustrations that very much impressed me, so that I never have forgotten it. Said he, "Tom, do you know that there is no limit to the number of forms which crystals of snow—the so-called 'snowflakes'—present? No? Well, that is the case. Yet, strange as it may seem, no crystal has ever been found that is not six-pointed or six-sided. And this is a comparison, now, that I wish you to remember. The six-sidedness is like what the books can tell you about any disease. The no-alikeness is what you have to observe in your cases and to think out for yourself.

"To study the six-sidedness gives you learning. To deal with the no-alikeness gives you judgment and inventiveness."

spector of new horizons and for his consort. There, too, the Tramp, thanks to the skilful management of his Companion, had not, financially (and for a wonder) practiced wholly in vain. And yet the little money that he had saved there he had invested—well, in things of the utmost promise, although, quite frequently, not so great performance.

I, in fact, had bought the most wonderful real estate in the most wonderful cities and in the most wonderful locations—"strategic positions" they were called. Yet whenever I wished to sell that "real" estate its value was quite unreal.

Among other places in which I had invested both my Marion and some of my other earnings, were Superior, Wis., and Duluth, Minn. There too, as usual, I had tramped to financial failure. Nevertheless, through the making of those investments, the Companion and I had become acquainted with the delightful climate at the Lakehead. My old-time trouble—the results of appendicitis—had meanwhile returned upon me. There was also a new trouble, one which at the time I did not understand but whose nature was later to be revealed by further developments of the Germ Theory. Again my life had become a mere raging hell of pain, especially in warm weather. Then it was that I suffered by far the most. There could no longer be the slightest question as to remaining in Egypt.

"It is always cool in Superior-Duluth."

Dreams again, dreams!

Dreams of endless miles of blue-green forest, of the vast gray-green or cobalt lake, the sweet low callings of mysterious ships, coming in or departing and laden to the uppermost red edges with iron ore, or with wheat or with whatsoever things any man of us holds dear. "Lo, what I bring you, world! Lo! Lo-o-o!" So the steamers seemed to cry to us clear down the long lengths of Wisconsin and Illinois.

Dreams of health, too, for myself—health, life and at least a little of success and happiness.

Great Father, why not leave to each and every man of us, even to each mere tramp, at least his dreams?

For behold, as to any man at all, there is nothing better in him than his mere bright dreamings, and, to a tramp, nothing else whatsoever than these.

HEAD OF THE LAKES. SUPERIOR

In July, 1913, we removed to Superior, Wis. At first we had money enough with which to buy us a small home. So that we did. Then came a six-months illness for myself; outrageously painful it was and terrifying. Nobody seemed to know precisely what the trouble was, except that double femoral phlebitis was a part of it. But the cause of the phlebitis? Nobody knew that at all—until later.

Our home became mortgaged to the limit. I had wanted to build a little laboratory too for the study of light and of animal eyes. How could one build and equip a private laboratory when he could hardly hold his home?

I could write, though, even when confined to bed, so write I oftentimes did. Yet, for writing, how little one receives! For scientific writing not infrequently just nothing whatever, the honor of publication by a noteworthy house being regarded as sufficient pay.

Oftentimes one does not even receive by way of recompense a kindly word from reviewers, though, as a rule, I have fared not badly at that gentry's hands.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

On this head it will be necessary to speak at a little length. I therefore quote upon it a few short paragraphs from my "Tramping to Failure": "My *pièce de résistance* through all those years of suffering, was my individual part and portion in 'The American Encyclopedia of Ophthalmology.'

"For that unparalleled affair I wrote, in the course of about seven years, considerably more than 3000 articles, counting biographies and the short with the long.

"The editor of this enormous book was Dr. Casey A. Wood, of Chicago, another intellectual tramp, full of hobo daring and an intolerable itch for high adventure. The gods of cash had been quite kind to him, and so, all alone—so far, that is, as regarded the financial aspects of the undertaking

—he projected the mammoth work—eighteen enormous royal octavo volumes of 800 to 1000 pages each—and all on the one sole subject of the eye.

“These massive volumes were to be profusely illustrated with plates, a good many in several colors, also printed and bound in accord with the importance and purpose of the work.

“And this *magnum opus*, you understand, was to be not merely a *medical* book about eyes. It was to be everything whatsoever about eyes (*Augenkunde*, not merely *Augenheilkunde*). Even the science of color (chromatology) went into it, the symbolism of color, color music, the nature and sources of light, biophotogenesis, animals’ eyes, the chemical construction of the numerous kinds of glass out of which ophthalmic and other kinds of lenses and prisms are ground. Many of these topics indeed do not enable an ophthalmologist to earn more money, but they do immensely broaden him, make him a man of science, instead of a mere mechanic who chances to be dealing with eyes.

“It will be a great surprise to many, I am sure, especially physicians, when I say that, up to the fourth volume of this work, the enterprise was, financially, a mere flat, dead failure.

“So true was this that, one day, Dr. Wood wrote to me as follows: ‘No use to go on further with the big book! Sorry, but there’s nothing for it now except to return to all subscribers the amounts they’ve paid for the volumes already issued and then cancel the enterprise *in toto*. A shame, too, after all we’d meant to do for the ophthalmologic profession of the world!’

“I replied, pointing out various reasons why the Encyclopedia should be continued and why, eventually, it was bound to succeed. For example I stated that almost any ophthalmologist who, at the beginning of the book’s publication, had been thinking about buying a set of the Encyclopedia, would have been almost certain to reflect that, if he did subscribe, he would, for some months at least, possess merely Vol. I (devoted exclusively to articles commencing with ‘A’) so that he would seldom be able to find in the work thus far issued such information as, at the given moment, he might chance to need. At the very time

in which I was writing, the prospective purchaser, I pointed out, was bound to consider that, even with Volumes I, II, III and IV in his hands, he would not be very much better off. But still, I insisted, as the number of volumes that had been printed and distributed continued to increase, the work would become for all subscribers more and more useful—indispensable indeed—so that, as time passed, the securing of subscriptions for the book would become easier and easier. Several times I wrote to similar effect. And, later, when the book had succeeded beyond even our wildest dreams, this generous editor wrote me that, had it not been for my repeated insistence, the work would surely have been abandoned while still in its unsuccessful stages.

“All of which goes to show that tramps, sometimes—even if they do, some of them, tramp to failure on their own accounts—may be of at least a little service in helping other tramps to attain to the highest success.”

THE BIOGRAPHIES

The hardest work that ever I did for the Encyclopedia or have done for anything else was the biographical part of that book. The data which I had to secure for it could of course not be invented. Neither could it be acquired by any amount of experimentation, or, so far at least as the later worthies were concerned, looked up, to any great extent, in the already existing literature. All the facts, or almost all, must be acquired from living friends and relatives of the deceased. The curious and oftentimes insurmountable difficulties I encountered in the acquirement of such facts I have already written up fully in several long sections of “Tramping to Failure.”

“As to the old-time worthies, whom no one living could possibly remember” (I am quoting now from “Tramping”) “the amount of labor which I sometimes expended—yes and hard-earned money also—would be incredible should the whole story be told.”¹

¹ I had already, before leaving Marion, contributed chapters or sections to a number of volumes edited by Dr. Wood—particularly Wood’s “System of Ophthalmic Operations.”

THE OTHER WORLD'S WAR

The Crown Prince of Austria had been assassinated! So we quickly read. June 28, 1918!

I thought at once that the murder meant war—judging by all the ticklish situation. If so, I should at least have one consolation—a marvelous chance to test all my views on peace and war—views which underlay my War-Check Vote, gave it its foundation, and to test them on the vastest war in history. The vastest war in history it surely turned out to be.

You, if old enough, remember the quick succession of events. The demands of Austria. Serbia's reply. Count Berchtold's telegram to the Serbian Foreign Office at Belgrade. The Russian mobilization, July 29. The alleged violation of Belgian neutrality by French military aviators, the consequent declaration of war on August 3 by Germany against France. The declaration on August 5 by Great Britain of war against Germany. Then a long, unspeakably terrible, succession of similar catastrophes. Almost the whole of the world, it seemed, had been drawn into the war. There was not the slightest evidence that any of the common people had in any sense wanted the war.

I will now for a time reproduce from my "Tramping to Failure" the facts about the war, as they bear upon the questions which had been raised in opposition to the War-Check Vote. It is absolutely necessary that I do this.

In this country nobody, at least among the common people, talked of anything else than the war and how we best could keep out of it.

President Wilson begged and implored every citizen of the United States to remain neutral.

Neutral a few were. The majority took sides. But, on this side or on that, practically each and every American adult declared that there was one thing perfectly certain, namely that the United States must, by all the gods, stay out of that European war. President Washington's adjuration about entangling foreign alliances was quoted again and again. A considerable portion of the press sided against Great Britain, "our traditional foe."

Lying propaganda in favor of the Germans and against the Allies flooded this nation in larger and larger quantities.

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."

All at once, as suddenly as you could turn your hand over, the press was almost unanimously in favor of Great Britain. Something very plainly had happened behind the scenes.

Common people said to me, everywhere I went, that it was easy enough to see just what had occurred.

Came the German-atrocity stories, dozens of them, scores of them, hundreds of them, thousands of them.

All that the British, French and Belgians did was then reported as white, snow white. All that the Germans did was reported as black, unbelievably and Satanically black. "Unbelievably" black indeed! Few there were, at least among the masses, who did believe.

German soldiers, it was said, were cutting off Belgian children's hands by the thousands, by the scores of thousands—women's breasts, chaplain's ears. They were crucifying French and Belgian infants against the sides of barns alongside cats and dogs, and, over the horrid pairs of nailed-up corpses, posting even more horrible legends.

Nearly all our newspapers declared that the German blood was "naturally brutal" blood, that it had, in fact, been responsible for the great majority of wars, so that, in a word, this war against Germany was "a war to end war."

Laborers came to me and asked, "Doctor, is it possible for a child with its hands hacked off by a mere crude soldier to live? I don't mean if its hand is scientifically amputated by a surgeon, but if it is hacked off by a soldier?"

"No. It is not possible."

"That's just what I thought."

Many said, "What is all this talk about German blood being 'naturally brutal'? Half the American people contain German blood. We have German neighbors, too; German friends; German sons-in-law and so on. Nearly all are good citizens, fine noble-hearted people. The talk is a lie."

Other laborers asked, "Can this be a war to end war? If so, why has not that noble ideal entered into the minds of the British, French and other Allied governments heretofore? Anyway, how can just whipping the Germans and

their associates end war? Cannot these other nations, even with the Entente whipped, make many wars—just the same as they have always done heretofore? And which nation has had the most wars, Germany, France, Great Britain?"

Common sense was not quite so besotted and absolutely credulous as the propagandists had supposed.

The propaganda, nevertheless, continued. It declared that the Germans, whenever they took a prisoner, subjected him to the most frightful and unspeakable tortures that even Teutonic originality and cruelty could devise.

Again laborers came to me and said, "Doctor, that, too, must be a lie, because, of course, the Germans, like ourselves, must wish to take as many prisoners as possible. That's to their interest. And, in order at any given time to take more of them, they must have treated their former prisoners (many of whom have been exchanged and restored to the Allied ranks) with the utmost kindness. If they tortured their prisoners, they could take no more prisoners."

Stories began to arrive of how one single man—often a very small one—had captured fifteen, eighteen, twenty-five, yes even fifty or sixty or a hundred of the enemy.

Then laboring people came to me and said that numerous German soldiers must surely be hating (not wanting) the war, inasmuch as, otherwise one Allied soldier, alone, could never have captured so many of them.

Still the atrocity stories grew, multiplied, filled the whole country. All white on the Allied side, of course, all black on the side of the Triple Entente.

That of itself was a highly suspicious circumstance. Matters in a world like this are seldom perfectly all wrong on one side, perfectly all right on the other. The propaganda clearly showed that the Germans had no longer the slightest control of our press, but that the Allies dominated it absolutely—as absolutely as they had controlled some of our presidential nominating conventions.

Common people said as much to me, said it again and again. They were not deceived.

So much for the statement so often made to this day by militarists that, under my Amendments, the masses would forever be deceived by propaganda, and, so, do nothing but vote for the war.

Nonsense!

War-time propaganda is *always* so puerile, so idiotic, so utterly and abominably incompetent, inconsistent, even impossible, that no one ever believes it, saving and excepting only those who can make large gains, either in money or in power, by believing it, or who can pick some sort or kind of favor out of the hands of those in power by at least pretending to believe it, or who weakly hope to be able to profit by such pretenses.

In this connection there is a question which I have very often asked, but which is yet so highly important that I needs must ask it again. During the nearly three years which elapsed between the beginning of the war and the entrance of this country into it—years which were filled to overflowing in this country with all that now admittedly untruthful propaganda—why, I say, during all those years, did not our supposedly peace-loving president come out into the open and inform the nation plainly of the fact that the atrocity tales from the theatre of that war were simply and absolutely false? He, ostensibly at least, desired us, certainly begged and implored us, to be and to remain neutral. All must surely remember that.

Yet, from the beginning to the end of the war, both after our entrance into it and before that, he never, in all his numerous speeches, notes, messages, and various other documents, even so much as one single time, so far as I have been able to ascertain, plainly informed the country of the truth about those propaganda tales.

Now, don't anyone say that the man did not possess the truth about the tales. He either possessed it—and he must positively have done so—or else, in not possessing it, he was most criminally negligent. For he was no mere common person like, say, you or me, Reader. He was the President of the United States of America. And, in that capacity, he had, precisely in Belgium itself, and from the beginning of the conflict till our own entry into it (well-nigh three long years) a complete consular equipment residing in all the more important cities and towns of Belgium, and, in addition, at Brussels, our minister to that country—namely, Mr.

Brand Whitlock—together with all the attachés to his legation.

The Germans had, in those days, to be sure, possession of the most of Belgium, but these, as a matter of course, would have been only too glad to have the U.S. Government deny the atrocity tales to its own citizens and to the world. American consuls, moreover, were continually passing backwards and forwards between Belgium and the United States, so that these could easily have reported the truth about the stories and have done it in person.

Mr. Wilson also possessed another powerful machine for the ascertainment of the exact truth about the matter—the United States secret service force.

Best of all perhaps, he had still another enormously efficient machine—the “Commission for Relief in Belgium.” That machine could have supplied him with so many authentic reports concerning the Belgian atrocity tales that he never, in all the rest of his life, could even have finished the reading of them.

In these days, of course, when the heads of the Allied governments have themselves admitted that the atrocity tales were simply fictions manufactured for the purpose of excusing the many-million-fold slaughter, the truth is known and to all.¹

¹ On this head it is well to read the Hon. Arthur Ponsonby's “Falsehood in War-Time.” Of old aristocratic English stock, Arthur Ponsonby moves in the circles that know the inside truth about the war. He is a son of the late General Sir Henry Ponsonby, a great grandson of Earl Gray, British Prime Minister. He was a member of the British Parliament all through the World War, Under-secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1924, and is now once again a member of the British Parliament.

He is, moreover, one of the most brilliant and trustworthy of living English statesmen.

Mr. Ponsonby's book should be used as a text throughout the common schools of the United States—if indeed the pretended wishes of the various governments are to be carried out, “to teach the masses to hate war.” How could any person who, in his childhood, had thoroughly learned the truth about, for example, the Briton, Lord Northcliffe, and his war-time propaganda bureau, ever again believe in atrocity stories or the war-time innocence of governments?

What do you think would be the lifelong effect on the youthful American mind of the truth about the French Government's “Maison de la Presse”? Here is a brief passage on that subject from Mr. Ponsonby's book, in which, on pages 178-179, he quotes from “Behind the Scenes of French Journalism” by “A French Chief Editor”: “As early as three days after the outbreak of the war, Viviani promulgated a law which on the same day was passed by the House and the Senate, and which provided as the first instalment of a powerful propaganda the trifling amount of twenty-five million francs in gold for the establishment of

La MAISON de la PRESSE

a gigantic building, Francois Street, 3, five stories high, without the basement, where the printing-presses are located, and the ground-floor with its large meeting hall. A busy, lively going and coming, as in a beehive; trucks arriving, elegant autos with pretentious-looking persons. The two hundred rooms contain the work-shops, offices, parlours, and

But the question is, Why did not Mr. Woodrow Wilson, with more than merely adequate power to know the truth about the Belgian situation and to tell it to his people, spread that truth broadcast before—yes, long, long, before—our entry into the butchery?

That question I have asked times innumerable, but, thus far, have never received an answer.

There was a great deal of controversy about the sinking of some of the British and even of our own ships. Mr. W. J. Bryan, then our Secretary of State, told us, as now we know, the truth about the situation. Our ships were carrying ammunition, ordnance and other military supplies to Great Britain. The *Lusitania*, in addition, was a British auxiliary cruiser. We had, therefore, no more right to expect these vessels to possess immunity from military attack, just because they were carrying civilians, than any government would have had to protect its army from assault by sending women and children to march in its front ranks.

Bryan resigned and everyone knew why.

Germany had offered again and again to accept Mr. Bryan's proposal that (1) England should obey the law of nations on the seas, and (2) Germany should relinquish her submarine warfare. The latter had, in fact, been adopted

reception-rooms, where those war-mad heroes are domiciled whose courage grows with the degree of distance from the trenches. From the basement up to the fifth story covered with a glass roof, all is the embodiment of concentrated propaganda. In the basement stood the machinery necessary for printing and reproduction, under the glass roof operated the photo-chemigraphic department. Its principal work consists of making photographs and cuts of wooden figures with cut-off hands, torn-out tongues, gouged-out eyes, crushed skulls and brains laid bare. The pictures thus made were sent as unassailable evidence of German atrocities to all parts of the globe. . . . In the same rooms fictitious photographs were made of bombarded French and Belgian churches, violated graves and monuments and scenes of ruin and desolation The Presse House was the indefatigable geyser which belched forth incessantly false war reports and fictitious news from the rear and the front, the meanest and most brutal slanders of the opponents, the astonishing fictions of infamous acts attributed to them," etc.

Can you suppose that, after such a training of the public mind in the truth about war, the politicians and the profiteers of this nation would ever again have the hardihood to repeat that most damnable and most fundamental lie of all war-lies—namely that governments do not want wars but that they are pushed into them by the masses?

But Mr. Ponsonby's small book is only a tiny (though an exceedingly authoritative) portion of the literature now in existence about the various governments and their World War lies. In Laswell's large octavo volume, "Propaganda Technique in the World War" you will find a bibliography listing hundreds of volumes devoted solely to the mendacity of governments (and the profiteers behind them) in that one single war.

only by way of retaliation against Britain's previous and long continued violation of international sea-law.

So Bryan resigned and everyone knew why.

In April, 1916, one whole year before we were put into the war, there occurred a tremendous incident which is still far too little known. It is thus related by Harry Elmer Barnes, ("Who Started the World War?" page 56):

"Mr. Wilson played his next card at home. One morning early in April, 1916, Mr. Wilson called in conference the Democratic leaders of Congress, Champ Clark, Hal Flood and Claude Kitchin, told them that he felt that it was time the United States entered the War, and asked for their support in leading Congress to accept his plan. These men were opposed to war and, hence, rejected his proposals somewhat heatedly. Wilson knew that it was a poor time to split the party just before an election, so he dropped the matter at once and, with Colonel House, mapped out a pacifist platform for the coming campaign. Governor Martin Glynn of New York and Senator Ollie James of Kentucky were sent to the St. Louis convention to make keynote speeches, which were based on the slogan: 'He kept us out of war!' Senator James' pacifist speech stampeded the convention and he was requested to repeat it."

So did the great pretended pacifist, who really wanted to enter us into the war, who knew the exact truth about "the German atrocities," and who could have told it to the nation but did not, secure his re-nomination.

If Mr. Wilson could not get us into the war at once, he would be for peace—till after the election.

Along in August, 1916, occurred a strangely fateful thing, one whose importance is not yet fully recognized. Congress, on the 29th day of the month, created, at the President's request, what was termed "The Council of National Defense," together with an auxiliary body known as "The Advisory Commission to the Council of National Defense."

He who does not understand the part which was played by these two bodies in the placement by this government of the American people into the war, has simply not acquired the slightest inkling of our real connection with that outrageous slaughter. Yet the great majority of Americans do not understand it.

Remember that these two named bodies were created by one and the same Act of Congress, and that the act was passed on August 29, 1916—when Mr. Woodrow Wilson was running for re-election, and when the slogans on which he

was running were, "Peace with honor, preparedness, prosperity" and "Peace with honor, he kept us out of war."¹

The Council of National Defense was extended throughout the entire country, until, in fact, it consisted of the immense number of 184,000 units—all under the thumb, understand please, of the *central* council back there in Washington.

The country, a little suspicious of the real underlying significance and purpose of this so rigidly organized body of men, among whose numbers were included the holders of most of the strategic positions—financial, political, social, educational, and so on—in the country, were assured again and again that the Council would never be employed for the entering of this country into the European conflict, and that its purpose was simply and solely the establishment of safe and sane preparations for the reception of the Germans, in case those people who were supposed to have started out to enslave the world, etc., should, first, win in Europe and then come over here.

Thus assured, the nation submitted to the establishment of that tremendous war-machine. It was all, however, you understand, to be merely a "Council of National DEFENSE." No offensive preparations at all were to be indulged in. Of that great fact we were solemnly assured again and again.

Now what about that little auxiliary body, "The Advisory Commission to the Council of National Defense"? It consisted of seven men only. All these seven men, mark you, were, in accordance with a provision of the Act of Congress by which the Commission had been established,

¹ Here are the exact words from the report of "The Select Committee on Expenditures in the War Department" (*Congressional Record*, House, June 1, 1920, pages 8144-8150): "A political campaign was in full swing. Not a step was taken toward the meeting of the Council of National Defense for three months and until after the election. Meantime the President and his party went about the country telling the people they had been kept out of war and telling them we would continue at peace. The campaign textbook of the Democratic Party in 1916 bore on its cover in bold letters these words: 'Peace with honor, preparedness, prosperity.' They circulated about the country, showing pictures in colors of the President, with this legend upon it: 'Peace with honor, he kept us out of war.' And then at the bottom, to signify verity, his signature, 'Yours, Woodrow Wilson.' With this miserable deceit the American people were deluded."

It ought, however, to be emphasized that it was indeed "the American people," not just one party only, who were being deluded. The Democratic party was being quite as thoroughly deceived (and with just as much righteousness and good faith on their part) by the President and the war-making group behind him, as were, in fact, the millions of Republicans who, in that campaign, were deluded by precisely the same peace-talk into voting for Mr. Wilson's re-election.

chosen by the President of the United States and by him alone—Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the very man who just then was running for re-election on a distinctly no-war platform.

And what, while Mr. Wilson was so running, were his own seven men—that “Advisory Commission,” appointed by himself alone—engaged in?

To show you in an authoritative way just what they were doing, I must run a little forward in time—namely to 1923, when a book appeared, entitled “Industrial America in the World War.” This was a highly authoritative and very clearly written volume. Its author was, in fact, no less a person than Mr. Grosvenor B. Clarkson, who had been secretary both to the Advisory Commission and to the Council of National Defense, thus interlocking those two bodies very tightly together. In that book Mr. Clarkson quotes from Mr. William J. Graham, of the U. S. House of Representatives, and chairman of the “Select Committee of the House on Expenditures During the World War” as follows:

“An examination of these minutes [i.e., the minutes, or records, of the Advisory Commission] discloses the fact that a commission of seven men chosen by the President seems to have devised the entire system of purchasing war supplies, planned a press censorship, designed a system of food control determined on a daylight saving scheme, and, in a word, designed practically every war measure which the Congress subsequently enacted, and did all this behind closed doors, weeks and even months before the Congress of the United States declared war against Germany.”

Having quoted this passage, Mr. Clarkson proceeds to comment on it in the following astounding way (page 26 of his same book):

“The only fault, aside from its bitterly depreciative tone, to be found with Mr. Graham's summary of the achievements of the advisory commission before and in the early days of the war, is that, broad as it is, it does not tell the whole story. And it might be added that the only cause the Nation has for regretting what was then done is that it was not even more inclusive, specific, and compelling.”

Just see. Here were admittedly secret preparations for the war made by a Presidential Commission created August 29, 1916, consisting of only seven persons and working for long months in advance of our open entrance into the war, quietly working for war in fact while the President who had appointed it was running before the people on the ground that he had kept us out of war and would continue to give us “peace with honor.”

Does the reader doubt that Mr. Clarkson, who had been, throughout their existence, secretary both to the Advisory Commission and to the Council of National Defense, did in fact utter those quoted words? If he does, let him just turn

to Mr. Clarkson's book (it stands in the most of the public libraries of the United States) and there read for himself.

It should, of course, be borne in mind that at the time (1923) when Mr. Clarkson thus spoke so commendatorily about the part which the Advisory Commission had played with respect to our entrance into the war, the full truth about that war had not yet authoritatively leaked out to the world. At this present time it is hardly probable that Mr. Clarkson would so lustily crow over the war-making performances of the Advisory Commission to the Council of National Defense.

The election occurred, of course, in November, and Mr. Wilson was elected on the one and only platform, or plank, which, at that time, absorbed the entire interest of the great majority of American citizens—that, namely, which promised to keep us from engaging in the European conflict.

All at once, after the election, a great change in the attitude of all "the higher powers" began to make itself manifest.

For one thing the Council of National Defense, which, till after the election, had been "soft pedalled," now began to function vigorously, and, in addition, to be ruled with great authority—a forecast, so to speak, of the rule of the rod of iron all over the country which was soon to follow.

Certain leading newspapers and magazines too, which, thus far, had been wholly for peace, began to change their tone.

The atrocity stories which, for more than two years, had been appearing in the public prints, coupled, almost invariably, with admonitions to our government (you understand) to continue to keep us out of the war, now came boldly forth devoid of the admonitions to peace and with emphatic declarations to the effect that nothing but our entry into the shambles could possibly be the correct course for us to follow—in view of the absolute truth of all those marvelous (and presidentially uncorrected) atrocity tales.¹

¹ Speaking of "the German atrocity tales," I am forcibly reminded of the fact that, in those stirring times, numerous laboring men came to me and said, for example: "Doctor,

But surely the educated people of the United States, I thought, would not believe those tales. The common people, undoubtedly, were experiencing little difficulty in perceiving the gross inconsistencies, the absolutely palpable impossibilities of the war-time propaganda. The "upper classes," therefore, with all their great advantages by way of correct historical knowledge, should easily be able to keep their minds unsullied by the lies.

As a matter of fact, however, they did not, as a class, do so.

Especially what about the Christian ministers? They possessed the mightiest influence of all the various bodies of men in the nation. And always heretofore, except whenever a war had threatened, they had inculcated with all their hearts and souls and minds and strengths the doctrine of non-resistance—no war at any time for any purpose. Now, thought I, is the opportunity for these great religious leaders of the United States to redeem the long, blood-stained record of their profession. They, if they stood true to the doctrines of their Master (I mean Jesus Christ) could, plainly, avert our entry into the shambles. Would they stand true?

Seldom, indeed, had they done so theretofore.

That fact, however, did not prove to a certainty that, in this one incomparable instance, they would fail humanity.

Anxiously, watchfully, even prayerfully, I awaited the course which the ministers would pursue.

By Christmas a good many preachers, especially the leaders of the profession in the cities and larger towns, were preaching and writing emphatically in favor of our entrance into the war.

Worse, numbers of prominent ministers who had deliberately joined themselves to the throngs that were going to Europe in order to ascertain at first hand whether or not the alleged atrocity stories were true, were now returning and,

has not that Russian Government been guilty of many unspeakable atrocities, even in times of peace? What about those Jewish pogroms? Our government should talk about 'German atrocities' !!!

I also recall the fact that, even after the Armistice, the British blockade of Germany for well-nigh one whole year resulted in the unnecessary starvation and death of over 800,000 German women and children.

There is an atrocity tale about British governmental action, not indeed in war-time but in peace-time, and one which has never been contradicted, but reasserted, asseverated and actually gloried in by the British aristocracy itself, even to this present day.

without qualification, reporting that they were true and that the hundredth part had never been told. Some of these ministers even wrote horrible books on the subject, copies of a number of which are still in my library. Comparing these books now with the known facts about the situation then—as, for example, the facts have been disclosed by Lloyd George (Prime Minister of the British Empire during most of the war) Prime Minister Nitti, of Italy, Raymond Poincaré (President of France throughout the entire war period) and numerous other worthies who, during the course of the conflict, had sat in high positions in the Allied governments—one knows not what to think.

About the worst of these books was "Fighting for Peace," by the Rev. Henry Van Dyke. Van Dyke, as the jacket of his volume was at special pains to inform us, was "Minister of the United States to Holland." Just below these words, the jacket continues, "A vivid view of the origin, conditions and right conclusion of the war, from the standpoint of one who was very close to it and who had intimate personal experiences which illuminate the subject with the light of reality."

The high official position of Van Dyke as U. S. Minister to Holland and his exalted position as a minister of the Prince of Peace besides, conferred upon this volume most unusual authority and influence.

A letter by the Rev. Van Dyke, written after our entry into the shambles, appeared in *The New Republic* for December 22, 1917, and ran as follows: "Fines, imprisonment, internment in a comfortable camp in the south are altogether inadequate. . . . A man who by speech or action endeavors to impede American efficiency in this righteous war should be judged by law, and, if convicted, promptly executed."

No freedom of speech about that! No abolition of capital punishment either. Not even the briefest time allowed to elapse wherein some miscarriage of justice might be permitted to appear. Blood! and blood immediately!

In England the situation was much the same, so that, after the war, Mr. Lloyd George, Prime Minister of the British Empire at the time of the war, declared that, here-

after, when war threatened, the ministers of any country, if they really desired to maintain peace, must, first of all, lock up their churches.

Let no man think that I write these things out of the slightest prejudice to the ministry. I believe that, all points considered, ministers are far and away the noblest and most useful of men. But I do take it not a little unkindly that the Christian preachers of this and of other lands, after preaching for decades the doctrine of absolute non-resistance under all circumstances, should have turned about, when war came—yes, and for a long, long time before it came, in order to compel it to come—and then, in addition, after having berated the farmers and laborers for their hesitancy to enter the war, should now, after the true nature of the conflict has been revealed even by its chief actors, continue to oppose the War-Check Vote and even to accuse (as some of them still do) with outstretched saintly forefingers “the masses” as the real begetters of the war and instigators of our entry into it.

Father forgive them! They surely know not what they do. They must have forgotten nearly everything that happened during the world conflict.

Possibly even a worse book than the Rev. Henry Van Dyke's was that by the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, entitled “German Atrocities.” At the beginning of the preface to that volume, the Rev. Hillis says, “These inquiries into German atrocities were begun in the latter part of September, 1914.” In the second paragraph of that preface he explains, “I sailed for France at the request of several bankers of New York.”

After the Rev. Hillis had returned to America he not only wrote and disseminated the book above-mentioned, but he also went upon an extensive lecture tour about the country, thundering against the so-called “German atrocities” and relating, in all the more important American cities, the results of his personal war-field investigations.

Once again to run a little forward, he, in the magazine called *Current Opinion*, December, 1917, at page 376, publish-

ed an article entitled "What America is Fighting Against." The following passage from that article will indicate with sufficient clearness the character of the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis' great work for the Prince of Peace. I should add that, at the beginning of the article, just after the author's name, the Rev. Hillis is described as "Member of a Diplomatic Mission to the French Front in Behalf of the U. S. Government." Mr. Wilson, you see, was still making no noticeable effort to spread the truth (which, as already demonstrated, must have been plainly known to him or knowable) concerning the "German atrocity" tales.

Here is that typical passage by the Rev. Hillis: "It is not simply that they [the Germans] looted factories, carried away machinery, robbed houses, bombed every farm-house and granary, left no plow or reaper, chopped down every pear tree or plum tree with every grapevine, and poisoned the wells! The Germans slaughtered old men and matrons, mutilated captives in ways that can only be spoken of by men in whispers; violated little girls until they were dead. Finding a calfskin nailed upon a barn door to be dried, they nailed a babe beside it and wrote beneath the word, 'Zwei'; they thrust women and children between themselves and soldiers coming up to defend their native land; bombed and looted hospitals, Red Cross buildings; violated the white flag—and the worst atrocities cannot even be named."

That is merely a specimen of the alleged horrors detailed by the reverend gentleman. He may have been misled, but he was supposed to have gone to the French front and to be speaking officially for the U.S. Government. Moreover, had he not been able to ascertain the truth at first hand, he ought very frankly to have said so.

To return to December, 1916—while still we were out of the war.

My hopes that the Christian ministry, in the matter of Armageddon, would clear itself of its age-old black and bloody record, were, as you see, very promptly and permanently dissipated.

On December 31, 1916, "at the close of a perfect" year, an appeal was made to "the Christians of America" by fifty prominent persons, almost without exception ministers. Among them were Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts; Bishop Gaylor, of Tennessee; Bishop Rhinelander, of Pennsylvania; Bishop Anderson, of Illinois; Bishop Nelson, of Georgia, and Doctors of Divinity Lyman Abbott, Newell Dwight Hillis, and William T. Manning, of New York. The document was an earnest appeal for immediate war, indeed and in truth a perfectly bloodthirsty harangue. See it entire in *The Independent* for January 15, 1917, pages 90-91.

In addition thousands of sermons were preached in 1916 and early in 1917 in all parts of the United States, urging war with bitter intensity and flaying the backs of the laborers and farmers of the United States with unmerciful zeal for their persistent opposition to the war.

The climax, however, of preacher pro-war eloquence was attained on March 11, 1917, still almost a month before our entry into the slaughter-pen. (Mr. Woodrow Wilson, be it remembered, was still presumed throughout the country to be most bitterly opposed to our entry into the war.)

March 11, 1917. Do you remember the day? That was "War Sunday." Please never forget the name or the date. "War Sunday" is now an important phrase in the history of all war-making. On that blessed white day nearly all the Christian ministers of New York City, by mutual agreement, stood simultaneously up in their influential pulpits, and, repeating the frightful atrocity tales given out by the various Allied governments and personally vouched for by many of Christ's most prominent ministers, shouted again and again for war.

Some of those sermons appeared in various newspapers throughout the United States, but are not referred to in these days by their respective authors.

Many, too, were published in the religious journals of the country and in magazines of a general, or literary, character.

Then, all at once, in every portion of the United States, the ministers of the Prince of Peace began imitating the New York leaders of their profession.

The sacred lips of the clergy of Christ had become the brazen mouth-pieces of murderous Mars.

“War! War! War! Let us have war!”

“Blessed are the [clerical] peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God!”

The Lutheran ministers, however, except in a very few instances, refrained from uniting in the awful yell for blood. That was true of the Swedish and Norwegian Lutherans as much as it was of the German.

One denomination (let us always remember the sect and give due honor to its adherents) refrained, practically as a whole—the Quakers. And this denomination, or communion, has, I am told, no ministers at all—at least in the professional sense.

I am not a Catholic. I desire, nevertheless, to record here my appreciation of the fact that the Catholic clergy, though it did not wholly abstain from participation in the war-making, was, notwithstanding, far less culpable in that matter than were the Protestants. (My own denomination—the Presbyterian—was one of the worst.) The Pope himself attempted, again and again, to act the part of peacemaker, but in vain. I think that he really did try.

What, on the whole, as regards our entry into the war, was the result of the tergiversation of the American clergy?

Did the ministers, in fact, succeed in deceiving the American masses when they lent their powerful voices to the dissemination of militaristic propaganda?

Indeed they did not, to any great extent.

The facts and figures on this head I will state in just a moment. For the present merely let the assertion stand without proof that the great masses of the American people were not deceived by the pro-war propaganda, ministerial or lay.

What, then, did the pro-war propaganda accomplish? It succeeded in saving the face of the government and of the profiteers behind it (of whose existence I will give you abundant proof in just a few moments).

You know how a culprit in a court-room will almost invariably set up some or another excuse for his ill conduct, even although he knows to a certainty that neither the judge

nor the jury nor even his own relatives, if present, believe a word of what he says.

He must save his face, however, have some kind of story in which he himself *professes* to have faith.

With its face well saved in advance (December to March, inclusive) our government was in position to proceed (in April) and give us that very entry into the war which we had so recently and so emphatically recorded our opposition to at the polls.

(It is sometimes said that, since the fall election, the people of the U. S. had undergone a complete change in their attitude toward the question of entry or no-entry into the war. Wait till I give you, just a little later, the figures and other facts upon this head.)

Woodrow Wilson, even after that first great "War Sunday" and even after the nation-wide series of war-Sundays which immediately succeeded that one, still appeared, publicly at least, to oppose our entrance into the war.

Then, all at once, on April 2, he personally presented himself before Congress with his astounding war-message and proposed to that body that, in accordance with its constitutional powers, it should enter us into the war.

And that very thing Congress then did—the Senate passing the War Resolution on April 4 and the House on April 6.

Senator Robert M. LaFollette, of Wisconsin, begged eloquently for a referendum to the people. He was, however, shown that by the U. S. Constitution the people of this country had no right to a binding say on the matter.

"Theirs not to reason why!
Theirs but to do and to die."

The Senator was clearly out of order. Article I, Section 8, of the Constitution had plainly given the war-power exclusively to Congress.

Ours but to do and to die!

Our vote for Mr. Woodrow Wilson in November, 1916, on the ground that he had kept us out of war and would

continue to give us "peace with honor," had been "directory" only, not "binding" at all. There stood the Constitution, still, as always, giving the power to make or not to make war exclusively to Congress.¹

We were in the war.

Meantime in certain cities there had been a few mobs clamoring for war. It was an old trick, that—a stratagem which had been resorted to since, no doubt, long before the beginning of history.

You go into the underworld and you pay some of the leaders there so much money to come out on the public streets with a grand hurrah for anything you want. And they do that.

Thousands of other people, too, who chance to be passing along the sidewalks, follow the crowd as a matter of curiosity, and so you apparently have "a mob consisting of all classes of people."

How many persons are in that mob?

Nobody knows.

How many that are in it really want entrance into a war?

Nobody knows.

What proportion do the mobs, taken altogether, bear to the population of the country as a whole? Fifty per cent?

¹ A great many persons declare that, even if the War-Check Vote should be adopted, and if, under it, the people of this country should vote overwhelmingly against a proposed war, still our government would just deliberately go ahead and give us the war. And the reason which they offer for such belief is that, though, in 1916, we re-elected Mr. Wilson on a no-war platform, he nevertheless, in April, 1917, proceeded to request Congress to vote us into the European conflict.

Such persons, however, have not grasped the legal situation in this country with respect to peace and war.

The Constitution of the United States, when adopted, gave the war-power wholly to Congress. That situation remains, even to the present day. It was, of course, the same when Woodrow Wilson was re-elected on a no-war platform. His re-election on that platform meant nothing except that he was to use his influence with Congress to keep that body, so far as he could, from entering us into the European conflict. After he was re-elected on a no-war platform the war-power, by the Constitution of the United States, still remained in the hands of Congress. You cannot change the Constitution of the United States by a presidential election. Article V of the Constitution lays down the only four methods whereby that document can be changed, and political platforms and presidential elections are not among those ways.

The truth is that the people had no legal method for expressing their wishes in a constitutionally binding way. To think a mere political platform the same thing as a binding, constitutionally authorized, referendum, is to make a truly terrible mistake.

Ten per cent? A hundredth part of one single per cent of the whole vast population?

Nobody knows.

And yet many of the newspapers proceed to declare with the utmost solemnity that "everybody now is in favor of the war." "There were mobs shouting for war."¹

What about the Council of National Defense, that body which was to be used as a war machine only in case the Germans managed to get over here, and in case they had really, as the propaganda stated, started out to conquer and enslave the world?

All at once, just as you might turn your hand over, that Council was converted from a defensive body into an offensive one—worse than that, into a gigantic machine whereby all resistance to the war might be at once steam-rolled.

Hundreds of thousands of members of that Council of Defense began objecting bitterly to the employment of the organization for any other purpose than that for which alone it had been ostensibly organized. The more obstreperous of these were at once hustled into internment camps and the penitentiaries, and silence fell, very naturally, over the rest.

No member of that organization dared to object to the purpose for which it was now being used, or to try to get out of its iron, machine-like clutches, any more than a nut or a little iron bolt could effect its own release from a machine of metal.

Whatsoever volition was applied at the engineering end of the machine in Washington was at once transmitted with

¹ There were in fact numerous *anti-war* mobs in this country—one in Chicago especially—of very large proportions. These, of course, before our entry into the war. But all those mobs were mostly ignored by the press.

After our government had entered us into the war, all anti-war demonstrations, even the casual and most private utterances of opinion against the war, were rigorously suppressed. Then said the pro-war people, "Listen! You do not hear a word against the war. You see everybody wants war."

In Germany, spite of the rigid discipline imposed by a tyrannical government, there were numerous public demonstrations against the war, even after the war had begun.

All through the war attempts were made by the German masses to overthrow that Kaiser government and stop the war. In October, 1918, the attempts became successful. The Kaiser was exiled, a new constitution was adopted, a new government established, and that new government it was, and not the Kaiser, which negotiated with the Allies for the Armistice. Even to the day of his death the Ex-Kaiser complained bitterly because "his" people would not let him go on with the war.

irresistible power to even the tiniest parts of the machine all over the country.

The Council of National Defense, though the largest of all the war-machines in the United States, was not by any means the only one. Another was the American Protective League, "Organized with the approval and operating under the direction of the United States Department of Justice, Bureau of Investigation." The methods of this body are "proudly" described by Emerson Hough in "The Web" (1919). There were also the American Anti-Anarchy Association, the Anti-Yellow Dog League, the All-Allied Anti-German League, the Liberty League, the Knights of Liberty, the American Rights League, the Terrible Threateners, the Sedition Slammers, and numerous other bodies whose very names, in some cases, were outrageous lies and the sum total of whose vicious deeds, committed in the name of Liberty and so on, will never even be known.

Back of each and every one of these organizations, whose object without an exception was to intimidate, coerce and silence the populace, was a group of war-time profiteers, filling their pockets with boodle and the columns of magazines and newspapers with propaganda to the effect that the same populace was wanting the war, and that, in fact, it was forcing the profiteers and politicians into it.

Often, to-day, I am told that the only proper way to kill our next war is to wait till the war starts, and then to refuse to obey commands. There is even an organization called "The War Resisters' Union," which has that *modus operandi* for its object. Such an organization never can stop war. It is founded on a childish failure to understand the real power of a war-machine—a power which is exercised irresistibly not only over each and every part and portion of the machine itself but over even the people who have not entered into the composition of the machine.

Our government—all the governments involved—know exactly what to do with Conscientious Objectors (as such people are generally called) throughout the World War. Governments have always known what to do with such persons in all wars. And they will always know hereafter.

Better, far better, it were to have the War-Check Vote, and then, when the next war is merely threatening, to kill that war before it starts—collectively and at the polls. Keep at all times a heavy armament to prevent others from invading our territory, and the War-Check Vote at all times to keep us from invading theirs.

No use to object individually and after the war is on.

As matters now stand, the people have no legal right to object to the government's entering us into any war it likes. The politicians and the profiteers behind them have the entire say about the matter.

Is that wrong? Of course it is wrong, and everyone knows that it is wrong.

DE PROFUNDIS—AGAIN

Not long after our removal to Superior, I, as already stated, was confined to bed by a serious illness for well-nigh half a year. After a few months respite I was once more afflicted in the same way—this time after the war had broken out but before our entry into it. Pain I had without limit. Infection there was, of course, of some sort, but the source could not be found;¹ in fact the true *nature* of the infection was never so much as suspected, for, in those days, the doctrine of focal infection, so clearly expounded and firmly established by Dr. Frank Billings, of Chicago, was "still in the womb of time."²

During this drawn-out illness I was deeply depressed not only by the illness itself but also by the war. It did not seem to me possible that a just God would permit the sending of innocent, sincere and specially selected young men and women into the remotest corners of the earth and into a living hell while at the same time protecting the deceivers who—pretended peace-workers, many of them—enjoyed riches and comfort at their own firesides.

¹ Among the professional confrères who looked after me with all the skill available in the then state of science, were Dr. George Saunders, of Superior, and Dr. Charles H. S. Williamson, of Chicago, both now deceased.

² Dr. Billings, together with E. C. Rosenow and others, developed the subject from 1909 to 1916. The report which did the most, however, to impress on the medical mind the importance of focal infection as a cause of many general diseases was Billings' "Focal Infection": Lane Lectures, New York, which did not appear till 1916, and it was not till two or three years later that Billings' and Rosenow's efforts received from the medical profession the attention they deserved.

All the while, war or no war, pain or no pain, I was working day and night. When I had apparently finished a task for the Encyclopedia, instead of laying it aside, I would continue going through it again and again. Then the next task would seize me, and it would engage me for hours, days, sometimes even weeks. Thus, while others normally were resting I was laboring—but because I could not lay my work down.

That to forget.

The Companion nursed me, did all the typewriting and took care of the house—just as she had done in southern Illinois, only there she functioned as office assistant in addition. But who can sufficiently sing the merits of a hobo writer's little *raunie*?

MORE NECESSARY INFORMATION ON THAT WAR

To give to the war-machine or machines, still more power, there next were passed the "Sedition Act" and the "Espionage Act."

Then nobody dared even to question the slightest deed or motive of any of the war-makers.

Then something else happened.

The war-makers could not send the majority of American citizens to jail, so they just converted the entire country into one large prison and imposed a kind of penitentiary discipline upon it.

You know that, in a penitentiary, there are immense numbers of convicts and, proportionately, just a few wardens and guards. Yet, because the wardens and the guards are organized and armed and have the law behind them, they are able to impose penitentiary discipline upon all that immense number of the stubbornest, most recalcitrant people in existence.

Just so it is after a government starts a war. The vast majority want no war, may be members, if you please, of a "War Resister's Union," yet the organized minority will have their way with them all the same.

Here are just a few actual World-War war-resister cases out of a great multitude:

Rev. Clarence H. Waldron, of Windsor, Vt., was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for saying that war is inconsistent with Christianity.

D. H. Wallace, twenty years' imprisonment for declaring that when a soldier goes to war he is a hero, and that, when he returns, he is a bum.

D. T. Blodgett, twenty years' imprisonment for asking citizens of Iowa not to re-elect congressmen who had voted for conscription.

One clever little trick which militarists, during the World War, adopted for handling C. O.'s (Conscientious Objectors) with a great appearance of justice, was to distinguish between "sincere" and "insincere" objectors—"absolutists."

Concerning these absolutists, Bates, "This Land of Liberty" (Harper and Brothers, 1930) at page 94, says: "Deprived of any recognition of their existence by the civil law, the absolutists were turned over to the military in the guise of 'insincere objectors.' Thus Major-General Leonard Wood, in command at Camp Funston and Fort Riley, where savage treatment of objectors was permitted—terrible beatings, torture by the 'water cure,' immersion in latrines, incipient hangings—was enabled to distinguish between the 'real conscientious objector' doing non-combatant work and the 'vicious group' of 'frauds,' 'all of alien type,' who refused every kind of war service. . . . The 'insincere objectors' were tried by court-martial, and the list of sentences was later given out by Assistant-Secretary Keppel, including in a total of 450 cases, 89 sentences of ten years' imprisonment, 47 of fifteen years, 73 of twenty years, 57 of twenty-five years, 19 of thirty years, and 142 of imprisonment for life!"

I am often condemned by Conscientious Objectors for not making a great hullabaloo and outcry against that war immediately after we entered into it.

What would have been the use of my outcry *then*? I should merely have landed in the penitentiary or the noose—and accomplished nothing.

What I have always been trying to secure has been the War-Check Vote, not a mere premature epitaph.

We were, in fact, in the war. I had been opposed to our entry into it, but, now that we were in it, there was no point whatever in our losing the conflict. What I am wishing to do at all times is not to lose wars, but to stay out of them—out, that is, of the preventable (extraterritorial) kind.

Scores of young men, in those days, came to me, having heard of my proposed War-Check Vote, and begged me to intercede for them in order to keep them away from the fighting.

I, of course, could do nothing whatever for them. Almost anyone else could have done more. They should long, long before that day, have secured the War-Check Vote and thus have been able to help themselves before the war began.

But they had all been, just as now they are again, followers of the supine philosophy of the Arkansas traveler. Slightly modifying that wise gentleman's immortal utterance, "In time of war we cannot get the War-Check Vote, and, in times of peace, we do not need it."¹

The government called for volunteers.

At once *and* as a matter of course the press reported that the number of men volunteering was vastly in excess of the number required. More propaganda again, issued in the hope that the statement, well promulgated, would make itself correct.

It did not do so.

In less than two weeks that same press was loudly crying "shame" at the young men of this nation because they were not volunteering in sufficient numbers.

Many employers of labor, especially in the East, discharged all their male employes who were of military age, and hired women in their places.

¹ That the American people, however, do really want the popular referendum on war is shown by the fact that when (November, 1935) the American Institute of Public Opinion held a plebiscite on that question, the vote was 3 to 1 in favor of the referendum. The ballots, too, had been distributed among all classes of people—not merely among "the masses."

After the Second World War broke out, similar plebiscites showed all the way from 75% to 98% opposing our "fighting entry" into the war.

The young men who, even then, faced with the sad dilemma of enlistment or starvation, still, even so, refused to enlist, were branded, often in public too, as pro-Germans, cowards, slackers.

But still the great majority refused to enlist.

That was the way in which the young men of the country "forced" (as has so often been alleged) our government into the war.

The "masses," in truth, "forced" the government into its war-making so hard that, on May 18, an exceedingly stringent conscription law had to be enacted—the so-called "Selective Service Act."

What! Already? By May 18, less than two months after our entry into the war?¹

Precisely so.

Numerous ministers who, for many preceding peace-years, had opposed the War-Check Vote on the ground that it is always the masses who make the wars, "push" the classes into them, now leaped into their pulpits and began crying vigorously for a conscription act to "force" the masses into the conflict. That was the most colossal exhibition of inconsistency that I have ever known. The ministers were actually and publicly doing their best to force the masses, who were supposed to be forcing *them*!

There was one very strange provision in that Selective Service Act. Listen. It ran as follows: "Sec. 4.—That the Vice-President of the United States, the officers, legislative, executive, and judicial, of the United States, Territories, and the District of Columbia, *regular or duly ordained ministers of religion, students who at the time of the approval of this Act are preparing for the Ministry in recognized theological or divinity*

¹ Does the reader remember "Enlistment Week"—the great week during which "millions" throughout the United States of America were "voluntarily" to join the army that was to help the King of Italy *et al* to make the world safe for the kind of democracy which all kings love? Do you remember how many, how few rather, enlisted during the course of that week, after every conceivable pressure too had been brought to bear upon them? Just 9043. Please do not forget the figures when next you hear the statement: "The young men of this country were all perfectly crazy to get into that war."



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almost innumerable, translator of many volumes from the German, French, Italian, Spanish, Latin and Arabic; a traveller in out-of-the-way lands for several years, resident in Rome for twenty years immediately preceding the outbreak of the Second World War; founder of the Wood gold medal and of several scientific libraries at various universities in this country and in Europe.

Born of American parents at Wellington, Ontario, Canada, November 21, 1856; died at La Jolla, California, January 26, 1942. My great and good friend for more than half a century.

schools . . . shall be exempt from the selective drafts herein prescribed." The italics are mine.

Mark you, a minister was exempt if he had been only "ordained," although he had never preached a sermon. Even a ministerial student was exempt who had been enrolled as a student but a single day before "the approval" of that act.

Why should ministers, if they really believed the war to be so truly sacred and righteous as they had been declaring it in their pulpits, be rendered exempt from fighting in that war?¹

Many ministers, spite of their exemption, did in fact go to the battlefields of Europe. The great majority, however, did not, and all were at least permitted to take their choice—as almost all other people were of course not permitted.

The ministers! Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward.

Another noteworthy feature of the situation was that any draftee, after his conscription, was allowed, if he wished, to alter his status from that of "draftee" to that of "volunteer." A considerable number of conscripts, thereupon, resorted to the change of label. As well enter the slaughter-house for a white sheep as a black one! So they presumably thought.

But, even so, what percentage of volunteers were enrolled in that Army, counting from the very beginning until the Armistice? Between 23 and 24 per cent of the entire number.²

After counting out all the volunteers (including even the *involuntary* volunteers) there still remained more than 75 per cent of those soldiers *who would not even permit themselves to be enrolled as "volunteers"*!

With such a strange pushing did the young men of this country "push" their government into that war.

¹ You will already have observed by your reading of the passage above quoted from the Selective Service Act, that, in the list of those exempt, the President himself did not appear. That was because, by the U. S. Constitution, the President of the United States is, by virtue of his office, the commander-in-chief of the army and navy. In other words, he cannot be exempted. He is, by the Constitution, in the army at all times.

The President, however, as commander-in-chief, naturally never sends himself into any position which he does not wish to go into.

² These figures I got direct from the Bureau of Information, Washington, D. C.

But there is yet another and more astounding ratio to be considered in connection with this volunteer-draftee situation. What proportion of *all* the men of military age in the United States volunteered for service in that war from our war-declaration until the Armistice?

Just one in fifty.

These are a few of the all-important facts and figures which you never will find recorded in our school histories or spouted in our patriotic orations.¹

I have already spoken of the deception which had been practiced on the people in connection with the purpose and meaning of the Council of National Defense.

A similar piece of sculduggery had been perpetrated upon Congress itself in connection with that supposedly all-wise

¹ Some of the facts about the war-spirit in other countries than ours prove even more astonishing.

Take just this about Australia, often, throughout the war, declared to be "the strongest of all the nations for the war."

At the beginning of the war there had been the usual first uprush of a few adventurous spirits to volunteer. That over, there had come the usual stage of enforced volunteering. Large employers of labor had dismissed their male employes of military age and employed chiefly female labor in their places. Controllers of money had refused to make or to extend loans, especially on homes, unless—and so on. The old story!

Spite of all this manifest coercion, however, the "volunteering" at length came to a plain halt. Work or no work, starve or no starve, mortgage or no mortgage, "slacker" or no "slacker," the young men simply would no more "volunteer."

Then the government proposed conscription.

But the general public, spite of all the attempted suppression of free speech, made such an outcry for a referendum that a referendum was actually held. The government and all its satellites demanded what could be the use of such an election. Was it not a well-known fact that the populace, in all lands and all ages, had had but to hear a drum beaten or a bugle blown to become perfectly insane for entrance into a war? But the "populace" was not quite so easily convinced about the military character of its own emotions. They still demanded that referendum and so persistently and violently that, at last, they got it.

Never before, perhaps, had any election been so unfairly conducted. Money was spent by the government like water. Propaganda! Censorship! Pro-conscription orators filled the platforms. Anti-conscription speakers filled the jails. And so forth. You know the old story.

When the votes were counted conscription had lost by a large majority. Even the "volunteers" in the trenches, at this election over which their sometimes prejudiced officers had had supreme control, gave only the slightest majority for conscription.

That in Australia, "the strongest of all the nations for the war"? Precisely. When the war was on and humming, too.

Who was blamed? The "masses." Read the comments of British and Australian newspapers and magazines published at the time on the results of that election!

The government, though dumbfounded, held in 1917 another conscription referendum, employing even baser tactics than before. It, for example, disfranchised not only the German- and Austrian-born citizens, but even the Australian-born themselves both or one of whose parents had been born in Austria or Germany. Spite of everything, it lost that referendum by a much greater majority than it had lost the first one.

Once again the old lie was damned that the peoples are always for war. Do not believe it, no matter from whose lips or pen it comes.

body's declaration of war. Says no less an authority than Frederick Palmer, writing from the records supplied him by Mr. Newton D. Baker himself (Secretary of War of the U. S. during the World War) and, no doubt, writing in accordance with Mr. Baker's wish, "Congress had no idea when war was declared that we should be sending an army to France." ("When Mr. Baker Made War," *The American Legion Monthly*, November, 1930, page 60.)¹

All those who believe that, if the people had the War-Check Vote, they would, whenever voting, vote ignorantly, should put that bit of information about the ignorance of Congress when voting on the war question, alongside thousands of other bits of similar import and then consider them all closely.²

¹ The passage above quoted is followed up thus: "'Good Lord! You aren't going to send soldiers over there, are you?' said Senator Thomas S. Martin of Virginia, when the War Department's program for a preliminary expenditure of three and a half billion dollars was presented to him.

"The question of what the Allies would expect us to do, which the Advisory Commission, the Shipping Board, and all who had worked in war preparation had been pressing for weeks, became acute. As soon as we broke off relations with Germany our military representatives abroad were confidentially sounding the Allies as to their desires, and intimating that we would be grateful for technical information which would aid our own preparations. There was no disposition to give it before we were actually in the War. Our military attaché in London, Colonel William Lassiter, received this note from an assistant of the General Staff: 'As soon as the House of Representatives (which was then debating the resolution for war) has finished its work, I will let you have the information on the various subjects which you specified yesterday, and the various training manuals, etc. Until then I feel that my hands are rather tied.' Not until we had been initiated into the secret society might we know the mysteries.

"..... Under date of March 30th there is a report in the Baker files of conversations with Colonel Johannet, Comptroller of the French War Department, in charge of the purchase of supplies in the United States, and with M. Bloch, representing the French Minister of Finance in the United States. This said that France primarily needed credit to purchase supplies, and their prompt transport. An American army in France was deprecated. There were soldiers enough. Transporting an army would clog transportation facilities and take men needed in our fields and shops to produce supplies. Both Canada and Australia had a hundred thousand trained and equipped men who were waiting for transport. England had a large number of men who had not seen service.

"'As far as this country is concerned,' according to the report of the conversation, 'this should be a war of finances, supplies and transportation, and the best protection we have against foreign aggression is the soldiers of France and England and the navies of the Allies, ably assisted by our own Navy.'

"In short, our mothers need not worry that their sons would be sent to the trenches. Our captains of industry were to be our generals, our workers to be our soldiers. This was the natural propaganda circulated by the Allies to urge us into the war. If we ourselves should have needed aid as seriously as the Allies needed it then we might have been equally plausible."

² I am indeed very frequently told that the people of the United States, if they had my check on the international war power, would, when they voted, be acting ignorantly of the true international situation.

Such people are, themselves, undoubtedly ignorant of governmental procedure. All the correspondence between governments, even when war is impending between them, is conducted not by Congress, or in other countries by the bodies equivalent to Congress, but by

And now, once again, as an anguished cry uprose from outraged papas and mamas all over the nation, to the effect that Mr. Wilson had recently been voted for by them because of his no-war platform, and yet not only were we in the war, but here, in addition, was—actually!—a conscription act—as, I say, that happened, the loud clamor and outcry were suddenly stilled both by the clapping, as already stated, of some of the outcriers into the internment camp or penitentiary, and, in addition, by the soothing propaganda (as on the occasion of the establishment of the Council of National Defense and, later, of the war-declaration) that the duties of American troops would not take very many, perhaps not any at all, of either volunteers or draftees across the water, and that, of those taken, the most would be employed merely in zones far behind the fighting front—thus releasing experienced European soldiers for the actual fray.

The truth was, of course, that the American soldiers were gotten across the water as rapidly as possible, after a very brief period of training, and that, when across, they were at once “infiltrated” into the ranks of seasoned French

the respective departments of state. Now it is a fact, however incredible, that, even with war in the offing, neither any individual senator or representative nor the Senate or the House as wholes, has the slightest access to any information in the hands of the state department except such as that department (or the President) sees fit to make known to them. The foreign relations committee of each house has, indeed, a legal right to cite the secretary of state to appear before its sessions, but it has no legal right or power to compel that official, or any of his subordinates for him, to reveal any facts in their possession which relate to the impending conflict.

Understand, please, that Congress is the body which, by the Constitution, has the “power to declare war.” And yet it has practically no power at all to inform itself about the truth respecting the war upon which it votes.

I could quote you long passages from various authorities on this head, if space permitted. Moreover, I have talked with several Congressmen, who had sat in Washington when some war was being declared, and they have each and all told me precisely the same thing. For example, my old-time friend, Congressman Boutelle, of Illinois, just after our war with Spain, informed me that, while the war was threatening, he personally went to the state department day after day for a very long time, and on each occasion begged for a sight of our diplomatic correspondence. But, each time, he was sternly refused. Had that correspondence been shown to him, then, as we know to-day, there would have been no war.

A famous physician in Chicago wrote me: “I am frank to say that I believe the fundamental principle in your scheme to be wrong. It would be like asking expert doctors to examine a patient and when the body of experts have decided what is best for the patient, to say to them, ‘We will now leave it to the members of the family to decide.’”

This was not a logical comparison. It was hardly more than a sorry jest. A body of trained physicians really has been trained. High school, college of arts and sciences, five years in a medical college, much graduate work, etc., have given them actual training. And that training cannot have been omitted. It is required by law.

What, now, are the requirements for membership in Congress? The Constitution states them. They are nothing whatever but age (twenty-five years for House, thirty years for

and British fighters, or, worse still, sent to their inevitable deaths in half-trained masses of their own.

I must hurry on.

All who want a fuller treatment of the subject than I here can give, are referred to my various peace-and-war articles, pamphlets and volumes. Most public libraries contain them.

Suffice it in this place to say that, at the midterm election of November, 1918, while the war still was on, and after President Wilson had requested the country to elect to both the Senate and the House no candidates but Democrats, and to do this as a plain mark of approval of his war-making—what, then, did the American people do?

You, no doubt, remember. And it was done in spite of all the suppression of free speech too. A Republican election!

Then, in 1920, when the war had closed, and Mr. Cox, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency who had been endorsed for the position by Mr. Woodrow Wilson, and who,

Senate), citizenship and inhabitancy of the state or congressional district from which they come. No high school diploma is requisite. Not even a common school education. No, nor the ability to read or write. Practically nothing whatever—just age, citizenship and inhabitancy.

People offer themselves for Congress from each and every walk of life. That is quite as it should be, but we must remember that it is a fact. Not half a dozen of the entire number constituting Congress will probably have the slightest expert knowledge of international affairs. Once in a while there appears in Congress a Daniel Webster, a Frederick W. Dallinger, or a Henry Cabot Lodge. But such men are scarce. The great majority, no matter what their general education, their business acumen, or their skill in their own former lines of work may be, are certainly not the "experts" on international affairs that my correspondent thinks of them as being.

Suppose that, at the bedside of a sick man, there had gathered a candy manufacturer, a plowmaker, a country lawyer, a former postmaster, a dentist, a labor leader and a specialist in criminal law. And let us suppose that this body of perhaps most excellent men should presume to diagnose the case and to propose some hideous, perhaps fatal, operation. Now you have before you a situation much like that which exists in Congress when a war question arises. In such a situation I would say that an appeal to "the family" would be the only safe, sane and sensible proceeding.

The matter would not be quite so bad, if only the country lawyer, the city specialist in criminal law, the carpenter, the plow manufacturer, etc., could, at the time when a given war is proposed, actually have access to the war correspondence and other documents which lie in the possession of the secretary of state. But they cannot even have that one last-hour preparation for their work. Says (for a single authority out of very many) Charles G. Fenwick, professor of political science, Bryn Mawr college, in "Political Systems in Transition," page 281: "At present Congress can do no more than request the secretary of state to appear before its committees on foreign affairs and furnish such information after the event as it may seem expedient to that official to make public."

What should you think of a body of "expert" physicians who were not physicians at all and who, besides, had not even had a chance to see the patient?

in turn, had endorsed all of Mr. Wilson's war-making—once again, what happened?

The same Mr. Cox, together with his running-mate, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Mr. Wilson's Assistant Secretary of the Navy, went down to the most overwhelming defeat that any presidential and vice-presidential candidates, up to that moment, had ever experienced.

And this electoral demonstration occurred in spite of the fact that The Sedition and Espionage acts were still being rigorously enforced by the war-makers, so that "free speech" was virtually non-existent throughout every inch of territory in this "land of the free."

Yes, the Great War had closed—the war which the Czar of Russia, *et al*, had waged to "make the world safe for democracy," the glorious war which was "sure to end war."

And yet, strangely enough, war had not been ended. And, as to democracy, not democracy at all but dictatorship, the world over, had been enthroned.

I may have committed many failures, but, if you can show me a bigger, a more disastrous or more completely damnable failure on the part of anybody or bodies—high or low, big or little, tramps or respectables—than that which the great ones of the earth—not the general public—created in that "war to end war," then I will never so much as re-mention the War-Check Vote.

In *the first ten years* following the war—1918-1928—almost forty small wars, as listed by John Carter in his "Man is War," were fought, and by European nations either on one or both sides.

The idea of "a war to end war" had, therefore, been, by the actually occurring facts (which are what sane men will go by) so thoroughly discredited, that, of course, even a small child could no longer thus refer to the most gigantic conflict and fiasco which had occurred in all history.

Ten million soldiers dead! A little over ten million civilians dead also, of military traumata. And then, in addition,

killed by the war-begotten pestilence, which ran rapidly over all the earth, one hundred million more!

Total—one hundred and twenty million dead. Ten per cent, say, of all the world's population!

And that war did not end war!

Pope Julian once said, "Thou dost not know, my son, with how little sense this world is governed."

How terribly mistaken the big ones of the earth had been—including the Christian ministry, in spite of their "book without errors, an infallible guide for every step in life."

And yet I am continually told by militarists and by the pacifist advocates of militaristic plans for ending war, that, if the masses were ever given a chance to check wars—they might make some great mistake, might bring upon the world some immense disaster.¹

Yes, Armageddon was over.

And then the truth came out concerning it—its actual nature, its deeply hidden, purely governmental causation, and its almost equally distributed guilt among the various governments.

Take a few typical extracts from some of the personages who, in the course of the murderous strife, had sat in the seats of the mighty—and who, therefore, in their various pronouncements, do not merely guess at truth.

You remember the frightful propaganda with which the British, French, Italian and Russian governments, throughout the war, deluged the world, to the effect that the Kaiser of Germany together with the German people, had planned for decades to conquer and enslave the earth? Very well.

¹ I am repeatedly told that it is the deep-seated hatred and revengefulness of the world's common people which produces all the world's wars.

Why! If the common people of the 28 nations whose governments entered them into that "war to end war" with all its myriads of lies, and still more rotten profiteering, were really, at their hearts, revengeful, they would, at the close of the conflict, have torn every one of those mendacious, murderous, profiteering war-makers limb from limb.

The makers of that "war to end war" have every cause to thank their lucky stars that "the common people of the world" are decidedly not revengeful, but, instead, forgiving and forgetful almost beyond the possibility of belief.

Listen now to M. Raymond Poincaré, President of France throughout the war, as he spoke in 1925:

"I do not claim that Austria or Germany, in the first place, had a conscious, thought out, intention of provoking a general war. No existing documents give us the right to suppose that at that time they had planned anything so systematic."

Listen next to Premier Francesco Nitti, of Italy, as he spoke just a little later:

"I cannot say that Germany and her Allies were solely responsible for the war which devastated Europe. . . . That statement, which we all made during the war, was a weapon to be used at the time; now that the war is over, it cannot be used as a serious argument When it will be possible to examine carefully the diplomatic documents of the war, and time will allow us to judge them calmly, it will be seen that Russia's attitude was the real and underlying cause of the world conflict."

Now, to cap the climax, listen to Mr. Lloyd George, the mightiest of all the Allied leaders in the World-War period—the great Prime Minister of the whole British Empire—as he spoke at Liverpool on December 23, 1920:

"The more one reads memoirs and books written in the various countries, of what happened before August 1, 1914, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage. It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled, perhaps through folly, and a discussion, I have no doubt, would have averted it."

A discussion would have averted it! They had the Peace Palace at The Hague too, and numerous other places to discuss it in, and yet they did not discuss it!

Why! they could have discussed it in the open air, had they really wanted to prevent that damnable dissolution of one-tenth of all the earth.

Very different talk, at all events, this of Mr. Lloyd George from that of "the mad dog of Europe" which had "started out to devour the world," and of which he had spoken so frequently while the war was on.

Then came more confessions—a torrent, a perfect deluge of them. Historians, invited by the overthrow of governments, especially the old Czarist war-time government in Russia, waded into old secret archives, brought out thitherto hidden documents to public view, translated them into many languages, exposed to the world the real rottenness of the war-time governments and profiteers.

Mr. Lloyd George (it is perhaps the best of all the innumerable post-war admissions) in his book, "Where Are We Going?" 1923, at page 34, admitted frankly:

"Had a plebiscite been taken in every country in Europe a week before war was declared as to whether they wished to engage in a European conflict, the proposal would have been turned down by a majority so over-whelming as to show that the proposition was one that no nation had the slightest idea of entertaining."

PROFITEERING

Was there really any profiteering during the World War period?—a question often asked.

Time here for just one colossal collection of instances. Turn to the *Congressional Record* of the United States, June 1, 1920, House, pages 8144-8150, and there read the official report of "The Select Committee on Expenditures in the War Department." If, there, you do not get all the evidence you need about the rottenness and most extensive profiteering that the world has ever known, I will not, in all my coming years, mention the War-Check again.

This report, remember, is not some merely popular conjecture. It is an official report, made by sworn officials after the carefulest possible investigations of the subject. And the report in the *Congressional Record* is merely a condensed report. The report in full on what was found was published separately in several immense volumes, comprising, all told, approximately 20,000 pages.

But, if you read the condensed report only, you will never again question the fact of war-time profiteering.

How many of these war-time malefactors were prosecuted?

On this head said Representative W. J. Graham, chairman of the above-mentioned committee:

"You talk of prosecution! You might as well submit to the prisoner in the dock the question of his own guilt. There will be no prosecutions, no court-martials. What this committee uncovers will be laughed to scorn by the War Department and Department of Justice."

So it proved indeed. Read the details.¹

¹ I have done my best to have erected in the various World-War countries, monuments on which should be memorialized (with all the permanent publicity which is customarily devoted to the "glories" of war) the outrageous lies of war-time leaders, the greed and rapacity of war-time profiteers, and all of war's mud and blood and filth and sorrow and physical, intellectual and spiritual degradation. Nothing, you understand, to appear on

One of the vilest things about this war-profiteer situation is that some of the most dishonest of all the profiteers and politicians throughout the period of the World War have been exceedingly fertile in the production of fraudulent peace plans ever since the conclusion of their war to end war, also exceedingly energetic in the propagation thereof.

One plain characteristic of all these plans, one revelatory as well as fatal point in common among them, is that, without exception, they are based on the fiction that those who profit (either as to wealth or as to power) by war will, somehow, when next a war threatens, not want the war.

Many good, but very careless persons, too, have "fallen" for these plans. And, so doing, they remind me of the oft-mentioned old lady at the football contest.

any monument which could not be clearly proved a hundred or a thousand times over.

Do you suppose that even the conventional pacifists would help me in that certainly laudable undertaking?

Indeed they would not.

Men and women who had loudly cried at me, "We want no War-Check Vote, but only the education of the masses to hate war," were strictly opposed to the erection of any such monument.

Why?

Do you know of anything else that would quite so quickly, thoroughly, and permanently "educate the masses to hate war"? Of course you don't.

"All right," I said to the people, "if you don't want to educate the masses to hate war by means of monuments, what about telling the truth about war in school and college historical textbooks?"

This plan, too, however, they bitterly opposed—simply reiterating vividly the fact that they believed "we ought to teach the masses to hate war."

What do you think about the sincerity of such people?

I have also asked that the ministers of the world, at least of this country, should hold, each year, a Retraction, or Recantation, Sunday (March 11, or thereabouts, each year, in remembrance of our magnificent "War Sunday" in 1917). On that day, I suggested, it would be appropriate for all Christian ministers who had preached in favor of our entry into the European shambles, to tell their congregations the absolute truth about the war, the mendacious character of its atrocity tales, the colossal and well-nigh incredible profiteering orgies which had really precipitated and then continued the strife.

Do you think that there would have been the least thing wrong about such a "Recantation Sunday"? Would it have tended to "teach the masses" to love war or to hate it? Would it have been anything more than a matter of mere frankness and fairness on the part of the clergy? Would it have helped them hereafter, whenever a war threatened, to stand by their peace-time doctrines? Would it have given the slightest offense, think you, to the Prince of Peace?

Thus far, however, not the slightest encouragement from the ministers on the subject of a Recantation Sunday.

I have been backed, too, with respect to the plan, by persons far less humble than myself. No difference, however, as to the result.

Let no one, either, think that I write these words with the slightest animosity toward ministers. The clergy as a whole (of course there are plain exceptions) I believe to be by far the noblest and most useful of men. But I am trying to stop war. As a means to that end it becomes my painful, my excessively painful, duty to write the absolute truth about war—hurt whom it may, laymen or wearers of the cloth.

Would to God that the absolute truth could be told and no harm to the cloth be done.

But it cannot.

She asked, "What is the object of this game?"

"Why, to put that ball over the line."

"Well," said she, as she fished for another lozenge, "I should think it would be much simpler if they just kept out of each other's way."

Like this old lady, the conventional pacifists do not quite understand "the game." Do some of them want to?

"FAKE" PEACE PLANS

Here are just a few of these plans, discussed in the briefest possible manner.

Arm so Heavily That no Foreign Foe Will Ever Dare to Attack.—In other words, have every nation arm more heavily than every other—an arithmetical impossibility. The United States of course could arm supremely and it should. The small, weak nations could not, by heavy armament, prevent invasions of their territory by powerful nations. They would have to depend on the peoples of the powerful nations to have the War-Check Vote and no dictatorship. (A dictatorship would mean militarily controlled elections, which would in turn mean no true vote, which, again in turn, would mean no true War-Check Vote.)

Disarm Completely.—In other words destroy or convert to the use of peace everything that war can be made with. Another piece of nonsense, because (1) Throughout history governments that were as nearly disarmed as governments could possibly be, have re-armed and made bloody wars (2) It is utterly impossible anyway, in these days, to destroy all the equipment that war can be made with. Destroy all navies, and the merchant vessels of the world, steel-clad and steam-driven as they are, would constitute by far a better set of war-vessels than any that ever existed throughout history down to 1862—when the first iron-clad naval vessels (Merrimac and Monitor) appeared. Any modern steel-plant could equip such merchant vessels with cannon, etc., in a short time (3) Great wars are now fought chiefly from the air. Destroy even your bombing planes, and still your ordinary, commercial air-ships, equipped with merely the explosives and poisons in existence at any given time, could, eventually, destroy practically all the cities, towns and villages of the world. (4) Abolish even your airplanes,

your merchant vessels, your cannons, guns, rifles, pistols, swords and daggers, your air-craft bombs, all your air-craft poisons and explosives, and still the chemical laboratories of to-day, the great explosive factories and enormous steel-plants of the earth could produce those articles in very short order (5) Go farther and destroy the steel-plants, etc., that can do the reproducing, and then you have diminished the productive power of the world—its ability to support the present populations—to such an extent that as many of the world's people will perish from starvation as could have been destroyed in almost any large war. And, even then, wars could still be carried on in precisely the same fashion as in pre-historic times.

Destroy the equipment that is *special* to war, and you save a great expense, but you do not stop war—or even stop the vicious quarrelling among international financiers and political power-grabbers, chiefly the latter, which, sooner or later, almost invariably results in war.

Have the Various Governments Sign Treaties Promising to Make No More Wars.—Tried throughout history and found sadly wanting. The very first treaty on record—that between Rameses Second, of Egypt, and Hattushill, King of the Hittites—made 3300 years ago, was a treaty of “peace eternal.” It was kept—for a time only.

According to Novicow, quoting Valbert, in his “Alleged Benefits of War,” page 16: “From the year 1500 B.C. to 1860 A.D., more than 8000 treaties of peace intended to remain in force forever were concluded. The average time they remained in force is two years.” The Kellogg Treaty did not remain in force that long. In fact it never went into effect at all. It was a fraud on its face—as reverend gentlemen would have noticed for themselves had the Treaty not been issued and propagandized under high political auspices.

To think of trusting political crooks in high places not to make any more wars!

And to think of *not* trusting the people themselves to have any voice in the matter!¹

¹ As to the truth about World War II, this I shall take up in my forthcoming volume, “World War II, Its Nature and Actual Origin,” proving every point. At present, suffice it to say that all the facts show clearly that the War-Check Vote would have prevented Germany's invasion of other countries—I mean if the German labor unions had not

The League of Nations.—This curious institution, of course, had as its actual, though not its ostensible, object, the enforcement of the unjust Treaty of Versailles against the Central Powers. As a means of preventing wars the League was merely a swindle, a military imposture, a Satanic joke on simple-minded people who always go by labels and never examine into contents. Call anything whatever a "peace plan," and lo! in the minds of some persons, it is in fact a peace plan. That is particularly true when the plan is foisted upon the world under high political auspices.

The very Covenant of the League of Nations provides for numerous wars, and, in the first ten years of the League's existence, there actually occurred almost forty small wars (some of them not so very small) wherein one or more of the governments involved were members of the League. Some of these wars, for example that in Syria, had even been expressly authorized by the League.¹

first committed the mistake of making Adolf Hitler master of all the power in their nation. (I have never contended that the War-Check Vote could prevent extraterritorial war under a dictatorship.)

In 1933 Adolf Hitler, his supreme power made invulnerable by a military dictatorship, abolished every labor union in Germany and imprisoned more than 5,000 labor leaders in internment camps, saying he would tolerate no competition with his own power. Think you that, after such an act the German laborers (who held more than half the voting power of all Germany) would have voted for Hitler's war against the world? You cannot possibly think it. But the German laborers *then* could have no War-Check Vote.

They had locked themselves in their own prison!

Once again; I contend that only the War-Check Vote can prevent any nation from being forced by its political crooks to attempt the murder of any other nations, also that any dictatorship whatever means no War-Check Vote.

The people of the civilized nations must see this matter and see it whole.

¹ Consider also the following facts about the League's Covenant: In any quarrel the Covenant requires *unanimous* agreement, so that any member which desires to go to war can easily have its way merely by securing one single dissenting vote among all those of the entire Council. Even if it could not get that single vote, it could simply defy the League—an offense on which there follows no very effective penalty.

O yes, I admit there are "economic sanctions," trade embargoes. But these are of doubtful value. If the recalcitrant nation be "self-sufficient" (economically independent) then the economic sanctions can hurt it very little. In fact the countries which apply the economic sanctions may themselves suffer as a result of their application far more than the country against which these measures are applied. If, on the other hand, the recalcitrant nation be economically very dependent on other nations (in the matter of foodstuffs for example) then large numbers of its people will die of starvation, and it is difficult to see wherein such deaths are much to be preferred to those inflicted by total war.

It has, to be sure, been proposed that military penalties be provided—military sanctions. Actually! WAR to be made against the offending member or group of members by a vast international (League) army! War on the very vastest and most destructive scale! War to get rid of war!

How could anyone promise that the enormous League army would make a fairer war than would have been made in the old-fashioned, non-League manner? How, in fact, could anyone tell that the enormous League army would maintain its allegiance undivided to the League? Might it not even do what the U. S. Army and Navy did when the Southern states

Spite of all these undeniable facts, some of the League's adherents, at the close of the first decade of the League's existence, held a glorious celebration all over the world, wherein "the first decade of world-wide peace, due to the League of Nations" was loudly proclaimed and joyed in as if such peace had been an actual fact.

As a preventive of war, the League is on a level with "the balance of power" (which actually produced many wars from 1648 to 1914) and that most hellish fiasco (but one) of all the world's history, "the war to end war."

It is, of course, impossible to treat these matters here at all adequately, and the reader is therefore kindly asked to turn to my various peace books, pamphlets and articles for much further accurate information on the conventional plans for peace.

One point, however, I may say in closing, these various peace plans have in common. They trust in "the honor of governments" to prevent wars.¹ But it is precisely the great shortage of honor among governments that has made most wars.

The very first objective in our work for permanent international peace, should be to get away from that age-old, fallacious reliance on the honor of governments.

rebelled against the U. S. Government? Almost all the educated military and naval officers in the United States, when that war broke out, resigned their commissions and went and joined the rebels!"

In any case, military sanctions mean war and nothing else than war. They ARE war.

¹ Another point they have in common which is seldom thought of. They all, practically without exception, rest (unintentionally) at bottom on the bedrock assumption that the common peoples of the world do not make war.

Take, for example, the Kellogg Treaty. Did not that flub-dub rest basically on the unqualified hypothesis that, if the governments of the world only give their words and keep them, the common people will rest content with peace—not thrust their governments into war?

If, indeed, it be true, as the Treaty supporters almost unanimously alleged, that wars are produced by the uncontrollable masses "pushing" their respective governments into war, then how can those governments quit making wars by just promising not to be "pushed" any more?

If, on the other hand, they are in fact able to restrain the masses, why then have they not through all the centuries been doing so?

The same thing is true of the "World Court," of all the rest of the trust-to-governments plans. A "World Court" to stop war (you remember that the Austrian Government positively would not listen to Serbia's appeal in 1914 to take matters to the Peace Palace at The Hague) implies that *the world's peoples*, after the judgment of the Court had been rendered, would, positively, be quite content with peace.

THE HOBO'S RESURRECTION

Meantime the Hobo, though not in the World War, was, notwithstanding all the work which he did, merely existing in a living death. How came about his resurrection?

He had consulted many individual specialists of much renown, been passed slowly and painstakingly through several great clinics, been also "snap-diagnosed" in several other great ones—all this in various portions of the United States, and, then, finally, even more tired and much more sick than ever, slipped back into his mortgaged home in Superior, Wisconsin.

But a happy accident occurred. One day, when I had taken a friend of mine for treatment to the office of Dr. C. D. Conkey, in Duluth, Minnesota (just across the bay from Superior, Wisconsin) I chanced to remark upon my own ever-recurring sicknesses—my innumerable headaches, my fevers, my phlebitis.

The Doctor was a very laconic man, always. "Nasal sinusitis—possibly," he ventured. (I thanked God he said nothing about the "uric acid diathesis.")

And he examined me. I can still see him now, as, head bowed over my X-ray pictures, he scanned my destiny-labelled shadows with patient and trebly accurate eyes.

At length the weighty monosyllable escaped him, "Pus."

He operated. I was cured.

Life again! Life! A resurrection—in effect.

And then, not long thereafter, Dr. Conkey, my physical savior, passed over to the bright distant star.

It seemed so utterly impossible. He who had been so vigorous, so full of energy and quite persistent life, now to lie calmly sleeping—so far at least as his mere body was concerned—in a far Western grave, there whirling, as, soon or late, all the rest of us shall likewise whirl,

"With sticks and stocks and stones."

And there, too, still upon the surface of the planet, no less undeniably stood I, stalked and strutted I, I the erstwhile hopeless invalid, as strong almost as a horse, knowing a life

more vigorous and abundant than any I had experienced since twenty-three years of age.

It all seemed so ridiculously transposed and knocked about, the order and program of my life. My earlier years so very largely made up by sheer incapacity and pain, and now my later ones so filled to repletion with euphoria and well-nigh unqualified strength.

I could actually walk fifteen miles in less than three hours, not infrequently did so—at least until, a good many years later, I received a leg-injury on a train.

I who, for months at a time, had not been able to walk a step!¹

HEAD OF THE LAKES. DULUTH

After my "resurrection" I went about the country a good deal, lecturing on the War-Check Vote. Often too I lectured in Duluth and Superior, and many were the experiences which I had—some of them curious and even dangerous in the extreme. Now and then I got a blacked eye, was kicked off a street-car, and so on. A number of such experiences I have related already with some detail in my "Tramping." One experience, however, which impressed me very deeply, I did not there go into, although in this present volume, at its very beginning, when speaking of Dr. John Cain Adams, of Superior, I thus forecast its mention in this place: I had worn for some time, because of my nasal sinusitis, an "aviator's cap," a thick, felt affair about one-half inch thick, which covered not only my head but my entire face, neck, and upper shoulders. One raw day, as I passed down Tower Avenue, complacently wearing this cap, the practical joker, Dr. Adams, beholding the sight, pointed me out to a very earnest couple from the country as a German spy. "The United States Government," he said, "now requires all

¹ For the sake of exactness I must add that Dr. Conkey died before he had quite finished the entire series of operations on my sinuses, and that, in consequence, the work was completed by Drs. Hovde, Smith and Myers, eye, ear, nose and throat specialists at Superior, Wisconsin. These gentlemen, too, together with Dr. Fred Turnbull, then of Duluth, now of Los Angeles, operated on the nasal sinuses of the Companion, but, in her case, the heart and all the arteries of her body had become so badly infected before the nature of her trouble was discovered that, much later, these secondary conditions (those in the heart and arteries) resulted in her death. Her internists had been telling her that her troubles were all due to the uric acid diathesis—a common diagnosis before the existence of "focal infections" was discovered.



TRAMP AND COMPANION

Working on the American Encyclopedia of Ophthalmology.

(Photo by Miss Mira Childs, Duluth, Minn.)



The Tramp in Days When, Fighting for Peace, he Wore a War-Like "Mug" and, Sometimes, a Moderately Blackened "Optic."

German spies in this country to wear the sort of head-gear that you now see on that fellow—a 'spy-cap' they call it. Look out for that man, folks, and pass the truth about him on to your friends, thus enabling them, one and all, to avoid him."

The country couple took the matter seriously. Soon it passed all over Superior. Some saw it, of course, for what it was—as a mere joke; but some took it seriously. In the latter group was a wizened, dried up, diminutive chap of criminal type, who had a number of criminal acquaintances of greater size, strength and courage than himself. These, however, were, as it happened, indifferent to the war and to all war matters. The diminutive chap, therefore, who *did* want me badly injured because, idiot-like, he took me to be indeed and in truth a German spy, informed one of the big fellows (*not* that I was a spy, but) that I was in the habit of carrying on my person a considerable sum of cash. In a dark place a blackjack properly applied would make the robbery a perfectly easy matter. The wizened one at no time at all told the big one my name, merely remarked that, as they two walked together that evening in a place wherein I almost always walked of evenings he would point me out, then disappear, leaving to the big one the responsibility, the blow, the cash.

As the wizened one had promised to do, so he did. The big fellow followed me, a big blackjack in his hand. As I passed, however, a street-light, I saw very clearly the shadow of my follower, together with that of his blackjack, lengthening out before me as we walked, farther and farther into the darkness that lay between that street-light and the next.

All of a sudden I heard my follower's footsteps quicken toward me.

I turned, stopped, faced the pursuer.

At once he dropped his weapon and yelled, "You! Doctor Shastid! Why you are the author of 'Simon of Cyrene'! Are you not?"

I admitted the authorship and he took both my hands and pressed them in his own quite fervently, as he told me (truthfully or not) how, one night, when he had finished reading the book—about midnight it was—he arose and went and stood before my house looking up at a lighted

window in it. There he had prayed for the author of that book, prayed that the Lord would protect him forever and forevermore.

Yet here he had been almost on the point of destroying me.

How much good my book had done him seemed to me problematic. It had, however, proved to be, possibly, the means of my own physical salvation that night.¹

PRACTISING MEDICINE AGAIN

Some more peace work accomplished,² I accepted in 1920 the post of oculist at the Lyceum Clinic, just across the bay, in Duluth, Minnesota. Still, for a number of years, I kept my residence in Superior, Wisconsin, though I never to this day have practised in that city. This appointment came to me largely through the kind suggestion of my old-time friend, Dr. R. C. Smith, who, though like myself he resided

¹ Yet another man once told me (this time a man of fine character and at the close of an evening service in the Hammond Avenue Presbyterian church instead of in a dark and lonely spot) that he, likewise, had come before my house very late one evening and there had stood for a long time looking up at my window and thanking me with all his heart for the help that I had given him by that same book. He is now deceased, and I therefore may mention his name. It was Charles H. Bird.

It makes me humble indeed to recall that I had been of such unforeseen use. I had certainly done nothing to deserve so sublime a compliment, but it is the kind of thing that now and then reaches every one of us—something that we have not at all deserved but which in some degree serves to soften the many harsh condemnations which, also, we may never have merited.

² A part of this work was my effort to secure the issuance of peace postage stamps.

Even as far back as 1895 I had noted the obvious fact that practically all of our country's postage stamps, coins and currency had been plainly designed to commemorate only politicians and warriors.

Now no man in his senses could ever object to the honoring on stamps, and the like, of him who had founded the country or of him who, later, had preserved it. The honoring of Martha Washington, too, could perhaps be accepted as natural and right, despite the obvious fact that she herself had done nothing particularly helpful for the United States of America. She had, however, been George Washington's wife, so we might well enough be gallant about her honoring.

But why in the name of sense and of peace and of the very simplest justice to everyone concerned should the timbrologic and similar honors be reserved for warriors and politicians only (even warriors and politicians, mark you, of the third and fourth rank) when so very many men and women of the highest genius in the non-political and non-military history of our nation went wholly uncommemorated?

The question was not a trivial one at all. If we restrict our honors to warriors and politicians, then, in time, through the constant iteration, we deeply impress on the minds both of young and of old the idea that none but politicians and fighters are worthy people.

What about the long and shining list of marvelous workers in the fields of peace? Were they no less worthy than red-handed destroyers on the fields of battle or than over-cunning "statesmen," nine out of ten of whom had been demonstrably corrupt and whose "brilliant" reputations had been almost wholly factitious?

I talked for a change in these matters. "Give," I said, "half or even two-thirds of the places on our stamps to the statesmen and fighters. But then," I implored, "assign the rest of the honors to men like Eli Whitney (the cotton gin), Robert Fulton (the steam-boat),

in Superior, unlike myself was engaged in practice there on the eye, ear, nose and throat, as part of the firm so engaged there which was known as Hovde, Smith and Myers. Dr. Smith, for a considerable time, had been working also in Duluth, at the Lyceum Clinic, three afternoons per week, as practitioner in the three specialties above mentioned. Finding himself quite naturally overburdened at that clinic, he called me in to take charge of its eye work, and this I did, devoting thereto not only three but five full afternoons each week.

THE WAR-CHECK VOTE, INC.

I had not much more than begun to practice in Duluth than some friends assisted me in establishing an organization whose purpose was to secure the adoption to the Constitution of the United States of my proposed War-Check Vote and Gift-and-Loan Check Vote Amendments. My own wish was to name the organization "The International War-Vote Club." Some of the organizing friends, however, led by Rabbi Louis Kuppin, now of Chicago, desired to call it, after my volume of similar name, "Give the People Their Own War Power, Inc.," and so our little body of workers was in fact christened. Later, however, it came to be quite generally known as "The War-Check Vote, Inc." For a somewhat detailed history of this very active body, see my "Tramping to Failure," pages 472 to 484.¹

Elias Howe (the sewing machine), Cyrus Hall McCormick (the reaping-machine), Samuel F. B. Morse (the electric telegraph), Thomas Edison (so many world-revolutionizing inventions that one could not even half-way list them off-hand).

I did, eventually, and by the help of the Exchange Club of Duluth and of other civic bodies, succeed in securing the issuance of the Edison electric-light stamp. But that was a "special" issue only, not a regular form.

There have, too, been a number of special issues in honor of other than political and military men, with whose issuance I have had nothing to do, except indirectly.

For a number of years I worked very hard for the authorization of stamps in honor of Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, also of Sir Humphry Davy (surgical anesthesia), of Major Walter Reed (stamping out yellow fever), and the Drs. Mayo (the clinic idea and enormously important additions to surgery), but absolutely without result.

Later I endeavored to secure the issuance of stamps in honor of Charles William Eliot, America's greatest educator, oftentimes quite properly designated "American's foremost citizen." All again for naught.

Even some of those who should have been the first to help me in this surely laudable effort, opposed me vigorously, persistently, and, quite often, in what they believed to be secret.

¹ I will however mention in this volume the names of some of the most active workers in the organization: Broussais Sallee, Blandville, Ky.; Rear Admiral Samuel McGowan of the U. S. Navy; Leslie A. Bechtel, D.D., Minister at the Calvary Presbyterian Church

MY MOTHER

In 1919 the Companion and I visited my mother and found that she had failed a good deal, chiefly because of the death of my father. In 1922 I visited her by myself and saw she had failed very badly. A certain academic honor, however, having recently come to me, her delight in the matter knew no bounds. She grew vivacious, seemed as joyful as she had ever been before. But, in the midst of her vivacity, she happened to glance into a wall mirror. And then she cried aloud as if with a sudden realization of something she had never seen thitherto, at least in all its meaning: "Answer me, Thomas. Can you remember me as I looked when I was a young woman?"

I quickly assured her—it was the simple truth—that I still could see her countenance precisely as it was in my childhood and that I still could hear her singing too as she had used to sing, either to her pupils or while going about her household duties.

"Can you really," she cried again, "really, really remember how I sang—how I sang—

"Bird of beauty whose bright plumage
Sparkles with a thousand dyes,
Gay thy notes and gay thy carols
When thy song doth fill the skies."

She actually went on to sing the whole song through with her poor cracked voice, sounding now so very, very strangely to me, and then she said: "Thank God! I see the tears running down your cheeks, Thomas, just as they used to do when I would sing you that. I thought perhaps my voice had changed. You do not notice any changes in my voice at all, do you, Thomas?"

Detroit, Michigan; Jacob W. Meyer, Ph.D., Iowa City, Iowa; James Andrew Merrill, LL.D., President Emeritus of the Superior, Wisconsin, State Teachers College; Attorneys Andrew Nelson, Duluth, and J. R. Hile, Superior; District Judge Bert Fesler, Duluth; Miss Bertha Hanford, County Agent for the Blind, Duluth; T. J. Roth, merchant, Superior; Mr. Fred Lounsberry, printer, Duluth; "Great-grandmother" Spiegelberg, New York City; Colonel C. S. Curtis, Oshkosh, Wisconsin; Ray W. Chamberlin, of Davenport, Iowa, and El Monte, California; Dr. Otto H. Vollbehr, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Joseph Broadman, New York City; Federal Judge, Claud Z. Luse, of the Western District of Wisconsin; Wm. E. McEwen, long editor of the (Duluth) *Labor World*; W. J. Michael, long ass't editor of the same publication; Frank Ostman, editor *Duluth Free Press*; George Jochem, Attorney, Peoria, Illinois; George M. Jensen and family, owners and publishers of the *Duluth Free Press*; Devere Allen, noted peace lecturer and one of the editors of *The World Tomorrow*.

Most of all I am indebted for active assistance in propagandizing for the War-Check Vote, to my nephew, Mr. Jon Barton Shastid, Dodge City, Kansas. He will lead when I am gone.

"No, Mother. Indeed I do not—not any."

"Not any at all, Thomas?"

"No, Mother, not any at all," I repeated. "Not any at all." Very firmly, "Not any at all."

Then suddenly the Irish in her arose. She looked upon me with suspicion. "Come to the light here," she cried. "Ah, Thomas, why did you lie to your mother? Have you not known for decades that your mother could always tell when you were lying? But I like you the better for that *one* lie at least, Thomas. It shows how very much you love your mother—you to lie to her like that.—Wait."

She returned with a so-called sonnet that I had written her years before from Ann Arbor—a badly constructed thing which she, however, had cherished as any mother might her son's futile efforts. It ran—

NIGHT IN WINTER

'Twas winter night. Outside I heard the storm
 Pile up the deep drifts and repile them; now,
 And yet again, I felt the stiff winds plough
 All through and fling them on the door. The charm
 Of winter-time was on me. Safe from harm
 I read a book an old-time poet made,
 Or looked how high the pane-piled drift had played,
 To know how snug my chamber was and warm.

And then awhile I listened to the hum
 Of draft within the stove, and clean forgot
 The book and storm, and saw again a face—
 The old-time singer's face. Though old, the grace
 Of God was on it. Yes, I clean forgot
 Till dream-time and her heavenly notes had come.

"You know, Thomas," she said, "I could never sing like that. But I have loved your wanting me to think that I could. And now you must take it back—your sonnet—take it back, for soon I must leave both that and all the rest of earth."

She was indeed a much altered "bird of beauty," with her badly broken trills, her deeply chiselled countenance, and the shabby clothing which some well-dressed man in a pulpit had unkindly persuaded her to wear as part of her religious duty—to keep from hurting the feelings of all such persons as cannot see comeliness in others without feeling hate in themselves.

And so I needs must behold her too, in my memory, more than one year—until March, 1924. Then, as I stood by her open grave, I beheld her again as she had been in my early childhood—the bright and beautiful assistant to a country doctor: rolling pills and bandages away into the night; or nursing some sick neighbor; or, at a pinch, reducing a dislocation; or, perhaps, hitching horse to buggy, so that my father, when he returned from the country, might not lose a moment before starting out in some other direction.

Hers—like his—was a dog's life, lived however as an angel from heaven might have lived it.

THE PRACTICE

I cannot leave the subject of my mother without referring to the enormous help which her letters (I have always kept

Merd. Griffith (Mrs. J. Smith's
 Mother) says her father of Merd
 Salem was elected Co. Treasurer
 in 1851, moved & lived where Keimples
 now live & the Dillingham lives
 here in this house then. In an old Gla
 faher I have (I have 1846 & 1847
 says in an advertisement by Mrs.
 Dillingham that The Star Hotel
 was not large enough & he had
 rented the Mansion House (Old
 Mrs. Watson built that, Bill Green
 had our barn rented for a livery barn
 when I came here & I guess the Board
 belonged to him, Yes the Dillingham

FROM THE LAST PAGE OF THE LAST LETTER MY MOTHER WROTE ME
 (March 7, 1924)

As will be noted, she was still much interested in the old days and old ways of Pike County. Almost her last words to me, characteristically, were about the old home, the only home in which she had lived after her marriage and in which all her three children had been born.

them) have been to me in the composition both of "Tramping to Failure" and of the present volume. Generally she wrote to me not only about the then present but also about the prior past. She, like myself, was an incurable nostalgian. She could not help loving the past, because it was once the present and now was no more. She also loved it because she had seen in it the beauty (as well as the ugliness) and wished to keep that beauty ever living in her heart.

THE LYCEUM CLINIC

For five pleasant years I worked as oculist at the Lyceum Clinic, beginning August 18, 1920. The other members of the staff were: R. C. Smith,¹ ear, nose and throat; S. H. Boyer, internal medicine, with F. C. Greaves and C. M. Smith as his assistants; A. J. Braden,¹ general surgery, with G. G. St. Clair¹ as his assistant; A. N. Collins, general surgery, with G. C. MacRae as his assistant; C. E. Scherer, diseases of children; A. L. McDonald, obstetrics and gynecology.

THE ACADEMY

In 1925 I changed to another clinic, the Academy of Clinical Medicine, at 25 North Tenth Avenue East, directly opposite St. Luke's Hospital, where I labored, again as oculist, for five and one-half very delightful years. The other members of the staff were: F. M. Turnbull,² ear, nose and throat; (later) J. W. Holderman,¹ ear, nose and throat; L. L. Merriman, internal medicine; A. H. Schwartz,³ skin and urinary diseases, radiology; B. F. Davis,⁴ general surgery; C. H. Schroder, diseases of children; A. G. Huderle, dental surgery.

When I had completed somewhat more than three years' work in the Duluth Academy of Clinical Medicine, I, along with the Companion (autumn of 1928) changed residence from Superior (across the bay) to Duluth. Houses, especially the very big ones, had become cheap by that time, so that we purchased the old Fitger place, erstwhile one of the

¹ Some years ago deceased.

² Now of Los Angeles, California.

³ Now of Beverly Hills, California.

⁴ Now of Pasadena, California.

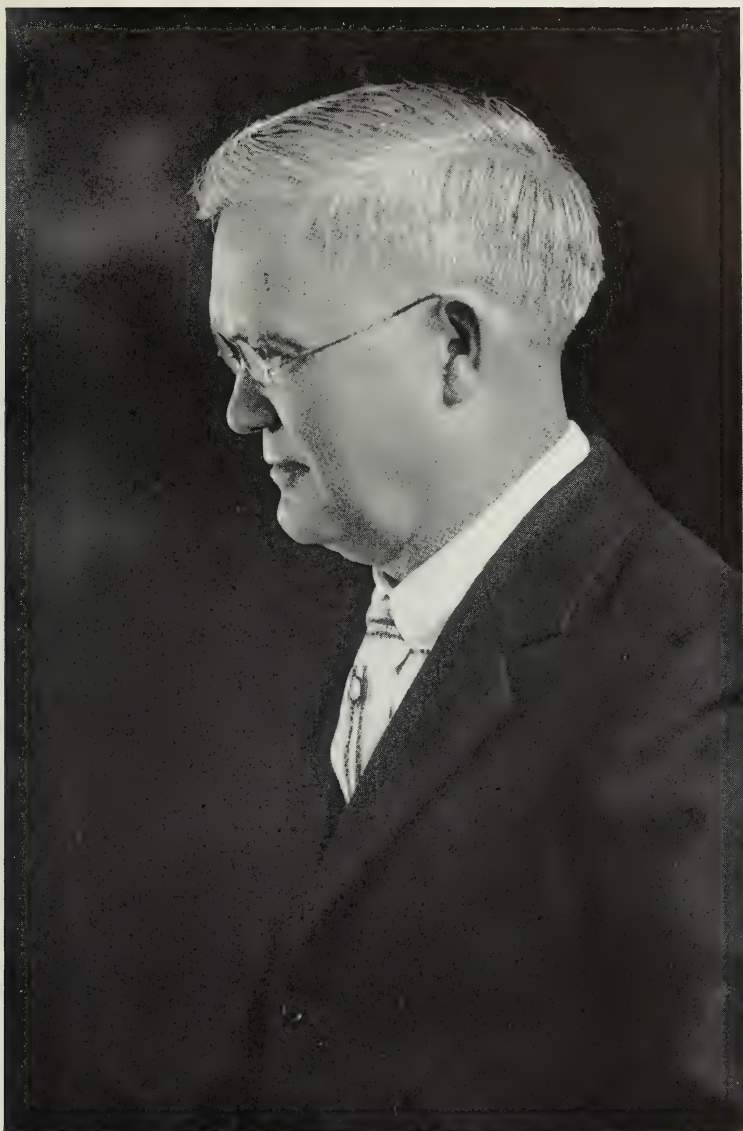
"show places" of the city. The house was antiquated but beautiful in the extreme and commodious—in fact it holds quite easily all the several thousand volumes of my library (including my babyhood's toy books, my school and college textbooks, and so on) as well as the most of my experimental "junk."

The house, which stands on the corner of First Street and Seventh Avenue East we entitled "Tramp's Rest." This "Rest"—which has proved in fact no rest at all, seeing that I have worked in it even harder than ever I had worked before—I have already described with sufficient fullness in "Tramping."

In October, 1930, I removed my office from the Academy Clinic to the Sellwood Building, where I since have practised individually. Almost on the day when I opened my new office, there applied for the position of assistant therein—a position then vacant—a Miss Esther Erickson, now Mrs. Axel George Carlson, who, accepted, served as my most efficient assistant and secretary for more than twelve years.

And at this point it occurs to me to suggest to all commencing young doctors that, instead of pompously posing as solemn-faced wiseacres, they and their assistants do their utmost to make their clients feel at home and to understand that their doctor is their medical friend. Levity, of course, should play no part in the program. A doctor's work is much too serious and too vital for that. But, without familiarity, the physician, general practitioner or specialist, should have every patient, so far as is for him possible, to understand that, above all things else, he is their friend. This course may pay him not one additional penny—indeed it takes more time per patient than does the ordinary, unfriendly way—but it will make the practice of the healing art a thing of beauty and of joy. No doctor, young or old, can afford to go through life without experiencing the happiness of many fine friendships with people of all ages, classes, characteristics.

In my endeavors to make my patients know me as their friend and my office as a place where every honest human is even more than merely welcome, my receptionists have always been assistive in the very highest degree. As to almost



MY FAVORITE PICTURE OF THE TRAMP

Only a profile, it has the advantage that the politer, more diplomatic, or French, side of the countenance is exposed to view—the fightin'—Irish side being hidden forninst the pay-y-per. I said as much one day to an Irishman and he asked, "Be jabbers, why didn't the photographer hide both sides?"



PIG AND GUINEA PIG

(Photo taken about 1928 of T. H. Shastid and Subject by Miss Mira Childs
in the Laboratory of the Academy of Clinical Medicine, Duluth)



(A)



(B)

GLIMPSES OF DULUTH

A.—The large white structure in the background, second counting from the right, and showing a flag, is the Medical Arts Building.

B.—At the right, behind the tree, is the Federal Building; at the left, the Dear Old Jail. In the middle distance, the Herald-Tribune Building. Against the sky, are, right, the Medical Arts Building, left, the Alworth Building.

(Snap-Shots by the Tramp, 1942)



THE TRAMP'S NORTH DUNGEON

So the Companion promptly and with prophetic insight, termed this study. Later, the den, or dungeon which I had actually made of it, was specially cleaned up, set in order and lighted for the photographic occasion.

(Picture by N. B. Pendergast)

any one of them, the children have oftentimes run to her and called her Auntie This or Auntie That.

If any hard-shelled doctor sees in this, my most valuable, advice to any young physician, merely an attempt to advertise my own deeds and ways, there is little I can do about the matter except to point out to him that the counsel in question, if adopted, would be far more likely to build up the practises of my young competitors and to keep on building them up for decades after I have passed from earth.

THE COMPANION MAKES A LONG JOURNEY

When the Companion and I were considering the purchase of the Fitger place to make it our home, there were several features of the old mansion which appealed to her greatly. Among these were the second-story bedroom, front, and the excellent dressing-room adjacent thereunto. Her joy was unbounded. The view from her window revealed, literally, hundreds of square miles of blue, or gray, Lake Superior. Over to the right, in the night-time, shone the soft, star-like harbor-lights. Straight before us lay nine to ten miles of water, framed by the blue Wisconsin hills, the clouds and the polished sky. To the left, perhaps thirty long miles more of magic waters. Over all this wide expanse of natural beauty, fairy ships were eternally coming and going and coming again. And all their mellow greetings to the world!

"We shall be very happy here!" Mother (the Companion) cried. "There will be moonrises and sunrises, and, when I waken in the night, up will go the curtain by my bed and I shall behold 'the shores of old romance' once more."

But what excited her most of all, perhaps, in the entire house, was her individual dressing-room. It too revealed the Lake. Moreover, in old-time books she had learned of beauteous old-time ladies who had had their individual dressing-rooms, wherein they had whiled their happy hours away.

How ecstatically she looked forward to the years and the years wherein she would actually possess, and enjoy her radio in, that room! Almost every hour she talked about it. Little could either she or I foresee what grim fate stood waiting for her and through her for me in that apparently delectable chamber.

For a long time the Companion had had symptoms of cardiac angina and her blood pressure was high. She had also aortic regurgitation. So restless, however, was she, so full of energy and ecstatic ambition, that nothing and no one could restrain her various activities. Her heart troubles grew worse. Grave warnings were repeated to her frequently by wise and experienced physicians. She even had hemorrhages into the vitreous of the left eye. More grave warnings were issued still! Nevertheless, even then she seemed to find it impossible ever to be "therapeutically idle."

By her own strong wish we long had slept in separate rooms. So often she was up in the night, she said, and it was not at all necessary to awaken me so many times about trifles, thus spoiling my work the next day.

As the arteries continued to harden she grew irritable, oftentimes, to her friends, more and more set in her ways, and nothing at all could be done about that matter. This is, indeed, I believe, characteristic of the great majority of anginal patients.

On our last Christmas together, 1939, she gave me too many presents by far. Even her Bible she gave me—a very bad sign indeed. Later she made her reason for that giving quite express. "Soon," said she, "I shall need even my Bible no more." All attempts to convince her that she greatly exaggerated the immediacy of her danger were without avail, and whenever she saw me grieved, she would quote from the Gospel of St. John: "Let not your heart be troubled." "Should anybody ever grieve about anything after reading words like those?" she would ask. "Put that text on my tombstone, Tom, and promise me not to grieve at any time. But I shall grieve for you, my Tramp: over there it is permissible."

Only a few days back, as still it seems, she was actually standing here in my study, at my very right hand, precisely by the place where I am writing now, asking me to admire a dress which she was wearing and which she had just completed for herself. Already, that morning, she had broken into my work some six or seven times. I now, looking backward, can see that thus she interrupted because she was lonely, perhaps as a result of increased meditation on her near

departure. At the time, however, I—suddenly, it is my nature, always, even yet, for I am incurable in this respect—flamed into anger, turned and looked upon her with anger. There came then into my mind one of the saddest memories of my childhood, that wherein I was seated by my Starlight stove in my little study upstairs at the old home in Pittsfield, trying to write a “poem.” My mother came in to interrupt, talking about some or another subject which to me appeared quite trivial yet which was near her heart. I spoke harshly, and so she departed with tears. I ran after her but could not comfort her.

I had thought that poem important! None of my “poems” has ever been important.

And now, again, after more than six long decades (for so does minor history, like major history, oftentimes repeat itself) here was the Companion, who so very much resembled my little mother, breaking into my writing—and I all ready to speak to her with old-time sharpness about it! But the recollection of the olden days, thank God, checked me effectually. I arose and, beholding the dress from all points of the compass, admired and admired again.

That night she died. Which is all that justifies the presentation of these rather intimate details—that and the fact that so many unknown persons have written me, asking for each pettiest circumstance concerning her departure, also for even the slightest of her personal characteristics.

That night she died.

I had arisen at 2:45 in the morning to set down a few notes. Looking into the hall I saw a streak of light at the bottom of her door. She had many times asked me that, whenever I arose in the night, I would not go to her room to see how she was, in case the crevice beneath her door was dark, but, that, if it was bright, I should come in. So on this occasion I went into her room. As she was not in sight, I called repeatedly, then went to the door of her dressing-room and looked into that and called again. Still no answer, nor could I see her. I then went all round that, the second floor, calling—but still no answer. Downstairs, but no answer.

Returning to the second floor, I went again into her bedroom and then into her dressing-room—the room she had loved so intensely. I saw her electric heater glowing on the stand—the only light in the room. In front of the stove was a vacant rocking-chair turned so as to face the heater. So then I knew that, in accordance with her custom when having her anginal attacks and difficult breathing, she had been sitting in the chair, heating her breast. All at once I saw her on the floor, at the other side of the chair, all huddled up and lying on her right side. Her left arm was still in its sleeve but her right was bare, its sleeve having slipped up above the elbow. Taking hold of the bare forearm, I found it cold. Rigor mortis too had set in, so she probably had departed before midnight.

She looked so little, so minute, there on the floor! So little, and yet she had worked so hard and done so much!

Now she sleeps in Forest Hill Cemetery. Near a beautiful lake she lies, and her long-time never-resting little heart is no more “troubled.”

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COMPANION

How quickly I missed her! How many times within the very first hours after I had found her, and although I knew of course that she had been taken to the mortuary, I started to turn to her for information about the house, or for comfort or advice! All the way through her funeral indeed I caught myself saying, “As soon as this is over, I will tell the Companion how beautiful it all was.” In such manner indeed the subconscious part of our selves oftentimes refuses to accept what the conscious portion immediately acknowledges to be fact. This strange conflict between our two so contradictory selves is nowise a brief or passing matter. Thus, although the first of my two “mothers” has been dead for twenty years, I never to this minute listen to a black-cap chickadee or behold a divinely beautiful sunrise but I say ecstatically to myself, “I will write to my mother all about that.” Thus the subconscious never learns any better, *will* not know the truth. “Away! I will *not* have it that the beloved are dead!”

And perhaps they are *not* dead. Which is right, the conscious or the subconscious?

In dreams it is the same way. Therein we never see our loved ones dead. Always they live—they live—they live.

But about the characteristics of the Companion, concerning which I was to tell you more. As to this I must speak briefly, lest, otherwise, I fail to do the thing I would.

Physically, she was, as I have said, small, although she filled so large a place. Her eyes were an eager, very earnest, hazel, her hair jet black save for a few white threads—a dozen at the most. Her manner was vivacious in the extreme, except in her last, her seventy-first, year. Even then her energy was striking. She was bright, intelligent, cultivated, interested in all good things. She was not inclined toward what is technically called "society," but whenever she did go out among people she brought peace and joy and honor.

Says the Bible of the ideal woman, "Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Alas! the only child we ever have had did not live to know her kindly ministrations. But, as to her husband, he has, in many of his numerous rambling writings, gladly "risen up" and given her praise to the limit of his powers.

AFTER THAT

After the death of the beauteous little lady who, so long ago, with the pansies at her breast, had so simply responded, "Yes, of course I do," the second life was over. After that a third "life," did, in a sense, begin for me—a life that is partly here in the shadow partly over yonder in the sunlight. Concerning this third life there never will be any separate book. So, excepting for certain rambling references to that, my third, life in the Appendix hereunto, this is indeed

THE END

APPENDIX: FOR FULL MEASURE

I—MORE "INCREDIBLES"

Cruel and Unusual Patients

CHRISTIAN A. GENIUS¹: THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL

For a considerable time I pondered the question whether I ought to classify "the man of a hundred professions and greatest in every one of them," as "a Y. of P. practitioner" or as one of my "cruel" (cruel that is to physicians) and "unusual" patients. Giving at last chief weight to the fact that he had sent for me to come and treat him as a patient (cruel and unusual of course implied) I set him at last in the category which is expressed by the heading of this section.

It was in the dead of night when he sent for me. There had been many hold-ups in Galesburg, too, at about that time, and, besides, I was sick and utterly worn-out. Still, as I was, at the moment of his phoning, seated in my office, "clothed" and—according at least to the best of my own belief—in my "right mind," and as, furthermore, I had heard great things even from educated persons, about this man so modestly surnamed "Genius," I decided that I would go instantan to such and such a number, North Seminary Street, and look after his pain-filled eyes. So, instantan I did go—just after midnight.

The exterior of this man's house and laboratory prophesied accurately the man himself. The building was placed well back on its lot—decidedly retiring and yet not quite to be neglected either. From a post set well inside the yard there extended across the public sidewalk to a tree in the lawn extension an immense wooden sign wherefrom depended still another, one not quite so large as the first, it is true, but still of sizable proportions and covered with words yet more assuming, assertive, astounding, even positively commanding than were those staring from above.

The upper sign read—

MODEL MAKER AND GENERAL REPAIRER
TO ALL THE WORLD. I AM THE GREATEST.

The second—

C. A. GENIUS, THE MOST MARVELLOUS DIVINE
HEALER ON EARTH. RUBBER STEEL STAMPS,
PRINTER AND STENCIL WORKS. STOP HERE OR
GO FARTHER AND BE A FOOL.

I DO ALL THINGS SUPREMEPLY.

¹ This man's surname was really Virgilius. That name, however, he himself altered, first to Vergenius, and, later, to Genius.

This almost incredible person and his multifarious works are treated at adequate length and with many excellent photographic illustrations by the *Galesburg* (Illinois) *Weekly Mail*, February 13, 1902, article "The Man with a Hundred Professions." A hundred quotha? Some tramping!

Turning, I faced his door. The front of his house, which at first appeared to be the product of some feverish dream, was in fact a mighty wilderness, an oaken, brazen, and iron jungle—gigantic wooden razors, brass keys a yard long, huge iron umbrellas—which lightning might strike but probably never could damage, and certainly nobody could ever carry off—pieces of bicycles, baby cradles, lawn mowers, cross-cut saws, guns, pistols, immense brass knucks, medicine chests, odds and ends of almost everything—with here and there among them bright blue, red and yellow legends proclaiming the value not only of the articles he repaired or sold or bought, but, in addition, of his professional services, which, indeed, it appeared, were not only the greatest on earth but even divine, celestial and (as an unsurpassable climax at the very top of the house-gable) “just as good as anybody’s.”

Not till many years later, when I was practising in southern Illinois, did I run across so fully versatile and so superlatively self-commended a creature—that time in the person of a Dr. Psychopompous. But concerning him, to be sure, you will read hereafter.

Going to the door of the incomparable “Genius,” I knocked upon it loudly.

“Who disturbs my meditations?” came an introspective but majestic voice.

“I—Doctor Shastid—you sent for me—eyes.”

“Walk in if you are worthy.”

I promptly assumed that I was worthy, only because, otherwise, it appeared I might not be able to enter the building.

There, inside the queer-house, on a worn-out horse-hair sofa, sat the “Genius.” He was a tall man, one in whose personality Dickens would have revelled. He was dressed in paint-smeared overalls and an old, ragged leather coat. His face was long and earnest, his nose aquiline, his hair sorrel. Over his light-blue eyes he wore a pair of thick-lensed spectacles, whose centers continually sparkled, throwing back the light from an old, smoky, foul-chimneyed lamp. The genius was plainly in pain. “I have sent for you,” he apprised me frankly, “only after considerable hesitation and communion with the universe. You are young. Yet too you may understand your business. I’m a good judge of human nature, however, and now that I have you straight before me, I read you easily—yes, to the center of your soul. I will trust you. Examine my eyes.”

In the midst of that welter and chaos of everything mechanical, worse than a dozen pawn-shops piled together, I examined those eyes by the light of the smoky-chimneyed lamp. All the while he kept up a running comment on the extent of his own grandeur and his own possible folly in sending for some one else to cure his eyes when he himself, no doubt, by means of a brief visit either to heaven or to hell could have ascertained the reasons for his eye troubles, and so the means whereby to cure them. “Why!” he cried, “for *me*—not for others but for *me*—it is just as easy as anything at all to go either to heaven or to hell for the purpose of

getting information on any subject whatsoever. How do I get there? Easy. To go to heaven I close my eyes, roll them up behind the great lids, wait peacefully for two moments—and there I am, in heaven. To go to hell, I close my eyelids tightly, roll the balls up behind them, wait in anguish for about *seven* moments, and then——”

“Your piece of steel’s out,” I said. “There had been a good-sized sliver in the center of one eyeball. How do both eyes feel now?”

He batted his eyes a dozen times or more, thinking to find some or another sensation he could complain of, could not find any, and, at length, much to my surprise, admitted: “Both are now absolutely all right. You’re a good doctor.”

He went and opened the door I had come through, and, motioning me toward it, said, as if with some tolerance toward one so plainly his inferior: “I’ve had a very trying day: I know you’ll excuse me if I say I wish to go to bed at once and rest. You understand of course the strict rule of our profession: doctors are not to charge one another a fee.”

So the matter rested.

DOCTORING DOCTORS GENERALLY

Speaking of this Doctor Genius, a “doctor” who was himself a patient, I am reminded that doctors almost invariably declare that the worst patients they ever have to treat are other doctors. The reason why they say this is, of course, not that a doctor when treating another doctor does not expect a fee, but that he does expect his doctor-patient to accept instructions from him, the attendant, precisely in the way in which a layman is supposed to accept them—i.e., without question; without any mention of his, the patient’s, idiosyncrasies; without pointing out objective symptoms that the attendant has not noticed; and without the slightest suggestion of what might prove to be helpful in his case.

This attitude of attending physicians toward other members of their profession who happen to be sick is, in my opinion, a serious mistake. It is even a mistake not to listen to a lay patient. And then, of course, a doctor-patient is a trained and generally a learned observer who can give the attending physician a whole mine of information on the subjective side of his troubles, with, now and then, objective observations too which the attendant may somehow have missed.

Dr. Bludson, a doctor friend of mine and a man of excellent qualities, went to see a doctor-patient, and would not listen to him at all. Doctor-patient said, “I have appendicitis.” Bludson, not listening to his reasons said, “You’ve nothing of the sort.” The patient-doctor died that night—after the correct diagnosis by yet another physician had been arrived at but before the appendix could be removed. Post-mortem showed the truth.

Mrs. Doctor-patient blabbed the matter all about the not so very large town.

Thereupon Bludson said to me, as if in truth he’d been the injured doctor, “By the Mighty, I do hate to treat another doctor. I’ve never treated one yet but I’ve been damn sorry for it.”

VACILLATING SIGHT

But talking of fees and lay patients, not doctor dittoes, I want to report a case of very intimate connection between fees and recovered or supposedly unrecovered vision.

Away back in the days when I was practising in Pike County, Illinois, I had a patient from Pike County, Missouri. From each of his eyes I extracted a senile cataract, and the result was, in each instance, excellent in the extreme. After the man had recovered, got his glasses, worn them for a month or two and gloried in his new-found vision, he came back to my office in Pittsfield in response to a polite suggestion that, at his earliest convenience, he would call and pay his bill. (I had not yet told him what the charge would be.)

As he entered my office, he began: "Well, Doc, that's a purty good operation you done for me." I politely offered him a chair, liking the tone of his voice. "Go on," I said.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "That was a purty dog-goned good operation. Blamed ef it wa'n't."

"Still seein' well?" I encouraged.

"Seein' well? Wall, ef I ain't seein' fully a quarter as well as I ever seen before, then I hain't plumb tellin' no truth. Yes, sir, fully quarter as well. An' wherever I go, I'm sendin' you patients too. How you like that, Doc?"

I was certainly delighted, still revelling in his cheery manner, and I expressed my gratification in no uncertain terms.

He went on: "Did I say I see a quarter as well as ever? That's understatin' it. I see fully half—yes sir, fully half as well as ever I did before."

"Well, that's very good after an operation for a hypermature cataract. And you are sending me patients! Now do you know I appreciate that extremely. So many patients are glad I have helped their eyes, and yet they forget to tell others I have helped. And whenever they do tell others—just as you have done—that of course increases my practice, shoves up my income and [I in fact actually and most unfortunately said this, being green and all that] it's just as good as money to me."

Then, as if he had just received a cue from some one, he stood suddenly up and began to praise me even more divinely. "Yes, Doc, I'm a-goin' to make you hunderds of dollars, maybe thousands of dollars. An' I got talkin' points too. Did I say *half* sight back again? I'm mistaken. It's *all* the sight. *All* back again—ever' bit of it. I can make you thousan's of dollars—say, Doc, how much is my bill?"

For a moment he almost had his way with me. Then I thought, "I *must* get something out of this [the man had really sent me no cases that I knew of]. I'll make it low enough though." Then to him I answered (it was just two-fifths of my usual charges) "Forty Dollars."

Even when he had entered the office he had had his right hand in his pocket. And he did not, even now, pull that hand up all at once. On the contrary his face set good and hard, and he looked far away for a time. Then he began—ever so slowly—to talk again.

"There is one *leetle* mite wrong, though," he said, "with the result. Seems to me sometimes—well, it's mostly at nights, that I have a feelin' around my temples as if somepin' was crawlin' on 'em. An' I think it starts from the eyes. You must 'ave done somepin' wrong there."

I could see him feeling round in his pockets with much contemplation. "Yes," pears to start from the eyes. Y-e-s. Y-e-s. It seems to start from the eyes.

"An' then there's somepin' else seems to start from the eyes too. That's a kind of a coppery feelin'. Know what I mean? O ye don't, eh? Well it's a mighty mean feelin', I'm a tellin' ye right now. An' it starts from the center of each eyeball, an' it frescols out an' spreads out, an' keeps a-spreadin' an' a-spreadin' until finally plumb, at last, it reaches into my stomach and there it makes me mighty sick at my stomach."

I gave no sign of relenting, but looked at him with a hard, cold countenance.

He continued in a louder tone. "But the worst of all is—I hate to say this to you but I got to tell the truth. Right in the middle of the night, jest as I'm gettin' my very best sleep, slam! somepin' takes me in *both eyes*—an' hard. Yes, sir. Very hard. Jest ez ef a bullet'd hit me in 'em, er maybe a cannon ball er a bolt—a big bolt—o' thunder. An' bang! it takes me in both eyes an' wakes me up an' I can't sleep no more that night—er maybe the next night or a whole week o' nights—an' days too. An' truth is I'm fallin' off terrible, loosin' my appuhtite along with my sleep so now I can hardly waddle.

"I tell you it was a sad day when I let you operate on them there eyes. I ain't one bit satisfied with nary one o' them two operations—*an' I don't believe I owe you nothin'.*"

I don't know just what the professional psychologists would have tried to make out of this case. No doubt the medical Freudians would have endeavored to show that the man's condition was due to some or another sex complex he had contracted in his mother's womb. But I was and still am of the opinion that the fellow simply wished to beat his bill, to make some dirty money. I had given him more, far more, than forty dollars worth of service, he could pay the money easily. I started suit and he paid.

"POOR FOLKS HAS POOR WAYS"

A similar case occurred down Illinois way—a case wherein, however, a woman was one of the actors, a woman who would gladly have paid the entire debt herself, had she only been able to do so. There is meat in this case.

The patient, a man who almost invariably presented himself for his treatments outside of office hours, was finally getting well. I could tell a number of curious anecdotes about him but content myself with the statement that he was a typical Egyptian leaner. When his sight had all been returned to him and he had come once more with his entire family to receive his very last treatment, I asked him for a little payment on his bill.

"My bill?" he asked indignantly, then went on to declare that he couldn't pay nothin' on *no* bill.

When I had made him a pure gift of his account he began complaining bitterly about rich men (like me, for example) eternally downtreading the poor. He loudly wound up, "It's about time somebody like you did *somepin'* fer 'em."

"You a-talkin' *that* way, Myron Slinger," the wife burst out, "when Doc's done what he has an' been so good to you."

"'Sbout time somebody's bein' good to the poor. An' me havin' so many children to look after. Jesus Christ said, '*Sell all that thou hast an' give it to the poor*'—men like me."

"Doc ain't never *ast* you to have no children, has he? No, ner me nuther. Ef men as can't take care o' themselves will insist on havin' whole oodles of children, it's nobody's fault but their own. Why saddle Doc with the blame? Doc—" (She looked at me roguishly) "'hain't never even *seen* me till the very youngest was born an' pukin'. An' you so ungrateful to Doc, talkin' as if he owed you some duty to work fer you fer nothin'! How come he owed you some duty or some anything? The Lord Almighty, as we're goin' home this day, ought to make you happen to an accident."¹

"Ma, you jest shet right up." He advanced toward her with extended hand.

"Look here, Mister Man," she jumped up shouting. "You know what I done to a man of exactly your size no furdur back than jes' las' week, an' I kin do it again too. Listen, Doc, I'll tell you about that there man and his ways. Poor folks has poor ways—that's why they're poor."

"You tell Doc anything 'bout me, an' I'll strew your carcass—I'll strew—" He sat down. "I'll strew your carcass all over—I'll strew your carcass. I'll strew your carcass."

"You won't strew nobody's nothin'. You're jest a cracker an' a leaner, an' it's all you ever will be. You couldn't live a minute ef it wan't fer your wife and her butter an' eggs to lean on—you old swill-barrel fer whiskey.

"This' how he lives, Doc." She went on to detail his whole way of life—his liquor doin's, his tobacco doin's, his spendin' most of his time pitchin' horseshoes, his occasional disappearance for days at a time with a borrowed shotgun, his shooting of his own foot "'him bein' so stupid. Another time he got into a fight—and got licked. Yes, sir; he got licked!"

"Well, holy mackerel! What's a man to do but disappear an' get into fights when the rich is all a-robbin' him?"

"Nobody ain't ever robbed *you*, Myron Slinger, except yerself. An' nobody but you has ever robbed these little childern."

¹ A common expression in southern Illinois which Rice in his little work on southern Illinois dialect forgot completely.

"Underprivileged!"¹ he shouted, ignoring her. "Underprivileged's what I am. A man from a city preached in our church last Lord's Day an' that's the very word, he said, applied to ever' one of us—underprivileged—that ain't got our own full share of this world's goods. Underprivileged! Underprivileged! An' as soon as I get home, you Susan Marier, you, an' whether I happen to no accident or don't happen to no accident, I'm a-going to take some paint in a paint-bucket—"

"Ef I buy the paint."

"An' a paint brush."

"Ef I buy the paint brush."

"An' right across the front o' my house—big letters—I'm a-goin' to paint these here flamin' words, HERE LIVES ONE OF THE UNDER-PRIVILEGED!"

Susan Maria, thereupon, with eyes aflame, began advancing slowly and steadily toward him. "No you don't," she assured him. "No you don't. I'll do that paintin' across that house. An' these here are the words that I'll paint there—right plumb straight across it—POOR FOLKS HAS POOR WAYS."

"Now you come along."

And he went.

ANOTHER OF THE UNDERPRIVILEGED

One of the first cases I had when I settled at Marion, Illinois, was this: A boy placed a lighted firecracker under a thin glass dish. It did not at once explode, so the impatient lad went up close to the glass in order to find out why. Of course it takes not one boy but several to learn the why of such things, so a number of the boy's companions went up to the glass with him to investigate.

Bang! went the firecracker.

One of the cracker-shooter's eyes was filled with bits of glass, and so was either one or both eyes of two or three other boys.

The father of the main boy in the proceeding brought him to me. The eye had been so terribly torn up that even the lens and vitreous had escaped from it. Nothing there was to do, obviously, but amputate the eye, and that I did.

When healing was complete and I had supplied the boy with an artificial eye, I asked the father for a payment on account, but he pleaded inability because of the hardness of the times—and times certainly were hard then, for me as well as for others.

A little later, going down street to my lunching place, I stepped into a store to get some minor articles, and there—lo and behold! The boy who had lost his eye from a firecracker and his father beside him! And the father was liberally purchasing for the same boy both firecrackers and fireworks—and paying cash for them!

¹ A term that is really quite old, though its *very common* use—perhaps I should say misuse—by economic theorists to cover not merely the unfortunate poor, but also the loafers and wasters of the world, even the leaners (Egyptian or other) on the savings of women and children and of the provident aged, is much more recent.

"Doc," said the father, "I reckon we don't never learn nothin', do we?" But *I* thought that *I* had learned rather a good deal. And *I* informed him as to what.

THE ESCAPE OF THE MORON

Once I went for a very long time to see a man who was blind in one eye, almost blind in the other. He was confined to bed in his home with heart disease, badly hardened arteries and extreme nephritis. There was also attending him an excellent general practitioner. I was trying to improve the vision in the eye that still was not quite blind, also to lessen its extreme painfulness. (The eye was in a glaucomatous condition and had suffered from many severe hemorrhages into its interior.)

Well, strange to say, I did get results in that eye. The patient's general condition was too low to permit even the slightest operation on the eye, but, without any surgery, I managed to rid that eye of its cruel and long continued pain. At last the pain was conquered permanently. Sight, too, to some extent returned. The patient could, in fact, at three or four feet, see with some clearness the face of his wife and other relatives again—whereat he was duly rejoiced.

But still he was greatly depressed in spirit, because, as he knew, he never would get well—although perchance he might live on for years.

About this time the man began complaining of outrageous pains in his legs. His general practitioner, thereupon, once each week or ten days, would administer a hypodermic of morphine. Then the man would deeply sleep, but, for many days thereafter, he would vomit dreadfully. The retching in particular was very violent. So, inasmuch as the arteries inside the eye—those in the brain and spinal cord also—were very hard and brittle, I knew what danger the man's sight and life were placed in whenever he violently retched, even for one single moment. Carefully explaining that I was not at all intent on interference with the treatment of the general condition by the general practitioner, I nevertheless protested against the injections of the morphine—solely because of the very great danger in which they put the vision of that eye—which I had had so extremely hard a time to improve.

Again, however, the morphine would be used, the patient would sleep for ten or twelve hours, and then, as usual, would retch and vomit, vomit and retch, for days more. Again I would expatiate on the danger to which that precious bit of sight had been once more exposed by the vomiting and retching. Again, however, after the stomach had quieted down, the retching had ceased and the eyes had begun improving once more, that fateful jab of morphine would, somehow, be once more administered.

At length I remonstrated to the wife quite bitterly. "But," she replied, "my husband begs and begs for the morphine—he suffers so much."

"Does he really suffer?" I asked.

She hesitated. "I *think* he suffers."

The next time I went to see that patient, his bit of sight had been put out. Forever and eternally it had been put out. Expanding the

pupil for a very short time, I looked into the eye with an ophthalmoscope. What I had so greatly feared had happened. The back part of the vitreous humor was entirely dark with blood. The retching had done its evil work. As I say, the eye was irreparably blind. Never again could I, or anyone, give sight to it.

One day (I like to know the psychology as well as the symptomatology of my patients) I said to the blind man, "Jimmy" (I will call him that) "you know you did not need to lose your eye, don't you?"

"Yes," reluctantly. "I know it."

"Jimmy, *why* did you keep on asking for that morphine when I had told you what the drug would probably do to your sight?"

"I just couldn't stand the pain in my legs, Doctor. I told you that before."

"But *I* have told *you* before too, that there were many other remedies that would readily stop that leg pain and that never would make you vomit. In fact, I one day tried one of them on you [peralga it was] and you said that it thoroughly stopped the pain for hours. Isn't that true?"

"Guess so."

"Then why did you keep on demanding the morphine till your general practitioner gave in? I am not scolding you, Jimmy. Your eye is out, and scolding cannot help it. But I want to understand my patients as well as their diseases. It helps in other cases—when I understand. So I am asking you plainly for the truth about *yourself*—I know about your *eye*. Were you a morphine user before you got sick?"

"Never used morphine before in my life."

"A whiskey drunkard, then?"

"Now and then—maybe twice a month—God, Doc, let a man alone, can't you?"

"I'll let you alone, Jimmy, but I want to understand—understand *you*. It will help me, don't you see, to understand other patients in the future. Don't you get that?"

"Jimmy, why in truth did you clamor for that morphine when you knew all the harm it could and would do you?"

"Good God, Doc, I don't know. Yes, I do know too." He spoke with excitement. "Wife wouldn't give me any more whiskey after I got down sick. Even before I was sick—God, Doc—I had to forget what I am—a common—O yes, just a common laborer, a no-good, bottom-of-the-ladder man. God! What was there before me, even if I got well, Doc? When I got sick I was even less than what I've said—and *no* whiskey. Lie here—only thinkin'—lie here—only thinkin'—pains not so bad, so I lied and said they was, but had a little—bad, bad, lyin' here—heart gone, and kidneys gone, bloodvessels gone too, right eye gone, left eye just a little sight in it—lie here—not even the man, or *call* me a monkey, the little that even the monkey—I once had been—no whiskey—they *would* give me morphine if I said 'bad pains.' They wouldn't deny me that morphine then. It wasn't the relief from the pain, Doc. I can stand pain, Doc. I *have* stood it. It was the relief from *me*. The dreams, Doc, they was better'n me to think about. Give me a good shot yourself, Doctor Shastid, and give me back—give me my

dreams—not me. I'm nothin'. Except in dreams, I tell you. I can't be nothin' except in dreams. I never was nothin', even in school. But in dreams—"

I gave him no morphine, I assure you. The after-effects were too destructive. But I certainly understood the man then. All that now was left of him was his dreams and what he thought concerning them. Good God, he had never been *anybody* excepting in his dreams. And, being no born dreamer, no man able to make dreams for himself, dreams out of nothing, he had had to have dreams shot into him. He had actually swapped the little dross (his sight) which had seemed to me to be so precious, in order to get the massive gold of his illusional dreams—those precious, those indispensable dreams, wherein alone he always could sit atop the world, see himself as even more than the equal of all other persons whom he knew.

I understood him. He had had his ambitions even as the non-moronic have theirs, but without the ability to put even the slightest ambition into effect. He was a paralytic beggar who would be a mighty king, an emperor perhaps, a dictator to the entire trembling world. Or would he in his dreams be a truly great man and a good one? I do not know. But, as I said in "Tramping to Failure," there should be a vast book on this subject, *The Psychology of the Sick, Including Their Dreams*. Were such a book but written properly—by which I mean devoid of Freudian nonsense—well, there would be one great book in this world beyond the slightest doubt.

THE WAYS OF THE INDIGENT—AGAIN

The Egyptian country and its people cannot be adequately depicted in any one book or department thereof, nor can any one writer do justice to the subject in all its fascinating aspects. Mostly and for obvious reasons I have not considered in this volume the more progressive element of southern Illinois, but only the "ridge-runners," the "hill-billies," the "crackers" and "leaners"—the people who have "poor ways" and who as a natural consequence make cruel and unusual patients. Two or three more of these *are* so typical and instructive that I feel I ought to include them in this book.

Jim Hook did not have absolutely all the poor ways of the typical hill-billy farmer. He neither smoked nor drank nor ran with outrageous women. Nor did he spend his energies in hating other people—saving and excepting only those who were more successful than himself. He was lazy too, as lazy as they make them, even in southern Illinois.

He had a number of brothers and sisters who were very much like him, particularly in the fact that each and every one of them had as many children as he or she knew how to have. Neither Hook nor any one of his brothers or sisters possessed sufficient energy to support even one of his or her children in any proper way. The consequence was that all this group of parents believed that they were terribly set upon, down-trodden, stolen from and so forth. Jim himself, one summer, with

plenty of water in his "crick," let three of his very best milch cows perish of thirst. Jim himself declared it was not his fault, because he had just forgotten about the matter "as clean as a hound's front teeth."

Jim had an aunt, however, and so as a matter of course did also his brothers and sisters, who was what in scientific parlance is queerly denominated a "sport." Not that she was anywise "sporty." Far from it. But she was decidedly different from (incidentally better than) the most of the rest of her stock. In particular, she would work—work and save, work and save, work and save. The consequence was, she had money—money and good farms. She also kept hired hands whom she'd brought down from the North, and—here is the catch in the entire matter—she loved her entire kindred, yea to the last lazy lout loved she them.

So when Jim lost his cattle, "Aunt Faber" (she had married a German of that name, and lost him, and never had had a single chick or child) made the loss up to Jim.

And, indeed, whenever any one of all her shiftless relations "got down jest *too* low," she stepped forth and gave him financial elevation.

All of which helped out but did not wholly satisfy. The relatives all felt that Aunt Faber never did help quite enough. She was inclined to be "sorter" helpful at times, it was true, and yet she never quite did her whole duty. Always she kept back too much for herself. News of this attitude of mind they not infrequently imparted to Aunt Faber. And she, good soul, took all the impartment gently, because, being childless and also widowed, she loved her kindred without stint or limit. She always did keep back her "nest-egg" as she called it—i.e., the bulk of her belongings, so that, in the future, she might have aught to give again.

She had not, till her sixtieth birthday, thought much about religion. As she gazed, however, upon her sixtieth milestone, plainly present and undeniably standing there before her, she began to think about death and eternity.

Poor creature! she had been as a guardian angel to her riff-raff relatives, whom her own hard work and unfailing wisdom had oftentimes kept from starving. Indeed she had been as a light-house of humanity and intelligence to all her part of southern Illinois. But now, on her sixtieth birthday, she became "convicted" of her "sins" and very much dejected over them.

So she joined a strict church, and, shortly after, determined to follow the Biblical command and give all that she had to the poor—her poor. *Her* poor! There were so very many of them that she could not give to others also. So she gave absolutely "all" that she had to those poor, including this time the "nest-egg." "Why not?" she replied to some of her neighbors who expostulated with her for the giving. "Why *not*? Has not that nest-egg of mine—that part which, so far, I have always held back, been the cause of more or less jealousy and hate against me, even on the part of those I love?"

And, as she had decided to do, so she in fact did. She sold all that she had and gave the proceeds to her poor—divided it all equally, so that there might be no occasion for heartburnings—nothing but happiness and peace.

And before that year was over, her relatives, her former poor, were poor again and poorer than ever. For now they had no one to go to for relief—not even Aunt Faber, who, of course, was quite as poor as were they.

Shortly afterward she died, and, as I fully believe, heart-broken.

ANDREW BRINSKI

Andrew Brinski was a Pole, therefore not a leaner. He lived at West Frankfort, a few miles north of Marion, and was energetic in the extreme.

He came into my office one day—a mild-mannered, chin-bearded little man, who sold milk for a living, but one of whose cows had, turning suddenly at flies, knocked out one of his eyes with her horn. The eye, being out, had to *come* out. In other words, being permanently blind, because its aqueous humor, crystalline lens and vitreous had all spurted out of the eye and into the surrounding landscape at the time of the accident, it could not now be treated otherwise than by the amputation of so much of its remaining tissues as could be spared and then by the formation of a socket for an artificial eye.

There was at the time no hospital in Marion. I therefore performed the operation in a room of our flat, giving the chloroform myself and being assisted otherwise by the Companion. When "Uncle Andy" came to, he asked "How much?" I told him, he paid. Then said he, "I get up and go home now."

"No," I responded. "You mustn't do that. You'll sleep here in a hotel tonight."

"I pade [bet] you I don't."

"You *can't* walk from here to the C. and E. I. depot."

"I gant? I valk to de depot an' den up de track to Vest Vrangford." Several miles!

"You'll die if you try that."

"I'm doo duff."

"And I need to see you again tomorrow morning."

"I valk pack tomorrow morning. Meandime I kot to see my cow und vife."

Away he went, staggering still from side to side because of the chloroform.

Next morning he walked into my office—sturdy, smiling with his one bright blue eye. A medical student who happened to be present and to whom I had told the story of "Uncle Andy's post-operative pedestrian excursion," remarked to him facetiously, "Uncle, you'd better sue that cow for damages."

"Yaw, yaw," replied Andrew. "I sue my cow for damages und den vat she dink of me?"

Uncle Andrew made an absolutely uneventful recovery. I tell his story because his absolute indifference to pain, his lack of self-pity, his boundless energy and recuperative power were so rare in southern Illinois. Even there I had great variety of human experience.

AUNT GLORY

Her name was Mrs. Mary Startaway Snooks (at least very much like that) but everybody termed her "Aunt Glory" because of her vociferous enthusiasm at all camp meetings—also, now and then, "Doctor Snooks," an appellation which tickled her nearly to death.

Into my office came she one day and asked, "What are these here, now, infantile paralysis?"¹

"Why, don't *you* know?" (As if surprised.)

"No. I know about most diseases, but I never hearn of that a one before."

"Well, it's like this." (I explained.)

"Well, sir, tell you how I'd treat that a yere disease."

"How?"

"Why, I'd take and I'd bile me a big yeller yam, then strain off the bilin's an' mix it with corn meal. I'd then sprinkle it with sheep drop-pin's an' let it stand out one night—jest one night, mind ye—in the dark of the moon. Then I'd say certain words over it, which I ain't a-gwine to tell ye. An' then I'd give the patient a whole tablespoonful o' that there liquid ever single hour, an' in a day he'd be plumb well."

"You seem, Granny, to know just how to treat it."

"I do, Doc, I do."

"And you never knew what the disease *was* until just now, when I told you?"

"No, Doc, I didn't. I'm a cyorer, not a knower. Jest as soon as anybody explains a disease to me an' what 'tis, I know jest how to cyore it—like that." She snapped her fingers and laughed gayly. "But you doctors, you know a whole lot but you can't cyore nothin'. You can't cyore *nothin'*, I tell you. I'd druther not know so much an' know how to cyore it."

The lady's ideas as well as her language were somewhat confused, and yet, sometimes, confronting a case that just will not get well, I think of old Aunt Glory and her statement—"I'd druther not know so much and yet know how to cyore it."

RIDER'S BONES

Turning now—before passing to the Lakehead—back to old-time Pittsfield, I want to relate a case of a disease whose very name I have not heard mentioned for more than half a century—rider's bones (sometimes called "saddle bones").

One of my earliest "cruel and unusual" patients, in fact, came to me soon after I'd settled in Pittsfield, suffering from the affection in question.

¹ Poliomyelitis. This disease is often supposed at the present time to be a very new development in the world. But Simon Flexner described it fully and precisely in 1910-13; also as early as 1838, Rilliet and Barthez in their classical textbook on pediatrics, gave a full account of it, and, to cap the climax, old Hippocrates, the father of scientific medicine, who was born 460 B.C., did the very same thing.

However, the belief that poliomyelitis is a new thing in the world is an error that simply will not down.

He was a physician, not a Y. of P. man either, but a man of considerable ability, who lived over in, I think, Marion County, Missouri.¹

Now a "rider's bone" is an osseous deposit in the muscles of the upper-inner part of the thigh due to too persistent horseback riding. It is the pressure of the saddle on the thighs—rather of the thighs on the saddle—which causes these bony deposits to occur.

I did the operation "under strict antiseptic precautions," as we said so frequently in those days, because many operations then were not so performed.

"To hell with the antiseptics!" cried this rough and ready doctor as I got ready to operate. "Lister is a fool!"

I did the operation in my own sweet way nevertheless.

The doctor made a prompt recovery. He never quite forgave me though for "taking antiseptic precautions."

Upon dismissing this patient I urged him to use a horse and buggy whenever he could, that he might no more contract "rider's bones." But he laughed me to scorn.

He was not even in the horse-and-buggy stage of medicine. He was just in the horseback stage thereof, and, as I heard years later, he never in all his life descended to the effeminacy of a "rig" or to the "utter nonsense" of clean instruments.

He admitted my performance of a complete cure yet told many persons I was not much of a doctor, thus costing me a number of clients.

A "cruel" patient indeed, yet, for those days, not so exceedingly unusual.

IN WHOSE INTEREST?

I was once called in by way of consultation with a very old doctor in a neighboring town to see a patient who was dying of cancer of the bladder. Neither the patient nor his relatives expected any cure: what they wanted for that patient was simply relief from the intolerable pain until he died. Again and again he had begged, even screamed, for an "easing shot." But the doctor would not give him the shot.

Outside the house I asked the doctor why he had not given the shot. "Have you ever given that patient even one single shot?"

"No. Decidedly not."

"It would never have harmed the patient, would have given him great relief, perhaps even sleep."

He: "I had just such a case once before. Gave the shot. Patient had ease immediately. In fact he went at once into a deep sleep—sleep eternal. Not from the shot at all, but from embolism. People don't know the difference between death from embolism and death from a shot. The relatives all declared in this case that it was from the shot, that I'd given too large a dose. I talked embolism, they talked shot. They talked about prosecuting me too, but finally gave that up. However, they damaged my practice all over that countryside. It took me years to recover from the injury they'd done me."

¹ Not to be confounded with the city of Marion, in southern Illinois.

"Never give easing shots, my boy, to a patient who may die at any moment. They may say you gave too large a dose."

I reflected a long time on the nature of a world like this. Here now is a doctor who can give to an incurable patient immediate and beneficial relief from intolerable pain without harming him a particle. Yet, inasmuch as the patient may die of his disease at any moment, the doctor dare not give the relief—the relatives are so ignorant.

Some time later I had a similar case myself, with similar relatives. They begged for the shot to be given. I administered a moderate dose of morphine by the mouth, declaring that any easing medicine whatever might prove harmful to the patient, and that what I had just then given him was only an excellent tonic. I then said also that I would try the effect of electricity, which oftentimes eased such patients much—then used electricity from the top of that patient's skull-cap to the soles of his feet. The effect was magical. Each and every night then I administered the tonic and the electricity. Each and every time the patient had ease from his pain and a most excellent night's sleep.

One night he went to sleep and did not waken again on earth. It was not the "tonic" that had killed him, but the disease. The relatives, moreover, were more than merely satisfied. They swore by me and by electricity forever thereafter.

Had I done wrong? If so, why?

POST-MORTEM ON A C. AND U. PATIENT

The hero of this story, at least its central character—Peter Careless—was a very unusual man, as well as a "cruel and unusual" patient.

I had met him several years before, that is to say in the way in which he played his flute—by ear. On that occasion my father and I had been summoned to see another patient than old Peter in Peter's home town, and, as we had driven into the place (it was well outside of Pike County) at about ten o'clock at night, we went to the only hotel in the town and took lodgings for the night—but not to sleep.

For the first few hours the trouble was that it was *too* quiet—a fault of which hotels are seldom guilty. In fact I never had heard so loud a silence in all my life before. Not the chirper of a single bird or the squeak of a mouse! I began to think the whole edifice was deserted.

Then, all at once, voices came up from the hotel office.

"Trouble with the wife again, Peter?" That was the inn-keeper speaking.

"Yes—again," replied the interlocutor gloomily.

A moment later I heard the scratching of a match, then Peter—it was he, quite evidently—came slowly and solemnly upstairs. Each step sounded like a cannon and its echo reverberated round the building.

I, poor fellow, was all worn out and glad indeed at last to fall asleep. But, well-nigh instantly, I was awakened by the playing of a lugubrious flute. There is nothing much more mournful than an ordinary flute even when it attempts to be cheerful. But on this particular night, a par-

ticularly mournful flute was being played with particularly mournful intent by a man who, clearly, was himself particularly mournful.

The whole situation seemed to presage disaster—for somebody.

After an almost sleepless night I awoke to hear Peter Careless rise and dress. (Hotels, even in the largest cities and down to the present moment, fail to provide the one commodity their guests are chiefly in search of—quiet and a chance to sleep.) Then came Peter's steps down the stairway—mournful, mournful, again mournful.

When Father and I had dressed and gone downstairs to breakfast, Peter the Mournful had left. So, as I say, the first time I met old Peter, it was by ear only.

The next time I met him I did not hear him at all, but, that time, only saw him—saw him lying on a low, exceedingly low, table in the back room of a furniture store. My father and I had come a long distance to hold a post-mortem over him, which implies that Peter was dead. Which also, in its turn, implies that the presage of that mournful hotel-night—the presage of impending disaster—had turned out to be correct.

Never again have I seen so curious a post-mortem. Almost every rule in effect for those days was violated—in fact it had to be.

Take the rule that the table on which the "post" is carried on shall be a high one—so that the examiner shall not have to bend over awkwardly and almost break his back while doing the this and the that of such examinations. The table used was about two feet high, which necessitated the examiner's, or examiners', sitting on low chairs to operate—and, even so, to bend awkwardly. Then, as if in an idiotic attempt to compensate for its lack of height, that table was about two or three times as broad as such a table ought to be. Hence, if you already had the Petrine remains where you could easily operate on the right-hand side of them—that is, close to the right-hand margin of the table, then, when you wanted to operate on the left-hand side of them, you both—you and your assistant—changing round to the left of the table, had to take firm hold of the remains and—well, any way you could—shift the remains clear over to the left-hand side of the table. And Peter, despite his mournfulness, had been a big, heavy man.

Then, because of certain peculiar features in the case, the local physicians did not wish to co-operate with us in that post-mortem. "Hain't a-goin' to get mixed up in no blankety-blank lawsuit," said one of them, a Y. of P.

As if to balance the very distressing situation, Peter's widow insisted that *she should* be present at the examination—from the very beginning thereof to its perfectly proper termination. She was an aged woman, much older in fact than Peter, and yet she had been the object of Peter's most unjust marital suspicions for very many years—hence his frequent pernottations at the little hotel. Peter was afraid his wife would some night kill him. In the night! He was never, it seemed, afraid of her in the daytime, and, in fact, he ate all her three meals ravenously.

And Peter had left a will, wherein he had done much further injustice to his faithful spouse. A will wherein, for example, he had provided that the best friend he had ever had, namely my father, and such assistant as my father might elect, should, in case of his death, do a post-mortem on his body "just as soon as would be proper," and that, for this service, his administrator (to be appointed by the probate court) should pay to my father the sum of one hundred dollars and, to his chosen assistant, fifty dollars.

Well, we did the best we could, my father and I. The drive had been a long one, we had got to our sleeping-place at four o'clock in the morning, and now—what a mess we were in.

Well, for one thing, the widow, who had a serious case of heart-disease, but who nevertheless, as already stated, had insisted that she be allowed to remain in the post-mortem chamber from the beginning to the end of the proceedings, promptly—as soon as my father had made the first sweeping cut—fell to the floor unconscious and, apparently, dying.

My father picked her up, carried her to her home, gave her stimulants and sedatives, then returned to the death-chamber—but not till the end of about four hours.

And the light in the post-mortem room was wretched. It should have been sunlight, of course, of which there was a great abundance at the time in the vast out-of-doors, but our "illumination" was, in fact, merely a few feeble rays from two coal-oil lamps. I both washed and cleaned the chimneys.

No chemist being present, some of the viscera—in particular the stomach and intestines, after we had tied them off and *then* detached them—had to be put into fruit jars, carefully sealed and autographed, and then shipped to the chemist who was to analyse them for poisons. But all the fruit-jars that were brought to us for this purpose were dirty in the extreme. My father and I had to clean them with our own hands and clean them very thoroughly. We also and incidentally had to pay for them out of our own pockets.

And, as it all turned out, poor Peter had died anyway from natural causes. He had had a cerebral hemorrhage big enough to kill an ox.

The night, as we drove back homeward, was warm and quiet. The whispery night sounds that stole to the buggy seemed to be a kind of concentrated silence, as it were the silence of death. My father slept again and again, a little at a time, as was his wont—I not at all.

Gazing at the stars, I measured their slow march across the sky. I thought of God, in whom I had always believed and whom I had always loved, in spite of the nonsense of many foolish ministers about his vengefulness. I do not remember at all our pulling into Pittsfield.

I do, however, recall that, after a time, my father sat up with a start and cried out as if with fear, "Tommy!" "Yes, Father." "Tommy, do you suppose that the things we've done this day and also this evening have been strictly legal?"

"Legal! Well, I don't know."

He grew more seriously alarmed. "Seems to me I have heard there is a law which provides just who may and who may not perform autopsies, and when and where and under what circumstances. Maybe only certain elected or appointed officers can make them."

"But Peter provided in his will that you and your assistant were to attend to the matter. Also you did your work precisely as taught to do it at college."

"The point is," went on my father, and I could see he was worried in the extreme, "the point is, can a person when making a will decide who shall and who shall not perform his autopsy. In criminal, or what might possibly be criminal, matters, there is a certain 'criminal procedure' which is laid down by the law and which the maker of a will cannot alter even with respect to a post-mortem on his own body. Crime and its punishment are not private but public matters. After breakfast in the morning I'm going up town the very first thing, there to talk to a number of lawyers."

"Bad plan," ventured I. "What we have done we have certainly done, and what the law is the law certainly is. Those things we cannot alter by talking with any number of lawyers. We, however, can keep our mouths shut. And, nine times in ten, people get arrested just because they've talked."

"And that will, son. It hasn't yet been probated. Until a will has been probated it is just no authority for anything whatever. It may turn out in the probate court to be a forgery, or the maker to have been insane therefore incapable of making a will, or to have made a later will whereby the one in question has been legally cancelled though not physically destroyed."

"True. But should any physician withhold his costotome or his scalpel in a plain emergency? *This* was surely an emergency. The body was fast decaying because the undertaker would not make his preservative injections—such injections being arsenical and so on, do ruin the body completely for any later poison-analysis."

Anyway we did not talk, and no legal questions were ever raised about our autopsy. We learned, however, that Peter was buried with full religious rites, that the will we had seen was duly probated and that the funeral expenses (which, even in those days, were preferred charges against estates) took all the assets.

My father, therefore, as well as myself, did not receive one cent of pay for the day or for the two long nights of time and for all the skill and work and worry involved in the matter. For these reasons, as well as for others already apparent, I have listed Peter as a "cruel and unusual," howsoever innocent and dead, a patient—one such as the Constitution of the United States ought certainly to have forbidden the existence of, strictly even if ineffectually.

But then, of course, Peter, when we "posted" him, was not legally, or in any other way, "existent."

BIRDS' EYES AND C. & U. PATIENTS

Since I began to practice in Duluth, some twenty and odd years ago, I have had some cruel and unusual patients, though not many. One of these was a man I had cured of a distressing eye affection and who was so extremely grateful that I thought he would be my friend for life.

One day I was out in the Fairmount zoo, examining the eyes of birds with my ophthalmoscope. This, by the bye, is not so dangerous a proceeding to the examiner as many persons might suppose. Before going close to the bird's head—for the purpose of illuminating the interior of its eye and then looking into the eye to examine it—one stands first, for safety's sake, at a little distance from the bird, and then, moving the ophthalmoscope so as to throw the light slowly backwards and forwards across the bird's pupils, hypnotizes it. It is really an easy thing to do in the great majority of cases. If, however, you wish to be extremely cautious, as I always did wish, you employ a strong assistant to hold the bird's ankles and wings with one hand and its bill with the other. On the day in question I had with me as assistant in the aviary a very large, powerful, and experienced man.

It was not, however, the eagle I was working on that we were just about to have trouble with. When my assistant had got a good hold of the eagle and I had hypnotized the bird so thoroughly that he was merely uttering an occasional soft "coo-o-o," in dashed that former patient whose eyes I had cured so thoroughly and who had seemed so extremely friendly.

"Vivisectionists!" he shouted, then began a profane tirade against doctors generally and against me and my assistant particularly. He tried to take the bird away from us.

I requested the disturber to leave the room. He refused to do so, became more violent. I then asked my assistant—the interloper being larger and much younger than I—to put the fellow out. But that functionary declared with decision that he had come only to help me with the bird, not with a maniac.

"A maniac, is it?" yelled the disturber. "What could *you* do, even if you tried, you d...d thus and so, as well as so and so forth."

That thoroughly angered my big assistant. Dropping the eagle, he took on the importunate fanatic, gave him a first-rate trouncing, then threw him out of the room.

Even after that I one day met my tormentor in the street, where, in spite of his licking, he told me he wished he knew a thousand languages so that he might curse me in every one of them. He did in fact pile English maledictions on me rapidly and luridly. Not one of these, however, so far as I am able to ascertain, has proved successful. He himself indeed, some years back, passed into the land where fanatical oculists do not throw harmless light into the eyes of oftentimes harmful birds.

PAUL BUNYAN'S SPECTACLES

In barber shops at Superior it was that I heard by far the greatest number and some of the very best of the stories about Paul Bunyan. In Jo Wells's little tobacco store, also, at the corner of Tower Avenue

and 17th Street, crowds would sit around the stove for hours and tell Bunyan tales.

Some of the most interesting to myself, however, were told in his own barber shop by a barber whose name was Pete Byron, or something like that. I recall especially Pete's story about the time he was called out to help Paul hair-cut and shave Paul's big blue ox, Babe. Pete was clip-clipping the hair that had hung down over Babe's eyes and which was the hair that had bothered the big ox the most. About the time he had been cutting and clipping this hair for two days and three nights and was getting hungry and sleepy, Paul himself entered, cursed, and, running down to Minneapolis, he also ran back with a big wheat combine and finished the hair-cutting job for the big blue ox in just thirty seconds.

"Where did that happen?" asked a bystander.

"Right over here," replied Pete, unabashed, "just a little north of Gibson's forty, at the place where Paul first used his forest-scythe to mow down ten thousand acres of big timber in a night."

But about Paul's spectacles. The man that asked Byron *where* he had hair-cut Babe, told me all about them.

We happened to be walking home together, this man and I, and, as we passed Juberg's spectacle-fitting establishment, the fellow (I never yet have learned his name) asked me if I had ever heard how Paul Bunyan had come to wear spectacles.

Being answered "No," he continued: "It was up here where Sycamore Creek runs into the White Pine Branch. Paul had been lookin' so fur off in the forest fur so many years that, all at once, he found the far-seeing part of his eyes had wore off, an' he couldn't see no furdur then than the palm of his hand when his elber was bent. This was mighty cripplin' in *his* business.

"So up he goes to Juberg's an' asks him for glasseş that no rain ner no nothin' won't never affect, an' what'll let him see away fur off jest like he useter. See?

"Juberg then tried to fit 'im an' couldn't. Sent him to these here local oculists, which is good ones, and *they* couldn't. Sent him then to the Duluth oculists, an' they couldn't *of course*."

I happened at the time to be a Duluth oculist, though residing in Superior, and I had never to that date examined the eyes of Paul Bunyan. So I said as much.

My interlocutor ignored the untimely interruption. "They went on an' sent him, after the Duluth M.D. oculists had failed on him, to the Twin Ports Optical Co. No glasses. To the Benson Optical Co. No glasses.

"Finally, he drifted one day into the office of old Doc Adams: Doc says, 'I can cyore ye.' He set him down in a easy chair and begun tellin' him a story. An' he made that feller's eyes bug, jest bug. An' he kept on tellin', an' the eyes kept buggin'. More an' *more* they bugged. An' the more they bugged o' course, the longer they got. An' finally they got so long that his long, fur-off sight come back to 'im. An' he looks out o' Adams's winder then, he did, an' seen a forest a hunderd and

twenty-seven miles long an' furdur'n that away, an' he told Adams jest what kind o' timber they wuz on the land, an' it was some poppel and a little beech and maple and a good deal o' fine pine—which is mighty good lumberin' timber."

As he closed his narration, I suggested, "You must have got that story from Pete Byron."

"No, from Doc Adams himself."

That settled it. No one would ever dispute the incomparable accuracy of a Paul Bunyan story that had been told to anyone whomsoever by Doc Adams.

MR. MCGUIRE AND THE MOON

While a member of the Lyceum Clinic I one day received through the kindness of Miss Bertha Hanford, County Agent for the blind, a case of blindness acquired by drinking moon—in other words moonshine whiskey. "As blind as the man in the moon" was that patient indeed and in truth. Let us call him Tom McGuire.

Tom and his pal, a Scotchman, two or three weeks before I examined the former, had spent the night at Superior in the Lake Superior Mission. They had purchased a pint of whiskey on "the fifty-fifty plan"—pay half drink half. Just before getting into bed, each drank exactly half the whiskey. Then said Tom to Jock, "I'm always afraid of sleeping in the dark: don't turn the light out." Jock didn't and Tom slept.

But Tom, awaking in the night, found the room in absolute darkness. Thereupon he wakened Jock, gave him an Irish cursing, getting, however, the response, "The room's not dark, you fool."

Tom rose, felt his way to the push-button, pushed it in various ways, peered into the street and into the hall, found himself as blind as the man in our unseeing satellite.

Days later—these fellows are always indifferent to very serious matters—Tom, accompanied by Jock, arrived in Duluth at the office of Miss Hanford. The consequence was that, in time, the two arrived in my office.

So much time had elapsed that it seemed impossible anything now could be done. However, after I had conferred with one of the internists in our clinic, Dr. Cyril M. Smith, we two together concocted a plan, or what we thought might be a plan, for the cure or improvement of Tom McGuire's eyes. Certain medicines we shot, in very heavy doses, directly into the blind man's veins.

And it worked. Seventy-five per cent of the vision returned to each eye—a remarkable result considering all the circumstances. Then, while the man was still under treatment, he suddenly stopped coming to my office—absolutely stopped.

One day Miss Hanford found him and he promised to return for further treatment, did not do so.

Then Miss Hanford learned that Tom was over in Superior again, drinking like—whatever it is that is most thirsty. It was plain that something must be done to save the fellow from himself. A magistrate in Superior, the wise and capable Judge Parker, promised to do his best

to break up the furious debauch and to get Tom to return to our Clinic for treatment. (My work and Dr. Smith's also, it was plainly understood by Tom himself and by all the others who were connected with the matter, was, even from the very time when we first took charge of the case, to be without money and without price. Even the medicines we used were to be provided at our own expense.) Judge Parker at last had the man arrested on a charge of "drunk and disorderly," and then, confining him to jail, let him sober off until he could return to me for treatment. But it is the law that a man arrested on a "drunk and disorderly" charge, can be kept in prison no longer than just a certain short time. When that time had necessarily expired, Tom was at once to return to me.

But return he did not. Judge Parker attempted to have him re-arrested on a charge of drunk and disorderly. But Tom was far more interested in getting drunk than in getting back his sight. So away he fled from the city—and from safety. He simply would not remain in a place where people were interested in his eyes.

Years later I was told that he had gone, I think it was to Lincoln, Nebraska. There he had lost the last little bit of his vision without having made so much as the slightest further effort to retain it.

This story I tell to illustrate the fact, for fact it really is, that a great many persons are quite indifferent to the welfare of their physical selves. Over and over, at medical meetings, I hear physicians declare that the most important thing in medical practise is not to frighten patients. "All patients suffer more, far more, from fear than they do from disease," is a common, almost a universal, way of putting the matter. Just where these doctors find so many frightened patients I do not understand. I certainly seldom see frightened patients in my own office. In that particular spot the patient who comes in frightened is a rarity. Even after I find that my examinee is suffering from cataract, cancer and glaucoma, all combined, and after I have fully explained to him the true significance of each of those terrible diseases, he is apt to reply, "Well, I'm going out on a hunting trip for several weeks: after I get back I'll look after these things." Here's a woman's case. A lady whom I found to need a change of glasses, said, in reply to my question about her general health, "O, I'm perfect from top to toe except a little lump I've had a long time in my breast." I examined the lump, and, spite of the fact it had never given pain, recommended that the patient see a surgeon. But she laughed me to scorn. "That lump—that little bit of a lump that never has hurt me at all, that possibly a cancer?" Scared? She refused even to be interested.

Later she died of cancer from the little lump. General surgeons tell us that similar cases of indifference are quite frequent.

Another case. A man who had a pigmented mole on his temple also laughed quite heartily when I told him to have it attended to at once. Why, he had had that mole ever since he could remember. Scare him? And he too died of cancer.

Nearly all my cataract, glaucoma and optic atrophy patients fail to see me or any one till the favorable time for treatment has long since passed.

Ordinarily, those who propose the socialization of medicine inform me that such neglect arises only among the middle classes. Rich people, they tell me, being financially able to look after their troubles, do so promptly and with good results. Poor persons, not having to pay anything at all, do the same thing. But the middle classers—aye, there's the rub. They are the people who make governmental ownership and control of medical practice necessary. Why? Because, say the socializers, the middle classers, though able to pay something, cannot pay the prices that the rich pay, and, therefore, are unable to get treatment. I, having practiced medicine for nearly six long decades, besides my long period of apprenticeship with my father, and having, naturally, seen in the course of that long time, very many thousands of patients, surely ought to know at least a little something about this subject. And what I know is: (1) It is not true at all that the middle classers are charged the same prices as are the rich. In each and every individual instance an attempt is made to adjust charges to the individual's ability to pay. And this is true not merely in my own office but in those of the great majority of doctors. (2) The greatest proportion of unnecessary suffering and the greatest percentage of unnecessary deaths occur, I am certain, not at all in the ranks of the middle classers but, actually, in the ranks of the rich. The middle classers, far more than either the poor or the rich, are interested in their bodies and take care of them. Yet, even among the middle classers, there is much indifference to physical conditions, with, naturally, much resulting unnecessary sickness and many unnecessary deaths. I have known a lower middle classer to refuse an excision of an epithelioma (a form of cancer) from the lip for five dollars when, a little later, he spent more than that amount going down to Minneapolis to see a football game. The great majority of even middle classers spend far more money for liquor and tobacco than they do for medical care.

Where are the patients who have to be coddled and soothed and lied to, so that they may not die of sickness fright? They are almost always in hospitals, already in the final stages of some terribly fatal disease. They are seldom seen in doctors' offices, and, even in hospitals, patients who are actually nearing death not infrequently cannot be kept in bed or, sometimes, even in the hospital, because they believe they are not nearly so sick as the doctor lets on.

This applies to the poor too, who are being hospitalized gratis, also treated and supplied with medicines. They oftentimes have even less interest in their bodies than they have money.

"Poor folks has poor ways"—once again to quote from the crackers of southern Illinois. And some of them have poor ways in Duluth—where, for example, though perhaps a somewhat extreme example, poor Tom McGuire preferred shameless and costly debauchery to free vision and all that vision can mean to any person.

OFFICE PATIENTS

Contrary to popular opinion, office practice does not infrequently provide cases of extreme human interest—illustrations of *homo* psychology.

Some of the most peculiar patients are those who come to consult the doctor but wind up by prescribing for *him*—copiously and authoritatively. Another will let you examine his eyes if only you permit him to sell you a thousand dollars "worth" of unlisted oil stock, your examination fee to be deducted from the purchase price. Yet another wants merely a diagnosis, no examination. Yet another objectionable species is the hearty (i.e., crunching) handshaker. He is one of those idiotic persons who have heard in sermons of a certain type or read perhaps in the poems of Eddie Guest that it's everyone's duty when shaking a hand to "prove" his sincerity by the strength of his grip. Just how a "hearty" (i.e., crunchy) handshake comes to be any proof whatever of sincerity I do not know. An insincere fellow, very clearly, can, if he only has the strength, smash any hand as thoroughly as can *any* sincere person. What indeed has hand-squeezing to do with sincerity?

Indeed firm pressure on a hand by a person who does not know the hand's condition, can easily prove to be the cause not only of much pain but also of serious injury. In a city like Duluth for example, with its more than a hundred thousand population, there are at any given time (I merely guess) as many as three thousand persons with arthritis in one or more joints of the right hand. Of those with neuritis in the hand, let us say a thousand persons more. Then there are hundreds of hands at any given time afflicted with abscesses, boils, felons, and other quite painful afflictions. Nevertheless, up to all the people that he knows runs without the slightest hesitation or discrimination the apostle of the "hearty" handshake, and, grasping the hand whose condition is wholly unknown to him, inflicts upon it in many instances pain and serious injury.

When I expostulate with such people, they nearly always grin and say, "Well, of course I don't know just who have sick hands and who don't, but I take my chances."

He takes his chances? He should say that he causes the sufferer to take *his* chances.

And do not forget that sick hands can be hurt even by the gentlest of handshakes.

All these arguments, however, will probably have little effect, if any, on the mind, if any, of the Eddie Guest handshaker. Here is one that may possibly affect him, inasmuch as it is a direct appeal to his own self-interest. The handshaker, hearty or gentle, whenever he shakes any hand at all, takes *his* chances on getting diseased from the hand that he shakes, or crunches. Custom foolishly decrees that hands when shaking each other must be ungloved—that is, wholly unprotected, each from the other, against possible infection. So the handshaker, when shaking a hand, does take *his* chances on getting a number of serious diseases. The most common of these is scabies (the itch). More serious are pus infection, measles, syphilis, tuberculosis, trench hand (ring-worm), leprosy and others.

The custom of handshaking originated centuries ago, as a sign on the part of him that offered his hand (open of course for shaking) that the hand so offered contained no deadly weapon. To-day the reason for

the custom is dead. May the custom, being no longer significant of non-murderous intent, and being known now to be truly dangerous to both parties to the custom, may it, I say, be abandoned. Why not do as the Chinese do, among whom the shaker shakes hands with himself while the would-be shaken does the same? No suffering, no transferral at all of sometimes deadly disease. Just unmixed good will and common sense.

The hearty handshaker in the doctor's office, moreover, is apt to be a disappointing person in more respects than just his handshaking—bad as that is. He is apt to be, for one thing, a man who belongs last or next to last, "in line" among the waiting patients. So, when you open the consulting room door and ask for the next in line to come in, up jumps Mr. Royal Handshaker and, with all the comradery of an old and long-tried friend, grabs *both* your hands, gives them the hearty, meeting-house crunch, and then walks you promptly back into your consulting room, where, after anxious (and noxious) inquiries about your own health, he comments on his own and so insinuates himself (or tries to) into an examination far out of his turn. Or he may not be a turn-thief—just, perhaps, a book-agent who wants to make you a "present" of an entire set of the So-and-so Encyclopedia, with the entire United States, almost, wrapped around it. People with sick eyes who really want your skill and attention do not generally give you the out-of-place smile and the Eddie Guest handshake with all its unnecessary pain and some very real danger.¹

¹ Among my other "pet peeves" is that against the fellow who claps you on the back or the shoulder. He, too, says he takes his chances. In fact he makes *you* take *your* chances. You have no "chance" at all to protest against his folly. The trick is done in a moment. The clapper-on-the-back may not know, indeed he never does know or care about ascertaining, what a "hearty" back-slap may do to the particular slapee. The slapee may have a boil on that shoulder, and the slapper may break down the protecting wall which nature has carefully built up around the pus in it, and so distribute the pus, via the blood-stream, all about the body. Or, worse still, there may be on the shoulder a carbuncle, with its many pus-foci. Even worse yet, there may be present a cancer or a sarcoma, some of the cells of which are broken from their moorings by the back-slapping and sent helter-skelter throughout the entire body—thus producing terribly destructive "metastases." The slapper may reply that only occasionally are such things present. Correct, but who wishes to produce only an occasional death?

Another pet grudge is one that I cherish against the person, friend or enemy, who, coming up behind me in a crowd, grasps my upper arm, then steers me through the concourse as if frightfully responsible, somehow, for the safety of my person.

Another grudge I hold is against the so-called business man who carefully protects his place of business against the entrance thereinto of persons who would gladly spend money with him if only he had not carefully guarded against their doing so by erecting at his various entrances doors that turn so hard customers can scarcely get in. (Even the heaviest doors turn easily if hung properly.) There are (once again) at any given moment, in the city of Duluth for example, several thousand persons who are too old and too frail to turn hard-turning doors. Thousands more have arthritis, neuritis or the like in their hands, and, likewise, have a strong aversion to carrying dynamite on their persons wherewith to blast an entrance into any place of business whose owner happens to be reluctant to transact business with them. Many of these people with frail or sick hands have money to spend, but Mr. Stiff-door does not want their money. He wants stiff hinges instead.

Even some newsboys—for the great majority of that class I have a strong affection—turn their stock of newspapers so that the front pages thereof with all their wonderful head-

Office patients generally, however, even a great majority thereof are courteous, kind, grateful. Contributing to the great increase of these qualities among patients in the office, in the home, in the hospitals, have been such series of popular articles in the newspapers as those by Dr. Logan Clendenning. Clear, simple, accurate, wise, they give to the general public a very much better understanding of the real nature of medical practice, of what it is that the doctor is trying to do, and of the numerous difficulties and complexities which he oftentimes meets in doing it. The result is a far more kindly attitude toward doctors on the part of the public and of a more intelligent, persistent and successful co-operation with them.

lines—the show-windows of the papers, so to speak—are concealed against their bodies. These curious chaps do not want the public even to behold the main news of the day—the news for which the public would be almost sure to want to buy the papers. Heaven only knows how hard the newspaper managers have thought about those headlines, how carefully they have considered the wording of every one of them. And yet some newspaper salesboys, yes and newspaper salesmen also, carefully conceal the headlines and do not even mention them when they cry their wares, "Piper! Piper! Here's yer piper, mister."

Others turn their papers properly, calling distinctly too, for example, "Hitler burns East London."

Easy it is to see the future of these two classes of boys. The bright and thoughtful will rise into the hated successful class, make jobs for many other persons—and be hated still more. The lazy and the thoughtless will swell the ranks of "the underprivileged." "Underprivileged" there are indeed, and may God bless them and men help them. But it is no use lying about the others—people who are really not underprivileged at all, but quite over-privileged—being in fact privileged to live chiefly on the industry and frugality of others, directly or via the tax-man.

Another pet peeve—I am often asked about these matters—is the one I have against the merchant who permits his stock to get wholly out of staple articles, and to remain out of them for long periods of time. (He keeps "kidding" you along every day by declaring, "We'll have a lot of them in tomorrow," when he perfectly well knows that he will not.) A merchant should either have an order clerk, whose business it is to notify the manager when the stock of any staple in his store is *beginning* to run low, or he should have each individual clerk act as order clerk for his or her own department. I am not much at business it is true, but I do understand that merchants who keep telling their best customers, "We'll have some of that in tomorrow," when they probably have not even ordered any of the article, will soon lose numerous customers.

I also have a grudge against "stamp chisellers." Over and over, people write to me about peace and war, about the War-Check Vote, about the evolution of eyes, about the treatment of cataract and glaucoma, and so forth and so on, and, in very few instances indeed, do they enclose a stamped envelope for reply. I speak now not of prospective patients, but of persons who write merely to secure information to be of use to themselves. Sometimes to consider and to write out the requested information would take hours of my time, as well as some of my stenographer's. All that for nothing. And yet, in addition, such correspondents want me to pay the freight on the product of all the work which I have done for them for nothing.

Least offending in this matter have been, I am happy to say, bankers and lawyers, men who have been made the scapegoats for about all the crimes in the universe. Ministers are not in all cases careful to avoid this petty chiselling. As to teachers, an aged friend of mine who had long been teacher in and president of a State Teachers College, informed me that, even after his retirement, he received from former students at his school, from one to ten letters daily, requesting recommendations for teaching positions, and that in hardly a single instance had a stamp been enclosed for reply. By this pettiness, he said, he was deeply hurt, not so much by the loss of the money it had cost him—thirty to forty dollars in some years

"TURNS" IN THE WAITING-ROOM

Much misunderstanding still prevails, however, regarding a certain matter which is far more important and complex than it seems. I refer to the matter of "turns" in the doctor's waiting-room. To the layman the subject seems simple indeed. Every one of course who enters a doctor's waiting-room should be seen by the doctor in the exact order of his arrival—take his "turn." Just like that!

That is in truth the usual way. Yet, for a doctor to conform to the rule is not always wise or even possible. If, however, he attempts to explain to those whom he seems to have cheated of their rights in the matter, he oftentimes does not make much headway—possibly because it is not reasonable or even proper to state his reasons fully or at all.

Thus, a lady with sick eyes, who came to my office daily, was likewise sick in her mind. If, as soon as she arrived, I took her into my consultation room, then examined, treated and dismissed her, all without the slightest delay, she behaved very properly. But, if she had to remain in the waiting-room for even a short time, she would grow restless, begin talking to imaginary persons, and, after a while, doing things unmentionable. I could not of course say to the other patients, "Excuse

—but by the incredible littleness on the part of those who had been his former charges. In my own experience, teachers have been more thoughtful than in his, yet in my experience they too have been oftentimes negligent.

Nowadays I do not answer letters at all which are written solely in the writers' own interest excepting only when those writers themselves exhibit about three cents worth of courtesy.

I dislike also: Doctors who think that, if you do not treat all cases whatsoever in accordance with somebody or other's textbook, you are a charlatan.—I much dislike also persons who, when they meet me, even in the street, want to waste my time by giving me memory tests; such as, "Doctor, I want to see if you remember me. Remember me? Know who I am?" If I do not chance to remember (and in the course of fifty-odd years of practice I have had literally thousands of patients) the tester is disappointed and I myself considerably embarrassed. Sometimes the tester is foolish enough to persist in his testing even after I have plainly told him that I know not who he is. "Guess," he will cry, eagerly. "See if you can't guess me right, now, after all." And again he is disappointed and I also am embarrassed. How easy it would be for this ass to understand that such a question is extremely likely to result in distressing disappointment and much embarrassment. Why not, to begin with, remark: "Dr. Shastid, you no doubt remember me. I'm Roland Ryckmeyer, a patient of yours thirty-four years ago." And so on. How much pleasanter that re-meeting would be, if only my recollection of that speaker were thus taken for granted. And how much time would be saved for pleasant chatting by us both.—I dislike also people who come to my office for examination but will not give me their names, or who talk to me over the phone but will not tell me who they are.—People also I dislike who try to convince me in my office that breaking up the rich would make poor people prosperous. Also college theorists who speak of any income larger than that of, say, a common laborer as "unearned income." (Uncle Sam himself, nowadays, on his Income Tax "Instructions," labels all incomes of more than \$14,000.00 "unearned income.") Few persons to-day, whatsoever their value to society have incomes half so large as that. Nevertheless, think of making it emphatic, even on a legal document, that nobody can "earn" more than \$14,000.00 yearly. How, if the Government's definition be correct, does the President of the United States himself come to be receiving for his personal services \$75,000.00 yearly—in addition to perquisites which would make the mouth of any multi-millionaire water freely? And if those perquisites *plus* \$75,000.00 yearly, are not "earned" by the President, then why does the very Government which defines "unearned" income as any amount over \$14,000.00, pay to him so very large an amount of "unearned" income?)

me, please, for seeing this patient ahead of her turn, but she's quite insane." Had I really done that, then I should have had on my hands and on the other patient's hands also, a scene that would have made their hair rise.

At last I thought of a solution to this and similar problems. I wrote out and had printed a very large cardboard running as follows:

EYES

PERIODIC EXAMINATIONS

Many persons wait, before changing glasses, until they have acquired another case of eyestrain. This is the old way, and it is a bad one. The ideal should be not so much to cure, as to prevent, eyestrain. The only known means of preventing it is by periodic examinations. This is also the cheapest method in the long run. And it is the surest way to preserve clear and comfortable vision far into old age.

Also do not forget that oftentimes the most serious eye diseases are accompanied by little or no pain (progressive shortsight, atrophy of the optic nerve, etc.). This is one of the reasons why hundreds of eyes are blind, partly blind, or permanently uncomfortable, to-day. It is also an additional reason for thorough, systematic, periodic examinations.

APPOINTMENTS

For an examination it is always better to telephone for an appointment. Otherwise a chance is taken on being able to secure the proper amount of time. But an appointment should not be made merely for a treatment, to have glasses checked up to see that they have been made right, or for any other purpose which consumes but little time. An appointment means that not less than an hour of time is reserved.

An appointment may be made for 3:00 or for 4:00 p.m., any day but Sunday or a legal holiday. (No office hours in the forenoon.)

TREATMENTS AND THE CHECKING OF GLASSES

For treatments and the checking of glasses it is best to come at from 2:30 to 3:00. Those who cannot come during this half hour should come later, and then the best possible attempt will be made to see such patients promptly.

Persons coming for treatments or for the checking of glasses will usually be seen in the order of their arrival, but it may now and then be necessary to violate this arrangement. For example, a patient, because of some peculiar infirmity, may not be able to remain long in the waiting-room. Whenever a patient is seen out of his turn, this is not due (contrary to the usual supposition) to any malice toward other patients, or from any desire to coddle the patient who is taken before his time. There is always a reason, though it may be one which the doctor is not in position to discuss with the public.

T. H. SHASTID, M.D.

Rooms 208-209 Sellwood Building

This card I framed and hung on the wall of my waiting-room in a conspicuous position.

Strange to say, scarcely any person ever read it. Even those with excellent eyes for reading and who sat idly in the office facing the card for hours would never see it or ever notice that a card of instructions intended for their perusal was hanging on the wall before them.

Finally, I made a psychological experiment. On the waiting-room table, all messed up as it was with magazines, books, and so forth, I laid a very much smaller card, running—

PLEASE READ

THE WALL-CARD HANGING IN THIS ROOM AND HEADED "EYES"

That did the trick. Almost everyone thereafter who has waited in that waiting-room has read, first, the small card hidden in the mass

of magazines and so forth promptly, then has gone to the wall and read the large-sized and very conspicuous card labelled EYES.

Explain it or not as psychologists may, the fact remains that the less exposed card is the one first read, almost always.

THE MAN WITH THREE CHINS AND ONE EYE

Into my consultation room one day there slipped a great hulk of a man with three chins and one eye. In spite of his bulk he moved as slinkily as a strip-teaser, helped himself to a chair, put his feet on my desk, did not take his hat off. (At all this I did not remonstrate: here was a colorful man.)

Taking up a blank history card I asked, "What's your name?"

"What?"

"What's your name? Who *are* you?"

"O, I'm beauty and the beast—without the beauty."

"Occupation?"

"What?"

"Occupation?"

"None."

"Well, what's your chief interest?"

"Myself, just myself." He was a smart one, without doubt.

"Married?"

"Of course. Women wouldn't let me alone."

"Your wife's name?"

He rubbed his second chin contemplatively. "Mrs. Azrael Smith."

I wrote "Azrael Smith" at the head of his card. "Now will you give me your history?"

"You sure got a nerve, Doc. You sure got a nerve."

"Just in a few words."

He recounted his life from the reception of his first short pants up to the recent time when he had been decorated, as he expressed it, with "the order of the itching palm" in a near-county jail. "And now," he concluded, "I feel a hospital coming on. In other words, I'm pretty sick. This here good eye's a pretty bad eye. When it hurts too much it makes me so sick all over I vomick. I thought maybe the whole thing come from the eye and so here I am. Doc, you don't think I'm going to go blind, do you?" Like most ignorant persons, he asked for a prognosis before he had had an examination.

I examined that eye with the utmost caution. "Glaucoma," I said.

"Glaucomy? Why that's 'hardening of the eyeball,' ain't it?"

"It is."

"Doc, I play a little game occasionally. To do it I got to see. If I can't play no game, I don't want to live. And when in funds I pay my bills, Doc, with gusto also with cash. All gamblers, Doctor, are good paymasters, ain't they?"

It was the simple truth. I have always found gamblers—the professional sort—to be good paymasters, if not at the time when the services are rendered, then later. Some call gambler money "tainted," others "erring," but I have always been glad to antisepticize such tainted money

by accepting it in payment for my services and then to restore it to the paths of rectitude by paying it to my creditors.

This man's heart was in such a condition he could not take an operation for glaucoma. I treated him frequently for a time, then, after a respite of several months, gave him another treatment series. After a few months more of rest, another series. And so on. I kept him his sight, and held down his pain.

One day he spoke of his wife again. She was very beautiful, he declared, and front-named Smeraldine—an Italian name. But when he brought her into my office a few days later I found her of old New England stock. She was beautiful indeed, also refined, even spiritual. She had graduated with honors from an excellent college and had been a schoolteacher for years. Strangest thing of all she was deeply in love with this man of three chins and one eye. And they had lived happily together, as Azrael informed me, there in her presence, except that one night when he had taken "just a glass of beer too many" and gone home and beaten her up, she, woman-like, had got mad about that. Could I blame her? I could not, and Azrael, on his part, declared he had forgiven her for her anger years and years ago and fully quit beating her because she didn't like to be beaten. "Anything to please the lady," he conceded, with patronage.

On another occasion she told me that, in childhood, they two had often played together. They had "made mud pies, and filled them with flies, and baked them *in the sun*." They had also, standing on their heads, exchanged upside-down kisses.

"About the time we were grown," she told me, "he fell in love with somebody else and so did I. Then we did not see each other for years. But one day—he had never married yet and neither had I—we met again—at the ringside, whither a friend had taken me. I loved him again immediately, knew I had always loved him. He had lost one eye, but I *pitied* him for that. And he had filled out in the neck, which made him look manlier.

"I told him I loved him—there as he stood with his Apollo-like torso—"

"She means my body, Doc. Ever show you my torso? No? It's some torso. Show it to you some day."

One day when she was not with him, he showed me his torso. "I'm a pretty fair man below the neck," he said, modestly but truthfully.

In fact I stood astounded. A breath-taking figure of a man—below the neck. An immense mass of Herculean muscle! Beautiful, too, as Hercules, as even Apollo. I began to wonder if I really had seen now the reason why, at that ringside, the spiritually-minded Smeraldine had fallen in love with this man of three chins and one eye. I pretend to no skill in the unravelling of love-tangles, yet I wondered—and I still wonder.

Azrael, unfortunately, kept on getting fatter and fatter—three-chinned all over. As his body got bigger his soul grew smaller. And, as he kept on getting bigger and smaller, he came to my office more and more frequently—sometimes to complain of the pain in the glaucomatous eye, sometimes to brag about his trickiness in the card games. "I," he gasconaded, "am a shrewd guy—as slick and slippery as a new-born baby. Now let me tell you about the time when——"

Shortly after that, one night, I was called to a saloon where a man had been struck in the eye and then had fainted. Before I started to leave the place, some one at the bar cried in a loud, half-drunken voice, "Where is my wandering boy tonight? Why, there he is—Doc. Shastid."

It was Azrael. And he was telling all he knew. He was shamelessly disclosing that his wife had syphilis. "Anybody deny it?" he cried. "Who ought to know any better'n me?" And so forth—all he knew, all at least that he should not have been telling.

"You didn't give her the pock yourself, Az, did you?" quietly questioned a young man from a corner.

"Who said that? Whoever said that's a—a—Whoever said——"

I went up to Azrael, reminded him gently of his angina pectoris and the very great danger of death there would be for him should he go on getting angrier. At this he became angrier still. I left the saloon with my patient, both of us accompanied by the young man who had questioned Azrael from a corner.

Said the young fellow, "What is this here, Doctor, *angry pectoralis*? Ain't that the heart disease so many people dies so easy from when so little happens to 'em an' they get mad about it?"

"Yes that's it," I responded.

"And ef I'd a hit Az he'd maybe a died, an' I'd a been—O God," he drunkenly sobbed, "What I'd a got into if I'd a hit that fool!"

Azrael and his wife shortly afterward removed from the city in which I then was practising.

Years later I learned he had outlived his wife and died, actually, with "snakes" in his boots.

DAUGHTERS WILD

The doctor is the chief builder of tomorrows. Hence his opportunity and his duty to improve, if he can, not only the nation's health but also its manner of life—a matter so closely related to health that the two can seldom be separated clearly.

But often he strikes snags—"bad guys" that do not appreciate life's true wisdom. Not all of these are gamblers or even men. Some of them, in this "progressive era," are maidens wild—girls who are about as promiscuous in their sex relations as so many female goats and monkeys and who cannot even understand the beautiful thing that a human life may be transformed into.

Such a girl I knew upon a time. She brought to my office her mother for the benefit of her eyes, and I never can forget the typical ataxic gait

which that mother displayed as she entered the consultation room. It answered the old description fully, "uncertain, irregular, and grotesque." The lower limbs were thrown forward by forcible jerks, without definite direction. The daughter, Regina, was sweetly smiling. "Mother thinks she has to see an eye doctor," she remarked blithely. "She's been treated for locomotor ataxia, which came from her syphilis—so her family doctor said. But she thinks she has to see an eye doctor too. Her family doctor has told her plainly that in locomotor ataxia everybody has bad eyes, so that all she had to do is to keep on taking his medicine—no eye specialist needed."

"You have told me," I said to the daughter, when I had written her information down—cryptically, of course, "you have told me that your mother has syphilis. Who gave her syphilis?"

I was looking straight at her. I had known both her and her mother for years. Not much embarrassed, she responded, "I did."

"When?"

"When I was twenty. I'm thirty-two now."

"By kissing her?"

"Yes. I had the little white sores in my mouth."

"Had you not been warned by *your* doctor about the dangers of kissing—kissing by a syphilitic?"

"No, but I'd read about it."

"And yet you kissed her?"

"Well, she always was insisting that I kiss her. I had to give her her way."

"But you did not tell her of your diseased condition and what the kissing might mean to her?"

"No, not then—later."

"*You* did not get *your* syphilis just by kissing?"

"I did not." She looked me brazenly in the eyes.

There *were* several things I could do for that mother's sight—thank God. For one thing, I could fit her with glasses so that she could read her newspaper easily, also see well at a distance—something she had not been able to do for years. Her family doctor had foolishly supposed that, inasmuch as locomotor ataxia makes many of its victims blind, therefore it is of no use to try to find out whether a locomotor ataxia patient who does not see well, may not be failing to see because of some other condition that is present in addition to the locomotor ataxia. Such other conditions being present in this mother's eyes, I was happily able to present her with an excellent quality of vision.

One day, while I was treating her, I happened to notice that the daughter, who, quite unwillingly, was accompanying her mother on her visits to my office, was standing at a window making signs.

As if in quest of a mislaid instrument, I moved round to another window which also gave upon the street. There, making signals to Regina, were two—not one but two—young men, men whom I knew to be among the vilest criminals in the city.

EYES AND GRIEF

Once I had a patient whose eyes continually bothered him, yet who had little detectable trouble in his eyes. Even the ophthalmoscope, which reveals and considerably magnifies the interior of the eyeball, showed slight abnormality. Yet, as I sat and talked with this man, I beheld something deeply wrong with his eyes. For one thing, they were passionately melancholy—melancholy almost beyond belief.

Now, it is a fact that any depressing emotion, such as grief, produces at first only some functional ailment—one in which there is no alteration in the structure of the organ or organs affected. But it is also true that, after a time, if the depressing emotion be very long continued, the organ or organs affected can be changed in their very structure. These changes are called "structural," or "organic," diseases. The blood-vessels, for instance, in the back of the eye, or those in the muscle of the heart, which, at first, were just functionally contracted by grief and capable at times of re-expansion to normal size, now harden and are narrowed all the time so that the nutrition of the eye, the heart, or whatsoever the organs are which the grief has chiefly affected, becomes greatly interfered with and the structure of those organs can never be sound again.

Thus, it is highly important to help patients, if you can, to rid themselves of sorrow.

I asked this particular patient, "You have had trouble recently?"

"Yes, much grief."

"Perhaps if you told me about your sorrow I could in some way help you."

"I do not think so. My wife died."

"A long time ago?"

"Yes, a long time ago."

He appeared to be gazing down an endless vista of melancholy years.

"A very, very long time ago," he went on. "A very long time ago. She had been the wife of my youth. It seemed at first incredible. There was just no possibility of realizing what had happened. After a while I did get to realizing—after dreams. You know how it is in dreams when you have lost a loved person."

"I do. You never see your loved ones dead in your dreams," I put in. "Never—in dreams."

"It is true. I have noticed that. They never are dead in our dreams. Every one must have noticed that, I think. Always they are living in the dreams, only to die again as we awaken. That is how we come at last to realize that they *are* dead. You have seen them die so often as reality returned and the living illusion vanished."

"It is true," I responded. "Though we not infrequently dream of the living as dead, we almost invariably dream of the dead as still living."

"One night," he went on, "I had a *curious* dream. I saw her standing a few feet before me in the sitting-room of our house. I advanced to meet her, but she put me off. Began to complain bitterly, as now and then in life she had done gently—as all people of course sometimes do—of things which I had done and which I should have left undone. She was right about it all. I said, very contritely, 'But I am sorry now. Will

you not forgive me? Always in the old days you were so ready to forgive for wrongs I had done that I sometimes thought you always forgave me gladly, that you were more than just merely happy to be forgiving me.'

"She said then, in a sort of ecstasy, 'Yes, I could forgive *you* anything, Dan.'

"So I reached out after her with my arms, and she put up her hands as if to keep me away from her, and cried: 'Do not touch me! I am *dead*. Do you not *know*? It is not allowable to kiss the dead. Yes, you did when I had *just* died, but now I am numbered *among those long dead*. I belong *wholly* to those who are dead, not to the living at all but to the *kingdom* of the dead.'

"So you see I saw her that time both living and dead—at the same time both living and even speaking to me and yet also dead and speaking to me about *that*. Nothing ever seems inconsistent in a dream—that is, while still we are dreaming."

Wishing even yet to help this patient, I asked (he was an educated man): "Have you not tried anything in the way of what is called practical psychology?"

"Yes. Many years before she died, my wife and I had lived in a different city from the one that she died in. In that city, in our own little home, we had been very happy. One day, after her death, I thought, 'I will make an experiment. I will take a trip back to the place in which we used to live, the very house in which we lived when we were first married. I will pretend that again we are back in those old days. I will get off the street-car just where I used to get off it, and then take the old-time long walk to the house. At the door I will ring the bell the way I used to ring it that she might meet me at the door. When some one comes, I will merely, for the look of things, ask to be directed to some fictitious person or other and depart. I thought that this, in some way, would *associate*, rather *re-locate*, my grief in the old home rather than in the later one—the one in which I then and still do live, and in which she had died—remove to some extent the sad associations connected with the latter place."

"Did the plan succeed?"

"A virago came to the door of our old home with a broom in her hand. 'Now what do *you* want?' cried she. I said, 'Does a lawyer by the name of Mecklenburg live in this block?'

"She slammed the door in my face."

He rose to go. "You think my eye-trouble is due to—to—that other trouble?"

I nodded.

"You have no remedy?"

"None but the one *my* wife gave to *me*—some time before her death: 'Let not your heart be troubled.' Fourteenth of John, first words."

He looked me steadily in my own eyes and slowly departed. But returned the next week, helplessly.

This time his eyes were red. He wanted a lotion to relieve the redness. I gave him a lotion, also another treatment.

Then he remained and talked more about his sorrow. "It helps me, I think," said he, "just to talk about my trouble—which is harder to bear perhaps than you would think. And so few there are who care in the least about other people's depressions. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you.'"

He was of coarse, almost repulsive, appearance, this man. Yet so warmly appreciative was he of the wife he had lost and the four children she had borne him—likewise lost, all lost—that, despite my first impression of the man, I began to feel for him a warm sympathy and friendship.

There came suddenly into my mind the recollection of a certain afternoon at Pittsfield in the spring of 1891. She who was long afterwards to become "the Companion" came to my office door. There was, at the time, no patient awaiting, so she sat down by me in the waiting-room, and, taking out the first Christmas present I had given her, opened it and said, "This book you gave me, Doctor Tom, Bayard Taylor's 'Home Ballads,' it describes so beautifully this very spring—the first spring after our engagement. It says—

"The corn was warm in the ground, the fences were mended and made,
And the garden-bed, as smooth as a counterpane is laid,
Were dotted and striped with green where the peas and radishes grew,
With elecampane at the foot, and comfrey, and sage, and rue."

And she went on with more touching matters, at last crying, "Come! Let us not read any more about spring but go out and live in it."

I arose, and we walked rejoicefully into the fragrance and the sunlight and the sweet sounds of nesting birds. With our little fingers tightly locked together we went, beaming and not at all ashamed. Out along the old plank sidewalks, block after block, among the bloom-laden fruit-trees—these, too, were madly in love—and so on and on and on.

But alas, though spring forever returns to this planet, it never at all returns to human lives! She was twenty then, I twenty-three.

I could not speak to my patient about all that. Such things require the intervention of ink.

Then there returned to me the day when, years later, as I was in Pittsfield visiting, and was on my way from the Public Square through the beautiful spring weather to my old home, all at once, at the corner of the Presbyterian Church, I beheld the future Companion, waiting. She was much sadder than before, older-looking too than before. I, well-nigh a confirmed invalid, felt older indeed. Around her was gathered a bevy of small girls, plucking her gown and soliciting her attention. She seemed so little and so frail! In fact she was hardly larger than the tallest of the children about her. She had been waiting, waiting for me too all those long-drawn years.

And the many children about her—her who was never to see even her one and only child alive.

No, I could not speak of that to my patient either.

But there was one recollection concerning which I could speak, many such in fact—I of the choleric temper and a perpetual forgetfulness.

There recurred to me the time, yes, even here at Tramp's Rest, not so very long ago, when, one morning, as the Companion and I together came down stairs, all at once the living room was filled with glorious light. The Companion, rushing to the window, cried, "Quick, Tramp! Quick! and see the loveliest sunrise that ever shone on Lake Superior." I rushed to her side. Hand in hand we stood, both silent in a sort of worship.

All at once there came to me certain words that I thought I ought to use in a certain place in a book I was writing, or attempting to write. I almost shouted, "I've something to write before I lose it. Back in a minute." And off shot I to my "north dungeon."

But, in writing, one thing oftentimes begets another. That fact I learned anew that day. For two or three hours I wrote. And, when finally forth I went to rejoin the Companion—she was in tears and refusing to be comforted. I had forgotten to go back and stand with her and share in the sunrise.

That reminiscence I could easily relate to my patient. So that I did, quite properly condemning myself for my undue forgetfulness—my seeming neglect of the Companion who, at my side for so very many years, was soon to be there no longer.

Even as I related that recent misdoing of mine, I felt a relief. It seemed to me as if I had been really comforted by the mere confession I had made to this man about my heedlessness. And my downcast patient seemed to be comforted by it too, perhaps through the thought that not he alone had been guilty of remissness in the matter of kindly attention to an excellent wife.

Then I thought of a measure which I had recommended two or three times before to grieving patients. I said, "Have you ever tried writing letters to your wife—not, of course, with any expectation of ever mailing them, but only as if you might be going to mail them? Later, you can destroy them."

His eyes lighted up. "No, I never have. But why not? Just as if she had only gone somewhere for a short time. My heart has never really believed her dead. (That is why I always dream about her as living.) Perhaps she could look over my shoulder too as I write. Why not? Nobody really knows whether she could look or could not. Then why not suppose that she could? And I would always write cheerfully. That might even help both of us."

Thereafter this patient came to my office several times, took treatments, talked again and again with me about the days and ways of long ago, the value to any man of an excellent wife, the failure, in general, of husbands to appreciate wives that are really good, and so on. He himself did the most of the talking. I let him do so. He had written the letters. They had helped him. Mostly, he had cured himself.

His eyes actually got well *pari passu* with his psyche.

The great pity of the situation is that such treatments of such patients (the psychogenic) consume, in each instance, a large amount of time—more by far than any busy doctor can afford to yield to more than one or two of his patients in a considerable number of days. More unfortunately still, the mentally produced diseases and the much greater number of diseases which are produced in other ways are oftentimes combined in one and the same person, also in various persons in various sorts of ways, so that the resulting problems are bewildering, sometimes seemingly endless in their complexity. Then again, some persons whose diseases are purely psychogenic do not willingly, if at all, talk about their troubles to their doctors, and doctors, too, do not like to go prying, prying around in people's souls.

Sometimes these grieving patients express their griefs peculiarly, even profanely. They do not want to seem "soft." Thus, one man, a lumber merchant: "When my wife died, it seemed as if the very heart—no it wasn't *that* bad. But we'd lived together a long time, and she'd always looked after me because I somehow always looked after business and never after myself much. As soon as she had died I went and hired a furnished room. Now a funny thing. Before she died, I used at night to throw my clothes around just anywhere, that is when I undressed to go to bed. My socks I specially threw around: one of 'em on the floor, maybe the other on the clock-mantel. But, in the mornin', as soon as I woke up, there were all the clothing articles neatly collected and arranged. After—after she died, I just kept on throwing the things around at night—in my hired room. And, in the mornin', I'll just—I'll just be damned if everything wasn't just where I'd left it the night before. One sock under the bed, t'other on the clock-mantel. Necktie under a chair maybe, and the collar on the chandelier. I tell you it was funny. I'll just be——"

I looked at him closely. His shoulders were shaking and great tears were rolling down his profane cheeks.

I am specially glad to record such matters of medical psychology, because, in these days of busy divorce courts, criminations and recriminations, bills in equity and cross-bills in ditto, alimony and anti-alimony, it is well to know that some old-fashioned hearts still beat.

Nevertheless, these patients are not only unusual, they are also cruel, howsoever unintentionally, both to themselves and to their doctors.

Y. of P's and Atypical M.D's

A Y. OF P. TURNS FOOL REFORMER

He lived in southern Illinois, the old Y. of P. man that I have in mind, and, for a time, at his kind invitation, I made weekly visits to his really commodious office for the purpose of examining and treating there all the patients in his neighborhood who required my services. I had oftentimes heard of this doctor and always as "gruffer'n a bear, but mighty d...n good notwithstanding." Some Marionites had even told me, "He's so G...d d...n gruff an' not infrequent uses such terrible

language, even to his women patients, it's actually a meracle he ain't happened to no accident"—i.e., been whipped for it. "Anyhow, I suppose it's because he's so independent that he can afford to be independent. When you got money you can do anythin' an' escape in any direction."

I found the old fellow, however, notwithstanding all the things I'd heard about him, quite companionable. A Y. of P. man, he nevertheless was a person of considerable education—though he never pretended even to the laity to have more than he possessed of it. In fact he oftentimes, on my visits, looked at my ophthalmoscope with awe. "Can you really see inside the eye with it?" and so on. As a deep penetrant into human nature, he was one of the best that ever I have seen.

One of the first patients that Dr. Shirley (fictitious name, of course) turned over to me was a woman who seemed to be suffering from all the diseases in the nosology. She had even been to Chicago (having a little fortune of her own) and later to St. Louis, in both of which places she had parted with her ovaries, her tubes, her uterus, her gall-bladder, her teeth, tonsils, and adenoids—as well as, of course, almost all her pocket-book. Now she was getting paralysed, she thought, in both legs, her eyes were bothering her badly, her spleen, kidneys, spinal cord, heart, and so on, seemed—in her opinion—to be terribly and perhaps permanently, diseased. She was *one* patient that was *too much* interested in her case.

"Tell you what's a fact, Doc," Shirley told me a bit before she arrived. "Tell you what's a fact. That woman's got nothing the matter with her except the doctoring bug. And the cause of her doctoring bug is her family trouble—no children at all plus a no account husband of whom she is constantly and groundlessly jealous. All these things and more I'm a-going to tell her plainly if she don't get well soon. *And when I tell 'em I tell 'em.*"

"You wouldn't dare to tell her those things," I ventured.

"I wouldn't? Say! That woman's simply killing her husband's love for her—the only decent emotion perhaps he ever has had in his life. Tell her! Huh! But see what you can do for her eyes. Then I'll exhaust *my* scientific resources, and if the lady don't get well and pronto after that, I'll give her the last resort."

"What's the last resort?"

"The truth. We sometimes have to use it, you know—strange as it sounds when you hear it."

That day she came. I found nothing the matter with her eyes and said so both to her and to Dr. Shirley.

Then I made perhaps a dozen or fifteen visits more, seeing various other patients. Finally came the day of my last visit to the really kind old doctor's office. I was about to pack up and start for the depot when lo and behold there once more entered the lady of many diseases—yet only one.

When she and the doctor had been in the consultation room about a minute, the door opened and the doctor called me in.

Then and in my presence he told the lady bluntly, flatly and with the utmost possible cruelty that the cause of all her ill health was just one thing—her family trouble—and, in turn, that the cause of all that was—her jealousy, her wholly unfounded, her absolutely ridiculous and damnable jealousy. He told her flatly that no other woman on earth than herself could possibly have a G... d.... case on him. He was nothing but a G... d.... idle, lazy, ugly, worthless, incompetent, G... d.... good-for-nothing, with a badly bent back, one cross-eye, a bald head and a Jew-peddler nose, who hadn't decency enough or common sense enough to keep any appointment he ever had made and whose mouth was so G... d.... full of such G... d.... profanity and such G... d.... obscenity too, and vile, vicious, ungrammatical English that he was the laughing stock not only of every man of intelligence but also of every woman except the most ignorant and unattractive.

"Think it a good plan, do I, for you to try to make *him* jealous of you and see how *he* likes *that*? No, by G..d. You'd be in trouble *then*, sure enough. Nothing to compare with your present condition, by the Almighty—that.

"All you got to do, you simple idiot, is to tumble to yourself, to realize that your husband's a man no other woman on earth could possibly fall in love with if she tried, and be d..d to her. *He* knows it well enough, the big G..d d.... fool, but he's got you fooled. You don't because you got less sense than he has. An' he keeps making you think that other women are runnin' after him so's to keep you stuck on him forevermore.

"Stuck on him? Bah! Now get to hell out of here, an' have some sense an' be well of your own self."

He positively so did "bawl her out" and in my very presence, thus fully justifying all that I had ever heard about him.

The lady herself, scarlet faced, not with anger at all but with shame, the cruelest possible shame, picked up her dainty traps and trappings and dashed into the street.

Perhaps one year later, I met that doctor at a railroad junction, where we both were waiting for the same train. I had the courage (I know I well may call it that) to ask him how Mrs. So-and-so—the lady patient to whom he had given such a "bawling out" the last time I was in his office—was now getting along.

"That a bawling out?" he inquired, looking me over from head to foot as if with curiosity. "You ain't heard nothin' yit. O she's getting along fine—sound and well. I heard from a neighbor lady of hers that (it was the very day I gave the patient the 'bawlin' out') that Mrs. Patient, just as soon as she'd got home that day, turned in and, in the very presence of my informing lady, told her husband thus and so about himself. O it was terrible, the language that she used—my informant repeated it to me, slightly modified, of course. It was about the very worst of all the languages that I'd ever heard. In fact it was almost the precise language that *I'd* used to Madam Patient in your presence. Only Madam Patient never, it seems, said a word about it's being *my*

language, or even mentioned me or my name in any way. She just, by G...d, turned over another leaf in her home book, a-plagiarisin' my whole contents to do it.

"An' my informant said that it worked, that her so-and-so, the husband, hadn't been the same man since. 'Any change would have had to be for the better,' said I, 'you needn't tell me what direction the change was in.'"

The train whistled. A crossing-ball rang. The Doctor and I arose and started for the train. I asked, "Are you still her doctor?"

"She don't need no doctor now."

After a little he added, laughter peeping from his profane old eyes, "I'm *his* doctor now though: *he* seems to be the nervous wreck."

A Y. OF P. TURNS CONJURE MAN

This Y. of P.—or, more simply, Y. P.—was telling me a story of a big buck negro whose wife had left him and gone to live with another big buck negro, of whom the first buck was very greatly afraid. The first buck asked this Y. of P. if he knew of any means or medicine, "conjure or somepin'," which would have the effect of bringing his wife back home to him. The doctor gave me a cunning look and a laugh, then said, "The nigger had money, so I knew the thing he wanted."

"Did you actually get her back home?"

"Sure thing."

"How?"

At first he would not tell. But, as I had been of service to his eyes, he at length gave in. "Promise never to tell? Honest to goodness? Cross you heart? Hope to die?"

"Yes I promise—as to each and every question." (I do not, even now, give his name.)

"I gave the fool feller a vial, containing exactly seven drops of the spirits of lavender, diluted with seven teaspoonfuls of water.

"Then I told him that, beginning on the first of next month, he was, at exactly midnight, for the first seven nights, to take a certain teaspoon, which also I supplied him, and with it to deposit on the very center of his back-door sill just one teaspoonful of my conjure medicine. 'But the teaspoonful must be dropped exactly on the middle of the sill,' I said, 'and somewhere between the time when the clock in your house begins striking twelve and the time when it finishes doing so.'

"Another thing that helped to make the 'medicine' effective was that I charged him seventy dollars for it—ten dollars a teaspoonful precisely. And it was worth the money too—assuming that any man in his senses could possibly want a woman like his'n to return."

"But wasn't the darky pretty mad when he found out she did not return?"

"Oh ho! But she *did* return. I *saw* to that. Had I been unable to see to it I would not have sold the man the medicine. It would not have been ethical."

"How did you see to it?"

In his excitement the Y. P. rose, and, bending down to my ear, whispered *very* softly: "You see, before this woman had ever married *anybody*, she came to my office, saying she was just about to die. In fact, getting down on her knees, she prayed to me to save her.—Well, she certainly was a sight when at last I got her on the table. An old woman from back in the country had attempted to relieve her of a three months' child—but did not know the business properly. All I could do, under the circumstances, was to complete the job, dispose of the dead baby, and save the woman from bleeding to death. All these things I did, and she was grateful. But always afterwards she was terribly frightened when she saw me, for fear I was going to have her arrested for getting an abortion started. In fact the woman was now and then so terrified that she was almost insane.

"Well, time went on and she married this Mr. First Buck. Time again went on, and she, leaving Mr. First Buck, went over into that other county to live adulterously with Mr. Second Buck.

"To make a long story short. As soon as I had got my seventy dollars, I went over into that other county, and, as soon as her husband had gone into the country to work, I entered the house and, without the slightest preliminary, even the taking off my hat, I said to the nigger lady in a spooky voice, 'You know what you done six or seven years ago.' She threw up her hands and screamed. 'Quiet!' says I. 'And you ain't paid your penalty to the legal authorities even yet.' 'You hain't come to arrest me?' she inquired protestingly and sinking into a chair. 'No, and I'm never going to bother you at all, if only you go back to your rightful husband on the first of next month at exactly midnight, right while the clock's a-strikin', and call him to you at the back door.'

"That's exactly what she done too. And, since then, they've lived together happily—leastwise he himself has done so for he comes up here to my office once or twice a year to tell me how very much he thinks of me.—Oh yes, I forgot to say that I told *her* she was always to say to her husband, whenever he asked her how she had come to return to him, 'Oh I don't know, but it 'peared like somepin' was jest always callin' an' callin' me from the middle of the sill in your back door.' And that was what he always said she said to him."

AS DEEP IN THE MUD

When I rose to go, I remarked to the Doctor, "Surely you knew at the time you frightened the woman that you would never have dared to tell on her. When you finished that illegal abortion for her, you should at once have gone to the state's attorney's office and reported the case. Your failure to do that, made you, in the eyes of the law, what is called 'an accessory after the fact.' Anyone who knows of a felony yet keeps the matter a secret instead of reporting it promptly, is himself a felon, and liable to be punished as such."

The old fellow resumed his seat with an easy air and laughed, "Well, Doctor, you yourself are privy to the same matter now. Are *you* going to report it? If you do, then I'll deny it, and you don't even know who the other people are. We're both safe."

THE ONLY DOCTOR WHO EVER SAW A GHOST

I never have personally heard any physician declare that he believed in ghosts. Here, however, is a story of a doctor who did believe in at least one ghost, a story which was almost on the point of being detailed to me by old Dr. Slanderson, of the region round Galesburg, Illinois, and I have reason to believe that what Dr. Slanderson said to me was precisely what that other doctor had said to *him*. Is that clear?

The other doctor was, we will say, A. Greene Yehoodelum, a homeopath. Homeopathy itself, even in that day, was a species of ghost. Always abhorred by the regular medical profession, it had taught that nearly all chronic diseases are produced by the itch-mite—a belief which, of course, even back in the 1890's, had, like the devil-possession theory of disease-production, been largely disposed of by the merciless science of bacteriology. Homeopathy had also taught that the weaker a given medicine is, the more strongly it acts. That second "pillar" of Homeopathy had died of itself, in mere plain words suicided, long ere the 1890's, by means of the razor, as John Bunyan might have put it, called "Manifest Untruth."

Well, Dr. Yehoodelum was a man I had met on a number of occasions myself. I had met him once, for example, when Dr. John M. Hewitt and I, having ridden by train for a considerable distance, then drove in a rig to a country big town, to view a sick man jointly. As we drove along in the rig we met Dr. Yehoodelum—a tall, lean, cadaverous looking man it is true, but, seeing he was a doctor—Dr. Hewitt introduced us—I never foresaw for a moment that, some day, old Dr. Slanderson would be repeating to me young Dr. Yehoodelum's story of his experience with a former lady patient's spectre. Were I a cruel-hearted man I might even add that Dr. Yehoodelum himself did not expect 'er.

All this to prove that Dr. Yehoodelum himself at all events was a man of flesh and blood—though of not much flesh and of rather white blood.

Dr. Yehoodelum told Dr. Slanderson that as he, Dr. Yehoodelum, was driving along the road one day, he chanced to fall asleep. (Country doctors often do that, whereby many a one of them acquires the reputation of being a drug-habitué, without, of course, deserving the stigma.)

All at once he awoke and saw before him in the daylit highway three indistinct and somewhat elevated white human shapes that bobbed slightly—as if they were on horseback. Yet he could not catch even the slightest glimpse of a saddle, a bridle, or a horse. The men were up in the air so to speak and just "bobbing up," also down, serenely. Now these three men, indistinct and pallid and purely aerial though they were, were still *not* ghosts—according to Dr. Yehoodelum. The coming events proved that completely. Neither were they figments of a sleepy man's imagination. Every little while he could see the features of these aerial beings more distinctly, and he was quite certain that he had never known even one of the men before—also that he would never forget even one of them thereafter. Three plainly visible, perfectly white, men, who

bobbed along serenely and on invisible horses, also who, although they were riding toward him, as he toward them, never got the least bit nearer him—the faces of men who conducted themselves like those he was certain he would never forget.

"All at once," said Dr. Yehoodelum, "there came a loud cry of horror from these three men who were *not* ghosts. The word that they cried was 'Blood.' My horse squatted down on his haunches trembling in every muscle, suddenly leaped, turned round, upset the buggy and dashed away leaving me in the gutter.

"When I came to my senses I was quite as horseless as had been the aerial riders—those three horsemen of the horseless apocalypse.

"Well, I had a knot on my head as big as a big pumpkin, or an apple. So big it was, in fact, it made me weak. I arose, however, and continued on my now painful journey toward the farmhouse I had been intending to reach. At every step I took I appeared now to be hearing strong men crying, 'Hurry, hurry, hurry! Be in time, be in time, be in time!'

"Just before I entered the door of the place, these voices cried in agonized tones, 'Too late!' And that was the last that I heard those voices until the funeral.

"And the house seemed absolutely empty. All the doors and windows were wide open, chairs were overturned, the kitchen table also, nobody present—and, on the cellarway door, BLOOD! That was the blood no doubt that the voice had had in mind.

"Like most men of scientific training, I am not at all afraid of blood. But when I had reached the bottom of the cellar stairway, there in the light of a candle still burning I saw—I cannot tell you what I saw. But the woman I had come to see, to visit, to treat for a very slight illness, had been transformed by some one into the lifeless—the—well, the thing that I saw."

"Did she seem to be dead?" asked Dr. Slanderson of the other doctor. "Seem to be? She was. And there was blood over everything. Over everything. Over everything, I tell you, over absolutely everything. I would not have supposed that the blood of so little a woman could have blood-stained so large an area. It looked like about an acre and a half in extent.

"I got up, dug out of there with much precipitation, meaning of course to inform the coroner. But I had not walked a good, full mile before I beheld those three same horsemen, this time on visible horses and they and their horses all in the natural colors of the world. You see *they* were *not* dead, so that, as I told you, their wraiths had not been ghosts, when I'd seen them before, aerially projected.

"They were actually the same men that I had seen aerially projected, however. I could not be mistaken about that. I could have identified them anywhere on earth.

"Well, this time, once again, they were bobbing toward me—bobbing, bobbing, bobbing toward me. And they were actually getting, *this* time, nearer and nearer to me. At last they reached me. Then they all cried together, 'Did we not ask you to hurry, to be in time, hinting that otherwise there would surely be blood when you arrived?' Without waiting

for answer, they galloped on toward the house I just had quitted, and wherein lay the body, as the papers that night put it, of their sister. These three men, who had lived in the next-south county, had all had premonitions of their only sister's death, and so had started out on horseback (because of the bad timetables of the railroads) to see her as early as possible."

"Were you present at the funeral?" asked of him Dr. Slanderson.

"I certainly was present, and so were those three horsemen too."

"Shastid," Dr. Slanderson went on, "I asked that man, that Dr. Yehoodelum, 'Are you *sure* that woman ever died? Was she really dead?'

"'Dead!' cried he, 'What do you think they buried her for?'—Shastid, do you challenge mine accuracy?"

"Challenge your accuracy? No. Certainly I do not challenge your accuracy."

"Well, you look as if you did. I'll merely say that, that night, as Dr. Yehoodelum informed me, he saw that woman's ghost. And *that* was the terriblest ghost tale that ever I have heard or read about. It was a tale— But I will not tell it to you, Shastid, for I see that you challenge mine accuracy."

So I missed hearing the only ghost story that ever was told by a doctor who had actually seen a ghost.

DUBLIN IN ANOTHER RÔLE

I have already said so many things concerning Dr. Dublin that were either not wholly to his credit—for example, his habit of drinking hard—or else were merely to display his eccentricities, that I must, as a sort of good-bye to him in this volume, tell of a case wherein he played a, for him, unusual part.

Father and I, one day, when I had just begun to practice general medicine in Pike County, were called to by Dr. Dublin from the doorway of a log hut—a hut surrounded by every evidence of the most extreme poverty. The Doctor, as usual, when we had arrived, ignored me absolutely. I, however, did go into the hut with my father.

There Dublin and my father held a consultation. Father, that is to say, examined the patient, turned and slowly looked at Dr. Dublin so that the patient could not see the expression on my father's face.

That was all there was of the "consultation."

I, as I looked at the patient's countenance, also not merely beheld the Hippocratic (dying) face, but, in addition, remembered that, once, at a country church festival, I had heard this patient—then in the vigor of abounding health—declare of this same Dr. Dublin (who was not present on the occasion): "He is a man that can make surgical instruments say 'Uncle.' Seen him operate a boil once." How I had laughed at the time over the plain man's effort to express his sincere admiration for this really excellent doctor-surgeon. And how little the words possessed of humorous quality for me now, as the man lay a-dying! What a queer commixture of the humorous and the tragic—like all life for that matter!

The man turned his head toward Dublin, "Tell me," he demanded, "some of your funniest stories."

Dublin then started to tell him—I remember it very clearly—the story about a man who wore sandpaper breeches, so's he wouldn't have to spend all his time a scratchin'. All at once he stopped short.

Then he rose from his chair. Two big tears—the only ones I had ever seen him shed—were starting down his cheeks.

My father rose, said to me, "Come" in a tone that told the whole story.

The wife—a widow now—had not noticed that her husband had passed away. So she followed us out of doors with her several small children. "Doctor," she said, "I wish you'd tell me your bill: got an extry crow that we can sell."

Dublin took from his bill-fold a twenty-dollar note. "This is the only bill you'll need just now," he told her softly. She stared at him strangely for a moment, then turned and re-entered the house. Dublin followed her and I could see him lay the bill on the table, then place a dish over it, and start back toward my father and me.

So I can see him still. Therefore I can hardly answer just why I have placed this brief anecdote about him in my section devoted to "atypical M.D.'s." The act was *thoroughly typical* of country doctors generally in that day. Still, after all, Dublin was very atypical—a bundle of contradictions in fact. He left instructions that he wanted "no religious nonsense" at his funeral, only a few simple words from his friends, Harry Higbee and Gus Dow. Yet what truly *is* religious? and what is not?

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these, even these least, ye did it unto me."

THE DOCTOR WHO'D PLENTY OF TIME

In southern Illinois I knew and could not help liking a physician who was the champion "leaner" of the medical profession. No, he was not a Y. P. but a "diploma man," a veritable M.D.—two fine letters which, in the minds of many in southern Illinois meant not "Doctor in Medicine" but "Medical Diploma." Well, this man had undoubtedly a medical diploma, but he was not so certainly one learned (i.e., doctor) in medicine. Yet, too, he stood, or leaned, far above the level of a mere Y. P.—undoubtedly.

He was a colorful character, a man of whims and crotchets and, above all else, a leisure. He was kind-hearted, also skilful, yet he never permitted his kind-heartedness or his professional skill to lure him from his leisure. That was of the essence of his ego.

The Companion and I were once called in to be his guests at dinner. He lived in a lovely house, had a lovely family, and life in that family was both lovely and leisurely. Two or three messengers arrived while we ate, demanding his presence immediately. To each and every one of them he responded, soothingly, "after awhile, after a while" (southern Illinois equivalent now and then for "mañana").

His name, let us say, was Masterson, and he lived miles and miles away from Marion.

One day he called me on the phone to meet him at a farmhouse about equidistant from his office (which stood a few feet from his house) and Marion. At that farmhouse, he said, there lived with her parents a very

estimable young lady who, though unmarried, was just on the verge of blindness due to the nephritis (kidney inflammation) of pregnancy. He wanted me to examine her eyes and advise him what to do. He likewise urged me to be at that farmhouse exactly at 9:00 a.m. and "no fooling. I insist that you be perfectly punctual," said he, "because at times I have noticed a slight tendency on your part to miss an appointment." Of all the effrontery—for a leaner to be admonishing me, old man Punctual himself from Punctual City, to be punctual!

I assured Doctor Masterson I'd try to beat my record, and he replied that he was "already hitched up" and starting for the place of consultation.

The Companion almost broke her pretty neck getting me ready in time. Then I dashed down the stairway and into the livery-stable rig, for which the Companion had promptly phoned. Away went I into the blue distance with lather all round the harness and the rabbits scattering as I drove. I had not time even to listen, listen, listen *to* the mocking birds.

I stopped before the farmhouse, the poor horse's head hanging and his nostrils blowing and sucking, blowing and sucking. The house was nearly as good as Doctor Masterson's itself. All the family, except mother and patient, were lined upon the porch.

As I passed up the walk, I inquired, "Doctor Masterson arrived?"

"O no. You're Doctor Shastid? Doctor Masterson is always late."

"Doctor Masterson late?" So I, in astonishment.

"Yes, we've had Doctor Masterson for years, and he's always been late. But when you *do* get Doctor Masterson, you've got *somebody*."

"Phone to him at once," I commanded as I entered the house.

The father phoned, said to the rest of us, "He says he's just starting."

The father and mother cleared the room of the other children, then, in the very presence of the patient herself, told me the whole tragical tale.

"She'd always been a good child," concluded the father. "And never a time had she told us a lie until this once."

"It's not a lie," cried the victim in great mental agony. "It's not a lie. I *am* not in the way you say I am. I *am* not, I *am* not, I *am* not—O I wish I were dead. I'll kill myself. I will, I'll kill myself!"

I tried to pacify her as the father went on: "*We* couldn't believe it at first, but the fresh young feller she insisted on goin' with—he, well he's skipped the country, and Masterson he's examined Rosy Ann a dozen times and each and ev'ry time he's said she's pregnant."

My interests were deeply aroused, not only because the child was very beautiful, but also because, to my ears, her voice was filled with nothing but absolute truth.

"Phone Masterson again," I almost shouted.

"Already—again?"

"Yes, again."

The father complied, reported that Masterson had said he'd be ready to start in about half an hour. I meantime had found in the eyes not the slightest sign of nephritis. Yet the girl had complained to me that she

was totally blind! I knew that she simply had hysterical blindness. Why should she not, with all her world arrayed against her?

To the mother: "Does the patient eat well?"

"Eats only when we make her eat."

"Bowels regular, and bladder?"

"Bowels move well, but the bladder hain't moved for more'n a whole day or two. Masterson said about a hour ago that that don't make no difference."

I turned down the cover and looked at the abdomen: a tumor as large as a big egg-plant stood up from its lower region.

"A chamber!" I cried. When it arrived I passed a catheter. The chamber was filled to the top, and then another vessel was almost filled in addition. How that bladder had escaped rupturing I do not know to this day.

All over the abdomen I passed my stethoscope, but never a single sound from a fetal heart heard I. Nor was there any other sign of pregnancy. The girl was supposed to have been pregnant six months.

"Shall I always be blind?" whispered little Rosy Ann.

"No, no, my child." The attending physician was not present, but I took the responsibility of telling that child the truth myself. In fact I had already broken a rule about consultations—that, namely, which forbids a consultant to examine any patient saving and excepting only in the presence of the attending physician, and which also forbids a consultant to enter a sick-room before the attending physician himself steps into it. But, to all rules there must be exceptions. That case itself was a great exception.

And still Doctor Masterson did not arrive.

I went out to the gate. No sign of him.

I re-entered the house, rang Masterson myself, asked him when he was coming. "Don't be in a hurry," he drawled. "*What's* the hurry?" "Doctor Masterson," I shouted, "If you're not here inside of two hours, I'll tell this family exactly my findings in the case."

"You know you'll be breaking the rules."

"If you're not present in an hour and a half, I'll tell these people the actual situation, if it breaks all the rules in the Bible."

"Why, *what* actual situation?"

"That broke down all of my final discretion. "The truth," I said—and all the family heard me—"is that the patient's bladder was just about to burst. I drew off the urine, and she's safe now. She has only hysterical blindness, it will disappear of itself inside of a day and absolutely without any special treatment other than the fact that she knows her parents no longer believe her a bad girl—which they won't," I concluded as loudly as I could shout—"when they hear me say there isn't the slightest sign of pregnancy in this case."

Now what about the rules? Well, Masterson was silent for some time, then drawled, "Well, Shastid, I certainly do owe you a vote of thanks. And I'm just as glad as you are that you found me mistaken. Give my congratulations to the whole family and tell them how much I think of them."

And I'd almost expected to be told he would shoot me on sight.

Well, that was southern Illinois for you!

Many a time and oft I met the good doctor thereafter, and each and every time he told me how glad indeed he was that I'd "saved" him from a terrible mistake. "Why, do you know that I was just about to perform an abortion on that good girl? Well, I was. You sometimes accuse me of being too leisurely by far. But it ain't always well to be in a great hurry. What if I'd jumped in an' performed that abortion? Never be in a hurry, I say and say again. Never be in a hurry."

THOSE WHO CHALLENGE MINE ACCURACY

Whenever old Doctor Slanderson completed one of his tall tales, he would lift his quiet eyebrows threateningly and demand, "Do you challenge mine accuracy?"

"No, no. Not at all."

On a certain day he added: "If you do, I will go no further. If you don't or at least are kind enough to asseverate that you do not, I will proceed to relate to you the story of my greatest experience of all. It is a strange story. It is yours though: you have deserved it."

The old doctor was not a resident of Galesburg, the town in which I then was practising. He came at intervals from a certain distance off to have me swab his throat—something he could have done for himself—then spent a good, long hour in pleasant, and for me oftentimes profitable, conversation. Finally he went to a local hotel, where (I shame to relate it) he went all alone on a periodic drunk before returning to the place in which he had for a long time practiced.

Or *said* that he practiced. In fact I had heard that he did but little practice, if any, though everybody in the tiny town wherein he resided and attempted to seem a doctor, looked up to him in awe and astonishment because of his knowledge of Latin and Greek and at least of theoretical surgery.

His person was unprepossessing. Huge, fat, shapeless—a kind of Falstaff he—with certain curious twists about one corner of his mouth and one single, apparently paralytic, eyelid. He had a superiority complex with regard to his practice of surgery and an inferiority complex regarding his relations with women of every size, shape and hue.

From one of his distant kinsmen he had inherited a small annuity.

He was very, very wise—he really was—as to many matters. I learned a great deal from him. In fact I loved him too and I know that, for that very reason, he would forgive me fully, were he only alive now, for portraying his actual character in this book and also for using as the caption to this whole section of it an expression which was ever on his kind old lips but which he used in very much fuller form. (I here have shortened it by lopping off its latter and decidedly hotter end: "Those who have challenged mine accuracy may—" And so forth and so on, to the very temperature of the sun.

On the time he was with me that I started to tell about above, the old doctor had just been bragging again concerning the amount of surgery

he was doing—although he knew quite well that *I* knew he wasn't doing any.

When he happened to catch me smiling a little, he demanded, as so often he had done before, "Do you challenge mine accuracy?"

"I certainly do not," I answered.

"Because," he continued, as for a moment he ceased pacing the floor, "those who challenge mine accuracy may just be everlastingly—" And so on. But he wound up: "To you, however, my good young friend, these words do not apply. *You never* have challenged mine accuracy." Stopping again with some suspicion, "If you do I will go no further. But, if you don't, or at least are kind enough to asseverate that you do not, I will proceed to relate to you the story of my greatest achievements of all. It is a *strange* story. It is yours though. You have deserved it."

He went to pacing the floor again, "It was some years back—you were not then born." He looked up at the ceiling as if to discover the details of his reminiscences there. Then—

"I had had a terrible headache for three days and nights, in consequence of youthful tarryings at the wine cup—a practice I deprecate but have not always had the courage to resist.

"At length the pains became too great for me. I stepped across the hall to the office of another doctor—in which office, I may say, incidentally, there worked for much too pitiable a pittance a very fine looking young lady for whom, through a very long time, I had felt a great admiration, although of course she never could have felt even the slightest one for me. (*Look at me!*)

"I asked her where her employer (he was not then in his office) was accustomed to keep the Elixir of Triple Bromides—a headache medicine which he several times before had prepared for me and administered to me with his own very hands.

"Said she, with something of a foreign accent, 'It is where it has always been, the next to the last bottle at the right hand end of shelf No. 3. Help yourself to two teaspoonfuls. The spoon is close by, and my hands are dirty from cleaning the office.'

"I went and took the medicine, gave her a grateful as well as an admiring look, and returned to mine own office.

"Now listen to the sequel. For a very long time I had been praying for a surgical practice—a very good big one amongst the biggest people in our little county seat."

The doctor stopped in his pacing and scrutinized my lineaments with suspicion. "Do you question my ver—I mean mine accuracy? Perhaps you have heard that the very first patient on whom I ever operated, passed to his Creator—in other words died. Is that any reason for suspecting the nature of all my subsequent work? No. Who is there that cures every one of his patients, surgically or non-surgically? Does he dwell in Chicago, New York, London, Paris? No, he does not. He is not even in this room at this very minute, though you and I are here. They who challenge mine accuracy *may* [And so forth.] But *you* do not challenge it.

"Hardly had I got back to my office when the horrible headache passed completely away from me. Then—it seemed almost like an answer to those very many prayers—there entered my humble waiting-room no less a person than Judge Smith. A moment later there came Mayor Jones. And just a moment later still, our chief money-lender, Mr. Jamieson.

"I took all three into my consultation room at the same time. And there I examined, diagnosed, prognosed and told them what was necessary—all in a very few seconds. Said they, as if with a single voice, 'Do what you like, we implicitly trust you.'

"Well, I did what I liked. The Judge I laid on the table. I took out his prostate. Then I opened his liver, made a deep hole in it, pushed into the hole his prostate and sewed up the hole. The prostate could be no further obstruction there, *yet still he retained his prostate*.

"Then the Mayor I laid upon the table. I cut off his feet and his hands and then transposed them. The reasons? I forget those now, but I knew them at the time.

"Then our man of many loans, Mr. Jamieson—a Scotchman he—I laid upon the table. He, I thought, had had his skull crushed by some disgruntled client who had been disinclined to return to him certain moneys he had borrowed of him, either with or without interest. I tell you I took his own thigh bone and made him a new skull out of it. Next, from the skin of his buttock, I made him a new scalp, though of course a bald one.

"I gave no anesthetic to any. They were men of grit and courage. Nor did I bother about the monkey-doodle of asepsis. The germ theory has never even yet been proved, and, anyway, each and every one of those prominent men began getting well, right there before my eyes.—Hold on, now, hold on! Remember the imprecation which I called down on any one who would venture to question my ver—my accuracy?—Listen first to the sequel: *then* judge.

"All at once there came into the room our village undertaker, Mr. Blackmere. And all my patients apparently were dead. He was not a strong-looking man, this Mr. Blackmere, but he shouldered those three corpses easily—all on one shoulder—and, as he left, he said, 'Will be back for you, you monster who does so much surgery. Into the Big House you shall go, there to labor and to rot, instead of in the soil as these shall do.'

"I leapt up in anger and attempted to seize the undertaker, but, instead, I was myself laid hold upon—by some one who kept shouting, 'Wake up, wake up.'

"It was my neighbor's beautiful office-nurse (as I said, a young and very beautiful foreign-born lady, for whom, alas! I was no fit companion).

" 'I *am* awake,' declared I.

" 'Not at all,' said she, 'although you do make a big fine job of sleeping with one eye open. Say, what kind of a sleep-job this is, eh?'

"I tell her about the three big pieces of surgery I have just performed on our three most prominent citizens—the Judge, the Mayor and the Money-Lender, Jamieson.

" 'You? You operated on those men? You think you have cured them? You shall be famous.'

" 'But,' I told her, 'a little later, a few minutes—they died. And then the undertaker came and took them away, meaning to return for me shortly. Since then,' I said, 'I have been sitting here all alone for nights and nights and days and days, and nobody at all came near me. Even thou,' saidest I, 'did not come anigh unto me.'

"All at once she burst into terrible laughing. 'Do you, then,' I questioned her, 'in any respect whatever make question of mine accuracy?'

"She did not answer, but laid me on the lounge, fetched cold water and applied it to my temples. After a time she asked, 'Now do you think you have done operations?'

"I looked her squarely in her beautiful orbs and responded, 'I begin to doubt it.'

" 'Of course you do, you old dear,' she corroborated. 'The Judge and the Mayor and the Money-Lender, they were only dreams. So was the undertaker. But the *Cannabis Indica* that you got hold of by mistake, that was real, very real. It is also very intoxicating. So is my love for you, you blessed old sweetheart.'

"I leaned over and kissed her—"

"But you have never been married!" I cried out, and with no little astonishment.

"No," he responded slowly, "I haven't. I haven't.—I was afraid she too had got hold of the *Cannabis Indica* bottle. Why else should she think that a man like me was a 'dear' and a 'sweetheart'?—Say, look at me: look straight at me. See this corner of my mouth from facial paralysis? See that helpless eyelid, the result of the same affliction? See my rum-blossom nose, my *acne rosacea*, my big fat stomach—my—my— And I swear unto you by Apollo himself, that, in my youth and earlier manhood, I was five times uglier than even I am now.—What! you don't believe that? Neither did you believe the wonderful operations that I just now told you about, even as I was telling you about them—during which brief period of time at least they were perfectly true. Well, so, all things considered, I did not believe a bit in that beautiful young lady's statement that she loved me. I *could not* believe it."

"Then why did she make the statement? She was, no doubt, in perfect earnest—you have been so lonely too as a bachelor all these many years that have passed since then. She would no doubt have married you."

"O yes—for revenue only. She must have heard of my inheritance. You are right, though, when you say that I am lonely—lonely enough. Yet, after all, I sometimes think that, when I thought she said she loved me, I had just relapsed for a moment into those—into the *Cannabis*—*Cannabis*—What you may call it? I am growing old. I cannot always remember words."

FOOL'S GOLD

He was very impressive the moment he came into my Galesburg office—Dr. Butanesco. Erect, tall, dark, vivid, quick-spoken, decidedly commanding, he would have caught the attention of anybody anywhere.

He handed me, frankly, his professional, rather his unprofessional, card, remarking, "Not only an advertising doctor—there's nothing immoral about that—but *admittedly* out for the money. I have hypertrophic rhinitis, am unable to breathe through my nose, either side. I have already sent you two or three patients [that was the truth—patients whom he did not want] but, if you do not wish to treat me, I will keep you from your work no longer."

Those were the days before the miracle clinic of the Mayos had taught the world, especially the medical profession, that first-class medical and surgical services are not in the least inconsistent with modest, likewise perfectly honest, publicity. Dr. John T. Murphy, of Chicago, it is true, had, for years, appeared at intervals in the front pages of several Chicago newspapers, always to tell the people the truth about himself and nothing but the truth; yet, each time, only stirring the rest of the medical profession in Chicago to the loudest and bitterest charges of quackery. The doctor now before me, however, was, on his card, plainly telling—well, making exaggerated statements. He was indubitably unethical.

Nevertheless, I had a burning curiosity to know him. First, he was a strange variety of *homo* (more or less) *sapiens*. Second, he had been drinking enough to make him talkative. Third, he was inclined to do the talking all about his own sublime and perfectionated self.

So, as I proceeded to examine, to anesthetize, to cauterize, he discoursed and discoursed and discoursed about Dr. Butanesco.

"Just had an interesting case," said he. "Old man Rente—know him?"

"Yes."

"Cicatricial aphonia. Got fifty dollars out of him to begin with, and a note for fifty more if I cure him—that is, I'm not to sell it at the bank until he admits he is well."

"But he will never admit that. He never can get well."

"True. And when he goes to complaining, I'll give him back his note. But the fifty dollars cash will have been big pay for the very few minutes of time I shall have given him."

"Why, then, the note, if you intend never to cash it?"

"That's to keep him from being too angry when, at last, I tell him I cannot make him well, or when perhaps, on his own motion, he walks in, charging me with being a bad man—frightened at the thought that I may have sold his note already. I'll just put my hand into my wallet, pull out the note and present it to him."

"Then he'll believe I at least expected to cure him, and that my statement that his is the first case of its kind I ever have failed to cure is true. But, by the bargain, I am to keep the fifty dollars—just to cover 'expenses'—and that I of course do keep. And say, I can make ten or twenty dollars where you, with all your monkey-doodling education, can make one."

"But the people you hoo-doo," I put in. "What about them—yes, and their money, which, in these very hard times, the great majority most sorely need?"

"Fool's gold!" he shouted with gay laughter. "Fool's gold! A fool and his money should be promptly separated—made miles apart. They *will* be separated too, at *some* time, by one person or another. Why, then, not now and by me—me who probably appreciate the money more than could any other of the vast multitude of separation artists?" He began singing—

"Fool's gold! Fool's gold!
All else on earth doth leave me cold."

When he had finished he began showing me some of the "literature" he had just been sending out. I did not interrupt him. Anyone who could make a sick man grateful to him because he, the obvious stealer of fifty of the sick man's dollars, had returned to him a note which he, the supposed physician, had never in the first place intended to bank, must be indeed a "separation artist." I let him talk on—noting again, however, more closely than before, the excellent way in which he was "groomed." His hat—he wore it continually in my office—must have been worth ten dollars. His suit of clothes—Prince Albert, trousers and everything—were all of the best material and most stylish design. He wore a Van Dyke beard, like almost every doctor of the time, was otherwise shaven to a nicety; and his hawk-like nose, piercing black eyes, and heavy dark hair—all gave to him an air of distinction and unquestionable authority.

He laid on my desk, after I had got through treating him, his very latest masterpiece in the way of "literature." This sheet displayed a handsome portrait of his no less handsome self. Underneath ran a legend, giving his name and reciting that he, the mighty So-and-so, had taken the degree of Doctor in Medicine at such and such a college [naming in fact a medical institution which, though actually accredited by the State Board of Illinois Medical Examiners, was nevertheless known all over the country as a mere shameless diploma mill] and that he had taken that degree with the highest honors possible.

Then followed a long series of paragraphs, each headed by the name of some serious disease, which the paragraph then went on to declare that Dr. Butanesco had been the discoverer of a cure for. At the head of the final paragraph stood this word,

DIPHTHERIA

When I saw this terrible vocable I gave an astonished gasp. The antitoxin for diphtheria, not so long before discovered by von Behring, of Berlin, had now quite plainly proved and established itself as the first and, at least to that date, the absolutely only, cure for the horrible and almost always fatal disease whose name stared out in such hellish letters. Of the efficacy of antitoxin, let me repeat, there no longer was even the slightest doubt in the minds of all the doctors who had used it. But here was Dr. Butanesco saying in the most absolute manner that the only real, actual and unquestionable cure for diphtheria was his own most precious discovery—Dr. Butanesco's Syrup No. 14.

And Dr. Butanesco, still under the influence of his two or three high-balls, kept running on about his achievements, especially his ability to

make money—not in the usual way but as a separation artist. “Just sent a set of this new literature to my wife,” said he, pointing to the stuff I had been reading. “Will not she be proud?”

He himself was looking proud enough, as he stood up from the desk, still casting worshipful eyes over his newly originated and about-to-be-mailed-out “literature.”

“Does your wife understand?” I asked, waving a hand across the literature in a kind of comprehensive way.

“Understand that this is all bunk?”

“Yes.”

“She? No indeed. No, she believes, just like our little daughter Mamie, that I’m exactly what I say I am. Wouldn’t undeceive her for the world.

“By the bye, she’s sold a lot of my medicines to her neighbors, and they all just swear by ‘em. She’s one of the squarest little critters that ever— Sent her a draft for five hundred dollars just the other day to finish paying off on our fine new home, back there in Kain-tuck. Some day—some day—I’m going to quit being this separation artist and go into something else. Meantime—it’s me for the fools’ gold.”

And so he left my office.

To return in a very few days drunker than ever, and demanding if I thought for a moment he was any worse than two-thirds of the so-called “ethical” medical profession—the kind that belongs to all the medical clubs and societies. “Now you’re a graduate of the very best of schools,” he was kind enough to tell me, “and so you know the truth. Is it or is it not a fact that at least two-thirds of the medical colleges in the United States are merely diploma mills—just as bad as the little one in Iowa I graduated from or worse? Say, don’t you know that easily half the medical profession of this country can’t tell the difference between small-pox and measles?”

“I wouldn’t say that,” I replied. “And the great majority of doctors in this city are certainly competent. But, the country over, I—well, I understand there’s room for some improvement.”

“Some improvement!” He walked out, saying, “Sooner or later I’ll find and then I’ll send you documentary evidence that not only the rank and file of the medical profession in this country, but even the professors in the most of our medical colleges to-day are so inferior in scholarship—so—so— Well, just as low down as I am. I’ll get it if I can some day, and then—hic!—I’ll send it to you.”¹

¹True to his word was he. Years later, when I had almost forgotten the man completely—1910 to be exact—he sent me a marked copy of the report on “Medical Education in the United States and Canada,” which had been prepared by no less an authority than Abraham Flexner, and with the assistance of Dr. William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute, and Dr. Arthur D. Bevan, Chairman of the Council on Education of the American Medical Association. The entire investigation and report were made under the auspices of “The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.” This report, therefore, was not in any sense the work of radicals, or of muck-rakers, but of calm, sober, clear-headed and true-hearted men of the very highest standing in the medical profession of this country and of the world.

It is a quarto volume of 326 pages, exclusive of the Index, and, from end to end, consists of carefully presented, but absolutely damning, statements of fact about a very large propor-

About a week later he came for still another treatment. While seated in the chair he began again telling me about the old man with the incurable aphonia. "So certain is he," said the doctor, "that I will eventually cure him, so absolutely made up is his mind (or imagination) that he is really better already, that he told me to-day I need not wait any longer about depositing that note but could bank it at once. So I banked it."

While still I was treating the man, in walked my office assistant, saying, "Dr. Butanesco, here's a telegram a friend of yours said for me to give you. He said it had come to his care in another city, one you had intended to remove to and where you had rented a room in his house. He was going through Galesburg anyway, he said, so had brought the message with him, but had had to catch another train out and so could not wait."

"Just another sucker!" said the callous Dr. Butanesco.

As I put the last of the plugs in his nose and asked him to wait a few minutes until the medicine had taken effect, he began opening his telegram.

At first his eyes widened—just a little.

Then he arose and they went much wider.

tion of the medical colleges of the United States as they were at the date of the report. Perhaps the climax of condemnation is attained on page 216 of the Report, wherein it is said that "The city of Chicago is in respect of medical education the plague spot of the country."

It should, however, in fairness be stated that, in the part of the Report devoted to the individual schools of Chicago, some—for example Rush Medical College and Northwestern University Medical Department—appeared to have been most excellent institutions.

Nevertheless, Dr. Butanesco—this, of course, was not his actual name—had had his sort of revenge upon me: revenge not so much for anything I had said or done to him as for what he must have known that I was thinking about him. He had at last, after about thirteen years, sent me "the documents."

As a kind of postscript to the foregoing I must state, for the benefit of the wholly lay reader, that Chicago, to-day, instead of being the medical "plague spot of the country," is a medical center of enlightenment, standing in that respect among the foremost of the world.

As a further postscript too, I wish to declare that it seems to me a crying shame that, in none of either of the medical histories of the world or the medical histories of the United States is any worth-while account presented of the seamy side of American medical history—for example, of the great era of the Y. of P. men (men who had had no medical education and yet had been licensed to practice), or of the great acid poisoning era (when almost every human being was treated for "the uric acid diathesis"), of the great HS era (when innumerable consumptives were "cured or benefitted greatly" by injections of sulphuretted hydrogen into the rectum), of the ovariectomy era (when hundreds of thousands of women had one or both their ovaries unnecessarily taken out, oftentimes for backache, languid feelings, eyestrain, or whatsoever did afflict them much or little). One of the most interesting, likewise useful, monographs on American Medical History, however, would be a truthful—not the usual complimentary and one-sided, sort, but a truthful—account of the origin and development of medical education in the United States.

If I live a sufficient length of time, I shall at least endeavor to write a comprehensive treatise on the Y. of P. man—one of the most curious of all the curious "mutations" which the medical profession has thus far produced. He came as an absolute necessity, so the profession need not be ashamed of him.

He staggered to the window, read again and sat down.

I advanced to help him, but he handed me the open telegram, saying, "You read."

I read, "Mamie died this morning at two o'clock of diphtheria. Come to funeral. Tried number fourteen but it did not work. Heart-broken and half crazy.—Margaret."

When the man arose I helped him to the door.

There he paused for a long moment, as if cogitating. Then he commented—taking the words not out of my mouth, because I would not have spoken them for the world at that time, but out of my thoughts—he commented, I say—

"FOOL'S GOLD!"

DOCTOR PSYCHOPOMPOUS

Elsewhere in this volume I have written about "leaners"—a class of southern Illinois people specifically so-called. Some dub them "crackers," and say there is no difference at all between crackers and leaners, that the words are precisely synonymous. Which reminds me of a story that, long years ago, made the rounds of the northern newspapers.

A northern gentleman visited a colonel friend in Georgia. The colonel's home was located on the border of a village, so that, on one side of his home stood the little collection of houses, while, on the other, lay a newly plowed field.

Seated in the library one day, overlooking the newly plowed field and discussing cigars and juleps, the northern gentleman suddenly broke out: "I hear so much down here in Georgia about certain people called 'crackers.' Crackers this, crackers that, crackers the other. What on earth do you mean by 'crackers'?"

Responded the colonel: "What, suh! Don't you know the meanin' of that word, cracker? Well, then, suh, I'll go on an' explain it to you. A cracker, suh, or a leaner, suh (we use the two words synonymously) is a very unindustrious person. Rather, that does not fully express the idea. Gaze out over that newly plowed field. About its middle, suh, there is a small, black object, which, bein' apparently motionless, may possibly be a stump and may possibly be a cracker. Keep lookin' straight at it, suh, for fifteen minutes, suh—at the end of which time, suh, if it moves—it's a stump."

Since first I heard that little story, I have learned that a distinction does actually exist between a "cracker" and a "leaner." "A leaner," said my informant, a well-known southern Illinois lawyer, "is the laziest possible kind of cracker. A cracker may possess an infinitesimal amount of energy. A leaner however possesses none at all. A cracker, in fact, may be a person capable of standing to some extent alone—nothing at all to lean against. He is just like the stump in the story. A stump, you see, though it never moves, is nonetheless capable of standing and does in fact in the great majority of instances stand, upright, all by itself, unsupported. A leaner, however, is like a board that is

'leaned' against a house. Remove the house and the leaner [he smacked his hands together loudly] falls."

He walked rapidly away. Had he waited for only two or three hours longer, I should have had time to think and so to point out to him that there is no distinction whatsoever between the self-supporting qualities of a stump-out-in-the-field on the one hand, and those of a plank-against-a-house, on the other, inasmuch as, though it is perfectly true that the plank against the house is supported and kept at least approximately upright by the house, it is also a fact that the stump is supported and kept in *its* relative place with respect to the horizon by the dirt which is packed tightly around its roots. However, I thought and still think I had caught the law-man's main idea, which was that there is hardly anything on earth much lazier than a "leaner."

Now, one morning there in Marion, as I sat at early breakfast with the Companion, wondering what the chances were for assisting the human family in a medical manner on this dark and gloomy day (as well as the T. H. Shastid family incidentally) all of a sudden—the phone rang and I quickly acquired an opportunity to look after a typical leaner's little son.

The person who was speaking was—well—let us call him Doctor Piaster, because he was in fact very much interested in piasters, or dollars, especially when these units of value were or might have been his own. Now I had lately worked for a number of leaners, from whom not a farthing would ever be forthcoming. Therefore the Companion had made me promise that, for a time at least, I would very plainly ask my leaner applicants to lean in another direction. So I said to Dr. Piaster: "Doctor, I don't wish to be illiberal, but I have of late attended so many bad paymasters that—well, in fact—you see—I want to know if this is just another leaner."

"Leaner! I should say not." He seemed utterly astounded that I should think him capable of committing so heinous an offense as asking me to devote any time to a leaner. *Again*, "Leaner! I should say *not*. Why his wife is one of the finest—And money? Say, Shastid, you'll be glad you met both Rick and his wife. And then—a bug in your ear—you'll meet in addition one of the queerest, one of the most astounding doctors to be found in several states—no less a personage, in fact, than Dr. Psychopompous." That was not his name, but I give it him here because it fits him so precisely. "This Psychopompous, of course, as probably you know, burns more red light and has less sense and skill than any other doctor I have ever met. In fact he's a Y. of P. man, yet he declares that, on occasions, he has virtually 'raised the dead'—those are his exact words. He has enormous influence, has sent me many cases he could not attend himself, and, in a word, has made me good money. He won't do the same for you? Anyway, he's a curiosity worth looking at and you'll be glad you met him. I'll be right over."¹

¹ Psychopompous, literally, "leader of souls," i.e., raiser of the dead. It is a fact that, in many primitive languages (e.g., Osage Indian, *wa-kon dagi*) the same word means both "physician" and "necromancer," or "raiser of the dead."

We had not driven more than twenty miles before Dr. Piaster changed the course of his conversation—away from the state of the weather, the pressing need for a new and much larger courthouse in Marion and the absolute desirability of far more ethics in the medical profession—to the subjects of more immediate interest—the sick boy we were on our way to visit, the sort of place in which the boy and his parents lived, the financial and social status of the family. At first he surprised me not a little by speaking as if the Ricks were folk of a financial standing that might not be quite perfect. Over the phone he had spoken as if that standing were perfection itself. However, I had always had a way of treating the eyes of those who needed my services but were not well able to pay for them without any very great consideration of his or his parents' financial condition, whether at the time or a little or very much later.

After some further talk about the courthouse, Dr. Piaster astonished me still more by these words: "You're probably going to be surprised somewhat by the place that the Rick family lives in—well, it's not very beautifully kept up. Pretty bad, pretty bad!"

Still I said nothing on the subject, and, after a time, the Doctor crashed my hopes still further by confessing that the Ricks were dead broke, "broke completely, absolutely, utterly and damnably. They own nothing whatever but their home place and that's covered—eh—covered fully—by a mortgage. Even their corn crop's covered by a mortgage, and all their personal property in addition—every bit of it—all mortgaged."

"Every *bit* of it!" I cried with considerable excitement, the man's present description of the situation being so absolutely different from the one he had given me at least by implication that very morning on the phone.

At my shrillish tone, he drew in his horns somewhat, no doubt believing, although erroneously, that the alteration in my voice had been produced by at least a little actual knowledge about the subject in question by myself.

So he weakly and shamefully hedged. Said he, "Well, maybe not just every bit of the personal property's mortgaged. But you might as well *say* that it is. Though they do have a first-rate year-old colt that ain't as yet been mortgaged. But this very day, before I leave their place too, I'll see that it's mortgaged and to me. I've come [he patted his coat pocket] all prepared for that very purpose. The horse was made a present of to Rick himself about two weeks ago by his older brother who lives down near Paducky somewhere an's dyin' of consumption. First come first served, Doctor. Sorry. But I can't make this long, long trip down here to see this boy an' then go all the way back to Marion without either the cash or a mortgage. A little hard on *you* maybe, but I can't help that. *You* can possibly get somethin' out of 'em some day or other by some other trick or contraption."

We were now crossing a deep, wide creek. The muddy water came freely up into the buggy-bed. A few minutes later, we watched our horse clambering slowly up the bank opposite, then trotting with considerable difficulty along a roughly-rutted clay road for a half or a quarter

of a mile and then come to a full stop before a farmstead for which I could find no other name, either then or now, than "The Abomination of Desolation."

Without getting out of the buggy—

"The Rick's place," said Dr. Piaster simply, surveying the spot with apologetic eyes.

The fence in front was surely a sight to behold—just a few rotten old posts still strong enough to stand upright, the rest in various positions—either mostly or quite upon the ground. A few short lengths of broken wire were still attached to some of them. Beyond the fence was a bare—an utterly and absolutely bare—clay dooryard, pockmarked in innumerable places by hens, many of whom were sluggishly flopping around in the holes which they themselves had scratched out, attempting, it appeared, to make them even deeper. A hay-rick, a corn bin, an old ruinous barn, a rusty and partly broken plough, a distant, half-tilled cornfield.

But the house itself, what a sight was that! It was so overshadowed by great leafy elms and oaks that, at first, small as it was and set back in the deep darkness, it was hardly visible at all. When at length you had "spotted" the building you found it was just like hundreds of other homes in southern Illinois—one-storied, but consisting of two wings and an open porch between them which joined them and caused them to be one house. This open porch conjoining what appeared to be two houses was called in southern Illinois parlance, "the dog trot." Each of the wings, or conjoined houses, was built of huge logs whose seams had been sealed up, mostly, with the kind of clay that lay in the dooryard. The porch, or dog trot, which, as already stated, stood midway between the two wings and connected them, consisted only of a floor and a roof—no wall whatsoever either in front or behind. At its right hand it presented a door leading into the right wing. At its left end another door which, quite evidently, led into the left wing.

Standing in this left doorway, and (actually!) *leaning* with his great right hand and arm against the jamb thereof, stood a typical southern Illinoisan. "Rick," said Dr. Piaster out of the corner of his mouth. "He almost always *is* standing in that doorway and in just that leisurely pose—leaning against the jamb—whenever you find him at home. Most of the southern Illinoisans for some reason do that—lean, lean, lean—against one or another of their doorjambs, excepting only at meal-times or at the hour to go to bed. Often, if a friend happens to be around, they lean on his shoulder—or pocket-book.

"Now this case we've come to see and discuss—I want to tell you more about it. The patient, as I've already told you, is just a little boy—not strong, not strong. And now, it seems, he's taken down in bed. It may be just a case of nervousness, in fact I think it is, but, anyhow, the boy declares that he cannot see. That's where you come in, you know, and why I brought you along with me to-day. I want to understand whether he really can't see or whether he's like his mother and her people—always imagining he's diseased when there's nothing particular the matter. If his eyes really are sick, tell me in what way and

just what there is to do for him. I can treat the eyes all right, same as any of the rest of him if you'll only just give me a few pointers.—Howdy, Rick." The last words were shouted.

Rick spat tobacco juice leisurely and copiously, and, after a full period of reflection, softly responded, "Howdy."

Dr. Piaster continued his little speech to me, "Dr. Psychopompous hasn't arrived yet, but I think we'd better not wait for him—just go in. Dr. Psychopompous, by the way, I'll venture to predict, will be considerable of a depressing surprise to you. The Doctor has a great following though through all this timber country. Be careful what you say, be careful what you say: Mrs. Rick believes in him. And yet the man amounts to very little—just a Years-of-Practice Doctor, and, even as to mere practical, financial affairs, about as little successful as any other physician that ever I have known. All you have to do is humor him—and get rid of him. Now don't forget to give this boy that thorough examination."

When we got out of the buggy, the Doctor tied his foaming horse, and then, slowly and with much difficulty, we wound our way through the token-marked dooryard with its numerous hens.

Mounting the floor of the connecting porch, we turned and stepped softly toward the doorway wherein Mr. Rick was still standing and likewise still leaning. "Howdy," said Dr. Piaster and I both, gently, as we entered the sick-chamber. But Mr. Rick uttered no word. He spat again, it is true, leisurely and copiously, even seemed to be starting to say at least something to us, but, all at once, as if he had happened to remember that he had already spoken to us once—at the moment we had driven up to the front of his place—and also happening to remember no doubt the old question, "What is the use of doing anything superfluous?" he conserved his strength and held his peace.

Inside the room, Mrs. Rick was busily adjusting the bed-clothes and making the boy-patient more comfortable.

The mother greeted us cordially, and Dr. Piaster began at once his examination.

Much to my surprise he merely glanced at the patient's eyes, then casually inspected the tongue and counted the pulse.

Finally, with the manner of a lawyer who has finished with a witness at a trial, he said, "The patient is yours, Doctor."

Turning down the covers, I found the patient hideously dropsical. I said as much and the doctor agreed. Then, while I secured a specimen of the urine and tested it, also dilated the pupils, the manner and tone of the doctor toward our little patient changed completely. Instead of his treating the boy as a merely nervous (imaginary) patient, he talked to him about fishing and hunting, about jumping and baseball—in fact he paid the lad very special consideration and courtesy.

Next, with the ophthalmoscope, I inspected the interior of the eyes. Having so done, I explained to the doctor, in words that neither the patient nor his mother could possibly understand, that the boy had a chronic inflammation of the kidneys, that this had resulted in complete,

double-sided, blindness, that neither his blindness nor his general affection could ever be recovered from, that, in a word, in a few weeks longer at the most, this fine little fellow would be sleeping with his ancestors.

Then Dr. Piaster, with at least attempted cheerfulness (and what more could he do?) pulled out a pad of prescription blanks and began writing off prescriptions, when—suddenly, like a great eruption of Vesuvian good-will—into the room dashed and smiled and towered and rumbled the gigantic Dr. Psychopompous.

He was one of the most eye-filling and impressive men that ever I had seen. No United States Senator had in fact, I thought, ever looked half so famous, half so pondering, wise, altogether world-shaking as did this two-yards-four of black-clad doctor. Except for a white shirt he was all in black from the plug hat on his head down past his Prince Albert coat-tails to the patent leather boots on his long feet.

While he talked, he gave an occasional twirl with one hand or the other to a large share of his great black beard.

"How are you, everybody?" he chuckled, even shouted, with vivid, patronizing smiles and quick, semi-hearty handshakes. "How are you, everybody?—*You*, Dr. Piaster? *You*—Dr. Shastid? It must be Dr. Shastid, he was to be here. And this handsome little fellow in the bed I take to be the patient. What a pity, what a pity!"

He spoke without allowing the slightest interval for anyone else to wedge a word through. "Doctors two, you don't mind, I am certain, if I proceed to make my own examination first.—Say ah!—A little louder, please: good!—Now the stethoscope: I wouldn't know at all what to do without a stethoscope. Simple little instrument though it may be and though it was discovered long ago, I still value it highly. But now—"

He turned to his attendant, a young colored man who had followed him in and who was carrying an enormous and, apparently, enormously heavy, black box. On the sides of the box appeared these words in large characters of flaming crimson:

DR. PSYCHOPOMPOUS'S
UNIVERSAL DISEASE DETECTOR

"Set it there!" ordered Dr. Psychopompous, as he pointed the colored lad to the exact spot on the floor where he wished the box to be desposited.

Then the doctor, unlocking the lid of the great chest, threw it back with a lordly air and a great clatter.

All at once I appeared to be gazing into the heart of the Arabian Nights. The inside of the lid was a deep, dead black, whereon had been pasted, or painted, great, glorious golden and silvern stars. But the lower or main part of the box was more magnificent still. It consisted of what to-day might well be termed a control-and-indicator board. This lay flush with the margins of the box. It glowed with all the hues of the Oriental rainbow, and shone with every conceivable form and variety of scientific contraption. There were strangely colored globes of light which came suddenly on, winked at you oddly for a few moments, then

passed quickly off into unutterable mystery. There were sizable fountains encased in glass, which all at once began pulsating like jets of human blood, then promptly turned into sprays of quicksilver, changed to tulips of gold or roses of vermillion, and, finally, spread over the interior of the encasing glass an inky and impenetrable darkness. All at once, deep in the interior of the box, there rang a soft-toned bell.

"We will now," said Dr. Psychopompous, solemnly, "proceed to detect the source and origin of this patient's disease."

He had already placed beneath the boy's back a moistened pad, whence a gold-colored chain proceeded to and through a slot in the side of the box. He now took up a large rubber tube consisting of three branches. A plug which formed the terminus of one of the branches he inserted into a hole which there was in the center of the control-and-indicator board. A small tube which formed the terminus of the second branch he inserted into one of his ears. Finally, the large, cup-shaped extremity of the third branch he began applying first here then there at various spots on the anterior surface of the patient's anatomy—saying, for example, as he did so: "Heart, sound. Both lungs, good. Spleen, excellent. Liver, more excellent still. Right kidney, perfect; left kidney, more so. Bladder, correct. Stomach—wait a minute, wait a minute. Here's your trouble, here's your trouble. Well, we'll fix all that up.—Johnson [to the colored man] put all these things together now and take them back into my carriage.—You, Mrs. Rick, come outdoors with me a moment while I talk to you about the case: you, I know, Dr. Piaster and—and—both of you—will want to finish your prescriptions."

And out he went, Mrs. Rick proudly at his heels.

After I had waited awhile for Dr. Piaster to finish his prescriptions, a vague uneasiness seized me. I went out onto the porch to investigate. Even Rick, the leaner, had gone. Stepping off the porch and going round the other house-wing, I came upon Rick, Mrs. Rick and Dr. Psychopompous, all apparently winding up a most excellent understanding of some sort.

"Just put your names right here," purred the cordial doctor. "It's merely a bill of sale for the colt also receipting me for the same."

"Whatever you say, Ma," conceded Rick.

"I say, Sign."

While Rick himself was signing Mrs. Rick handed me a great yellow-papered bottle, saying, "This is what we get for the colt."

The words on the yellow paper ran about as follows—

The Great
Dr. Psychopompous's Universal
FIX - ALL,
Constitution-Changer and Unparalleled
Tonic

Together with Unlimited Renewer of Exhausted Energies and Caster-Off of Each and Every Form of Disability and Morbidity, Likewise All Species, Kinds and Varieties of Disease Results, Acute and Chronic, and Each and Every Unwanted and Undesirable Con-

dition of the Human System, Male and Female, Physical, Mental and Spiritual, Conceivable and Inconceivable, Discovered to this Date or Undiscoverable at any Date Whatsoever.

To be Administered Only after Accurate Diagnosis and Conclusions Reached
by Dr. Psychopompous and his

INCOMPARABLE
DISEASE-STATE DETECTOR

Renewer of the Vital Spark Itself

None genuine without this signature—G. A. Psychopompous

Honored, decorated and bowed down to by all the learned societies and crowned-heads
in Europe.

All these words I read, wondering, wondering, wondering.

Of a sudden Dr. Piaster joined us. Dr. Psychopompous had already got hurriedly into his buggy and gone driving off, the beautiful colt trotting easily and complacently behind.

"Now," said Dr. Piaster, "here are eight prescriptions."

"Prescriptions!" shouted Mrs. Rick. "What do we want with *yore* prescriptions, or any of *yore* medicines either? We've got *this*." She showed him the "Fix-All."

Piaster stared at the bottle a moment, then shouted, "Where's the colt?"

"Look for yoreself." She pointed after the retreating Psychopompous outfit.

Piaster gasped. "Why—why—I was going to have that—that—that colt for myself."

"You two kin both of you jest clear out, or you're likely to happen to an accident."

"But—but," stammered Piaster. "You called us, you sent for us. You'll *have* to pay us in *some* way."

"When I called you two, I didn't know for shore I could get Dr. Psychopompous to come here, busy as that man always is. So I don't owe nothin' to nobody else ner nothin'."

"But—but—but—"

"But nothin'. Want that accident? Clear."

We cleared.

As we drew near Marion, Dr. Piaster whistled to himself sharply and vigorously, as if in deep thought.

All at once he said, "Doctor, my bill for this day's work is going to be exactly twenty dollars, yours I make at five. I believe that the money can be collected—not from Rick himself but from Mrs. Rick: she gets considerable chicken money. Now don't forget—twenty for me, five for you. But, to get that five, mind that you'll have to do all the collecting yourself and that you'll have to pay to me, too, my twenty dollars, first. Now, don't forget: you do the collecting and you pay me my twenty dollars first. It was me that brought you into the case."

We drove up on to the Public Square and around in front of the stairway leading to my office. I got out in complete fatigue and in perfect silence; the doctor handed me my satchel of instruments, and, as still I uttered no sound, he stared at me as though he thought me crazy. "Well," he cried, "What *say?*"

There popped into my mind all at once for no imaginable reason that I can now recall, except that I did not wish to relapse into my old-time habit of ineffectual anger, a passage from Gray's "Anatomy," the first of all the medical books my father had ever had me read. I said to the doctor, looking him firmly in the eyes: "The temporal bones are situated at the side and base of the skull, and present for examination a squamous, mastoid, and petrous portion." Having so asseverated, I turned, walked slowly across the sidewalk and then began the long, steep, dark, ascent of the stairway toward my office and home.

LUMPED TOGETHER

I could not give an adequate idea of the state of medicine and medical practice in the old, old days without, very briefly, delineating three or four more "atypical M.D.'s", who, although atypical, were nevertheless so frequently duplicated and thickly sprinkled throughout the nation, that they formed a considerable part of the medical profession.

In this catch-all section I introduce, first of all, *the doctor who inherited pill-bags*. An uncle of his who had been a doctor with both a classical and a medical education, as well as a first-class brain to begin with, had died, leaving to this particular nephew and scape-grace fifty dollars and a pair of pill-bags—why I do not know.

The nephew tried to sell the pill-bags, failed. The bags were somewhat out of date for one thing, pretty well battered and used up for another thing.

The nephew—he was an unusually unsuccessful gambler—tried, here and there, at the poker table, to bet his pill-bags against small amounts of the other players' legal tender. No use. If there was anything on earth the other gamblers did not want, it was a pair of dilapidated pill-bags.

All at once a flash of genius in Dr. Pill-bag's mind! He would keep the pill-bags himself, if nobody else would have them because they possessed, apparently at least, no tiniest bit of financial value. Yes, he would do that, and, by Jupiter, he would also show everybody, his old-time gambling friends included, that there *was* money, as well as pills, in them thar pill-bags.

He experienced, then, also another stroke of genius. He would become an M.D. Why not? Why not become respected as well as merely rich? There was Dr. So-and-so, with whom he had gone to public school. Dr. So-and-so could never even learn to spell correctly. Yet he had gone to Chicago, got him a medical degree in two years time of four months each, gone to a place where nobody knew him and become rich. And Dr. So-and-so had never, to Dr. Pill-bag's knowledge, served any apprenticeship to any practising physician.

That very day Dr. Pill-bags started on his pilgrimage to success. He walked all the way to where Dr. So-and-so was practising, unfolded his

plans, wound up by saying, "And now I want you to give me a certificate saying I've been your apprentice for the last three years. Everybody knows I ain't been doin' nothin' else—asept maybe a little poker game at nights and I've been over here in your office too, quite some time, of nights and people all know that."

"How much'll you give?"

Pill-bags paid and got his certificate of apprenticeship, borrowed money from a maiden aunt who was taken with the idea of his becoming a doctor, and so—to Chicago.

There he matriculated. Soon found that, after the first week of school, no record was kept of attendance. So he went to serving in a restaurant and saving his money for a time of need. Near the close of the four-months year he attended for a week at the medical college—when records of attendance were once again kept.

Next year he repeated the procedure, only, at the close of the year, he took his examinations, the first he had ever taken in medicine, and, much to his astonishment, passed. He went bragging around to the other "students" about his great success until, all at once, a number of them told him, "Why! *everybody* passed!"

Dr. Pill-bags then went and settled in a southern Illinois village, where he did quite well—for himself. Subsequent to his retirement, I met him now and then at county medical meetings, and, at one of these, he told me the story of his medical career as I have stated it herein. He added, however, "I think I may say that, practically, I'm a self-made man *and doctor*."

I agreed with him that he was, undoubtedly, a self-made man *and doctor*.¹

¹ Lest anyone suppose that I have not adhered to the truth in telling the story of this not so exceedingly atypical doctor, that is for those days, and of his *very, very typical* education, that is for those days, I will quote once more from the large and highly authoritative volume, which was published in 1910 and entitled "Medical Education in the United States and Canada." This volume was not the product of "muckrakers," but had been prepared, after the most careful and thorough investigation, by the world famous and highly conservative Abraham Flexner with the assistance of Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute, and Dr. Arthur D. Bevan, then Chairman of the Council on Education of the American Medical Association. The entire investigation and report were made under the auspices of "The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching." This book of 326 quarto pages consists of carefully presented but absolutely damning statements of fact about a very large proportion of the medical colleges of the United States as they were at the date of the Report. Perhaps the climax of condemnation is attained on page 216 of the Report, wherein it is said that "The city of Chicago is in respect of medical education the plague spot of the country."

And note carefully, please, that this Report was made in the comparatively late year of 1910. Dr. Pill-bag's "education" was received long decades before that time, when medical education, if possible, was worse.

It is only fair to add, as to the Chicago schools, that the Report above mentioned is quite favorable to two or three of them—for examples Rush Medical College and the Medical Department of Northwestern University. It should also be added that, at the present day, Chicago, far from being the medical "plague spot of the country," is a medical center of great renown, while the medical profession of the United States, as a whole, has, in the last few decades, advanced to the leadership of the world.

Another not so very atypical M.D. was *Dr. Mallinger*. He had a lawsuit of his very own against a company for total deafness, the result, as he alleged, of extreme carelessness on the part of one of the company's employes.

I placed the doctor with his face against the wall at one end of my consulting room. Walking to the other end, I turned, held my flat hand about four inches in front of my face and *very gently* whispered, "Let me know when you're ready to be tested." "O," he replied, "I'm ready at any time."

This doctor was not only an M.D., but an "eye, ear, nose and throat specialist" also.

Dr. Jinker (none of these names was actual, of course) was head of the medical department of a western life insurance company. He had taken a medical degree from a small-town college in the west, and, later, an *ad eundem* (additional medical) degree from a "sun-down"¹ college in a very large eastern city, because, as he repeatedly stated himself, he was ashamed of his small town institution. At about fifty years of age he came to me to be examined for his "very first reading glasses." Both his eyes, externally, appeared normal, but, when I looked inside them with an ophthalmoscope, lo and behold, I found in one of them certain congenital abnormalities which showed beyond a doubt that that eye never in all its owner's years could have had any sight. I so informed Dr. Jinker, who merely laughed and said, "Quit kidding." "I'm not kidding," I replied. "Just put a hand over your left eye and then tell me if you see with your right."

He did as instructed. Then rose, walked to a window, looked out into the street. Like a man in an incredible dream, he gazed. Covered first one eye then the other. Again and again. At last he was convinced.

Said he, finally, "And I had always took myself to be a good observer."

Dr. Dictionary (another atypical, who was not so very atypical) had also a medical degree, as well as a low high school diploma. He was a tall, impressive, magnificent, curseworthy, general practitioner, who pretended to be a specialist in whatsoever ailed you.

The doctor had received the nickname, "Dr. Dictionary," because he had so often boasted that he knew the "Devil's Dictionary" by heart, also that he could swear rapidly for thirty-five minutes and never repeat once. I have already termed him curseworthy, and curseworthy he surely was, as well as curse-learned. Yet no one ever dared to curse him to his face, he was so big and strong and overbearing. So he did all the cursing himself, at least when he himself was present. He was also a braggart and a drunkard. Because of his incessant bragging he was oftentimes referred to as "Bugle." One day, as he entered the room wherein the "County Medical" was meeting, one of the younger doctors, who was

¹ A sun-down college was a medical school wherein lectures were given of nights only. Their ostensible purpose was to enable those to study medicine who were busy at making a living in the daytime. The most of them, however, were little, if any, better than "diploma mills."

looking through a window as if at something in the street, blared out—

“Blow, bugle, blow;
Set the wild echoes flying;
Blow bugle; answer echoes,
Dying, dying, dying.”

Dr. Dictionary, or “Dr. Bugle,” as he was almost exclusively called by the other doctors after his death, walked up behind the young doctor, pulled him out of the chair by his ears, dragged him to the top of the stairway and kicked him to the bottom.

A few days later Dr. Dictionary was called to see a woman who had severed her right radial artery on a piece of glass. Now, it would seem that Dr. Dictionary had never been taught in his sun-down or other college that a radial artery, cut, should always be tied. Anyway, Dr. Dictionary, in the presence of the patient’s own son, merely sprinkled tannic acid (a styptic) on the wound and told the patient to lie very quiet and that soon all would be well.

The patient, after the doctor’s departure, did lie very quiet. She lay very quiet for a very long time—until, in fact, her son, becoming suspicious, investigated her quietness and found she was going to be quiet from that time on.

The son, too, was quiet, very quiet—till after his mother’s funeral. Then he went to town, learned from the young doctor (the one that Dr. Dictionary had once beaten up and kicked down stairs) that a severed radial artery should always be tied—both ends of it at that, and then he went and personally interviewed Dr. Dictionary.

Dr. Dictionary began with his usual browbeating and cursing, then attacked the dead woman’s son. The latter, however, was much too much for the assailant.—He whipped the brute to a finish, then threw him down his very long stairway—poetic justice, so to speak, for the young doctor.

Dr. Dictionary, a few weeks after his recovery (he did, for a wonder, recover) while sitting at a game of poker, all of a sudden fell forward. And, since then, he has neither left any more radial arteries untied or spouted the devil’s dictionary to an audience, or bragged (as he had been so fond of doing) on the sun-down college from which he had untimely sprung.

Dr. Drumo is the last of the old-time, atypical, yet not so *very* atypical, doctors of the “good old days,” that I want to discuss in this “Lumped Together” section. Not that there was any scarcity of such doctors. There were, in fact, a great many hundreds, possibly even thousands, of such practitioners, rampaging it or quacking it around in the U. S. A. under the aegis of an M.D., a sheepskin, a license and no knowledge. But these five shining examples must serve to illuminate and expound the whole brotherhood of atypicalities.

Well, Dr. Drumo particularly exemplifies the fact that the right kind of doctor must have the right kind of brain. For many long years before Drumo had really received a medical degree he had *called himself* “doctor.” In some states that might have got him into trouble—caused him perhaps to pay a fine of thirty or forty dollars. In other states, his glaring fraud

appeared to be a matter of no special interest either to the general public or to the courts or to the highly honorable legislature. In fact the doctors in those states who really had been born to be doctors, and who had served out the requisite three years of medical apprenticeship under other doctors who had also been born to be doctors, and who then had actually studied medicine in the medical colleges which they had (actually) attended, had sent committees, or else had personally gone, to the state legislatures and there had pleaded earnestly, almost unremittingly, with the members thereof to enact laws which would properly regulate the practice of medicine—bar from medical practice all the ignor-amuses, the illiterates, the defrauders of both well people and sick. And what kind of receptions did those doctors receive from those politicians? Very cold ones indeed in almost every instance.

Sometimes a committee of earnest, capable and well-taught physicians would be kept outside a committee-room's doors day after day and week after week, the politicians trusting that, thus, they might eventually overcome the persistence and the patience of the qualified practitioners. Worse still, while such practitioners sat or stood outside the politicians' doors, they beheld, if not with chagrin and profound amazement at least with bitter sorrow and disappointment, medical crook after medical crook promptly admitted to those legislative committee rooms. Most of the crooks had never even beheld the inside of a sun-down medical college. Many of them were ignorant boors—but sharp, very sharp indeed. And they had come not merely with the purpose of preventing the enactment of any stricter medical practice legislation, but also of securing the passage of medical practice acts of their own devising—acts the direct purpose of which was not at all to protect the public but to license this, that and the other clearly fraudulent so-called "school" of medicine.

Some of the legislators were indeed intelligent and honest. Nearly always, however, the majority were hand in glove with the illiterate, but would-be medical, crooks.

Year after year the fight went on. Eventually the doctors, in most states, won their battle, but in no state quite completely. That fight, even in the very year this book is published, is being continued.

But, as to Dr. Drumo. For a long, long time he had travelled thousands of miles yearly in his covered and gaily painted van. For a long time he had pretended to diagnose and treat ailments concerning which he knew little and oftentimes nothing.

At last, when he had saved a good deal of money, he decided to become a doctor, a doctor indeed and in truth. He therefore discharged his singers and his horn-blowers, put in storage his big rumbly wagon with its gaily painted sides, and its beds, its chemicals, its long-haired wig and bass drum and so on in the interior, and then hied himself to an eastern medical college—by the way, a very good one. And, on his graduation at that college, he stood, I have heard and actually believe, at the head of his class.

Drumo settled in a good-sized midwest town, built there a fine practice and did so on the basis of work well done. Then he took in a secretary

and two assistant doctors. All appeared to be going well with Dr. Drumo.

Sometimes, however, Dr. Drumo seemed to be dissatisfied, had a far away look in his big blue eyes.

One day, to the astonishment of everybody, he sold, almost gave, his practice to the two young doctors—and disappeared well over the horizon.

One of the young doctors, years later, while traveling in a western state, passed through the doors of his hotel on a mild autumn evening, and, thinking he heard the sounds of a very familiar voice, followed them up and—well, soon saw Dr. Drumo himself, on the rear platform of his gaily painted wagon, selling "The Elixir of Life"—a great preparation for whatever ailed you or anybody else.

After the close of the show with its drum-beating, its singing, and all the rest of its hocus-pocus and noise-making, the young doctor accosted his former employer and preceptor and asked for an explanation of his sudden disappearance from the place of his great reputation and later return to this strange nomadic life—this life of bamboozlement and fraud.

And then the truth came out. Dr. Drumo had enjoyed, to some extent at least, the practice of scientific medicine. But better by far he had adored this wandering life: the moving from place to place, the different towns and people that he saw, their easy gullibility, the bright lights and the music. "That sort of thing," said he, "is innate, a part of my being. It awakens something deep within me which nothing else awakens or ever could. So—I cannot be other than I am."

But earnest medical men, still arguing and contesting with adverse and oftentimes hoodle-minded legislators, after a very long time succeeded in very much helping Dr. Drumo to be "other than" he was—Dr. Drumo and many others like him. In fact they largely cleaned up medical practice in the United States.

And that is not all that the better class of physicians in this country have done by way of improving their nation's healing art and all the things even collaterally appertaining thereunto. In fact the cleaning up, as well as the scientific progress, of medicine in this country during the last three score and more years has been the continual astonishment and even amazement of all doctors who are working in the socialized medicine of Europe. This progress be it emphasized and re-iterated, has been brought about by the medical profession itself of this country—working, almost invariably, at cross-purposes with the politicians—yes, and even the genuine, well-meaning statesmen, in this country. Yet now the politicians—yes and even the well-meaning statesmen—propose to take over the control of medical practice in this country, to take it out of the hands of the American doctors who, under freedom, have made American medicine the wonder of the world, and into the future control, guidance and shaping of themselves, who, always heretofore, have so bitterly opposed its progress.

BIOGRAPHIC REPERCUSSION

The response to autobiography consists not merely of the public's reaction to any given book of memoirs; it includes even more, far more, the inevitable effect which the writing of an autobiography has upon the work's own author. He is the man who wrote that book, not merely read it. Read it? Why, he must necessarily have read it half a score of times—wrote it in the first place, then rewrote it and wrote it again and again. After that, he must have "seen it through the press." Can a man do that, all that, and yet not feel repercussions therefrom in his very soul?

As to the public's response to "Tramping to Failure" (published August 7, 1937) it was favorable indeed. Never before, I think, have I received so many or so beautiful letters about any single book. And each and all reviews were highly favorable, all at least that I saw of them. One never knows of course, exactly how many critiques of any given volume have appeared. As to criticisms by correspondents, that I have already attended to sufficiently in earlier portions of this book.¹

Somewhat more interesting, probably, would be a presentment of the effects on my own psychology of writing my "Tramping to Failure"—its effects, for example, on the long-time melancholy from which I have so terribly suffered for so many years as a result of my experience in childhood with "the shadow of the little white house." And hardly an atom of my psyche but has undergone similar changes. No one, indeed, can write a considerable number of pages on the life of himself and not, to a great degree, remold and re-orientate himself. All these matters, I say, I had thought to present at least to some extent in this volume. To that end I filled a number of boxes with pertinent manuscript notes. But now it is apparent that space will not permit their showing.

I have, however, room to indicate just a few more psychologic matters—how, for example, psychologically even as physically, nobody can ever travel backward in time.

YOU NEVER CAN GO HOME

The years of my life which were covered, to an extent, by "Tramping to Failure" seem still to me quite recent; those that have passed since I finished that volume, like a long-forgotten antiquity. This temporal illusion, no doubt, is due to the fact that, by writing T. to F., I re-vivified in my mind those older days, those old-time characters and scenes. The last several years, on the other hand, have been so filled with intense suffering and with the very blackest tragedy that they seem, spite of the fact that I write herein about them, quite unreal, quite impossible, or—if actual—then merely a part of a time that fled long eons ago.

¹ Did time permit, I would present some of the most interesting reactions of some of my patients to my "Tramping to Failure." Though the great majority who had read the volume understood its several purposes thoroughly, some on the other hand misunderstood its very title. One, indeed, expressed astonishment that a person who had been a hobo (he took this word in its literal sense) should, late in life, have decided to turn doctor. I had become my father's apprentice in 1876, received my medical degree in 1888. "Late in life" quotha!

"Tramping to Failure" came out in August, 1937. For a very long time before it appeared I had wished to go home—that is to Pittsfield, Illinois; there is for me no other home—but I was wholly unable to do so. The last occasion whereon I had visited Pittsfield was the funeral of my mother. From that time onward it appeared to me that I could not possibly endure to see the town or the home itself any more. The home, in the sense of house in which we'd lived, was still standing, to be sure, but it was merely a dead house, a corpse of a home. The twin spirits that once had given it life, set it apart for me from all the rest of earth, had departed no more to return.

So many kind letters, however, from Pittsfield, had reached me in response to my "Tramping," had so stirred and intensified the old nostalgia in me, that, of nights, I dreamed of little else than home. And yet I could not even then go home. There had troubled me for many years, in addition to the blackness about home, a severe neuritis of the back and shoulders, very painful indeed, but which I somehow managed to endure if only I could get, each night, to bed betimes—say by eight or nine o'clock. If I staid up later, I was in much more pain next morning.

Then one day my long-time friend, Dr. W. A. Coventry, of Duluth, came to my house with a copy of "Tramping to Failure" which he'd bought for his (and my) long-time friend, Dr. Carl Ellsworth Black, of Jacksonville, Illinois, and which he wished me to autograph. Later an invitation came to me from Dr. Black *via* Dr. Coventry to re-visit my boyhood's haunts at Jacksonville and Pittsfield, in the latter city to be guest of honor at a dinner by the Pike County Medical Society.

Why not attend, and, with good fellowship—et cetera?

Why not note to what extent the backscene of the old-time medical practice had changed, the backscene too of my boyhood, my youth, my early manhood, before I wrote again about those early days and about—in a word, about "My Second," my much more detailed and (I'm trusting) rather more interesting, "Life"?

INVENI REVISITED

I went first, for first it lay upon my journey geographically, to Inveni, seat of Inveni College. (Little could I then foresee, as I approached Inveni, the terrors that hung over me, the earthly hell so soon to be my lot.) It was of course fitting that, first of all, I should revisit the first of my youthful "hand-outs"—the first, that is to say, excepting Hayloft University. (*That* magnificent institution of learning was now no more.)

The Companion had not come with me on this pilgrimage into the past. At the very last moment she had said that her heart was bothering more than usual, that her breath was shorter, that she did not like in any case to travel. No, she would not go, yet I must not stay at home on that account. She was persistently insistent. So here I was, after an absence of fifty-three years, re-entering Inveni. People have thought that Rip van Winkle, on entering Tarrytown, N. Y., after an absence of twenty years, must have been stricken dumb by all the great changes that had occurred in his absence. Merely twenty years!

Not on the train, this time, did I go roaring into the first of my hand-outs as on that night I arrived with my father at my side, and a train was the most wonderful thing that ever had been or could be.

"Depot! All out." For a moment I could not resist a feeling that numbers of old students—as they used to do at the close of vacations—would be rushing up to meet me. Wild shouts, welcoming acclaims, hearty handshakes, mad embraces! Not even Mushmouth Jones! He, poor chap, I had understood (he had believed very deeply in the devil-possession theory of disease) had been placed in a mad-house and was now quite busy at fighting devils.

Round the town I flew, but only about five buildings of the old-time village now stood any longer. A new town, new people and new and better views on almost every subject. I talked with graybeards: not one of them remembered the old-time president of the college with whom I had quarrelled so bitterly. Not one had even heard his name. Nor, as I learned by side-wise questioning, did any one I talked to believe any more in the devil-production of disease, or in the necessity of immersion for the soul's happiness and salvation hereafter, or any of the other articles of faith once deemed so essential by the fundamentalist college of Inveni. Gone, all gone, like the people who had believed such things. Gone and incredible!

I tried, of course, to find the old-time offices, or homes, of the doctors I had known so well in Inveni—N. B. Crawford and L. A. Ferry. Gone too! All gone! Not a trace. No one remembered he ever had heard the names. How they both had opposed, at the beginning, the germ "theory" of disease! How they had espoused it later! But now, despite their manifold labors, they were completely forgotten. The fate of almost all doctors in almost all places, it seems—is to be forgotten.

I ran down to the railway depot, a weather-beaten, ramshack affair, a disgrace to any backwoods village. Railways, apparently, both here and everywhere, were following the devil-possession theory of disease and baptism by immersion.

All at once it came upon me that there, right there, my father, having brought me to Inveni for admission to the college and the making of a record there, had parted from me to return home. How badly he had been shaken by emotion! And indeed how emotional all people had been in those days! Thus I reflected, as, on my bus, I was speeding across the central plains of Illinois for Jacksonville—"Athens of the West."

JACKSONVILLE REVISITED

Jacksonville was part and parcel of the old stamping-ground of my boyhood. It was not far from Pittsfield and, as heretofore related, it was in that place that I had spent a small but important part of my medical and surgical apprenticeship. Because of an accident I did not arrive in Jacksonville till the second day about noon.

First of all I looked for the Prince Sanitarium, or what had been that important institution. It existed no more. Almost everything in the way of a building, in fact, that once I had familiarly known had either passed wholly away or become a mere ramshack only. And now as I had arrived so close to Pittsfield, there began resounding in my ears the former melancholy cry, "You never can go home! You never can go home!" Over and over, "You never can go home!" Louder and louder, "You never can go home!" To quiet myself, I walked about the city, seeking.

I came in time to the big Wabash depot. What a place that had been even in my very early years! Whenever, as a boy, I had run over to Jacksonville to see a circus and, later, whenever on my way to Inveni College I had changed cars at this depot, it was one of the greatest and most impressive of all my few experiences—the dash, the turmoil, the uproar of this place, the gigantic depot! Even before we could see the outskirts of the city, I would respond with a deep agitation of the heart as the giant conductor threw open the door of the coach I was in and yelled, like the clashing spirit of All-business itself, "*Jacksonville! Jacksonville! Jacksonville!*" the emphasis on that last syllable saying to one and all, "We now come to the greatest of depots, wherein the greatest of all business is forever being greatly transacted!"

And what a chaos really! What a commercial bedlam!

Trains by the dozen, coal trains, box-car trains, trains of day coaches and trains composed wholly of sleepers. All ka-chang, ka-chang, ka-changing, ringing their insane multitudes of bells, blowing their even more insane multitudes of whistles! Under it all a stormy tumult of human voices attempting to make themselves audible.

All round the depot, two and three deep, were forever vehicles of every conceivable sort. Buggies, surries, baggage-wagons, buck-boards, farm-wagons, milk wagons, racers and sulkies, express wagons, street cars, delivery wagons, vegetable wagons, band wagons, coal trucks, hotel busses, Shetland ponies, fire-wagons and boys' carts. Everything and everybody pushing, pulling, tugging, elbowing, shoving and shouting. Get through the depot before all those hundreds of others, will you?

And to-day—that day of my return? I was almost on the platform of the silent station before I half-way realized I had reached the vicinity.

People? None at all—unless I was "people."

The great hotel which had formerly stood at the west end of the structure, and which, in old days, you got into quickly and registered in more quickly still, or be promptly blanked to you, had disappeared. No train was coming or going, or visible. And where were the crowds of sick people who used to be coming here to get cured?

I mounted the platform and, like a dismal ghost from a long-dead past, stalked along it, listening to the multiplied echoes of my feet.

The whole length of the depot I paced. Nobody at all did I behold either outside the building or inside it, until, all at once—a figure in white.

To the door I went. It was locked. I tapped. The figure in white turned, saw me, turned back, turned again and saw me, looked hard at

me for awhile, dropped a hammer and came moping toward the entrance. "What want?" It sounded like a big voice in a small cistern.

"Let me in."

He let me in.

I proceeded to tell him then the purpose which had brought me down there from the Public Square—the purpose namely to witness once again the scenes of great activity I had relished so much in my boyhood.

As he spread his arms horizontally, he cried, "Dead! Dead! *Railroad* business all dead. *All* business is dead. The whole world is dead, or about that—what's *your* business? Any?"

"Doctor."

"Why don't you kill ever'body?"

"Some people say I do. Why don't *you* kill 'em?"

He had a little wit left in him. "Carpenter. Not my place. Jest hired to fix up this depot a little, not too much. Said to not fix it up too much. 'Tain't worth it.—How old?" pointing about to my stomach.

"Seventy-one."

"Same's me. Same about's the railroad. It's *dead*, though. Say, let's get—ho hum—a shovelful of earth and bury the Wabash system.—Dead!"

He paused and looked far away, as if into the past and wholly forgetful of my presence. After a time there came from far away a faint trickling, a mere thread of sound, a scarcely caught echo of an echo of an echo of a far-away whistle of an elfin locomotive.

My interlocutor expectorated, partly on his very self, his once white carpenter's suit. He looked down at the rich, dark ambler stream on his coat-front and muttered a curse, apologizing, "Excuse my French." Then, more energetically, "I'm a son of a sucker if—"

"If what?"

"If that ain't the Wabash— Naw! Naw, it ain't the Wabash, that sound. Jest a switch-engine away down on the Chicago and Alton. I—"

He seemed averse to finishing the sentence, and soon I heard again in the barn-like depot the echoes of my footsteps as I retraced my solemn path in the gray dust of the platform.

SHADOWS OF HOUSES

Now as I wended my way back toward the business district of the city, the old-time blackest melancholy I had felt for fourteen years and more whenever I had thought of the changes in the old home, came over me again with overwhelming force—deepened not only by the funereal changes I had seen at the Jacksonville depot, those I had witnessed at the depot in Invení, and those I had oftentimes heard had taken place at the depot in Pittsfield (no more passenger trains at all were run there now) but also because of the fear that I forefelt whenever I should go back once again to the old home. If I had shrunk from the thought of death at the little white house I had seen in my childhood, the house wherein a total stranger to myself had died, and if, nevertheless, the funereal gloom, the shadow, of that place had followed me all my life, depressing and saddening almost everything I did and thought, how much more

would not the hand of death, when laid on the home of my parents—which also and of necessity was forever *the* home of my brethren and myself—how much more would not that cover my inmost being with a gloom that could scarcely be lifted in all my years to be?

At Duluth I had thought, at the very last, that I would merely see Inveni once more, then Jacksonville and Doctor Black, and, after that, if too greatly depressed by the horror of my near approach to Pittsfield, I would, without seeing the old home again, return to Duluth and Tramp's Rest.

Now I went up to the office of Doctor Black. This brilliant student, as I have heretofore related, I had oftentimes met at the old Prince Sanitarium decidedly more than half a century before. Later, both he and I, in precisely the same year, had studied at Vienna, though without the knowledge of each other's presence there until long afterward. As now I stepped into his office, the graciousness and the hearty welcome of the man came toward me like a blessing. For a time I completely forgot the shadows of the old home and of the little white house. Equally gracious were his son, Dr. Ellsworth Black, his son-in-law, Dr. George L. Drennan, several of the professors at Illinois College, and, later at his home, his charming wife and daughter.

Late at night, as we finished the inspection and discussion of Dr. Carl's biography of his father, Dr. Greene Vardiman Black, "Father of Modern Dentistry," my proposal to take bus for Pittsfield was overruled and both Dr. Carl and Dr. Drennan motored me swiftly over the thirty-seven miles to Pittsfield—without the slightest knowledge on their part of the emotional upset from which they had providentially delivered me.

THE SECOND JUNGLE

On my joyous return to Duluth I displayed to the Companion two especial treasures I had acquired on my visit to Pittsfield—my father's diploma and his large, framed portrait of John T. Hodgen.¹

She seemed more languid than usual and I tried to cheer her up with a ludicrous anecdote of a fine old colored man I'd met one day at Pittsfield. As I had been plodding along the street to meet my brother Joseph and take him with me to the dinner which the Pike County Medical Society was so kindly giving me that day, I was stopped on a street-crossing by an old but well-dressed colored man (not a citizen of Pittsfield or I'd have met him sooner). And he, tipping his hat, came up to me and inquired, "Have I the honor of addressing the Honorable John G. Nicolay?"

"No. My name is Shastid."

¹ These had been presented to me by my brother William's widow, Clara Willson Shastid, and his son, Willson Shastid. These two sacred documents, these silent, if also ever-elloquent, homilists, had hung in my father's, later in my father's and brother William's, office for fifty-six years, then, after my father's death, in my brother William's for a quarter century more.

It was before these documents that my father had stood me and blessed me and talked to me so long and affectionately on that day, so many years before, when I had become his apprentice.

"It *is*" (in great astonishment)! "I understood your name was Nicolay and that you were trying to get the lady that runs that there hotel right there—the Parkway—to name the place after you."

I explained that John G. Nicolay had been dead for years.

"He *has*? I'm *sorry*.—Maybe it was his son I know'd. I'm eighty-four years of age and sometimes I get confusion."

The old man's mistake was not founded on nothing. What had happened just a few days back and what he had probably heard something about and got twisted, was as follows:

I have already stated herein that my father, in his youth at Pittsfield, had been a close companion of John G. Nicolay, the man who was later so helpful in securing for Lincoln his first nomination to the presidency. I have also related that John G. Nicolay and Abraham Lincoln had first been made acquainted with each other by my father. Even before Lincoln had been elected, Nicolay had, because of his helpfulness to Lincoln, been appointed at Springfield Lincoln's campaign secretary, and, after the election, his presidential private secretary. As Lincoln's assistant private secretary there was appointed, on the recommendation of this same John G. Nicolay, the same small, black-haired, rosy-checked John Hay who, though considerably younger than Nicolay and my father, had, nevertheless, been pals of them both during his one year's stay in Pittsfield—as student at the John D. Thomson Academy, still more at the Nicolay printing and publishing office. Inasmuch as Hay, largely in consequence of his association with Lincoln, became in much later years United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and, still later, Secretary of State of the United States, it is easy to see how very much indeed of historical importance—the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, with its meaning to the still future Nicaragua Canal, also the Open Door Policy in China, etc.—resulted from Hay's association with Nicolay, Nicolay's association with my father and, in a word, the throwing together of all these three men in Pittsfield at the psychologic, or Lincolnian, moment.

As I, the Commonplace Philosopher and Psychologue, alias Hobo Medicus, had, before meeting the old colored man, been considering all these old-time Pittsfieldian matters, I chanced to be crossing the south side of the Courthouse Park. On one side of me, as I had reached the south side exit from the Park, I glanced to the left and there beheld the commemoration stone to Hodgen (my father's old-time preceptor and idol) also to Henry Hodgen Mudd (Hodgen's nephew and my attending physician at St. Luke's—the man who had tried to lead me through those jungle wastes of delirium in St. Louis). To the right, then, I chanced to catch sight of the Lincoln-Douglas-Hay-Nicolay stone and, all at once, a glittering project which I thought might be of some value to the town popped into my mind.

Glittering! But not all is gold that glitters in *my* mind.

First, thought I, seeing that we have here two monuments already erected, why not proceed further and make of Pittsfield the historical center which it deserves to be? Why not have a similar stone with a copper plate let into it erected on the site of the old Thomson Academy?

Why not, next, in the yard-corner of my Grandfather Shastid's old home, have yet another such stone and plate to tell of the times when Lincoln had eaten there and been part and parcel of so much good sense, good humor, wit, and excellent comradeship—even in the days when no one could ever have really dreamed he would some day be President? Then, too, why not have a similar stone and tablet in the Pittsfield post office yard, the site of the old Dorus Bates residence, where Nicolay for so many years courted Therenia? Lastly, why not have a simple copper tablet let into the south-corner brick-pier of the Zimmerman garage, apprising the world of the former existence on that spot of the old *Free-Press* office, there where Nicolay and Hay had foregathered, and not far from the spot where my father had introduced Nicolay to Lincoln—with so great consequences to the nation and to the world?

Four such tablets should, incidentally, be of much value in the way of publicity for Pittsfield.

But indeed not all is gold that gleams in hobo heads. Where, then, to find the correct assayer to analyze these bright, these gold-seeming ideas with a view to ascertaining just how much, if any, value lay within them?

The right name occurred to me—Jesse M. Thompson, Secretary of the Pittsfield Chamber of Commerce. That man was also Pike County Historian—and how there could have been a better historian of county, state or nation, I do not know. Master of a beautiful literary style, a tireless research worker, a person both widely educated and deeply learned, one moreover who worked for the major part not for mere gain but for the sake of preserving the well-loved past of Illinois, he was indeed the right man.

All at once, however, I happened to descry the electric sign of a newly rebuilt hotel. This structure had formerly, even from the days of my boyhood, been known as The Mansion House. Now, under the highly capable management of a Mrs. Armentrout, it was about to be re-christened The Parkway Hotel. But here was a further idea. Why not call it the Hay-Nicolay House? That would give it both local appropriateness and historical significance. A Parkway Hotel might have existence anywhere. Nor would such a hotel have any historical value. Then, too, "The Hay-Nicolay House," being absolutely unique and compounded of names already known and loved throughout the nation, would at once excite attention, wherever heard or read. "The Hay-Nicolay House! Where is that?" "At Pittsfield, Ill." "Why that name there?" The answer would fix the hostel and the town in the hearer's mind forever.

What an advertisement for Pittsfield and the old times, I thought, also for the hotel—Hay-Nicolay House. Quincy (first county-seat north of us) had a Lincoln-Douglas House, and Hannibal (first county-seat west of us, and Mark Twain's boyhood's town) had The Mark Twain Hotel—the latter in fact well known to travelers not only over all the United States but also over all the rest of the world. Why so? Because of its name merely.

Full of these ideas, I broached the subject to the excellent Mrs. Armentrout, there in her hotel office. But she did not like the ideas at all.

I next broached them to Mr. Thompson, who at once declared them of the highest value not only to Mrs. Armentrout but likewise to all Pittsfield and Pike County. "The Hay-Nicolay House forever!" he shouted. "That name will stick in the memory of every one who hears it. I'll see our leading citizens and take them to Mrs. Armentrout with me. She *must* see things our way."

Taking Fred Niebur and Harry English, Jo Shastid, the Hesleys and I don't know whom all, along with him, away then went he to Mrs. Armentrout!

And he argued, I am told, like a Daniel Webster. Then many of the others spoke. And all the while Mrs. Armentrout looked the more interested the more they kept on talking.

But when all, at last, had finished speaking, she said, quietly, and smiling sweetly still, "No. This is 'The Parkway.'"

And the answer *remained*, "This is 'The Parkway.'"

At this point I said to the Companion, "Don't you think it comical, this further failure of the Hobo?"

"I will tell you," she answered, "in just a few moments precisely what I think. I'm so glad you all were happy that I want you to keep on talking." I noted the languor in her speech, but at the time saw not its full significance.

I went on, "Once again I had 'tramped to failure,' but a lot of good fellows with me.

"Anyway, you see now the reason for the aged colored man's mistake—the curious error he made as I, on my way to meet Joseph and take him to the Cardinal Inn, was regarded by the old gentleman as Mr. John G. Nicolay—right hand supporter of Abraham Lincoln before I had even been born.

"Or was the old darky merely attempting to 'rub it in,' to 'horse' me?"

And still she did not laugh. I continued, however, though far more circumstantially than here recorded, as follows:

THE CARDINAL INN

At the Cardinal Inn there were, first of all, from Jacksonville, Dr. Carl Black and his delightful son-in-law, Dr. Drennan, again. Following came most of the local doctors, Dr. F. N. Wells, the President, presiding. The only non-medical person there was my brother Joseph, who, most of the time, was comically insisting that vitamins are merely a sub-order of bacteria, and the rest of the time trying to tell doctors what it was that Dr. John T. Hodgen had done to the supposedly drowned colored man in a street of St. Louis that had brought the darky back to life, and so had accomplished more to put Hodgen in the public eye and make him thoroughly famous than had all the quiet and far more valuable and original work that this truly remarkable man had achieved before that merely incidental day.

What a group of doctors were gathered together in that inn! To me, ideal doctors. Oldest of all was Lacey, born in September, 1860, even while Lincoln had been running for president the first time. Older than I by six years! Still active, still scholarly, still thoroughly, carefully practical. The youngest was Dilts. I, though younger than two or three others in that group, could distinctly remember his great-grandmother, the wise and universally beloved Lucy Wills—he was *that* young. Born in 1901, graduated at Northwestern University Medical School in 1933, benefited by much graduate study, he represented all that is recent and best and most skilfully serviceable in the medical instruction of to-day. And how different from that of the olden times! Yet here he was in tiny Pittsfield, doing daily, nightly, duty among the sick, even the most hopelessly humble, sick. And so, as to Peacock, McRaven and the rest.

Perhaps these men, as my father before them had done, loved village and country people. I wonder.

Eleanor Roosevelt once said, “. . . . in the real things of life, every one stands on the same level.” If only they did! In the estimation of village-and-country doctors they always do. Otherwise there could be no village-and-country doctors. Life, death, birth, suffering, sorrow, happiness! The village-and-country doctor, it seems, like *Pallida Mors* herself, knocks with strict impartiality at the cottages of the poor and (if calls from such luxurious habitations ever come to him) the “palaces of kings.” Only, of course, the doctor taps at all the various kinds of habitations with precisely opposite purpose from that of *Pallida Mors*. And with less arrogance too and more kindness of manner, for he summons with courteous knuckle, instead of the insolent *pede*.

I talked to them, first, of Hay, Nicolay, Lincoln—appropriate subject, surely, in this town. Next, of my (then) sixty-two years of medical observation, first as boy “apprentice” to my father (ten years and over), next as medical adult (more than half a century). I had seen the Sunrise—the aboriginal darkness of medicine, glowing first a little, then turning brighter, and, finally, waxing into the radiance and effulgence of the new scientific day—a day on which the sun of truth will never set, any more than it will ever set in heaven.

Here the Companion, putting hands to breast, interrupted me perforce, “I have a dim foreboding, Tramp, that, somehow, your ‘little white house’ will soon be casting its ‘long black shadow’ over some one in this neighborhood.”

“Over just whom?” I responded, not wishing to understand.

“You know well enough,” she countered, and arose to reach the stairway.

I caught her before she fell.

AT KINDLY ST. LUKE'S

It soon became clear that the shadow of the little white house was advancing even more rapidly toward the Tramp himself than toward his Companion. For many years the neuritis which had sometimes burned and sometimes frozen his shoulders, back and arms, had been slowly

spreading over his entire body. In September, 1938, because he was unable to meet his patients any longer, he took to his bed—a place then of unmitigated pain and horror.

It was of course obvious that the Companion could not nurse me. I suggested outside nurses, was overruled, and, by unanimous vote of all my kind physicians—Nelson, Graves, Gowan and others—was sentenced (I can scarcely call it else than that) to St. Luke's Hospital, here in Duluth. And kind indeed were all the attendants there, likewise the physicians. Especially I have to thank Dr. Thomas Gage Clement and his most excellent assistant, Miss Leve Bergholz, for their gentle and skilful ministrations to me. There were many things to do, or to try, it seemed, in my case. Numerous suggestions were therefore made by even other physicians still: Drs. John Power, Arthur Collins, T. L. Chapman, John M. Robinson, David Tilderquist, Frank Knapp, Archie Olson, L. L. Merriman. I mention all these matters so that the sequel may be clearly understood. There was no lack of good counsel in my case. Yet I steadily grew worse.

My one escape from pain, and that a very incomplete one, was reading—newspapers, books, whatsoever came handy. Write I could not. Even the newspapers brought news of dire disaster. My old-time friend, Dr. A. G. Hovde, of Los Angeles, had passed away. Then Dr. R. C. Smith, of Superior, had followed him—Smith, the incomparable. It did not seem that a world could get on at all without these so excellent men, such skilful physicians, such warm-hearted comrades. And month after month the death-roll grew apace. All the while, in the European distance, the throb and roll of innumerable war-drums, presaging death, blindness, insanity, for millions and deterioration of the human race forevermore. They who would have been the finest sires for the future human stock! Slaughtered! So many of the most life-worthy to die, leaving humanity degenerate! And all from leaving the war-power, even from concentrating the all-power, in the hands of political crooks! What a mistake it had been on the part of so many sincere peace-workers to back all the plans for peace that had been devised by the governments themselves and not one of which had given the people any say at all in the matter of war or no war!

At home the Companion, who had always been subject to a curious trepidation whenever there was ice on the sidewalks or in the roadways, now, when her breathing was daily becoming more difficult, would not, really could not, leave the house. This added to my hospital depression. Yet she daily, or twice or thrice daily, wrote me loving letters wherein, unable as she was to realize the full extent of my danger, discoursed chiefly of her approaching dissolution.¹

¹ As she grew older, she became more helpless, yet continually attempted to do more work. It seemed as if forever she was trying to prove to herself that, instead of getting weaker with age and angina pectoris she was actually growing stronger. She was oftentimes greatly amazed at being waited on, yet, afterwards, she would remember the friendly offer of assistance with pleasure. Me she looked after with an undeviating devotion which she

These dark subjects I write about here because they shed much light on the psychology of my case of neuritis. Farther on I shall be able to cite matters that shed much light more, and I carefully emphasize this topic of pain-psychology because, although in my general practice, years before, also in that of my father, I had seen several cases of universal neuritis, I had had no more conception of what that meant to the patient's psyche than if he were in fact a sufferer on a far-away planet. "But how canst thou properly heal a sick person," asked some quaint doctor in antiquity, "if thou understandest not the mind in him which his sickness produces?"

DREAMS

My greatest suffering I had not to endure in my waking hours but in my dreams. When waking there were means wherewith to control my thoughts. When waking, moreover, I could almost invariably, just by a little selection of the subjects for my thought, dispose myself to sleep. Almost always, for example, some ludicrous incident of my childhood would put me soundly asleep instantaneously. In fact I have almost always got to sleep while laughing or reminiscing about old-time animals. This was better, far better, than to take any sort of sleeping medicine. Anything is good that works and does no harm. Over and over some kind-hearted nurse would enter holding a syringe—morphine, codeine, pantopon or the like—and offer it for my solace. Not once, however, did I take the proffered nepenthe. The old-time jokes and other reminiscences were more effective by far and caused no after-exacerbations of the disease.

Yet, though my methods were highly effective in giving me much tranquility when awake and even in sending me off to sleep, they gave me no control at all over what occurred, at least appeared to me to occur, when once I had gone into dreamland.

At first the dreams were not horrible and depressing, so much as intolerably beautiful, or at least unearthly and sublime. Such was the oneiric effect of mere pain, but pain intense and long continued, over my psyche during sleep.

Sometimes, when first I had entered the hospital, there seemed to be bending over me the Companion. And she would be always saying,

would not have exchanged for any other lot—this, too, although I had rather by far she would have let me help myself.

As time passed she stubbornly refused to follow the instructions of her doctors, would not even consult doctors any more—a mental condition not uncommon among those with hypertension and angina.

She was greatly worried about what might happen to me, to the house, after her departure. She made long memoranda about how the home which had long been so dear to her should be managed, should be kept in its present condition. "Never allow the view of the Lake," she wrote again and again, "the view from my bedroom and dressing-room windows to be blocked up. It is like looking out to heaven through those windows. Let the view remain unchanged in every way, so long as you shall live."

After her death I attempted to fulfil all the wishes she had at any time expressed to me, excepting three: Not to grieve for her. To burn all her letters to me and mine to her. To remarry soon after her death. "You have always been so helpless, Tramp."

"I have no longer a dim, but now a very clear, foreboding that the shadow of your 'little white house' will soon pass over me. I am greatly disturbed as to what may happen to you in that case (husbands are so helpless) but, as for me, remember 'Let not your heart be troubled.' "

But, later, this dream came no more. Others instead, almost more terrible.

The subject of dreams in general has always much interested me, and, since I wrote my "Tramping," whether because of my performing that task or not, I dream more often than ever. And there is one curious thing about these later dreams which I never had noted before (perhaps the same thing is true of the dreams of all elderly persons) the source of the dream lies more and more and still more and more in some earlier, oftentimes very much earlier, dream.

And why not? If we elder folk, in our waking hours, spend more and more time in musings on our far-away past, why, then, should we not, in our dreaming hours, spend more and more time in dreaming about former dreams? A curious instance occurs to me in which a dream of mine at St. Luke's harked back to and took its origin from a dream I had had that was not a normal dream but a dream that occurred as I awakened out of ether narcosis after my vermiform appendix had been removed. That operation had been performed more than forty-four years before, and, strange as it seems, I had been under ether anesthesia at the time for about six hours—for reasons made clear at the time by the operator, Dr. Charles McBurney.

As I began to recover consciousness, I had curious delusions about space, light, time and eternity. In fact, as to time, I appeared to have had my former existence, or consciousness, millions and trillions, yes unspeakable vigintillions, of ages before. And in absolute darkness I was. At last a tiny light began to appear straight before me. I moved, rather was moved, steadily toward it—steadily, steadily—with enormous swiftness yet over countless aeons of time. I saw many things besides the central light too—a great angel with a platter of stars in his hand, and, on the platter, standing, a much smaller angel, holding aloft that central light toward which I moved.

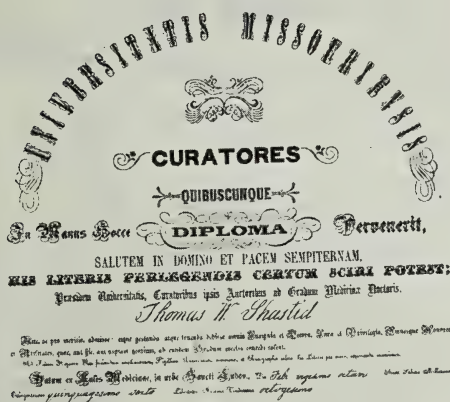
All at once—a crash as of the explosion of many worlds.

The point of light had suddenly expanded into the light of my hospital room. I was again awake.

After I had recovered from that New York operation fully and was back in Pittsfield, Ill., I had, at long intervals, a curious sense of detachment from all the world, as if I had not yet got hooked up with it right. But less and less I thought about the operation and its curious ether effects, until, by slow degrees, I ceased to think of them at all.

And never did I have any dream that could surely be traced to the one I had had under the influence of ether—until, in St. Luke's at Duluth, as I lay sick of neuritis, I one night slept and dreamed. I walked, it appeared, in a place of desolate great rocks, a place I could not recognize though I somehow felt that I must have seen it long before.

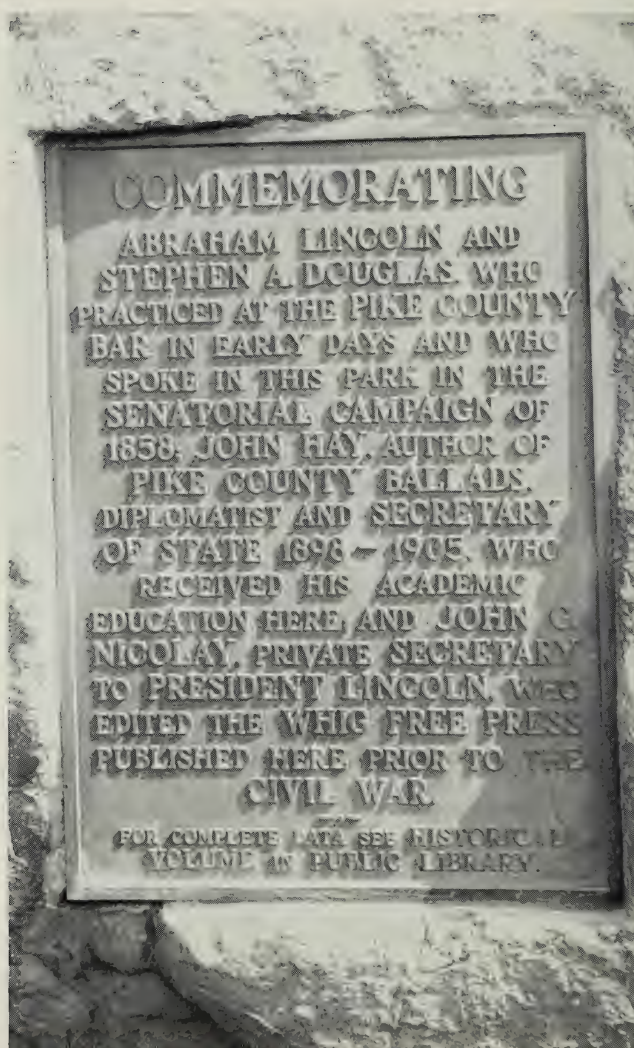
And the Unidentifiable One—whoever he was I somehow knew his name—handed me an instrument, his fingers all blazing with jewels.



MY FATHER'S DIPLOMA

The date is February 28, 1856.

the two simultaneously, and, from the double print, made his engraving.



THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS-HAY-NICOLAY MEMORIAL STONE
Courthouse Park, Pittsfield, Illinois.
(Photograph by Reurser Studio, Pittsfield)

And he instructed me, saying: "Here is the chronoscope, that instrument thou thyself didst devise for the purpose of noting how time itself, like all else, originates in light. Look thou through it."

Then I looked. And I saw. And I beheld a great angel standing at an infinite distance from me and out of both time and eternity—a place where I knew there was no duration, limited or unlimited.

And he held in his hand what I somehow knew to be a "gyrane." It was shaped like a platter of the universe, and all the island universes were there in its shining.

And as the platter shook, a change occurred—although there had been no change at all in the angel, who was utterly changeless inasmuch as he had no duration and changes require duration for their occurrence.

Dark pools of violet pain—I can describe them no otherwise—poured over me again and again.

A voice then which I knew not commanded, "Awaken! Awaken and see that thou, whilst thou didst sleep, didst sleep all time away, so that now the second of thermodynamic laws, that of entropy, hath had its effect upon the entire universe, which is all outside (and not within) thee, so that that universe hath turned, like thee thyself, both old and cold and gray—a mere realm of motionless, changeless desolation, holding not so much as one tiny, aching bit of life to tell where life once was.

"Nothing but death!

"Nothing but death—for thou hast slept so long!

"Awaken and see!

"Awaken, I tell thee, and but behold!"

And behold indeed! A nurse was shaking me unduly and bidding me—for so it had been ordered—to awaken and sit up for two hours in a straight-backed chair. A wise precaution!

Freud's theories could certainly supply no adequate interpretation of such a dream. It was in fact a dream that had been engendered after so many years by that old-time dream I had had at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City when awakening out of my anesthetic more than forty-four years earlier. A few later matters had of course mixed into it.

IMAGES IN PLANE MIRRORS

Stand before a full-length looking-glass and observe the curious man therein. He is both you and yet not you. He is precisely the same size that you are, both as a whole and in every smallest detail. His head is at the top of him, precisely as is yours at the top of you, and his feet, like yours, are down against the floor. Yet the left side of him is not your left side but your right. So, too, the right side of him is not your right side but your left. Wiggle your left hand and see if his right one does not wiggle with it, and not *his* left. The man in the mirror is not a mere repetition of yourself, though he would have you believe that he is.

So too with dreams and reality, or with dreams for which the reality (the source) is merely an earlier dream. The later dream is oftentimes a

kind of mirror-image of the earlier—or of some reality. You dream of a dead person, say a person whom you loved, and she is almost always living. Even my patients have oftentimes noticed that. A "wish fulfillment" merely? Well, dream of a dead person whom you hated and even still hate; he too is almost always living in your dreams. You may be glad indeed that he is dead, and yet oftentimes in your dreams, he still is living. If he is still living *in reality*, he not infrequently appears to you as *dead*. It seems to be a law of dreams that, therein, no former dream or former reality shall ever be repeated exactly. It is a mirror image, not a perfect repetition, of its source. Dreams *mock* reality—or former dreams. If they mock some former dream, they are only mocking what was already a mockery—making reality twice mocked, or perhaps thrice. The variation, therefore, from the source, in all such cases, is apt to be greater than when reality itself is mocked. Sometimes the reality is a present, not a past one, as when my brother Jon, one morning, actually standing by the head of my bed, was singing "Awake, arise! and go with me!" I dreamed that he indeed was standing beside me but in a cannibal country from which he was wishing to help me escape. (My brother Jon was still my brother Jon—the vertical dimension in the plane-mirror image; but my room had changed into a great cannibal area, and so forth—the horizontal dimension in the plane-mirror image, the dimension of transposition or falsification.)

The fact that dreams are always mockeries does not mean that they are always painful or sarcastic. I have laughed at a dream while still in the dream, and still more heartily afterward. But the dreams of the sick and suffering are almost always painful and horrifying, fever or no fever.

This whole field of psychology has been neglected—not merely the structure of normal dreams but the dreams of the sick, especially those of the sick who are suffering. Such dreams are more likely to be distressingly vivid, or depressingly sublime, or symbolical in some painful manner. Their mirror-image qualities—their distressing mockeries of truth—are apt to be pronounced in a high degree. I knew a man who was sick and in pain who continually dreamed that his dead father, whom he adored, was still living and walking about very vigorously, but that his head, although it could talk, was *upside down and undergoing putrefaction*. "But how canst thou properly heal a sick person if thou understandest not the mind in him which his sickness produces?"¹

¹ This comparison of dream-structure with the structure of a plane-mirror image, should, like any other figure of similarity, not be followed out in every detail. Take the old metaphor, "He was a lion in the fight." A caviller could easily object that the man who had been fighting had not the color of a lion, nor his long mane, nor his reverberant roar. Neither did the man, of course, run about like a lion—on all fours. No two things that are ever the subject of any comparison are supposed to correspond in all details. Were they actually alike in each and every point, they would not be alike but identical—i.e. one and the same thing. In any comparison whatsoever the asserted likeness is valid if it extends to the essential points—those intended to be clarified and enforced. The comparison of a man with a lion is sufficiently complete if it extends to such qualities in the battle as strength, agility, judgment, courage.

The essential points about the dream-and-plane-mirror-image-comparison are not merely that, in almost every dream, there are points of resemblance to and points of difference from

A SECOND JUNGLE IN A SECOND ST. LUKE'S

After a time the dreams which had tortured me merely because they seemed to be too extensive in space or too enduring in time—depressingly sublime, in a word—ceased to injure or annoy me. In their place, as the neuritis became worse and the pains thereof more nearly intolerable, the dreams which I had whenever I slept became concerned with a horrible affair of which I had dreamed long years before.

The reader may remember that, at St. Louis, I, when suffering in the old St. Luke's Hospital there, later at a boarding-house in the same city, had had fever and a raging delirium—a fever and a delirium which had well-nigh caused my dissolution. It began, as I remember, with my seeming to walk in some dark alley, wherein I shortly met a beggar and a policeman. After a struggle with my nurse on that account, I appeared to arise and, as a result perhaps of the "Veiled Prophets" whose wild hilarity and jocund din were even then uprising from the avenue below and invading my sick room, I seemed to walk out of my window, and, after a short, but long-continuing, journey across a pampa, to reach the wall of a jungle—a jungle silent and waiting. But that "first jungle" at St. Luke's, in St. Louis, was little to compare with the "second jungle" which I so unwillingly explored and suffered in while a patient at St. Luke's, in Duluth.

Again "in the course of ages," as it seemed, we came to a pampa spot before the wall of a jungle—a jungle silent, waiting. And again, "Enter," cried my guide, whose identity was unknown to me. Sometimes he appeared to be both human and humane and then he was Dr. R. C. Smith of Superior—who was more than half of one year dead. Again he appeared to be a bright and beautiful angel, again Charon, of old mythology, son of Erebus and Nox, and yet again "the Spirit of Involution," whatsoever that is. Now and then he was only a voice—the voice of nobody; but still he was "the Spirit of Involution."

It seems that, as nearly as I can remember, I had entered the jungle as one of the few remaining thousands of human beings then left existent upon earth, the rest having perished because of the failure of civilization. Others than myself who still lived had entered the jungle, it seemed, but at other points. As my guide at first explained to me, the failure of civilization had produced a reversal of evolution—an involution, the sheer opposite of evolution, or racial development. And what had caused the failure of civilization, I asked, that of the sort which we had had.

"Some attribute it," said the seeming Charon, who at that time was my guide, "to the miscegenation of all the races on the planet. This resulted, they say, *first of all*, in biologic involution, and, out of that

the dream's source, but that there is apt to be one *set*, or *group*, of points wherein the resemblance to the source is practically complete, and yet another *group* wherein the resemblance is much transposed. Thus, in the dream of the man (already referred to) about his dead father, all the words, phrases, modes of expression, and even ways of thought, of the father were reproduced exactly (the vertical dimension in the plane-mirror image), while the physical resemblance, though to some extent quite faithful to the facts, was nevertheless considerably transposed or knocked about—i.e., the man was living, not dead, and his head, though set at the top of his body and able to talk, was upside down and undergoing putrefaction.

involution, as it said, came the failure of civilization—not the other way about—though the failure of civilization went on and produced still further deterioration in the unified race.”

I demurred to the possibility of this, and he went on: “Some say it is owing to the failure of ‘mutual aid,’ others to the stopping of disease by public health measures, such measures having been adopted as the result of the germ theory. Before that theory and its children, the great public health measures, disease, though seemingly cruel, swept out of existence yearly millions on millions of the weaker members of our race before they could reproduce their kind. That left the naturally stronger, the more disease-resisting by their natural physical inheritances, to produce a continually sturdier and more self-preserving stock. The public health measures, on the other hand, saved the weak, the naturally weak, to reproduce. But what sayest thou?”

“War!” I replied. “War! *It* must be the cause, but I had not until now, even after we have entered the jungle, realized that civilization is dying, or else is fully dead.”

“Who *bad*? Thou art right at least in this, that war, by its selection for the incomputable slaughter of the fittest to survive, must surely have deteriorated the race hugely. At all events there are now no humans left save those that dwell in this jungle. What fools you were, you humans, to think that what had been going on for about six thousand years and on rather small areas of the planet only, would necessarily go on forever. Civilization! It *never* was firmly established, civilization, upon this earth—never. It never had had aught but a beginning and that not firmly established—what thinkest thou of this river?”

The body of Charon had vanished and only his voice continued in the air about me. At last the voice vanished also, crying, “*Follow the river: do not cross it.*”

And I followed—but who can portray a jungle that is merely a mirror-image of a tormented mind, a mind that is followed even into dreamland by its pain?

I “followed,” and the jungle stretched before me ever wilder and more deep. At first it had seemed uninhabited, a soundless tropical green unconsciousness, shaded by the umbrage of a thousand interlacing branches, a thousand years. The floor, a mere rot of bygone jungleness! Now and then there slid up thick, slow ooze through the quagmire stench, and about my shivering thighs. All, all about—silence. Then—down long vistas in the unending dimness dense pale columns of living men, toiling along with downcast faces, turning aside to pass round vast rocks, flowing over the tree-trunks and sinking in the endless ooze. I shouted but they could not hear me. Fear flooded my heart.

On each side of me, hidden by the ebony curtain of the deeper jungle, was *the thing*. For hours it had dogged me, spied on my every motion, stopping when I paused, forever keeping just outside my range of vision. If I tried to pluck a fruit or drink from the safe calyx of a flower, it was very close around my head. As I rose, it leaped backward into pockets of blackness, remained unseen.

Once it whispered, again coughed—hackingly.

For a moment horror robbed me of the power to move. Then I gave voice to my terror, turned, started to flee, calling for help.

The summons was answered by a black—a powerful, broad-shouldered creature with a tiny head and a face almost as evil as that of the accursed enemy himself of God.

I tried to speak to him; tongue clove to roof of mouth.

Then I saw that the forest was full of faces, demoniac faces like that first one; and the same column of humans (I took it for the same) that I had already beheld, had, in their wanderings, fetched a wild compass round behind me, and the true army of the jungle and that that had come from the non-jungle locked in one mortal embrace.

Well, it was nothing like so horrible as the old-time wars in the non-jungle had been—the former non-jungle world from which this sorry flight had issued.

And I slipped away with weird, inarticulate cries of my own, as though I were myself turning beast.

Exhausted, I fell. Rose. Fell again.

So hours passed.

I woke—in my dream—to find I had been sleeping. Through a glade the glad sun poured his welcome beams, and millions of beautiful birds sang pacans to a rising day. Incense hung in the air—incense which, as I breathed painfully, pervaded my being, my moveless limbs, stirred me into incredible ecstasy.

I rose and moved on, and the river of which my Charon-like guide had spoken had curved round about and lay before me. Though black, it seemed like a river of peace. Yet so thick was the water of that river and so damp and so dark and so soft the soil whereon I stood that I scarcely discerned where river was and where bank.

And as I, remembering the words of my guide, was even beginning to move along the river's side, there uprose from the stream a dripping, monstrous head, that of an alligator, with eyes as relentlessly cruel as ever had shone in head of human. Its lunge overturned me. I, helpless, could not choose but fight. And as I beat the abysmal head with bare hands—ineffectually of course—I awoke in actuality. And behold I was drubbing my swollen sick palms against the steel sides of the heating-cradle in my bed.

Night after night I rolled again that unequal combat with that alligator.

Sometimes, however, instead of the alligator, I met my parents—who, of course, seemed now living. And I saw them much as in that earlier jungle at St. Louis—mirror-wise, of course, both as to that earlier jungle and also as concerned the reality about them in the days when they still lived.

TRAMP'S REST AGAIN

It soon became apparent that I could not recover in the hospital. Better for others, a hospital, it was worse, far worse, for me, than was home.

With every admission of the unquestionable skill of the many doctors who had kindly made suggestions for my betterment, I owed, as much as to anything else my recovery to my departure from the hospital and joyous return to Tramp's Rest, the place where I could be surrounded by old-time books, scrapbooks, pictures, boyhood's handwritten newspapers, boyhood's diaries, trunks full of letters from hands that could write no more but that still, even in these days, gave comfort and peace and hastened my recovery.

Almost from the day when I returned to Tramp's Rest I began to improve.

I had, to be sure, many dreams, even there at Tramp's Rest, but these were more pleasant and, therefore, of a sanatory rather than a destructive character. Thus, I dreamed that, back at home again in Pittsfield, I sat beside my mother—she, of course, in accordance with the law of dreams, was living—on the old front porch, waiting for the troops of children to pass by—homeward on their way from school. And shouting and chasing each other madly they were, all happy little rascals.

Then, all at once, I was, it appeared, on my way to Oakwood Cemetery, where I knew my father and mother lay buried. And, curiously enough, I said to myself, "You cannot go out to the very cemetery where your father and mother lie buried and *there* not think of them as dead, even though you *are* still in a dream, and therefore should, by the law of all dreams, be thinking of them and of all the other departed as living."

Yet, as I entered the graveyard, my father and my mother came toward me, although white-raimented, quite as a matter of course, and even *more* happy it seemed than ever before I had known them, discoursing too about their happiness.

And my mother—she seemed to *be* the Companion now—said, "Do not worry about me: let not your heart be troubled."

And my father: "Just a little farther on, son, as you know, down the Honey Creek road and across that Creek and so on up to the high top of Petty Hill, there is silence and light—the kind in which you used to worship."

I said, "But I did not know that you used to know I worshipped in silence and in light."

"We know *all* things about the earth now," he answered, "and—strangely, very strangely—are happy, very happy in that knowledge."

I left them then and started down the road toward Honey Creek, but awoke before reaching it. Still I was very happy. And all my dreams were happy.

Hence it is not at all strange that, almost from the hour I returned to Tramp's Rest I began to improve. Even my dreams were sanatory.

Yet not merely my dreams and my pleasant surroundings could, alone, have sufficed to effectuate a cure.

RECENT MEDICAL ADVANCES

Already, in the main portion of this volume, I have told how the old-time, largely ineffective, medicine had made slow way for the Great New Medicine. The marvellous change was almost altogether owing to

the introduction and the slow but finally unquestionable establishment of the truth of the Germ Production of a very large number of diseases. As a result of that introduction and that firm establishment of the Germ Theory, not only medicine, but all else human, was altered, improved and advanced in a way that had formerly seemed impossible. And yet the healing art had further heights to climb. Not all diseases are caused by micro-organisms.

From the earliest days, for example, it had been known that certain diseases are engendered by mechanical violence. Thus, a kick on the shin sometimes produces a bony outgrowth of the bone (exostosis) even though no germs at all are anywhere concerned in the matter. That fact has never been questioned, even to the moment in which I write. So too with overeating, which may cause nausea or diarrhoea; undereating, which may cause starvation. Such facts were known in early days and remain till now unquestioned. The power of certain drugs, too, to produce disease—opium, drastic cathartics, etc.—was known in antiquity. Too great exposure of the body to cold (freezing) or to heat (sunstroke, thermic fever, etc.) were also known in early millenaries as producers of sickness, just as still they are.

Yet all these perfectly obvious causes of disease (mechanical, dietary, thermal, and the like) furnished explanations of a very small portion only of the total number of diseases in existence. Even after the advent and establishment of the Germ Theory, which clearly and permanently explained the production of a very large number of diseases (those, namely, which are known as "infections") there still remained unaccounted for a rather long list of pathological conditions.

EYESTRAIN

Even in the 13th century, as already herein stated, spectacles with convex lenses had begun to be employed—i.e. as aids to the failing near-vision of old persons. Concave lenses were, in the 16th century, introduced for the improvement of vision in the short-sighted. Cylindrical lenses began to be employed about the beginning of the 19th century, chiefly for the improvement of sight in those with astigmatism. It was not, however, until my very own time that the prescription of spectacles of all sorts for eyestrain and for the very numerous disorders which are frequently produced by eyestrain, began. Prisms, ground into lenses with other refractive elements (curves) were first adopted for the relief of eyestrain in the last two decades of the 19th century.¹

¹ Those chiefly concerned in this great service to mankind were E. E. Maddox, of Bournemouth, England; G. C. Savage, of Nashville, Tennessee; Claud Worth, of London; George T. Stevens, of New York City; and Chas. F. Prentice, of New York City. To the latter we owe not only the invention of the "prism diopter," the "typoscope," the "prismometric scale," the "diagonal prism" with correct mathematical formulæ for its use, and "Dioptic Formulæ for Combined Cylindrical Lenses," but also a very large portion of the accepted nomenclature in oculo-myology. I trust that the reader will pardon me if I mention with pride the long-standing friendship which I had with Prentice also the voluminous correspondence which passed between us for very many years on scientific subjects and which closed only with his death.

But much there still remained to be discovered about the causes of diseases, besides the always obvious causes, also micro-organisms and eyestrain.

FOCAL INFECTION

From 1909 to 1916 Dr. Frank Billings, of Chicago, together with E. C. Rosenow, developed and propagated what was called the focal infection theory of the causation of many diseases. This "focal infection" is often supposed by laymen to be an additional, or wholly new, kind of disease causation. It is, however, simply an enlargement, or extension, of the Germ Theory. The word "infection" indeed, which forms an essential portion of the term, so implies—an infection being precisely an attack upon some portion of the body by disease germs. The word "focal," however, appears to me to have been unhappily chosen. *Redistributed infection*, or *relayed infection*, would, I think, have been far clearer and more accurate. "Focal," to a layman, always seems to mean either a limitation of an infection to some one focus or spot of the body, without implying any extension elsewhere, or else to signify *some new kind of disease production*—"infection," to the general public, meaning ordinarily, simply disease production of any sort or kind.

When any or all of a person is infected by germs from the world outside him, that should be entitled, in scientific parlance, *extrinseco-genic*,¹ produced from without. When, however, one or more parts of a person are infected from some part of the body that is already infected, that should be called *intrinseco-genic*,² or, in lay talk, simply *redistributed*, or *relayed infection*. Possibly, for the non-medical public, the correlative terms might very well be simply *original infection* and *relayed infection*. ("Internal infection" would be highly ambiguous.)

The great point, however, of this section is that "focal infection" is not at all an entirely new kind of disease production, but simply one of the ways (a rather recently discovered way) whereby germs can and do act. Germs from without, for example, oftentimes infect the teeth, the tonsils, the nasal sinuses, the vermiform appendix. That I would call *original infection*. Then the germs which are colonizing (breeding) in these infected areas may get inside of the bloodvessels of those areas, in which case of course they, if not killed by the white cells of the blood, are carried by the blood-stream to other parts of the body, wherein, if the resistance there is low, they set up what I have called *redistributed*, or *relayed*, infection. Especially susceptible to relayed infection are the eyes, the heart, the bloodvessels, the muscles, joints, veins of the lower extremities.

TOO MUCH, TOO LITTLE, OR DEFECTIVE HORMONES

The word, *hormone*, is derived from a Greek word meaning *to excite*. A hormone is a substance which, having been produced in one part of the body and having then been carried by the bloodstream to another part of the body, excites in that second part some physiological, or

¹ Latin, *extrinsecus* (adv.) from without. ² Latin, *intrinsecus* (adv.) from within.

pathological, effect. Hormones are sometimes called *internal secretions*, because they are poured, by the (ductless) glands which secrete them, directly into the blood as it circulates through those glands.

This linking of part with part about the body by these hormones, *excitants*, or *messengers*, was in truth discovered by Claude Bernard from 1848-57, but endocrinology, as the science of hormones and their functions is now scientifically termed, did not begin in earnest until the 1890's, and it did not reach its crest till the earlier decades of the 20th century. Now it is understood that Addison's disease is due to deficiency of the hormone known variously as adrenin, suprarenin, adrenaline and epinephrine, a secretion of the little bodies which cap (surmount) the kidneys. Also that diabetes mellitus is produced by lack, or deficiency, of a secretion which is known as insulin and which is manufactured by the "islands of Langerhans"—certain portions of the pancreas. A deficient secretion of thyroxin by the thyroid gland (at the base of the neck) produces myxedema and idiocy. Too much of the same secretion may cause Basedow's disease (*exophthalmic goitre*, in English *bug-eye big-neck*).¹ Too little secretion of the pituitary gland, anterior lobe, stunts normal growth and sexual development; of the posterior lobe, diminishes the digestion of carbohydrates and fats. A too great secretion of the anterior portion produces, before puberty, giantism, and, after puberty, acromegaly. Diminished secretion of "Castle's intrinsic factor," a substance formed in the stomach and stored in the liver, results in the production of pernicious anemia. Whether or not this substance is a hormone has not been finally determined. The cures or ameliorations of these various quite serious diseases by the administration of hormones from various animals have been remarkable in the extreme. The administration of suprarenal extract for Addison's disease, of insulin for diabetes mellitus, of thyroxin for thyroid inactivity, of Castle's intrinsic factor (in the form of dried hog's stomach or of various kinds of liver) and of many other hormones—either taken from animals or produced synthetically in the laboratory—for many other diseases of the endocrine organs, have been productive of most marvellous results.²

¹ Even in the embryo (unborn young) deficiency of thyroxin produces serious consequences. The baby arrives misshapen, belly greatly swelled, tongue protruding and saliva running all over its chin, neck and breast.

Everyone knows what a "freemartin" is, but only a few understand how such a being comes to be. When a cow is "carrying" twin embryos of opposite sex, it quite generally happens that the arteries from the two placentas anastomose (inosculate) with one another, so that the bloods of the two embryos commingle. The male calf develops normally because the masculine hormone (produced by his testicles) is normal for his development, while the feminine hormone from the other calf's ovaries somehow does him no harm. The female calf, however, suffers sexual damage from the testicular hormone to such an extent that she is absolutely sterile throughout her entire existence.

² As to the use of liver for pernicious anemia, the reader will please to recall what is said in an early part of this volume about my father's schoolteacher, Mrs. Mary M. Heath, and her wise, but unheeded, recommendation to my father of any form of liver for anemias that do not respond to iron.

The scientific history of this extremely important subject is this: Drs. Minot and Murphy, of Boston, in 1926, found that the feeding of one-half pound of mammalian liver daily cured uncomplicated pernicious anemia. (*Journal A.M.A.*, August 14, 1926.) In 1928, Castle, of Boston, discovered that a deeper-lying cause of pernicious anemia lies in some

Yet, after all, have these great discoveries contributed to our knowledge of the *causes of disease*? The diseases in question, we say, are produced by the too much, too little, or somehow defective hormones. Yet what was it that *caused* the too much, the too little, the somehow defectiveness? In the case of myxedema (from a deficient secretion of thyroxin by the thyroid gland) the trouble we know to be due, at least in most cases, to an insufficient intake of iodine in the food. But as to most of the other diseases of the endocrine (hormone producing) organs, the ultimate cause is still in doubt. Some may be engendered by improper diet, by germs or by some of the other causes of disease already herein mentioned. No one knows with certainty just what causes them.

THE ALLERGIES

There is another class of ailments, quite lately gone into with thoroughness, namely the allergies. For countless ages it had been well known that certain persons react unfavorably (are sensitive to) certain substances. But not till the last few years was the fact established that the number of allergens (allergy producing substances) is really quite large and that some of the reactions have very serious consequences. Here we have at last a true addition to our list of things that we certainly do know can cause diseases.

In no case whatsoever of any disease whatsoever has the cause thereof been found to consists of any devil, especially a devil capable of uttering human speech and engaging in theological argument.

VITAMINS

The Pre-History

NIGHT-BLINDNESS. This rather common affection was recognized even by Hippocrates, the Father of Scientific Medicine, who flourished in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ.

SCURVY. This dangerous affection was probably first distinctly described in 1260, by Jean de Joinville, a French military leader who accompanied Louis IX (St. Louis) on his Egyptian Crusade. The book containing the description, however, was not published till 1546. In 1636 the disease was described by John Woodhall, master in surgery, in his interesting volume, "The Surgeon's Mate," and the remedy for the disease was in that volume (following a practice already in use) quite properly declared to be simply lemon juice. Later, lemon juice was generally substituted by lime juice or potatoes. Yet just why these substances cured and prevented scurvy was not understood.

form of defective digestion in the stomach. The following year Sturgis and Isaacs, at Ann Arbor, Mich., "demonstrated that dessicated hog's stomach, concentrated by the removal of fats, is equally as effective, or even more so, than liver extract." Then, in that same year, although the active principle itself could not be absolutely isolated, a very potent material was nevertheless (by Cohn, Murphy and Minor) extracted from liver, one which could be given by injection into the veins in very small quantities and with highly beneficial effects.

BERI-BERI. This disease of the heart and peripheral nerves, vaguely known to the ancient Chinese, was first described in modern times by the Dutchman, Bontius, in 1642, by another Dutchman, Tulp, in 1652, and very thoroughly indeed and accurately by John Grant Malcolmson in 1835. The cause of the disease, however, like that of scurvy, remained a deep secret.

RICKETS. This disease was first specifically described by the Englishman, Francis Glisson, in 1650. Once again, however, the cause of the affection was by no means understood.

PELLAGRA. This condition was first described in 1735 by Casal, a Spanish physician, who had observed the disease in his native country. Very much later it was found to exist in every country in the world, and in 1907 to be endemic in the United States.¹

These five diseases are now all curable, even preventable, by the administration of vitamins.

THE HISTORY

The really scientific history of vitaminology began in 1906. In that year Sir Frederick G. Hopkins, of Cambridge University, showed that, contrary to former belief, no animal can live on a diet of proteins, fats, carbohydrates, inorganic salts and water. These dietary elements—bulk-elements one might very well call them—must, it was pointed out by Hopkins, be reinforced by a considerable number of accessory factors which, though present in minute quantities only, are absolutely necessary for the animal's existence.

Then began a series of astounding discoveries about vitamins.

¹ *Night-blindness.* Ofttimes regarded as a disease, this affection is more properly a symptom only—a diminished adaptation of the eye to darkness, so that, by twilight, it sees little or nothing. Night-blindness is not invariably a proof that vitamin A is wanting either in the diet or in the eye. *Scurvy*, in its milder forms, is indicated by weakness, pallor, loss of appetite and weight, dizziness, headache, stupidity, pains in the legs and muscles. Later, there is inflammation of the gums, which retract from the necks of the teeth and bleed at a touch. Blood is sometimes poured out just under the skin, making purple patches. Anemia may be extreme. The disease is ofttimes fatal, but numerous cases are subclinical—i.e., not alarming enough to cause the patient to seek assistance from a doctor. *Beri-beri* in its earliest stages is marked by muscular weakness, especially in the calves. Later there is swelling of the legs and palpitation of the heart. The peripheral nerves inflame and the pain may become atrocious. General paralysis may supervene. A similar affection, also produced by much the same cause, is polyneuritis. In either beri-beri or its variant, polyneuritis, the muscles of respiration not infrequently become paralysed, with of course a fatal result. In former times either of these affections was generally fatal. *Rickets* is a disease of children, characterized by abnormal changes in the bones. There is delay in teething and walking, skull-enlargement and squaring, enlargement and softening of the ribs, pigeon-breast, spinal curvature, clubbing of bones at the wrist, knock-knees and bow-legs. Rickets is seldom fatal. In *pellagra* the mouth and tongue become inflamed. Later there is a characteristic skin eruption, especially on the backs of hands and wrists. These areas look at first as if sunburned. Later, they become scruffy and peel off. There is generally much pain throughout the body. Stomach and intestines become involved. The appetite is poor, the digestion weak, and the patient consequently emaciates. In some cases there is insanity, ranging from slight depression and morbid fears to a truly terrible melancholia.

Dr. Casimir Funk, of the State School of Hygiene, at Warsaw, Poland, in 1910 introduced the term, "vitamine" (life-amine). The dropping of the final e was proposed by J. C. Drummond, because it had been discovered that not all vitamins are amines.

VITAMIN A

1913.—In this year vitamin A was discovered, though not isolated, independently by McCollum and Davis and by Osborne and Mendel. Six years later, Steenbock, of the University of Wisconsin, pointed out that the vitamin A effects were produced by the yellow pigment, carotene, present in certain vegetables. Nine years later still, Euler proved that carotene "could replace vitamin A in the diet." In 1930 Moore showed that carotene is actually changed to vitamin A in the liver, also, that the vitamin is stored in that organ.

Vitamin A was found to exist in milk fat, egg yolk, liver, fruits, and, in the form of carotene, in the green and yellow vegetables. Experimental animals, deprived of these articles in their diet, developed conditions which, in a general way, are called A-avitaminosis (lack-of-vitamin-A-condition). One of the most striking symptoms produced by lack or insufficiency of vitamin A is, as already stated, night-blindness. Other symptoms are slowing or cessation of growth; various skin eruptions (cornification, papules and pustules); increased susceptibility to infections generally, fogging, even ulceration, of the cornea of the eye; (in combination with other vitamin deficiencies) tendency toward cataract formation. When the patient is fed on a vitamin-A-rich diet, such of these symptoms as he exhibits disappear, if present merely because of the A-insufficiency in the diet. If present because of failure on the part of the system to absorb or to utilize the vitamin A which *is* present in proper amount in the diet, then the amount of vitamin-A intake must be increased sometimes enormously. That is accomplished by the giving of vitamin-A "concentrates," or carotene (which is *pro-vitamin A*, i.e., a substance from which the animal economy can manufacture its vitamin A).

VITAMIN B

1915. In this year the existence of vitamin B was demonstrated by McCollum and Davis, and the name of this vitamin was also then proposed by them.

1926. Smith and Hendrick showed that vitamin B is not one single vitamin, but at least two and perhaps more. The multiple nature of vitamin B was then absolutely proved by Smith and Hendrick. To-day, at least seven constituents, "factors," of the so-called vitamin B are known to exist and these are named, respectively, vitamin B₁, vitamin B₂, etc. The entire combination of B's is called to-day "the vitamin B complex," and most of its constituents have other names than merely B this and B that. Thus B₁ is also called "thiamin chloride." The chief pellagra-preventing factor was called "nicotinic acid," later "niacin."

It is now known that the following diseases or symptoms may be produced by an insufficient intake of (or the inability to absorb) either

the B complex or some one or more of its constituents: beri-beri (2 varieties: peripheral neuritis with muscular paralysis and atrophy; various diseases of the heart). Polyneuritis of various types which are not downright beri-beri; various disturbances of stomach and bowels; various eye affections, notably retinal hemorrhages with inflammation, followed by atrophy of the optic nerve; pellagra; acrodynia.

VITAMIN C

1918. In this year the anti-scurvy substance was christened vitamin C. It was then, in 1928, "isolated"—i.e. separated in unmixed form by Szent-György. In 1932 it was synthesized—i.e. produced artificially in the laboratory—by Reichstein.

It is now known that the following diseases or symptoms may be produced by an insufficient intake (or the inability to absorb) vitamin C: Scurvy (with all the numerous symptoms described in the footnote above); dental caries; pyorrhea; various sorts of hemorrhages; abnormal cutaneous pigmentations.

VITAMIN D

1922. In this year McCollum integrated the antirachitic factor in codliver oil and other substances. In 1924 Hess and Steenbock made certain foods antirachitic by irradiation with ultraviolet rays.

Ten different forms of vitamin D have been synthetically—i.e. artificially—produced.

It is now known that the following diseases or symptoms may be produced by an insufficient intake (or the inability to absorb) vitamin D: rickets, softening of the skull, pigeon breast, spasmophilia, spasms in the ankles, feet and larynx, softening of the bones generally, delay or cessation of growth, malformation and decay of the teeth.

And now there have been discovered a number of other vitamins which need not here be mentioned. Suffice it that vitaminology has, alone, become a science of exceedingly large proportions.

The main points to remember are that while the germ theory of disease proved to be undoubtedly the greatest discovery ever made in this world, it nevertheless did not explain the causation of absolutely all diseases. Mechanical violence, worry, undereating or overeating, too much or too little exercise, excessive cold and heat, the action of various poisons; all these had been known as causers of disease from time immemorial. Then came the Great Germ Theory—within, as I say, the time of my still living self—to explain the causation of all the infectious and contagious diseases, including the terrible epidemics. And this, as I also have heretofore stated, has had well-nigh incredible effects on almost everything that man either is or does. And then in addition—to sum up tersely—there came eyestrain as a cause of certain diseases. Then too much, too little, or defective hormones. Finally came the vitamins. Or *is* it finally? What causes the common cold, influenza, smallpox, the shingles, infantile paralysis, and so on? These diseases,

it is usual now to say, are produced by some sort or another of virus—a micro-organism that the microscope has not as yet disclosed. But is it? We know not for certain.

There is still a *terra incognita*. It is not an extensive territory, yet it exists.

However, it is well worth repeating, even in these modern days, that, among the vast multitude of diseases whose causes *have* been actually ferreted out and *are* demonstrably known, not one single disease, or even one single case of one disease,¹ has ever been found to have been produced by a devil. Certainly not the kind of devil that can use human language and even conduct an argument.²

Yet there are thousands of supposedly educated people, even in these United States of America, who still believe in the devil-possession theory of disease-causation. The reason for the persistence of this old-time misconception—not only in primitive countries, wherein it is a hang-over from the ages when everyone on earth believed in the devil-possession idea of disease-production, but even to some extent in civilized lands—is sufficiently obvious and need not here be gone into.

THE RECOVERY

I have already stated that, almost from the very moment when I returned to my home, Tramp's Rest, I began to get better. Despite that fact, however, it is true that, had it not been for one of the vitamin discoveries above-mentioned—that of vitamin B, meaning in my individual case the entire B complex—I should surely have died. So long as I dwelt in the hospital the remedy could not properly act, so great was my depression. When I had been removed to my home, the remedy had some opportunity to act and to cure. Once again, the importance of psychology, at least of "human nature," in the healing art was emphasized thoroughly.³

¹ Contrast with this the statement in *Luke* IV, 40-41: "And when the sun was setting, all they that had ANY sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands ON EVERY ONE OF THEM, and healed them. And devils also came out from MANY, crying out, and saying, Thou art the Son of God." Also with the statement in *Matthew* VIII, 16: "And he cast out the spirits with a word, and healed ALL that were sick."

² E.g. *Mark* I, 24: ". . . . and he cried out, saying, What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us?" etc.

³ It sometimes almost seems to me, as backward I look over the course of my life, as if there had been a very "special providence" enacted at times in my favor. Thus, when I had gone to New York for the study of medicine and was at my very wits' end because of constant eyestrain, I found that medicine had recently advanced to the point where my "strain" could be removed. This made it possible for me to go on with my medical studies when, otherwise, they would have had to be abandoned.

Then, in 1893, when I had been suffering for years from chronic appendicitis and was now about to perish from that disease, it again appeared that medicine had recently advanced to the point where my appendix could be safely removed. Thanks not only to the Germ Theory and Asepsis, but also to Reginald Fitz (in 1886) and Charles McBurney (from 1889 to 1893), not merely my efficiency but my very life was saved. Then, when again the gates of death had opened before me because of my continually recurring abdominal and femoral phlebitis, lo and behold once again as it were a very special providence! Drs. Frank Billings and E. C. Rosenow had, from 1909 to 1916, established the focal infection exegesis of just

The Companion, needless to say, was rejoiced to see the prompt improvement. Little did we realize that, after my recovery, and not so very long thereafter, she, not I, despite the pleasure she felt in my convalescence, would pass into the land where "hearts" are no more "troubled"—by any sickness whatsoever, either of others or ourselves.

Exactly six months before the Companion's death, I returned to my medical practice, to my writings, to my peace work.

THE PEACE WORK

Long years before I wrote "Tramping to Failure" I had published numerous books and articles on the various proposed methods for securing international peace, and, in the "Tramping" (pages 380 to 444), I presented in narrative form a very brief summary of all those books and articles. Even in the "Tramping," however, brief as the peace matter therein is, I in that volume nevertheless rendered a fairly full account of the origin of a good many wars, whereby it was clearly shown—as I thought and still believe—that in no civilized country would the general public, if given the referendum on outside (extraterritorial) wars, ever vote for their nation's entry into such a conflict. For these reasons, therefore, I do not here intend to do more than merely outline the history of the movement for a popular referendum on wars outside our own territory and territorial waters as that movement has progressed, remained stationary, or regressed, since the date when "Tramping" appeared—August 7, 1937.¹

Supposing, then, that the reader already believes that the people really care to stay out of extraterritorial conflicts, and that, if they had the referendum on such conflicts, they would well-nigh always vote against entrance into them, the question at once arises, What form should the law take whereby the popular referendum on outside conflicts should be conferred?

such maladies as mine. The primary offenders—teeth, tonsils, nasal sinuses—having been properly attended to, I once again was well—all excepting a localized neuritis in my upper-arms and shoulders. This having spread, as hereinbefore related, to almost the whole of my body, behold eventually once again, just in time—the recently provided vitamin B complex and the knowledge of what it was good for.

I am not so egocentric, quite, as to think myself of such importance to the world that the Spirit of the Universe would trouble itself to bring to the attention of science the proper cure for this disease, that disease and the other disease, just at the moment in each case when such a proceeding had become necessary to continue my stay on earth. Yet the mere fact that my life has actually been so many times preserved, as it were "in the nick of time," by several distinct, world-shaking, discoveries, may serve duly to emphasize the fact that each and every one of those discoveries has been made and developed and rendered practical and effective in the very short space of one individual's life.

¹ Those who are not even yet convinced that the American people, if granted the referendum, would invariably vote strongly against their country's intervention in outside (extraterritorial) conflicts, may, if they wish, consult not merely the pages above cited from "Tramping," but also, on the particular point in question, my other volumes as follows: "The Only Way" (1926), "Give the People Their Own War Power" (1927), "Just One Check on War" (1928), "How to Stop International War" (1928), "How to Stop War-Time Profiteering" (1931), 2d ed. (1937). These works are all still in print, therefore easily available.

First of all, contrary even to the opinion of some believers in the War-Check Vote, such a law should not take the form of a statute. A statute, when war threatens, can be easily, in fact almost instantaneously and by a mere majority vote, repealed by Congress—the very body which, under our Constitution as it now stands, holds the war-declaring power, and which is, therefore, the very body we are seeking to restrain—that is, as to the making of extraterritorial wars. What we therefore need is an amendment to the U. S. Constitution. Then, whenever Congress wished to enter us into an outside extraterritorial conflict, the people would have something on which they could depend. Congress could repeal such an amendment only by another amendment, something they could almost certainly not get adopted—with a war threatening. To repeal a statute requires merely a majority vote (a majority of one vote would actually be sufficient) in each house of Congress. To repeal an amendment, however, requires, first of all—I will quote the very words of the Constitution, Article V: “The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose Amendments to this Constitution, or, on the Application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a Convention for proposing Amendments, which, in either Case, shall be valid to all Intents and Purposes, as Part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by Conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other Mode of Ratification may be proposed by the Congress.”

The next question is, What provisions should the referendum amendment contain?

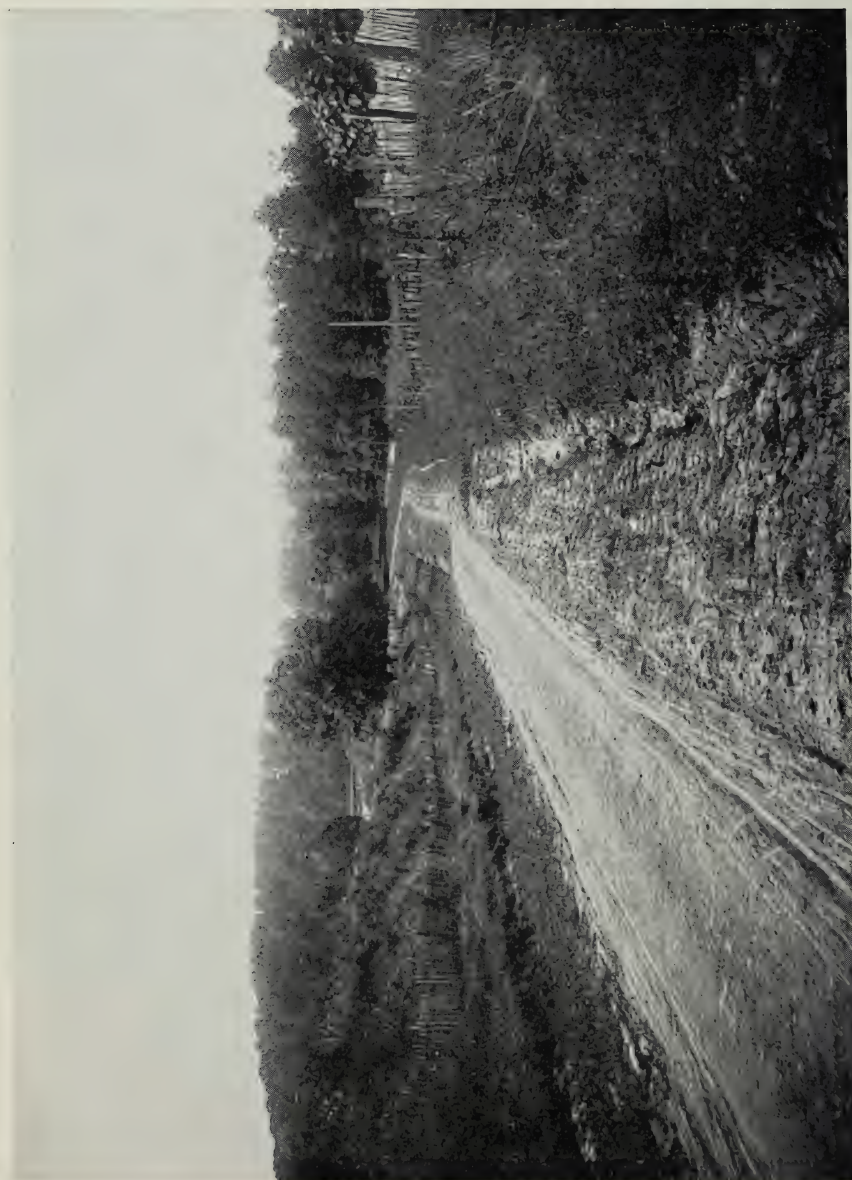
First of all it should provide that—

No war or wars, partly or wholly outside the territory or territorial waters of the United States, shall be made or declared by the United States or any of its subdivisions, officials or agencies, without the question or questions being first submitted to a vote of the people of the United States at an election at which no other question or questions shall be decided.

Why, in that sentence, should there stand the expression, “no war or wars”? Because, if it read only “war,” then Congress might say, when it wished us to engage in an outside war with *two* countries, “This is not ‘a’ war that we’re proposing to make, but *two* wars.” “Nonsense,” do you say? Not at all. Almost any political body, whenever it wishes to do some war-making, will take full advantage of even smaller loopholes than that one. If, on the other hand, the amendments said only “wars,” then, as a matter of course, the political body in question (in the U. S., Congress) would say, “But we are not proposing to make ‘wars,’ only *a* war.”—Why “partly or wholly outside”? Because, otherwise, the Congress might on some occasions say, “This war is not ‘outside,’ it is partly outside and partly inside therefore by the very terms of the amendment does not call for a referendum.”—Why “made or declared”? Because governments not infrequently do make wars without declaring them. Many wars have been so made, even in the time of the present generation.—Why “or any of its subdivisions, officials or agencies”? Because, otherwise, the United States Government might actually make war by such indirect methods. Have you never heard of licensed



AT TRAMP'S REST
THE COMPANION: NOW THE LITTLE LADY WITH THE DYING HEART
(Photograph by N. B. Pendergast)



The Road Leading Down to Honey Creek, and Beyond, to the High Petty Hill
with its Silence and Light.
(Old photograph by the writer)

privateering, etc.²—Why “at an election at which no other question or questions shall be decided”? To prevent the Government from confusing the issue for common mortals by submitting at the same time as the outside-war question a large number of other propositions, some quite similar to it and some quite dissimilar from it.

Then a number of provisions should follow the above, whereby just methods for holding the election should be clearly laid down. Thus:

All persons qualified to vote for presidential electors shall be qualified to vote at such election, and no other persons. Not less than thirty days' notice of such election shall be given, and at least ten days before the day of such election the Department of State of the United States shall have finished making, in a conspicuous place on the inside walls of all the post offices in the United States, a complete disclosure in the English language of all facts substantially affecting the question or questions at issue and known to the Department. The ballot employed shall be a secret ballot. On the face of the ballot a statement shall be made in the English language, clearly specifying the purpose or purposes of the war or wars and the enemy or enemies against whom the war is or the wars are to be conducted. The question or questions of whether or not the war is or the wars are to be made shall likewise be plainly stated on the face of the ballot in the English language and in such a manner that the voters shall be able to vote either plainly for the war or wars or plainly against the war or wars and in no other way. The time, places and manner of holding the election, so far as these are not herein prescribed, shall be determined by Congress, but such time, places and manner shall have been plainly and completely promulgated by Congress on the inside walls of all the post offices in the United States not less than ten days prior to the date of the election. The day on which the referendum shall be held shall be the same throughout the United States. The polls shall be open for voting not less than fourteen hours. The voting precincts shall be the same and the polling places as numerous as at the last election of presidential electors. If a majority of all the votes cast shall be against the war or wars, the war or wars shall not be made. If a majority shall be in favor of the war or wars, the war or wars may be made, but the President shall have power either before or after the opening of hostilities, to make a treaty of peace, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur.¹

That completes Section 1 of The Amendment for the War-Check Vote. Now follows the remainder of the Amendment:

(2) Any person or persons intentionally secreting or misrepresenting any one or more of the facts required by this amendment to be disclosed on the inside walls of all the post offices of the United States, or on the ballots, or defacing, hiding or removing any document or documents disclosing any one or more of such facts, or misrepresenting the time, place and manner of such election, or defacing, hiding, or removing any document or documents which promulgate the time, places and manner of the election, shall be adjudged guilty of felony, and shall be punished therefor by imprisonment at hard labor for not less than ten years and not more than ninety-nine years.

(3) Territory, within the meaning of this amendment, shall be all the area within the Nation's boundaries as set forth and described in the latest treaties dealing with that subject.

(4) Territorial waters, within the meaning of this amendment, shall be waters which extend from the lowest-tide shore-line and from the outer line of the exclusive waters of any nation as far seaward as any projectile, at the time when the question arises, is capable of carrying.

(5) Armed violence committed under governmental authority shall be war within the meaning of this amendment. So shall any other measure or measures having for its or their intended result the destruction of human life, the injury of a human body or bodies, or the destruction of property. So shall military occupation of any country, or of its air, or naval occupation of its territorial waters, or both such military and naval occupation, if, at the time of such occupation, military or naval or both, there shall be in such country any actual or impending insurrection or rebellion, or any dispute as to the right to govern

¹ The present method of making all treaties.

such country, or if such occupation shall be for the purpose of influencing any legislative, executive, or judicial act or acts of such country, or for the purpose of influencing such country's trade.

(6) Whenever any person or persons, with intent to make war (as defined in this amendment) shall invade the territory or territorial waters of the United States, the government of the United States shall, without any referendum, have the same power as always heretofore to expel such invaders, but shall not have power to follow such invaders outside our territory or territorial waters. And each state under the same circumstances shall have the same power, without any referendum, to expel such invaders, and, likewise, shall have no power to follow such invaders outside its territory or United States territorial waters—saving under the express circumstances mentioned hereinbelow.

(7) The infliction of injury upon persons or property situated outside our territory or territorial waters by any person or persons who, at the time, are situated within our territory or territorial waters and who are acting under governmental orders, shall be extra-territorial war within the meaning of this amendment, and is not to be made without the affirmative vote of the people as above described.

(8) In case any person or persons, situated outside the territory or territorial waters of the United States, shall make war (as defined in this amendment) across our boundaries and in our territory or territorial waters, then the United States government shall have power, without any referendum, to transgress such boundaries and to silence, capture or destroy the immediate source of such trans-boundary war, but, after such immediate source has been silenced, captured or destroyed, our forces must at once withdraw into our own territory, national waters, or the high seas.

(9) Nothing in this amendment shall debar the government from making war within the territory or territorial waters of the United States whenever it shall deem that measure necessary to suppress insurrection.

(10) Nothing in this Amendment shall debar the government from making any and all such preparations for war as it may see fit to make prior to the receipt of the final returns from the referendum.

(11) No vessel of the United States shall be prevented by this amendment from defending itself, either in peace-time or in war-time, against unprovoked attack on the high seas, nor shall any aircraft of the United States when on or above the high seas. When any vessel of the United States shall so act in self-defense, the State Department of the United States shall, within thirty days, make, in a conspicuous place on the inside walls of all the post offices in the United States, a complete disclosure in the English language of all the facts substantially affecting the situation and known to the department.

(12) This amendment shall in nowise interfere with arrests, trials or punishment for piracy, and any vessel on the high seas which is engaged in the slave-trade may be treated as a pirate.

If the reader will give but a little close thought to the matter, he will see, in the case of each and every provision of these sections 2 to 12 inclusive, one or more plain reasons for its adoption.¹

But there should be also a second amendment, one auxiliary to "The Amendment for the War-Check Vote," above quoted and very slightly commented on. So frequently do governments back up, even engender, wars without any actual fighting on the part of their own people, merely by lending or giving (the "lending" is almost always, in the end, a giving) money, credit, or supplies, that the additional amendment is actually requisite for the prevention of such skulduggery. I realize fully

¹ In case he does not, he can readily find in almost any large library one or more of my peace-and-war volumes, which may be of assistance to him. Soon there will appear my very large volume on these proposed amendments, its title "The War-Check Vote." Part of that volume will consider the text of both of my proposed amendments and in very great detail.

that evasions of such an amendment could sometimes be thought out—such, for example, as the buying of another nation's gold at twice the price that that other nation would be very glad to sell it for, thereby to assist in preparing the favored nation for the war, even inclining it to make a war which, otherwise, it might never have engendered. Yet, all things considered, I do indeed believe that the Amendment in question would mightily assist to prevent, say, our own government, from supplying the "sinews of war" to other governments, at least in a large number of instances.

Such an auxiliary amendment to the War-Check Vote amendment I long ago drew up in the following form:

THE AMENDMENT FOR THE LOAN-AND-GIFT-CHECK VOTE

(13) Neither in peace nor in war shall the United States or any of their subdivisions, official organizations or agencies give or loan to any foreign nation or nations or any subdivision of a foreign nation, or to any person or persons or organization or organizations on behalf thereof, any money, credit or supplies, or act as guarantor or surety in the case of any foreign loan or loans as above described, without first submitting the question or question to a vote of the people of the United States at an election at which no other question or questions shall be decided. All persons qualified to vote for presidential electors shall be qualified to vote at such election, and no other persons. Not less than thirty days' notice of such election shall be given, and at least ten days before the day of such election the Department of State of the United States shall have finished making, in a conspicuous place on the inside walls of all the post offices in the United States, a complete disclosure in the English language of all facts substantially affecting the question or questions at issue and known to the Department. The ballot employed shall be a secret ballot. On the face of the ballot a statement shall be made in the English language, clearly specifying the nature and extent of the gift or gifts, loan or loans, the name of the donee or donees, borrower or borrowers, the percentage or percentages of interest to be paid in the case of a loan or loans, the date or dates, place or places, the manner or manners of repayment if a loan or loans, and if a loan or loans the nature and amount or amounts of the security or securities to be required by this country and the name or names of the guarantor or guarantors, surety or sureties. If the United States is to act as guarantor or surety directly or indirectly for any foreign loan or loans as above described, a statement shall be made in the English language on the face of the ballots employed clearly specifying the nature and extent of the guarantorship or guarantorships, suretyship or suretyships, the nature and extent of the loan or loans, the name of the debtor or debtors, and of the creditor or creditors, the percentage or percentages of interest or interests contracted to be paid by the debtor or debtors, the date or dates, place or places, and manner or manners of payment of both the principal or principals and the interest or interests. The question or questions themselves shall likewise be plainly stated in the English language and in such manner that the voter shall be able to vote either plainly for or plainly against the submitted proposal or proposals, and in no other way. The time, places and manner of holding the election, so far as these are not herein prescribed, shall be determined by Congress, but such time, places and manner shall have been plainly and completely promulgated by Congress in the English language on the inside walls of all the post offices in the United States not less than ten days prior to the date of the election. The day on which the referendum shall be held shall be the same throughout the United States. The polls shall be open for voting not less than fourteen hours. The voting precincts shall be the same and the polling places as numerous as at the last election of presidential electors. The result of the election shall be decided in accordance with a majority of all the votes cast, and it shall not be advisory only but shall be binding on the United States and upon all their subdivisions, organizations, officials and agencies.

(14) And neither the United States nor any of their subdivisions, official organizations or agencies, shall have any power, direct or indirect, to remit, wholly or in part, any foreign loan or loans as above described, or the interest or interests to be paid thereon, or to modify in any way or ways a term or terms of such loan or loans, or to modify in any

way the responsibility or responsibilities of this country as guarantor or surety for any foreign loan or loans as above described, unless to end such responsibility or responsibilities absolutely, without first submitting the question or questions to a vote of the people of the United States at an election at which no other question or questions shall be decided. All persons qualified to vote for presidential electors shall be qualified to vote at such election, and no other persons. Not less than thirty days' notice of such election shall be given, and at least ten days before the day of such election the Department of State of the United States shall have finished making in a conspicuous place on the inside walls of all the post offices in the United States, a complete disclosure in the English language of all facts substantially affecting the question or questions at issue and known to the Department. The ballot employed shall be a secret ballot. On the face of the ballot a statement shall be made in the English language, clearly specifying the loan or loans in question, together with the exact amount of the remission or remissions, or modification or modifications of a term or of terms, or the exact modification or modifications of this country's responsibility or responsibilities as guarantor or surety, and the time and manner in which such remission, remissions, modification or modifications are to be made. The question or questions themselves shall likewise be plainly stated in the English language and in such a manner that the voter shall be able to vote either plainly for or plainly against the submitted proposal or proposals, and in no other way. The time, places and manner of holding the election, so far as these are not herein prescribed, shall be determined by Congress, but such time, places and manner shall have been plainly and completely promulgated by Congress in the English language on the inside walls of all the post offices in the United States not less than ten days prior to the date of the election. The day on which the referendum shall be held shall be the same throughout the United States. The polls shall be open for voting not less than fourteen hours. The voting precincts shall be the same and the polling places as numerous as at the last election of presidential electors. The result of the election shall be decided in accordance with a majority of all the votes cast, and it shall not be advisory only but shall be binding on the United States and on all their subdivisions, official organizations and agencies.

(15) This amendment shall not, either in peace or in war, prevent or limit the making of foreign gifts or loans or the undertaking of foreign suretyships or guarantyships, by citizens, subjects, firms or corporations of the United States, so long as these shall act strictly within their private capacities.

(16) This amendment shall not, either in peace or in war, prevent the making of foreign gifts or loans by the United States government as a matter of aid and assistance after hurricanes, earthquakes, epidemics, and similar natural calamities, provided that such gifts or loans made to any one nation in any one year without an authorizing referendum as above described, shall not exceed the sum of ten million dollars.

(17) Any person or persons intentionally secreting or misrepresenting, or assisting to secrete or misrepresent, any one or more of the facts required by this amendment to be disclosed on the inside walls of all the post offices of the United States, or on the face of the ballots, or defacing, hiding, or removing, or assisting to deface, hide or remove, any document or documents disclosing any one or more of such facts, or secreting or misrepresenting, or assisting to secrete or misrepresent, the time, places and manner of such election, or defacing, hiding or removing, or assisting to deface, hide or remove, any document or documents which promulgate the time, places and manner of the election, shall be adjudged guilty of felony, and shall be punished therefor by imprisonment at hard labor for not less than ten years and not more than ninety-nine years.

What, now, since the appearance of my "Tramping to Failure," August 7, 1937, has been the history of my peace work—the work for those two amendments to the U. S. Constitution: "The Amendment for the War-Check Vote" and the auxiliary amendment thereto, "The Amendment for the Loan-and-Gift-Check Vote"?

First of all, the support of the American people for these two amendments has, since the date above mentioned, grown enormously. Librarians of public libraries have not infrequently told me that my various books on the Amendments are "out all the time." Even when several copies of each of the volumes have been provided in a given library, the report

has come to me that "All the copies are out all the time." So many letters from various advocates of the movement now arrive at Tramp's Rest, that it is not even within the bounds of possibility to answer them—so I no longer try to do so. Then, too, these amendments, indirectly at least, have "fathered" an immense family of similar proposed amendments, some of which made their way to the halls of Congress. There they became the subject of much involved discussion, of repeated reference to Senate or House committees, of many debates in committee, of votings-out or petitionings-out of the resolutions, and, finally, of House or Senate actions. Throughout the whole of this feverish activity the present Administration has opposed the Amendments, and, mark you, for fundamental reasons. Thus, President Roosevelt himself has opposed *such amendments generally*—opposed them basically—on the ground that amendments to graft the popular referendum on extraterritorial wars would "not be compatible with representative government."

It has always been my practice, ever since, in December, 1895, I began advocating the War-Check Vote, never in the course of any presidential campaign to press the issue concerning them. My reason for this has been that I did not wish to make the adoption or rejection of the Amendments a partisan issue. To have done so would have killed all prospect of success. First of all, remember, the amendments in question would have to pass in both the upper and the lower house of Congress by a *two-thirds* vote. Get either party set against you by bringing the amendments up in a political campaign, and never again would you have the slightest chance of securing for them that two-thirds vote in each house of Congress.

Now, however, that a presidential campaign is no longer before the people, let us consider for a moment just what Mr. Roosevelt's objection to the popular referendum on extraterritorial war amounts to. His objection was, once again, that such an amendment would "not be compatible with representative government." In a "representative government" just *whose* wishes should be "represented"? Should they not be the people's? Mr. Roosevelt himself has said so time and time again in connection with other matters. Now, then, if Congress wishes to make some outside war, and the proposal to do so, having been left to the people, *should* by them be ratified—it would *not* by them be ratified, but suppose for the sake of argument that it would be—then the result would be precisely the same as if there had been no referendum. In that case, how could the people be said not to have been "represented"? If, on the other hand, the will of the people in the matter was *not* the same as that of Congress, in other words that the people voted "No" to Congress's proposal to enter us into some foreign war, then, once again, how *could* it be asserted that the people had not been "represented"? Was not Mr. Roosevelt's *real* fear that, in case the Government wanted the war and the people voted against it, then their will, in accordance with the express provision of the amendment, *would* be represented? How could the people's not wishing the war, voting against the war and so not having the war, be *mis*representing themselves? He did not tell us how, and I know of no person who can.

A sadder, a much sadder, fact about the progress of the war-check movement is this. No matter with what care and skill any given proposed amendment which had been introduced into Congress had apparently been drawn, it invariably omitted certain provisions that are absolutely essential to the proper working of *any* amendment for the popular referendum on outside wars.¹ In addition it invariably contained loop-hole expressions, so-called "weasel words," with which all persons familiar with public documents are so thoroughly and so sadly acquainted.

¹ The reader is to bear in mind continually that my proposed amendments do not provide for any referendum on wars to repel invasions or to suppress insurrections or rebellions. Those are *inside*, intraterritorial, wars. My amendments have *always* provided for the referendum on outside wars only. Recall again the opening of my proposed "Amendment for the War-Check Vote": "No war or wars, partly or wholly outside the territory or territorial waters of the United States,"—etc. Sections 3 and 4 of the same amendment then provide: "(3) Territory, within the meaning of this amendment, shall be all the area within the Nation's boundaries as set forth and described in the latest treaties dealing with that subject. (4) Territorial waters, within the meaning of this amendment, shall be waters which extend from the lowest-tide shore-line and from the outer line of the exclusive waters of any nation as far seaward as any projectile, at the time when the question arises, is capable of carrying."

The rules for the determination of "territorial waters" being decidedly unsettled and confused in international law, it seemed to me better to set forth explicitly in the amendment what should be "territorial waters" within the meaning of my proposed amendment. The fact that of all the other proposed amendments not one defines either "territory" or "territorial waters," but merely employs such indefinite, legally uncertain, terms as "foreign wars", "domestic wars", and so on, does of itself absolutely and completely condemn those amendments. Is war fought on the high seas a "domestic" war? No? Then where does a given nation's territorial waters end and the "high seas" begin? At the three-mile limit? At the farthest projectile limit? If at the three-mile limit, then where does the three-mile-wide strip of territorial water begin? At the high-water mark or at the low-water mark? U. S. courts have held even that the *high seas themselves* begin "at low water mark except in the case of harbors or roadsteads enclosed within headlands or promontories." These matters, I repeat, have never been definitely settled. It is therefore quite necessary in the proposed amendments to specify exactly the meaning of "territory" and "territorial waters" *for the purpose of these amendments*.

In 1939, at the Panama Conference, held at Panama, Republic of Panama, a so-called "Neutrality Zone" was established by the republics of the Western Hemisphere—a zone wherein certain naval and military operations by Eastern Hemisphere powers were strictly forbidden. By far the greater portion of this zone lies in what, under international law, is clearly enough high seas—that part of the high seas in fact concerning whose "high-seasness" there cannot be and never has been any question. Moreover, the zone, though represented by the public press as extending outward from the shore-lines of the various Western Hemisphere nations for a distance of 300 miles, is, in fact, by the treaty itself, of no such uniform breadth. Says the treaty: "Such waters shall be defined as follows. All waters comprised within the limits set forth hereafter except the territorial waters of Canada and of the undisputed colonies and possessions of European countries within these limits: Beginning at the terminus of the United States-Canada boundary in Passamaquoddy Bay, in 44° 46' 36" north latitude and 66° 54' 11" west longitude; thence due east," etc., along a line with numerous angles and varying lengths in it, following sometimes a parallel of latitude, sometimes a meridian of longitude, and again making for itself a rhumb line—a line which is neither a parallel nor a meridian.

It has been suggested that, for greater freedom of defence, the term, "territorial waters," shall be defined for the purposes of my amendment as "all waters comprised within the 'neutrality zone' as defined in September and October, 1939, at the Panama Conference." To this I have no objection at all, other than that the "neutrality zone" of the Panama Conference is a very complicated affair, and I would therefore counter-suggest that "territorial waters" be, for the purposes of the amendment and *in* the amendment, defined as

Let us consider a few of these more recent amendments—not as “suckers” but as sane human beings who would really like to see adopted to the Constitution of the United States amendments that would really grant to the American people a right, if they chose to exercise it, to prevent the thrusting of their country into conflicts here, there and yonder, about this ever-warring globe.

FOUR PROPOSED AMENDMENTS

Let us consider just four of the more recent and more widely known of these amendments—all of which were under debate in Congress at the same time, and three of which (those in the Senate) had been introduced in the course of one and the same week.

THE REFERENDUM OF MR. LUDLOW

No one, I believe, would dream of questioning the good faith generally of Representative Ludlow, of Indiana, or his sincere intention particularly to secure the adoption of a war-check vote amendment that would really stop war. Here, nevertheless, is his proposed amendment as it actually appeared, probably after forces opposed to it had finished their devilish work upon it. At all events, read it carefully:

“Except in the event of an invasion of the United States or its territorial possessions and attack upon its citizens residing therein, the authority of Congress to declare war shall not become effective until confirmed by a majority of all votes cast thereon in a nationwide referendum. Congress, when it deems a national crisis to exist, may by concurrent resolution refer the question of war or peace to the citizens of the States, the question to be voted on being, ‘Shall the United States declare war on?’ Congress may otherwise by law provide for the enforcement of this section.”

So many “holes” can be perceived immediately in this amendment that it would hardly be necessary to point them out to anyone, excepting only for the fact that large numbers of famous persons throughout the United States—ministers of the gospel, editors of newspapers and magazines, college professors and presidents, and so forth and so on—wrote, spoke and otherwise pressed for the adoption of the amendment without apparently so much as the slightest suspicion that a single weasel-word or loop-hole had existence in it. First of all, “territorial possessions” is absolutely not defined for the purposes of the amendment. “Territorial waters” is not even mentioned. What *are* “territorial waters” in this connection? Is an invasion of them “an invasion of the United States or its territorial possessions?” (See my footnote just above, wherein the difficulties of “territorial waters” is barely gone into.) Then, after saying that “the authority of Congress to declare war *shall not* [italics mine] become effective until confirmed by a majority of all votes cast thereon in a nationwide referendum,” Mr. Ludlow—though he may not

“waters extending from the lowest-tide shore-line and from the outer line of the exclusive waters of the United States and of its possessions and protectorates as far seaward as three hundred miles.” Or, for that matter, call it four hundred miles—a strip sufficiently wide for the defense of our shores beyond any doubt—especially when read in connection with sections 8 and 11 of my War-Check amendment.

have been blameworthy in the matter—returns to the same subject, and, having already made his referendum mandatory (“shall not”) he now proceeds to make it permissive only (“may”) thus: “Congress, when it deems a national crisis to exist, *may* [italics mine] by concurrent resolution refer the question of war or peace to the citizens of the States. . . .” In fact, as will have been noticed already by the attentive reader, he not only does this, but he also provides that Congress is only to act at all in the matter when it—Congress, the very body the amendment is intended to restrain—“deems a national crisis to exist.” And Congress may “deem” or not “deem,” just as it likes.

Finally, as if on purpose to make this pyramid of amendmental absurdities still more colossal, the entire amendment is so constructed as to concern itself with war *declarations* only. Since the very beginning of history all governments have made war sometimes with and sometimes without declaring war. Our own government has on a number of occasions made war without declaring war (Nicaragua, Porto Rico, Haiti, Japan, China, etc.). What, then, would the amendment have amounted to, even had it been adopted to the Constitution? Compare this with the opening words of my “Amendment for the War-Check Vote”: “No war or wars, partly or wholly outside the territory or territorial waters of the United States, shall be *made or declared*,” etc. Later, “territory” and “territorial waters” are both carefully defined for the purposes of the amendment. So is “war.”

Anyone who desires to note more loopholes in the Ludlow amendment need only to read my “Amendment for the War-Check Vote” and note how very many vitally essential points for an effective war-referendum amendment have been excluded from the Ludlow document. I want to repeat that it is my firm belief that Mr. Ludlow himself sincerely and persistently desired to pass an effective amendment, one that would really keep the American people out of extraterritorial conflicts; yet it is nevertheless the simple truth that no believer in the War-Check Vote can ever possibly be sorry that the Ludlow amendment for the popular referendum on outside wars, drawn as it was, with all its loopholes, weasel-words, vital omissions, and glaring inconsistencies, was defeated and has never again been proposed. Had it been adopted, it would have been worthless, and could therefore only, like the Kellogg Treaty and other bogus measures, have brought disappointment and shame, to all who had joined, no matter how sincerely, in working for its adoption.

THE REFERENDUM OF SENATOR LA FOLLETTE

Besides the Ludlow referendum resolution, which has just now been considered, a resolution which was introduced into the House of Representatives, there were also, a little later, introduced into the Senate three separate resolutions for so-called war-referendum amendments—all in one and the same week. The first of these was that by Senator La Follette. Its operative part reads as follows:

“The president shall not wage warfare abroad without a declaration of war by congress. Except in the event of an invasion of, or military expedition against, the United States or its territorial possessions, or attack by a foreign military force upon its citizens residing



THE TRAMP IN 1940

CONTINENTAL BY R.M.G., INC.

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JON BARTON SHASTID

Born November 21, 1914, son of Jon S. and Mary Barton Shastid, this fine young man will, after his uncle, the Tramp, has crossed the horizon, continue to carry on the work for the War-Check Vote. His gift of leadership preindicates final success.



A.—The southwest corner

Here, on these few town lots, even before the Great New Medicine had been born, or at least begun to be accepted, medicine was practiced. Also, during the transition throughout the world from the old and still partly superstitious medicine to the Great (and demonstrably true) New Medicine, medicine was still here practised. Yes, and even after that—for long, long decades after that—under the banner of the Great New Medicine itself, medicine was still practised here.

This place has seen it all. There must, of course, be similar spots in this very large world, round which similar memories can cluster and cling, but they cannot be many.

However (and alas) even in this small county seat of Pittsfield there are hundreds of persons living now who do not even understand that this spot was ever, or in any way at all, connected with the practice of the healing art, so important to men.

"The new cometh; the old passeth away and is forgotten eternally."

This does not greatly resemble the homestead of many decades back. No more big maples in the picture's front, stretching with gracious dignity from house to barn. No more cottonwood tree near the light-post corner, with the boys' initials from so many generations carved upon the branches. No more tall chimneys (partly for Santa Claus). No more vast "Hayloft University" either, in the eastern (right hand) half of the yard, but, instead, a neat, ultra modern, bungalow. At the southwest corner of the place and the farther (northern) corner of the house, no more medical office with its bright swinging sign, or, farther still to the north, where the "fine new" office used to stand, built by my father with so much rejoicing for himself and for me fifty and many more odd years ago in which he and my brother William after my departure from Pittsfield labored for so many decades, that building too, in time, became no longer "the new and wonderful" office but a very old and deserted office, and, after the disappearance of the Shastids from the medical scene in Pike County, was sold and taken to another part of town.



B.—The southeast corner



THE ILLINI COMMUNITY HOSPITAL AT PITTSFIELD, ILLINOIS, THE FIRST IN PIKE COUNTY

Dedicated January 25, 1942

At long last Pike County has a hospital and a nurses' home. What would this hospital have meant in the olden days of which I have written so much? Almost nothing. The people in those older times would seldom have used a hospital had they had one. It is not merely the hospital that is new. The people themselves are now new; their thoughts are new, their ways in health and in sickness are new, their very religion is new, the world in which they live is new. All largely because of the Great New Medicine!

therein, or invasion of, or a military expedition from abroad against, any other North American or Caribbean nation, the authority of the congress to declare war or conscript men for military service overseas shall not become effective until confirmed by a majority of all votes cast in a nation-wide referendum thereon. The congress, whenever it deems necessary, shall by concurrent resolution refer the questions of war or peace and of military conscription for service overseas to the citizens of the states the questions to be voted on being: 'Shall the United States declare war on . . . ?' and 'Shall the congress be authorized to conscript men for military service overseas?'

"The congress shall by law provide for the enforcement of this article."

The attempt in the second sentence of that resolution both to limit and to enlarge the application of the Monroe Doctrine is unfortunate to say the least. The Monroe Doctrine applies to *all* the nations of the Western Hemisphere, other than the United States. This proposed amendment would *limit* its application to the North American and Caribbean nations. At the same time, as to *those* nations, it *extends* the application of the Monroe Doctrine from merely attempts by Eastern Hemisphere nations to acquire territory in the Western Hemisphere to "attacks" *for any purpose whatsoever*.¹

In next to the last sentence of this same proposed amendment (I need merely observe) the four plain words, "whenever it deems necessary" absolutely nullify all else that might otherwise possess value in this document.

There are also numerous vital omissions from this document, as in the case of the Ludlow proposed amendment. These need not here be repeated.

THE REFERENDUM OF SENATOR CLARK

Senator Clark's proposed amendment is as follows:

"Except in the event of attack, invasion, or military expedition from abroad against the United States or its territorial possessions or against any other North American Nation, the authority of congress to *declare* war or to conscript citizens for military duty abroad shall not become effective until confirmed by a majority of votes cast thereon in national referendums. Congress, *when it deems a national crisis to exist* [all italics in this quoted matter mine], shall by concurrent resolution refer the question of war or peace and the question of conscription for military duty abroad to the citizens of the states, the questions to be voted on being 'Shall the United States declare war on . . . ?' and 'Shall congress be authorized to conscript citizens for military duty abroad?' Congress shall otherwise by law provide for the enforcement of this section."

¹ Says Kohler, "The Monroe Doctrine: A Complete History," 1922, page 33: "The United States is careful to impress upon South and Central America that the Monroe Doctrine is not intended as a shield for violations of international laws. Cleveland did not deny the right of the British to land marines at Corinto, Central America; nor did Roosevelt prevent England, Germany and Italy from bombarding Venezuelan ports to exact a money indemnity, where no territorial seizure was attempted."

Said President Theodore Roosevelt in his message to Congress, December 3, 1906: "If a republic to the south of us commits a tort against a foreign nation, then the Monroe Doctrine does not force us to interfere to prevent punishment of the tort, save to see that the punishment does not assume the form of territorial occupation in any shape."

Again said President Roosevelt in his Message to Congress, December 3, 1901: "[The Monroe Doctrine] is a declaration that there must be no territorial aggrandizement by any non-American power at the expense of any American power on American soil. . . . We do not ask under this doctrine for any exclusive commercial dealings with any other American state. We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquirement of territory by any non-American power."

This proposed amendment, precisely in the manner of the Ludlow amendment, proposes the popular referendum on outside wars not once but twice—once in the first sentence and again in the second sentence—with resulting great confusion. The proposal in the first sentence, for example, as the reader has no doubt already noticed, limits the referendum to war *declarations* only, leaving the government free, without holding a referendum, to make outside wars if it simply does not declare them—something which our government has not infrequently done. Then the proposal in the second sentence makes the holding of the referendum necessary when Congress (the very body which the amendment is intended to restrain) “deems a national crisis to exist.” Aside from the great confusion which arises from proposing what is obviously meant to be one and the same referendum twice (each time differently and inconsistently) in the same document, the fact is likewise obvious that each of the two proposals is rendered inert by its own particular weasel. The two proposals cannot operate together, because they are inconsistent with each other, and neither can operate separately—*both* because each is inconsistent with the other *and* because each is nullified by its own particular “weasel.”

There are also numerous vital omissions from this document, as in the case of both the Ludlow and the La Follette proposed amendments. Again, these need not here be repeated. True, this (the Clark) amendment does conclude, “Congress shall otherwise by law provide for the enforcement of this section.” But Congress is the very body intended to be restrained! Why leave to that body the enforcement of the amendment against itself? This, of course, aside from the fact that it hardly could, even should it wish to do so, provide for the enforcement of an amendment which proposes the referendum in two different ways, each way inconsistent with the other and each way completely nullified by its own individual weasels.

THE REFERENDUM OF SENATOR CAPPER

Senator Capper I regard as one of the ablest men that have ever sat in Congress. Nevertheless, here is his “resolution” for a referendum, precisely as it went on the floor of the Senate:

“The congress shall have power to *declare* [italics mine] war after a *proclamation* [italics mine] by the president that the United States or some place subject to the jurisdiction thereof has been invaded, or *is in immediate danger of invasion* [italics mine], and shall have power to *declare* [italics mine] war in other cases only if a declaration of war is favored by a majority of those persons voting in a national referendum held in such a manner as the congress shall by law provide; but nothing in this article shall be deemed to limit the power of congress to suppress insurrections.”

First of all, we notice that Senator Capper is not interested in wars but in war declarations—notwithstanding the obvious fact that our own government has several times made war without declaring war. That alone “queers” the entire amendment.

We notice also, however, that Senator Capper has actually provided for the suppression of insurrections by the Government without stopping to take a vote, and for this clear-headed foresight we are deeply grateful to him. To that extent, at least, his referendum resolution is much

better than some of the others. We also have to commend Senator Capper for not excepting from the operation of his referendum the occasions when our government wants to make war for the protection (either real or pretended) of other North American nations. Such protection, however, if granted at all, should be in accordance with the Monroe Doctrine, therefore granted to *all* American nations. Nevertheless, we have to condemn his amendment utterly because of its provision that "The congress shall have power after a *proclamation* [italics mine] by the president that the United States or some place subject to the jurisdiction thereof has been invaded, *or is in immediate danger of invasion* [italics mine]." The president, of course, merely by a "proclamation" that the country "is in immediate danger of invasion"—a matter, of course, of his opinion only—could, by the very terms of the amendment itself, extract from the document all the value which it might otherwise contain, even had it been directed against both wars and war declarations instead of against the war declarations only.

SUMMARY OF THOSE REFERENDUM RESOLUTIONS

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the situation as respects the "help" we were nearly on the point of receiving from Congress in 1937 and 1938 with respect to some amendment for the popular referendum on foreign wars. I, for one, am glad that the amendments, as they actually came upon the floors of Congress, were defeated. In the name of peace and of war-worn humanity! After all the "holes" and "weasels" that have been perpetrated on the peace workers of the world by the "Balance of Power," "The Covenant of the League of Nations," "The Kellogg Treaty," "The Locarno Treaty," even hundreds of other treaties and hundreds of other so-called peace plans—after, I say, all the "loop-holes" and "weasels" and "sleepers" that were placed within those plans (by no means always with malicious intent) to find *now* presented in our behalf such so-called referendums on war as those above produced and analysed, is indeed a tragic joke.

The fate of the world is at stake. And yet—peace plans like these!

Recall the slogan of my own peace-movement, a slogan which sums up my entire peace-plan. It runs: "Heavy armament at all times to keep others from invading or attacking us; the War-Check Vote at all times to keep us from invading or attacking others." Apply that to World War II. Had our government had the U. S. A. sufficiently armed in 1941, instead of re-arming Japan (which was what it actually did, even to the last ounce of our scrap-iron) Japan would never have struck and we should not have got into the war. Nay, further, if Great Britain had adequately re-armed, instead of heavily re-arming Germany (which was what Great Britain actually did) World War II would never have started anywhere at all. Deny these things who can.

The reasons why the above-mentioned 1937-1938 resolutions in Congress—resolutions now quite dead—are yet undeniably forecasts of what we may expect hereafter—the reasons, I say, why those resolutions in Congress were so deceitfully drawn was not, in my opinion, that the

original drafters of the resolutions actually and deliberately attempted to entrap and cheat the American people. I cannot possibly believe that. Each and every one of those proponents is, I believe, a man of honor. The trouble, as I take it, is simply that, *first*, in the stress and hurry of governmental business at Washington, those resolutions were first conceived and then thrown into a form of words without sufficient thought; and that, *second* (this is by far the most important reason) the enemies of the foreign-wars referendum simply had their wilful way with the documents in question.¹

PARTING

Such is the status at the present time of the peace work—the work that I started long decades ago and which I had hoped in the beginning would move on to success very rapidly. It had seemed to me at the time so large and fine, too, that peace movement, so large and so important.

Big things, however, do not make so much difference to me now—though I never have abandoned the War-Check Vote. The cries of children at play in the street, and so forth, become daily more important to me, especially since the death of the Companion.

¹ A considerable number of war-referendums other than my own and those above considered, I have treated rather fully in various newspaper and magazine articles. A number of these will be discussed again at length in my forthcoming volume, "The War-Check Vote."

The fact that all these amendments show vital omissions as well as many weasel words and loopholes, is discouraging in the extreme—not so much because the amendments are badly drawn as that so many persons of considerable education and oftentimes high position have actually accepted and worked for the most, even for all, of them, without so much as a squawk of protest or any sign whatever that the workers in question had any idea that it mattered at all whether the proposed amendment had been drawn well or drawn badly. One of the editors of a peace journal, in fact, a journal I had always read with interest and respect, after he had abandoned his erstwhile perfectly indiscriminate support of the Kellogg Treaty, the League of Nations, the World Court and so forth, went to supporting with might and main not indeed my own proposed amendments (these he thoroughly ignored) but all such other amendments—well, as those above mentioned and many similar to them. And not one single time did the man point out in any of his numerous articles the vital omissions, the ridiculous self-contradictions, the multitudes of weasel words and loopholes in each and every one of the documents that he so ardently supported.

It all makes me think of an old farmer, a man I knew when I was practising at Galesburg, Illinois. He had lent a tricky business man one thousand dollars and taken what he believed to be a "promissory note" for the amount. I later saw that promissory note. "The man *called* it a promissory note," the old fellow said to me when he had laid the document down before my startled eyes. "So, *why* ain't it a promissory note?" It ran about like this. (The old man could read and so could I, yet the note meant not the same thing, quite, to each of us):

"So many days after date, or else so many, I promise to pay to Silas Strongheart [fictitious name] or else into my own bank account and wholly at my own convenience at no place whatever and with no interest or less, the sum of One Thousand Dollars. Yours truly, Jonah and the Whale."

The old man, I verily believe, had not even read the note—not, at least, until its supposed maker had flatly refused to recognize the document. The old man had trusted to the fact that his "friend" had *called* the document a "promissory note."

So, too, with many of our good peace workers. They believe in the popular referendum on extraterritorial wars, but they do not even read the document which professes to grant it to them.

The title is enough.

Why! he *called* it "a popular referendum on war." So *why* ain't it a popular referendum on war?

Though I have been alone for years now, almost absolutely alone, my days have not been cheerless. I do not seek society, yet good friends, knowing about my neuritis, do pardon me and come to see me—my Harvard classmate, Thomas E. Oliver, especially; and my long-time Pittsfield friend, Tom Smith. And people from various places who have come to summer in Duluth and who have read one or another of my books, especially "The Duke of Duluth," drop in occasionally for a brief chat. Then there are the letters! Besides those from relatives, there are many from my childhood's friend and protector, Fritz Niebuhr, who still writes with all his old-time charm. And the letters from my class-secretaries, William De Lancey Howe in particular, and that other prince of letter-writers, Charles F. Welsh, Detroit, also those from my former minister, Leslie A. Bechtel, now of Detroit. Finally, my good house-keeper, Mrs. Stycket, keeps Tramp's Rest as restful and as civilized as the lair of any such disorderly tramp as I could be.

But, above all, there are the children shouting in the street!

Strange how the whole world had altered all in a fraction of a second, at the death of the Companion. Strange, in particular, how what she had stood for in my mind—she, her life—had changed. Hitherto, my thoughts about her had, year after year, and moment after moment, related chiefly to the future, to that sojourn, for example, which I had always meant to give her some time in beautiful Venice. Now all at once that marvelous future which I had ever been imagining for her and had so surely meant to give her, she had turned her back upon—stepping into the past, already become part and portion of the past, and, so far as this world is concerned, of the past only. Nothing at all about her had any more any relation to the present or to the future at all. She had gone suddenly and irrevocably into the Land of No Present, No Future What-ever—a horrible domain, an abode beyond the chance of even the most and very longest years to change or alter. Then, suddenly, in the midst of my grief, I became intensely, even if uselessly, angry. *Why* had the Companion not had the beauty that I had always meant to give her? Why? The beauty we both had saved for during long decades, in order that, in our failing years, we might have some belated taste of beauty—beauty, serenity, peace.

The answer, of course, was sufficiently obvious. The "tax man" had taken from us the most of our savings and given them to other persons: to some of these of course quite properly, to a very large number, however, who had neither toiled nor saved, but who had voluntarily been heavy burdens all their lives on other people, and who still were.

And so too—away went that part at least of our savings with which I had meant to buy the beauty, the serenity, the peace for my lifelong Companion. Away it went, and, if statistics have even the slightest value, it had largely gone to pay for the liquor, the tobacco, the slot-machine gambling and the bawdy-house revelry of people far younger and stronger than were the Companion and I.

And now she was only a part of the unalterable past—a part of what had been and no more was, that land of illusion wherein you had ever

toiled and saved, toiled and saved, so that, eventually, others who had neither saved nor toiled might spend your savings for you—yes, and hate you into the bargain.

And all that notwithstanding the patent fact that, as a physician, you had, through the whole of your professional career, been kind to the poor—good poor and bad poor just alike—without money and without price.

Yet there was one excellent point about that unchangeable past. It contained, counting the years of betrothal as well as those of marriage, through almost five of its decades the story of a happy union. That, too, was unchangeable.

Now all those persons and things of the long-ago, concerning which I have written, are gone. All, rather *almost* all, are departed. There remains, of course, the little brown-haired (for many years past, quite white-haired) boy who once was medical apprentice to his father. The Companion! Far away, from time to time, I hear her call—or is it my mother? So like in speech and look they were! Far away as fairyland itself they call as if with one single voice. Gone too is my patient, Rick, he and his entire family, even all his grandchildren. And almost all the other old-time patients, as also the well members of their families whom, oftentimes, we had to work hard to *keep* well. Yes, Rick and his people are gone, although I see again quite vividly the unfilled hen-holes in his door-yard and hear once more the whistling of innumerable blithe quails in the sweet-scented jungle not far behind the dog-trot of his sour-scented house.

And again I see and hear the tall, quick-tongued Y. of P., Doctor Psychopompous (Raiser of the Dead), genial yet quite forehanded and firmly believing in the religion of self-preservation.

Most vividly of all, however, and most frequently, there returns to me my human trinity: my mother, crying as if her heart would break because my brother Jon and I, in our childhood, had condemned the big, fine tent her weary hands had made for us with so much anticipatory pleasure; my sweetheart, later the Companion, smiling through her tears and saying (so much as if it had long before been settled from above, that she pierced my heart) "Why, of course I do"; and, finally, my father (the day I became his apprentice) as he stood beside me in his office, we two facing his diploma and the picture of Hodgen, and telling me I must always be this and always do that.

Why have I invariably failed to attain his ideals?

Well, anyway, I have written this volume. That is the best that I can do to make amends. It is at all events a true book, as I have been at infinite pains in its pages to document and show clearly, also a book that is chiefly about the marvelous time when not only healing but everything else of interest in this world, both human and divine, was, as I have said in my preface hereto, undergoing a transformation "into something new and true and strangely, almost impossibly, beautiful."

Not many will read this book. It is neither a murder story, nor a "bugger" story, nor yet a fraudulent peace proposal, nor a lying pro-war volume. But it is a record of highly important matters and it is true. For those reasons there may, in each generation still to come, be some persons that will care to read it.

THE END

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TO
MY SECOND LIFE

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